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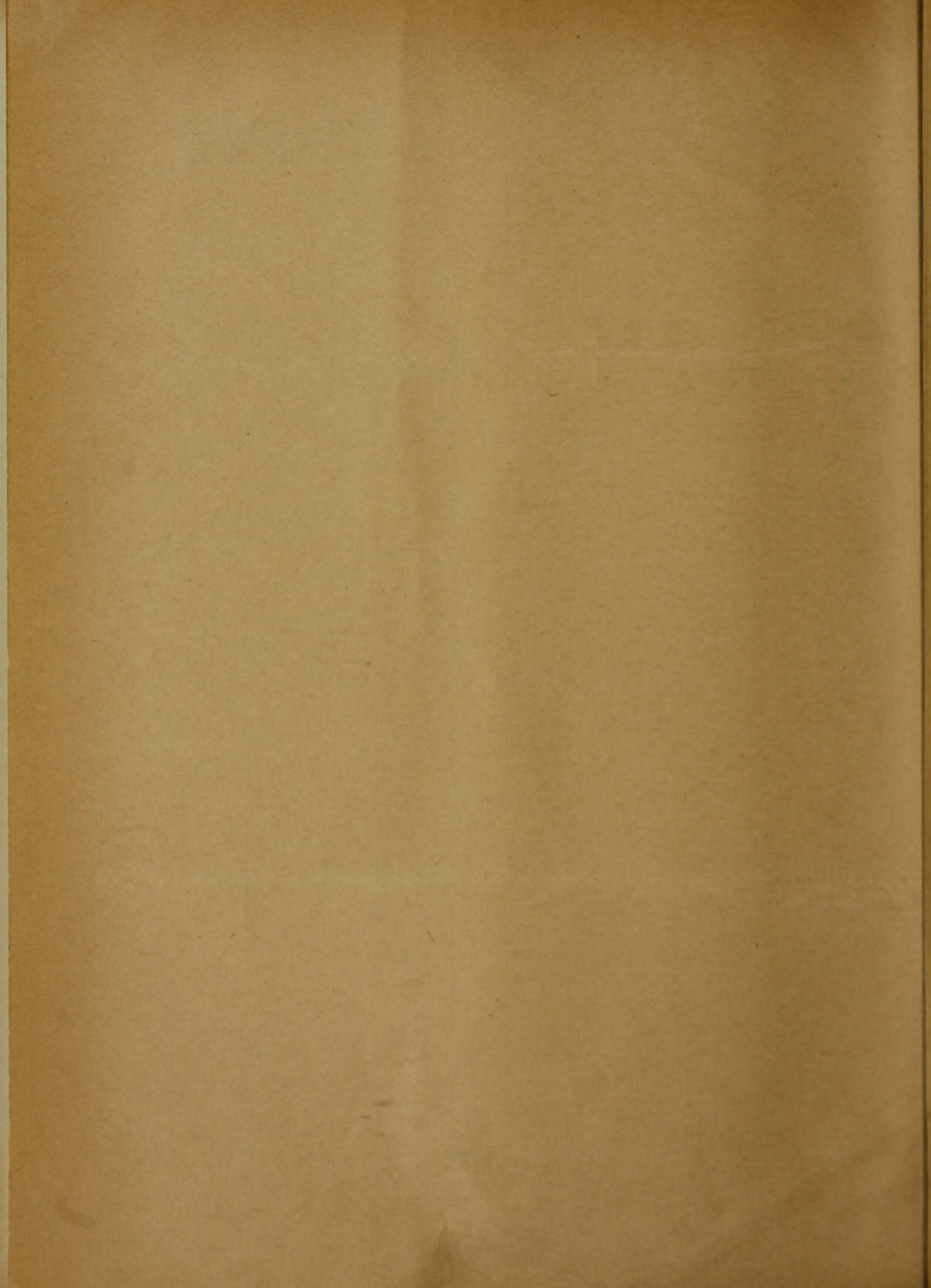


VOLUME CXLIII

JULY 4, 1936, to DECEMBER 26, 1936



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THE NOBLE-HEARTED AMERICAN IRON AND Steel Institute is set on protecting its workers from labor agitators. In a statement issued on June 29 the institute announced that a campaign for union organization had been promised by "persons and organizations not connected with the industry" (how news does get around these days!); that "there are many disturbing indications that the promoters of the campaign will employ coercion and intimidation . . . and foment strikes"; and then to make its position perfectly clear, the institute adds that it will use all its resources (and five billion dollars are a lot of resources) to prevent the adoption of the closed shop. Not, of course, that the industry is opposed to unions. On the contrary, "the overwhelming majority of the employees of the steel industry recently participated in annual elections under their own representation plans and elected their representatives for collective bargaining." But these are comfortable company unions which the industry feels thoroughly able to control—by labor rats and the black list if necessary, as recent investigations have amply shown. What the industry objects to are organizers of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, with the sponsorship and the organizing resources of John L. Lewis. What it objects to, in other words, is bona fide collective bargaining which would be a challenge to the power of steel's masters. In reply the C. I. O. is unkind enough to point out the curious similarity between the institute's statement on collective bargaining and that of the Republican platform and to declare that it will proceed with its organizing campaign regardless.

*

HAILE SELASSIE'S BELATED STAND FOR ETHIOPIAN independence on the battlefields of Geneva can hardly do more than embarrass the League in lifting sanctions against Italy. Under the pressure of the British Tory government the majority of League states have given up the struggle to preserve even the principle of punishment of a successful aggressor. The new government in France, which might have been expected to support the League Covenant, has very naturally drawn back from a step which threatened to isolate France with respect to its three most powerful neighbors. With sanctions already buried, the real battle is expected on the subsidiary point of recognizing Italian sovereignty over Ethiopia. While the precedent set in the Manchurian affair makes it vir-

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tually impossible for the League to acknowledge Italy's conquest, the powers are unwilling to take action which would "offend" Mussolini lest he withdraw from the League he has all but wrecked. Consequently, if any mention is made of Italy's guilt, it will be in the most guarded language. These developments have played directly into Hitler's hands. With the prospect of punitive action by the League eliminated, France as well as Britain has made direct overtures to Germany, Delbos going so far as to say that he did not "question the word of a former combatant who during four years experienced the misery of the trenches." To read the hopeful statements emanating from London and Paris one would almost think that no Eastern Europe exists—which is exactly what Hitler desires.

*

WAR HAS NOT YET BROKEN OUT IN CHINA, and each day that the threatened hostilities between Nanking and Canton are deferred increases the possibility that the civil strife will give way to a straight Sino-Japanese conflict. Feeling between the two countries has reached fever pitch with Japan once more taking the aggressive. Tokyo has filed a vigorous protest against the firing by Chinese customs vessels on Japanese smugglers, and the Chinese in turn have been incensed by the arrogant conduct of the recently strengthened Japanese garrison in Peiping. A report from Chinese sources asserts that two department-store employees were recently arrested in Tientsin charged with selling goods bearing a trademark which pictured a girl standing under a parasol. This trademark was interpreted by the Japanese as counsel to resist the sun, which to them could only refer to the Japanese Empire. It is not impossible that the hint will be accepted. While it is scarcely to be expected that the hand-picked delegates who will be present at the Kuomintang national congress on July 10 will go so far as to support the South's war of "national salvation," there is an excellent chance that the compromise on domestic issues which must precede a united stand against Japanese aggression will be reached.

*

WHILE THE DEMOCRATS WERE DISPORTING themselves at Philadelphia, the Communist Party was conducting a political convention of its own in New York. There were certain superficial similarities between the two conventions. Both listened to endless speeches denouncing their political enemies; both prepared platforms and nominated their Presidential candidates by acclamation; and both staged prolonged demonstrations for their party leaders. In contrast to the playboy atmosphere at Philadelphia, however, the Communists sought to face the essential political issues of our time in an adult manner. Their platform dealt with a number of vital issues which both the major parties had carefully dodged. It favored a constitutional amendment to curb the Supreme Court, increased taxation on the higher incomes, drastic legislation against lynching, the Frazier-Lundeen social-insurance bill, and cooperation with the League of Nations in the enforcement of peace. The vast majority of these

specific recommendations can, as the platform points out, be realized within the capitalist system. But at the present stage of American political development, there is little hope of achieving even these limited objectives either through the major parties or through an avowedly revolutionary organization such as the Communist Party. If they are to be achieved at all, it will be through a party based primarily on labor and embracing all the left groups.

*

THE FIGHT BETWEEN PHIL LA FOLLETTE AND the Socialists in Wisconsin ended temporarily in a draw at the conclusion of the convention of the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation at Oshkosh on June 21. The federation did not indorse the Governor but named no candidate to run against him. It pointed out that its constitution permitted indorsement only of federation members, and Governor La Follette had declined to join. The production-for-use slogan was not repeated in the platform, but on the other hand it was not removed from the Declaration of Principles, and a paragraph on public corporations made clear the federation's stand in favor of the socialization of industry. The main fact to remember is that the federation did not split or dissolve, but will abide by its resolution to build a real farmer-labor party in the state, looking toward a national party by 1940. It hopes this fall to elect a complete legislative slate, thus ending the conflict between Progressives and Socialists which has enabled the two old parties to hold the balance of power. No Presidential candidate was indorsed in spite of a movement, which was vociferously defeated, to support the new Union Party of Mr. Lemke. The group promises to make a considerable show of strength in November and to be worth watching four years hence.

*

NO WORSE LEGISLATION WAS PASSED BY THE expiring Congress than that providing for direct ship subsidies. What this bill does is to create a new group of the specially privileged, and to establish an industry which openly declares that it cannot live without government support. Those receiving the dole will become a vested interest with the powerful argument on their side that if the government stops pouring money into their laps their business will fail, goods will be carried by others, and many Americans will be thrown out of work. Mr. Roosevelt, as an intelligent man, must be aware of all this, as of the indisputable fact that no such system of subsidies has ever been established in this country without bringing with it graft, scandal, and corruption. He has yielded to it partly because of the obvious disgrace and "honest" graft attending the present mail subsidies, but mainly because of the argument that we must have a large reserve merchant fleet for the next war. So the government will give 50 per cent of the cost of new ships to the builders and lend 25 per cent more! Assistant Secretary of Commerce Johnson in speech after speech demands that 350 additional vessels be built at once, without inquiring whether there is the slightest economic need for them or whether

there will be any cargoes for them to carry. Failure to build these ships, he asserts, is a "potential danger to national defense." Thus the ship-subsidy act has become part and parcel of the rapid militarization of the United States.

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EVEN AS PREMIER OF FRANCE, LEON BLUM IS A man little known to the general public. That he has had a distinguished career in literature as well as in politics is hardly realized outside his own country. The *Lumière*, the leading weekly of the French left, publishes an essay on Blum as a poet, critic, and social philosopher which reveals the wide range of his mind and activities. Along with André Gide, Pierre Louys, and Paul Valéry, he made his debut in letters at the time of the flowering of the symbolist epoch in France. His first sonnets were published in the ephemeral and rarefied journals issued by his fellow-symbolists in their reaction against the commercialized literature of the boulevards. Later, with Henri Barbusse, he became a contributing editor to the *Banquet*, founded by Marcel Proust and expressive of the newly aroused political, social, and intellectual curiosity of the times. Then came the Dreyfus case, which gave Blum his baptism in the realities of the fight for social justice. In this impassioned era he was swept into contact with Jaurès and the young Socialists, but as yet he did not enter the field of practical politics, preferring to continue the fight with his pen rather than on the rostrum. After the excitement over Dreyfus died down, Blum temporarily set aside his interest in social questions to become one of the leading dramatic critics of the day. He achieved distinction also for critical essays on Goethe and Stendhal, his favorite authors, and for his famous treatise on marriage, which greatly influenced Bertrand Russell's writings on the same subject. There is a certain irony in the spectacle of a man of Blum's type heading a labor government. Whether the two can be welded into a successful whole remains to be seen.

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THERE IS A SIGNIFICANT OMISSION IN THE latest press release on the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the milk industry. Nowhere in the twelve-page summary is the name of a single distributor given. This is a reversal of the original policy, and probably indicates that the milk trust has brought pressure to bear on the FTC to give them the shield of anonymity. The government also seems to have had a change of heart on the evils of monopolistic control. The satisfactory conditions found to exist in Baltimore were attributed "in part to the comparatively few milk distributors operating in the Baltimore sales area." A more important factor is undoubtedly the strength of the producers' association, the Maryland Cooperative Milk Producers. However, the distributors have quite consistently shown high net returns, which indicates that even when the producers are in a position to demand a square deal the distributors can still manage to make a substantial profit. Their largest item of expense is, of course, for delivery and selling, accounting for approximately 60 per cent of the total operating expenses. Part of the apparent high cost of delivery is

attributed to the distributors' method of bookkeeping. Although milk, cream, cheese, eggs, and other commodities are carried on a milk wagon, the companies charge almost the entire cost of delivery to milk, on which they are thus enabled to show a smaller book profit. The FTC points to the need for a new method of allocating delivery costs. A more important reform would be to eliminate the duplication of service on the same routes. If we must have monopoly, we could do without fictitious competition.

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THE ARTICLE BY LEON TROTSKY ON FRANCE, on another page of this issue, and the symposium of protest and praise for Benjamin Stolberg's much-discussed article on the Jews may serve as occasion for a fresh declaration of editorial policy. We say again that the opinions expressed in signed articles and reviews are not necessarily the opinions of the editors. We take full responsibility only for what appears in the editorial columns. The demands we make upon our signed contributions are only that they shall be fresh, authoritative, important.

Mr. Roosevelt Holds Fast

THE tumult and the shouting have died down both in Cleveland and in Philadelphia. The captains and the kings of all political stripes have departed. What trial balance shall we strike? Let us dispose first of the newspaper and radio judgments now repeated for the thousandth time. Let us agree that never have nominating conventions been duller, never have they seemed so much like pepped-up carnivals, never have the delegates been so reduced to the role of puppets and noise machines as they were at both conventions. What remains?

What remains is that the issue is now squarely joined. The Republicans have shown that seven years of depression have taught them nothing fundamental about statesmanship and that three years of absence from office have only sharpened their hunger. That was the meaning of the noise at Cleveland. Much of the noise at Philadelphia may be set down to an equally strong Democratic hunger for continuing in office. But not all. The Democratic platform and Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance speech go beyond the greed of office-holding or the intoxication of convention ballyhoo. It is to Mr. Roosevelt's credit that he has seen the wisdom and necessity of holding fast to the essential achievements of the past three years. This does not mean that there has been no straddling. Actually a vast amount of ingenuity was spent in drafting a platform that will go down as one of the smoothest literary and intellectual performances in party history. But the skill was expended in dressing up something that has a real core to it. Mr. Roosevelt has served notice on the Tories in both parties that, whatever may be the chances of a further leftward movement, he has no intention of going backward.

As compared with the abysmally weak Republican platform, the Democrats have prepared an extremely clever document. They have exploited to the utmost the contrast

between the three years of steady recovery under Roosevelt and the economic débâcle under Hoover. When read uncritically, the mere listing of the measures adopted by the Roosevelt Administration to combat the depression and aid the common man is impressive and makes the Republican criticisms appear carping and inconsequential.

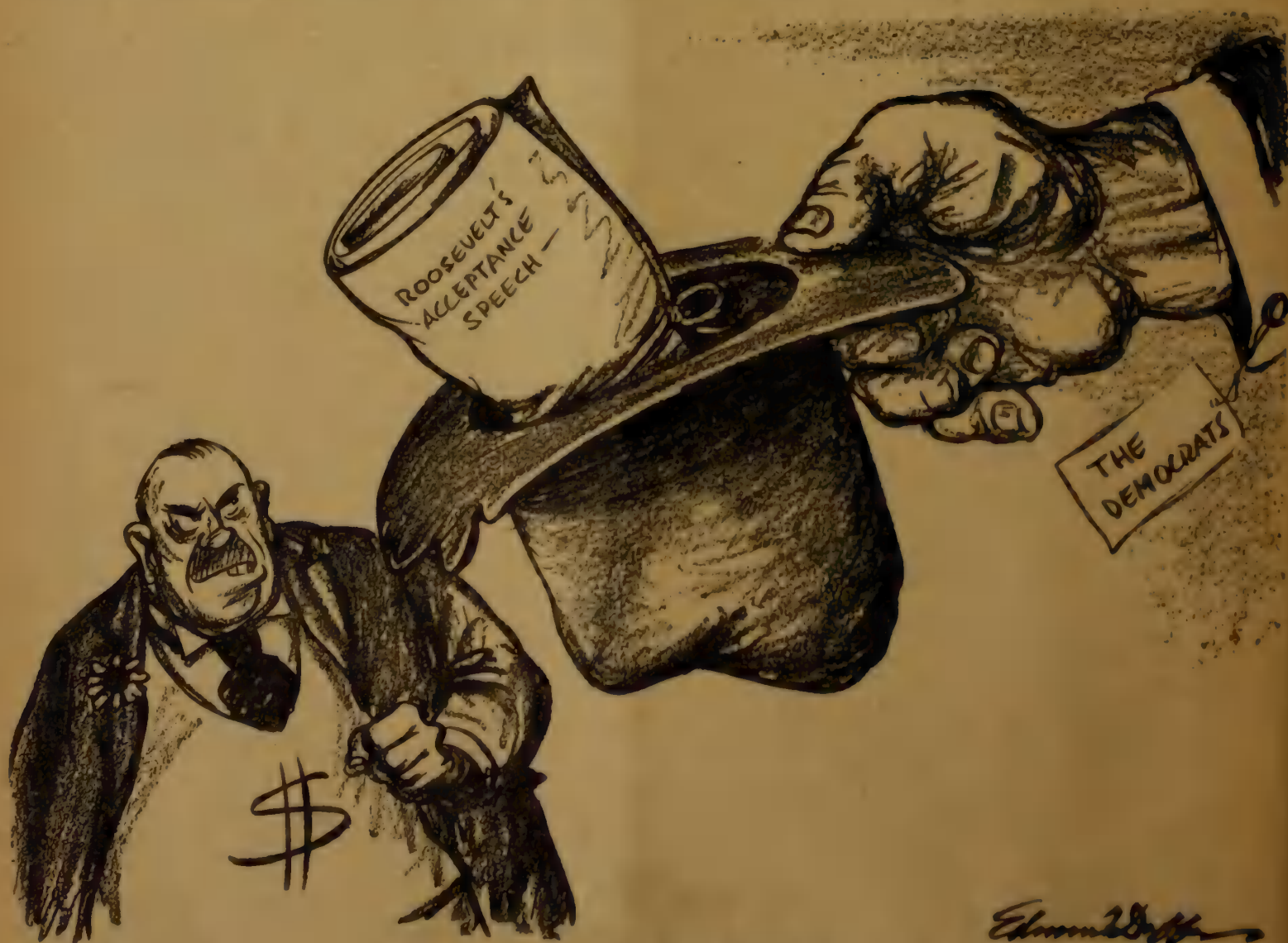
There can be no question that the Democratic platform is considerably to the left of the Republican. Whereas the Republicans are completely oblivious to such problems as those of the consumer, housing, youth, and neutrality, the Democrats have recognized that millions of Americans are seriously concerned with these issues. They have accepted the principle of government responsibility for the unemployed and are not completely blind to the anti-social practices of the great corporations. They promise to continue the New Deal campaign against the utilities through the extension of the "yardstick" method.

The rhetoric of the farm plank is Roosevelt, but the substance is Henry Wallace. Therefore the plank is unusually explicit, for platform material, and has an unusual tone of sincerity. What it promises in effect is to carry forward the policies worked out by Wallace in the last three years. Excessive surpluses are to be controlled by a thorough conservation and domestic-allotment plan; federal finance is to be applied toward reducing interest charges on loans; cooperation is to be encouraged; efforts are to be made to extend markets at home and abroad. The

platform recognizes the evils of farm tenancy, but unfortunately fails to say explicitly what is to be done about it; imperfect context implies that federal loans may be used to transform tenants into owners. Unlike the corresponding plank of the Republican platform, the Democratic plank promises nothing that cannot be performed. It promises nothing that the Democrats do not intend to perform. Credit for this is due to Henry Wallace. A better plank would have read: We intend to keep Henry Wallace in his post and back him to the limit in his plans for placing American agriculture on a sound footing.

The Democrats can also point to concrete measures to aid both the farmer and the consumer by reciprocal tariff reduction. In fact, their international plank is vastly stronger than that of the Republicans. While no mention is made of international cooperation for the maintenance of peace through pacts of collective security or otherwise, the platform comes out specifically against war as an instrument of national policy, and is realistic enough to see that the urge for profits and the commitments of international bankers are among the most important causes of war. There is an ominous silence, however, regarding the munitions makers, and there is no mention of the hundreds of millions of American dollars which Roosevelt is squandering annually on a war machine patently designed for offensive purposes.

The greatest weakness of the platform as a practical



"Goodby, and Here's Your Brown Derby!"

political document lies in the appalling discrepancy between its promises and the record of the Administration during the past three years. It is very pleasant, for example, to read that the Democrats "will act to secure to the consumer fair value," until one recalls the fate of the food-and-drug bill at the hands of a Democratic Congress and the manner in which the consumer divisions of the NRA and the AAA were sabotaged at every turn by Democratic politicians. Similarly, one might be inspired by the statement that the party is "determined to erect a structure of economic security for all our people" if one did not know the details of the cumbersome, inadequate Social Security Act, with its vicious system of reserves which at best will provide protection for less than half of the unemployed and, on a federal basis, for scarcely a third of the aged. The platform's pious words regarding the necessity for government housing will mean very little to the 15,000,000 American families now living in homes that do not measure up to the minimum standard of decent housing, for it will not be forgotten that the Administration has stressed the need for a housing program since the early days of 1933—and has built no houses.

It is scarcely reassuring, moreover, to have the party come out in a campaign year, within a week of the adjournment of Congress, with a statement saying that the government should provide work *at prevailing wages* for the millions who cannot find jobs in industry, when the best that the party achieved in three years was the temporary employment, in the CWA, of four million out of twelve million unemployed, and when this program has now been pared down until only one jobless man out of four is employed by the government, and at one-half to two-thirds the prevailing wage. The promise to guard the freedom of the radio would be much more impressive if the FCC had not just handed down its ruling forbidding the rebroadcasting of foreign programs without its consent.

Merely to list the planks which the Democrats should have included would take more space than we have at our disposal. Fundamental, of course, would have been a plank calling for an amendment to the Constitution ending the usurpation of power by the Supreme Court. We believe also that the Democrats could have strengthened their position in the country if they had come out definitely for child-labor and minimum-wage legislation, advanced an adequate relief program, advocated specific steps to preserve civil liberties, and openly favored nationalization of the munitions industry. There is a strong popular feeling against all forms of repressive measures, and a courageous stand against such un-American influences as are expressed in the Kramer sedition bill, the loyalty oaths, and deportation of aliens seeking political asylum might have done much to revive the wavering faith of left-wing groups in Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity.

Taken as a whole, the platform is better than was generally expected. So was Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance speech. It had what the Republicans have so often accused him of lacking—taste and dignity. It made everything that had gone before seem shrill and inconsequential. Let there be no mistake about it: it did not make a proletarian leader

out of a patrician, nor did it make Mr. Roosevelt a potential leader in a labor party. It showed only that the President has intelligence, that he is sensitive to the major winds of doctrine of today, and that he can catch and express the aspirations of the lower middle classes. It showed Mr. Roosevelt's recognition that we are living in a new economic universe, and that the forces that threaten popular freedom today are not the political bugbears of the past but the very real economic tyrannies of the present. Mr. Roosevelt has come to see that the role of the Democratic Party is a conservative one—to make to the rising forces of labor and the common man the concessions which alone can keep the prevailing social system intact. That is the meaning of Mr. Roosevelt's liberalism.

He has recognized what we must all recognize—that the rank and file of Americans are more radical than either of their two major parties. For the present, American radicalism must curb itself because it fears the uncharted future and because no new leadership has yet emerged. But when as practical a politician as Mr. Roosevelt talks about economic royalists, then most Americans respond. We must remember, however, that speeches, however persuasive they are and however much they may quote Dante, are not enough. The continuance of Mr. Roosevelt's liberalism can be assured only by the growing strength of organization among labor and professional groups and education among the middle-class groups. More important than any campaign developments will be what happens this summer in the steel regions around Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Chicago, and Birmingham.

How Free Is the Air?

IN ONE of the most amazing rulings ever issued by a governmental body in this country the Federal Communications Commission has forbidden the rebroadcasting of foreign programs without its written permission. When the order becomes effective on July 1, it will mark the abandonment for radio of every pretense of adherence to the proud tradition of freedom of speech and thought. The indifference of the public is almost as amazing as the ruling itself. The general press has remained strangely silent; even the most vocal defenders of our civil liberties have not raised their voices; and the commercial broadcasters are unwilling, especially at a time when hearings on the reallocation of the radio spectrum are being held, to show resentment or to assert their independence.

The right of the FCC to issue such an order might easily be challenged. Under Section 326 of the act creating the commission the power of censorship except as to obscene, indecent, or profane language is expressly denied. By a broad interpretation of the provision which makes the issuance of a license to broadcast dependent on "public convenience, interest, or necessity," the old Radio Commission, as well as its successor, the Communications Commission, has of course indirectly censored radio programs. But this censorship, even though an established fact, has always been officially denied. The new ruling, therefore,

constitutes the first admission that the FCC is in reality the dictator of the American radio world.

What prompted the FCC to make such a dangerous admission is hard to divine. The commission's most useful alibi has always been that it had no power to censor programs. The danger from foreign propagandists must certainly have seemed great to have induced the commission to uncover its hand. Although there has been considerable use of radio by foreign propagandists, the novelty of foreign broadcasts to the American radio audience is beginning to wear off. But the commission is evidently thinking of future contingencies. The role it now essays is highly perilous. Permitting or refusing to permit the broadcasting of certain programs may very well be accepted by European countries as indicative of national policy and may arouse considerable antagonism. But these obvious problems and their rather terrifying implications apparently do not trouble the commission nearly so much as the fear that foreign governments will use the radio to spread their subversive propaganda.

The new ruling is made ridiculous by the inability of the FCC to censor the programs heard by owners of short-wave sets. It is estimated that there are now approximately six million short-wave sets in use, and the proud owners, their families, and friends can listen directly to the European broadcasts which the twenty million owners of standard sets may not be permitted to hear. Eventually the FCC may find it necessary to adopt the Nazi practice of censorship by interference with the air waves.

There is a significant exception to the ruling on rebroadcasting. If the program is transmitted entirely by telephone facilities, it does not come under the ban. This exception might almost have been written by the telephone companies themselves. It is a direct subsidy to them. But the commission's intention was far more subtle than appears on the surface. Wealthy chain stations use telephone facilities to obtain foreign programs for rebroadcast; small stations pick up their programs from the air waves. The new regulations are aimed only at the little fellows and are intended to discourage them from disseminating too much foreign news. The chains representing huge capital investments are considered safe and less in need of strict censorship. The commission's rules are masterpieces of ingenuity—without mentioning the large stations, they succeed in giving them a monopoly on foreign programs, they effectively check rebroadcasting of "dangerous" material, and they gratuitously increase the business of the telephone companies.

These rules were announced at a time when criticism was certain to be smothered in the apparently more important discussion of the reallocation of radio channels and in the hearings on the ultra-high wave lengths. The manner in which the FCC will distribute the new wave lengths, its handling of the claims of the powerful networks which now control all but a few of the cleared channels, place it in a very powerful position. Great things are promised by the radio experts—television, newspapers printed by facsimile, bigger and better programs. But all of these are rendered unimportant in the light of the now publicly announced policy of government censorship.

Mrs. Warren's Profession

THE excellent work of Thomas E. Dewey and his associates in bringing about the conviction of Charles Luciano and eight of his confederates should not be allowed to set the public mind at rest on the vital problem of prostitution in our great cities. It was no part of Mr. Dewey's work to attack the problem itself; his concern was with breaking up a group of gangsters who were levying tribute on an illegal business. The business remains, and so long as women are jobless or wretchedly underpaid it will flourish whether it is legal or not.

While economic pressure drives women to sell their bodies, criminal prosecution of prostitutes will continue to reek of social hypocrisy. It will also retain the aspect of persecution, more especially since only the prostitute suffers. It is a criminal offense to cause another person to commit prostitution, but in practice the man who employs a prostitute is never molested—no doubt for the obvious reason that such a course would place a great many of our most highly respected citizens in the category of criminals. But in this discrimination between buyer and seller lies a great menace to public health. For the men who visit houses of prostitution return to homes throughout the community, carrying with them the danger of venereal disease to the members of their families—a danger which is strikingly illustrated by the fact that of eighty-eight prostitutes recently arrested in the city of New York, sixty-nine were found to be syphilitic, and by the further fact that 23 per cent of all prostitutes arrested in this city are found to be suffering from syphilis. On this aspect of the "social evil" the law is silent. The authorities have no power to compel the diseased prostitute to undergo treatment. In practice the Department of Correction does compel the convicted prostitute to take treatment by making it the condition of early release under an indeterminate sentence. About the woman who is acquitted it can do nothing.

These facts are sufficient proof that the whole theory and procedure in handling this problem need revision. The conviction of Luciano and his gang brought before the public a plan which Magistrate Anna M. Kross submitted to the Mayor of New York over a year ago. This plan contemplates placing the apprehension of persons engaged in prostitution in the hands of socially trained medical workers; substituting for the Women's Court an informal tribunal composed of a doctor, a psychiatrist, and a lawyer, with full power to apprehend and detain offenders under a "liberal, modern, scientific social-health code applicable to both sexes"; and substituting for criminal sentence "a medical, psychological, and social diagnosis on the basis of which appropriate treatment will be prescribed to meet the needs of the individual offender, utilizing all the community's resources for protection . . . and guidance."

Mr. Dewey's work is done, and well done. Mrs. Warren's profession proceeds as usual. It is high time for an intelligent revision of our social code along the lines indicated by Magistrate Kross.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Landon's Labor Record

Topeka, Kansas, June 29

THERE are three ways to judge a Presidential candidate, and only one of them is any good. One is to judge him by what he says he stands for. Another is to gauge him by what he has stood for. Comparing what he says he will do with what he actually has done is the best. Let's apply the third method here to Alf M. Landon with specific references to those issues in the Presidential campaign which bear most directly on his liberal pretensions—the Constitution, labor, relief, and social security.

Take first the constitutional issue, noting at the start that Landon thought he had Roosevelt topped on that score and that Roosevelt would not dare go so far as he had gone in his message to the Cleveland convention. Landon said in that message that he wanted the voters to know he would not hesitate to urge amendment of the Constitution when, as, and if it was demonstrated that under the present Constitution the states could not enact valid legislation to establish minimum wages for women and children in industry. He has declined to date to say how long he thinks it will take to provide the demonstration needed.

Apparently, however, it would take a long time to satisfy Landon. The records of his own state show that Kansas had a minimum-wage law for women and children until July 11, 1925, when the state Supreme Court invalidated it. The records also show that Landon has never raised a finger in protest. Nor has he ever advocated substitute legislation. His Commissioner of Labor and Industry, an Old Guard Republican by the name of G. E. Blakeley, when asked what labor legislation had been passed under Landon, could think only of the repeal of the state's \$3 annual poll tax, a reduction in auto-license fees, and amendment of the workmen's-compensation act to let in all civil servants. Blakeley refused to boast about the state's workmen's-compensation act. He pointed out that Landon twice had urged the legislature to ratify the child-labor amendment, each time, with one eye on the farmers, hastening to explain that the amendment would not affect Kansas. Kansas, however, has not yet ratified it.

Kansas has a law requiring an eight-hour day and payment of prevailing wages on public works. It was invalidated by the state Supreme Court and reenacted in 1925, but according to Commissioner Blakeley, a Landon appointee, it remains inoperative. Kansas also has a Court of Industrial Relations, which was set up in 1920 under Governor Henry J. Allen, a former Hearst editor who belongs to the same "liberal" camp as Landon, had Landon as his secretary for a while when he was governor, and now is among Landon's most vigorous supporters. Allen is quoted here as boasting that Mussolini set up a similar

court in Italy. The effect here was the same as the effect in Europe. Organized labor hated the court, which served principally as a strike-breaking agency. It had compulsory-arbitration powers and authority to use the militia. It called out the troops on several occasions, according to Blakeley, who says the court is now a dormant institution and that he has served these last few years in fear that its powers would again be invoked. It had in the beginning power to fix wages and hours in "essential" industries, but this power was taken from it a number of years ago by the United States Supreme Court (267 U.S. 552) in a case involving the packing industry.

The state's Department of Labor and Industry no longer attempts to regulate minimum wages for women and children in industry. It does attempt to do something about maximum hours, although, as Blakeley says, it has no power to enforce the orders it has issued. As last amended on February 15, 1936, those "orders" establish a nine-hour day and a forty-nine and one-half to fifty-two-hour week in laundries; a nine-hour day and six-day week of forty-nine and one-half to fifty-four hours in manufacturing establishments; an eight-hour day and a forty-eight-hour week in restaurants, hotels, and the like; a "basic" six-day week and a "basic" eight-hour day for telephone-company employees, with the exception of night operators, who may be employed for twelve hours at a stretch including "rest and sleep time . . . which shall not be considered work time." Landon opposed all parts of the NRA save the oil code, which jacked up oil prices. He is an oil operator, and his wells, bankers here estimate, yield him an income of from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year. He is not a large operator, and "independent" is a misnomer when applied to him. His wells are so located as to place him completely at the mercy of Standard Oil. The pipe-line on which he must depend to get his oil to market belongs to a Standard Oil subsidiary. When he led his fellow-"independents" in a publicity fight against Standard Oil in 1930-31, it was merely to get Standard Oil to reopen the pipe-line and begin buying oil again from Landon and his fellows. His oil properties are non-union.

Landon professes no opposition to labor organization. He believes his employees will not organize because they have been with him many years. That belief seems to me a very significant gauge of his probable attitude on the collective-bargaining issue. One of his close advisers, when asked what Landon would do about the issue of labor relations if elected President, confidently replied that he would have a survey made. He would have the surveyors pick out the thousand companies that have had "the best labor relations," the adviser said; then he would have their policies digested, the secrets of their success analyzed, and out of the results he would compile a labor policy.

Perhaps a better gauge of Landon on labor relations—better than the fact that he permitted prison labor to be used on a public-works project and employed non-union labor in renovating the Executive Mansion here—is his conduct during the strike last year in the lead and zinc mines of southeastern Kansas. There seems to be a great deal of confusion in the East as to exactly what happened. Raymond Gram Swing, writing in *The Nation* last fall, left the impression, I am afraid, that the strike was largely a dispute between two unions and that the Governor's intervention did no measurable harm to the workers. Damon Runyon, writing in Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* under Mr. Hearst's orders, said organized labor did not hold the Governor's action against him. I have been at some pains to get the facts straight, and what is said here is drawn chiefly from official records. The picture justifies the resolution which the state Federation of Labor Forum passed in meeting at Coffeyville on June 11 of this year. It excoriated Landon for calling out the troops. The strike began on May 8, 1935, and covered not only the Kansas mines but also those in adjoining Missouri and Oklahoma. They are frightful places, badly inspected, with almost no ventilating equipment and a high incidence of lead poisoning and silicosis. The men employed in the mines had been unorganized until the New Deal came along. Their strike was principally for union recognition. There was only one union in the field at the time, the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, an A. F. of L. affiliate. It had 3,000 dues-paying members. The company representatives refused even to meet with union officials, and the strike ensued. There was no violence in the Kansas area up to the time the troops were ordered to the scene by Landon. There had been violence in Oklahoma, and the Governor there called out the troops on May 27. The troops were never called out in Missouri.

Landon ordered a battalion of militia to the scene on the night of June 7, 1935. He had been visited that day by a delegation of company lawyers. The troops arrived on the strike scene the following morning. A few hours earlier—at 2 a.m. on June 8—two power-line towers and a telegraph pole had been dynamited. There are at least strong indications that the dynamiting was the work of *agents provocateurs* and was intended solely to justify the Governor's action. In a subsequent injunction proceeding a miner, a union member, testified that he had urged the use of dynamite, that he was in daily communication with a company lawyer, and that he lived with two detectives employed by the companies for strike purposes. The Kansas City *Star*, chief journalistic supporter of Landon's Presidential ambitions, hailed the sending of the troops in a staff correspondent's dispatch on June 8. One appeal to the Governor for troops came from the under-sheriff of the county and the county attorney. It is one of the two messages on which Landon's defense is based. It said that the mayor was pro-union and did not want the troops. (Landon later started ouster proceedings against the mayor, who resigned and then successfully stood for reelection.) The other message was signed by a man who was the president of a union local. It gave thanks for the Governor's military intervention. The signer is no longer a union

official. He belongs to the company union that the operators set up under cover of the militia's guns.

Known locally as the "blue-card" union, the company organization is called the Tri-State Metal, Mine, and Smelter Workers' Union. Its president is a mine operator, F. W. Evans, who in 1928 served a stretch in jail in Venita, Oklahoma, as a bootlegger. One of its members is John Campbell, personnel manager and secretary to the operating vice-president of the Eagle Picher Mining and Smelting Company, dominant corporation in the area. Campbell testified to his own connections with the company union during the injunction proceedings. Miners were paid \$10 a head for deserting the A. F. of L. and joining the "blue-card" union under a pledge to have nothing more to do with bona fide unionism. The companies instituted a closed shop—closed to all except "blue-card" carriers. The strike was broken with some 5,000 miners remaining on the outside. There will be trouble again soon, for the old union is coming back by leaps and bounds. The companies, however, will not be unprepared this time. The last troops were withdrawn June 27, 1935. There ensued at once a riot of undetermined origin which brought the troops immediately back to the scene with a declaration of martial law. Before they left a second time they had trained for Cherokee County and its mine owners a "civil army" which, the *Star's* correspondent flatly asserted, "has the approval of Governor Landon."

Landon's record on relief and social security is not much more encouraging than his record on the labor issue. Contending that the Kansas constitution forbids any other course, he has left the relief problem entirely to the counties and the federal government, appropriating only \$775,000 in state funds which are to be spread over a two-and-one-half-year period and spent solely on administration. When the legislature enacted a miserly social-security program that fell far short of the federal Social Security Act's requirements and was rejected by Washington, he again took a stand upon the state constitution, maintaining that an amendment was necessary if the state government was to do its proper part for social security. He turned over to the Judiciary Committee of the Kansas Legislative Council the task of drafting the amendment. The committee, dominated by Republican lawyers opposed to the social-security program, drafted an amendment that ran to several hundred words, divided into three sections, the last of which plainly was designed to convey the idea that "he who votes for this amendment sells his body and soul to Washington." When it was reported to the full council for action, a Democratic member dissented and forced the substitution of a simple, brief amendment. It is this amendment which is to be submitted to the legislature in special session July 7. In the Judiciary Committee's report there is a dissent by a Democratic legislator, W. G. Fink, which seems to answer the constitutional fears and forebodings of the Landon administration on the relief and social-security questions. Fink directs their attention to a recent decision of the state Supreme Court (138 Kansas 913) wherein the court said: "Our constitution nowhere prohibits the state from making provision by legislative enactment for the care of the poor and needy."

Roosevelt Comes Up Swinging

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

Philadelphia, June 28

THE Democratic convention at Philadelphia succeeded in exciting just one person, but he is a rather notable exception. Franklin D. Roosevelt took on energy while delegates droned their weary way through a cut-and-dried ritual. Only two things were exciting. One was the platform and Roosevelt wrote that, and the other was the speech at Franklin Field and that was Roosevelt's also. Concerning both the speech and the platform it may be said that they deal in generalities, but a general statement may at times be far stronger than a specific one. Take, for instance, the plank on a possible constitutional amendment. This is so loosely drawn that it gives the President power to take any stand he pleases. I do not expect to see Franklin D. Roosevelt advocating the curbing of Supreme Court power by direct Congressional action. And yet if he did so he could hardly be accused of jumping off the platform.

Of course, the President is still a long way from accepting a socialist state, but it is new for a Democrat to mark the fact that the right to a job is just as vital as the right to a vote. Roosevelt did a great deal in his acceptance speech to riddle that vague sort of liberty and freedom of which Hoover talked. The issue is pretty sharply drawn.

It is by no means fantastic to hail the New Dealers as constituting the nucleus for a true Farmer-Labor Party. Obviously a large part of the crowd at Franklin Field was composed of labor groups. To them Roosevelt was a sufficient symbol whatever his deficiencies as a candidate. After the votes have been counted in November, it may be that liberals will owe a debt to Father Coughlin. The radio priest is a fascist pure and simple, but he has seduced the minds of a certain number who sincerely believe in a new order. Demagogue though he be, Father Coughlin, with Lemke his hand-picked candidate, has pushed Roosevelt decidedly to the left. It will be well for us all to try to see that this pressure is continued. Stranger things have happened than a Roosevelt candidacy in 1940 on a Farmer-Labor ticket.

Smith and Colby and Cohalan and Ely have all done their bit toward the creation of a people's front. Their help has consisted in the revelation of precisely how reactionary some of our leading Democrats can be.

It is a pity that the purging process is so terribly incomplete. Cotton Ed Smith is said to have gone on a three-hour bolt because a Negro asked the invocation. The Senator should not have been allowed to return. Senator George is said to have threatened to quit unless some slight modification were made in the constitutional plank. It is a pity that he was not taken at his word. Much might be made of the Democratic Party if it were only possible to get rid of the Democrats.

The crowd at Franklin Field, made up as it was of trade-union members, small shopkeepers, and white-collar workers, was the very stuff out of which any important third-party movement must be built in the East. This will not be a party very patient with Joe Robinson, or Pat Harrison, or any of that gang. Indeed, John Nance Garner's speech of acceptance of the Vice-Presidential nomination sounded a little as if he were holding up his wrists to show the bleeding marks left by the ropes which had been used to induce him to volunteer.

But though the old faces and the old names still appear in the familiar places, new men are moving in. Some of them were not delegates and did not even appear at the convention hall, but there need be no doubt that John L. Lewis had a good deal to do with the plank in regard to labor and also with the party declaration in regard to a constitutional amendment. Barring the walking paper of the disgruntled five, the Democratic convention wore upon its face the dull and apathetic expression of perfect harmony. You did not need to take more than one drink with a delegate to find that the contrary was true. The Democratic Party is split precisely in the middle.

If Roosevelt is to hold men like Norris and Lewis, he must give increasingly more progressive leadership. That will lose him Glass and Byrd and a score of others. Inevitably the President wants to hold the boat together until its nose touches the shore. When that happens there will be a scramble. It was said that the acceptance speech of the President's was much more fiery in its original form, but that he decided to tone it down. Personally, I found no lack of fire in the address, even though Franklin D. Roosevelt at times seemed disposed to speak in parables. Still "any stigma will do to beat a dogma," and if the President chooses to resurrect Dante and use his name and fame to club Hoover over the head, I see no possible objection.

Sooner or later I hope that Franklin D. Roosevelt will tackle Hearst by name, but he is under no obligation to cover all the ground in an acceptance speech. I may be woefully wrong, but I am firmly convinced that the plank on a constitutional amendment is fully sufficient to inject that issue into the campaign and that before Election Day there will be suggested an actual, specific amendment. By now the Democratic Party is amply committed to the effort to preserve the power of Congress in the matter of national legislation in regard to labor and to farming.

The convention in Philadelphia made poor newspaper copy and bad radio entertainment, but it did make political history. When the Farmer-Labor Party moves into action in 1940, I think it may be shown that the work of Franklin D. Roosevelt and John L. Lewis in connection with the Democratic conclave of 1936 did quite a lot to prepare the ground.

The Donkey Brays Again

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD



Political Orators

Philadelphia, June 28

NOW I know why Henry Adams, before the Presidential campaign of 1888, wrote to Edwin L. Godkin of *The Nation*: "Next summer I am intending ~~a trip~~ to the Fiji Islands, where they eat missionaries and where they may eat me, but at least will not elect a President." I have just come from the worst political convention I have ever attended except perhaps that of 1924 in Madison Square Garden. The misery then was due to a long-drawn-out contest. This direfully wasted week in Philadelphia came solely with the compliments of James A. Farley and the hotel-keepers of that city who put up the money for the unholy show and bargained that it stay until Saturday night when it could have been wound up by Wednesday night, Roosevelt and all.

For the sake of the record be it written that this was the dreariest, dullest, stupidest, loudest, most inane, most vulgar, most blatant, most idiotic, most depressing, most childish, most needless, most incredible, and generally most disgusting of political gatherings, bar none. If I had a few more adjectives I should apply them too, and also borrow Henry Mencken's favorite word "obscene," if he had not worked it to death. The most experienced observers agreed that the convention touched the low-water mark in speaking and in what passed for brain work. True, Governor Lehman and Governor Horner spoke seriously and sincerely, and Governor Earle startled everybody with a speech that Norman Thomas might have made. A woman from Oregon came to the rescue of her sex and astounded us by the revelation that she possessed brain cells and knew how to use them, but the rest of the orators made us pray that there were only a few foreigners present to witness our national abasement. The whole show was just what Ernestine Evans called it—"a magnificent Elks

picnic direct from Indiana." But not even Indiana Elks would have endured on their own heath fifty-two seconding speeches, without committing murder.

The only hope for the future is that the delegates who were thus butchered for a Philadelphia holiday will rise in their wrath to prevent another such orgy. Also the managers, even the massive brain of Jim Farley, may in time perceive that it is extremely bad politics to wear out your radio audience at the very beginning of your campaign and to outrage the radio companies by wasting so much of their costly time. Certainly it was bad for the Democrats to be exposing their asininity to the public gaze so much longer than the Republicans did theirs. Well, a number of journalists at Philadelphia thought that the radio will kill any further exhibitions like this of long-distance driveling and cheering, just as they believe that the loud speaker has ended genuine oratory by tying speakers to the microphone. There I don't agree. One does not have to prance all over the platform to speak effectively, and one can certainly stand before the "mike" and still talk with sincerity, earnestness, and in moving tones, and broadcast the product of gray matter if one has it.

The trouble was that this convention, like the Republican, was primarily concerned with sticking what might be called its head in the sand, trying to be just as remote from the real issues of the day as possible. The world is in dire distress. There are a dozen places where it may explode at any moment. Was there the slightest recognition of this in Philadelphia? Not any more than there was reference to the fact that the peerless party of Jefferson has not put some nine or more millions of Americans back at work. Everywhere the old order is in the utmost jeopardy—even though a thousand bands play "Happy Days Are Here Again" and the President declares fifty times that he has banished fear from America. The convention actually reduced some of the best and most facile journalists in America to silence, or to the level of Mark Sullivan's Munchausen meanderings. Imagine a Paul Anderson actually wiring a story to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* explaining why he could find so little to write about! At least a dozen others told me that it was impossible to find anything worth saying.

Incidents? A few. The men who dared to show those Al Smith banners and were alternately described as Republicans, professional pickpockets, and renegade Democrats paid by the enemy were beaten up before the audience with obvious brutality when the episode should have been devoutly welcomed as introducing the only bit of humor and challenge in that desert of utter vacuity. An English audience would have enjoyed the happenings as part of a most desirable heckling, a matter of course. Then, there was Governor Curley of Massachusetts, for

whose defeat in the Senatorial contest next fall everybody ought to pray nightly, who added his touch to the picture by parading himself and some heelers three times around the auditorium under a characteristically modest banner reading "Look Out for Curley in 1940." It was entirely fitting that at the head of those embattled Massachusetts minute men should be Dr. Condon, the "Jafsie" of the Lindbergh kidnaping case. But the cohort which escorted Curley was well worthy of notice. It comprised an American Legion band and some thirty or forty legionnaires. For the first time, I am sure, rifles and bayonets, even though only three or four, were seen on the floor of a political convention. The soldiers without guns, as well as those with them, were as perfect a potential fascist cell as ever delighted the heart of a Hitler or a Mussolini. Their uniforms were stunning and immaculate, their set-up and bearing worthy of the Kaiser's bodyguard in 1914. They showed that the drilling they got in 1917-18 still sticks. Are they forerunners of what is to come?

In the convention as a whole there were just two high spots—the platform and the President's appearance; no, I should also include the very sincere and genuine reception given to Governor Lehman. There was an ulterior purpose there, of course; still there was real recognition of the Governor's fight to make New York a socially progressive state. As for the platform, it seems to me as clever and adroit a political document as we have had for a long time; it is a brilliant piece of political writing, avoiding every pitfall and giving the enemy nothing startling to pounce upon and twist to the Democracy's disadvantage. The Republican spellbinders who may seek to denounce it as a dangerous document will have to be brazen indeed. It is distinctly aggressive in reaffirming the basic principles of the New Deal, and it is free from apologies. Almost 90 per cent of it relates to human needs and only about 10 per cent to material things. The business man, far from being toadied to, is let off with only a few lines. It is the best platform for labor since the La Follette platform of 1924. Given this particular convention and the Democratic Party as it is, it is a surprisingly good document and one which must make a strong appeal to liberals. Now, please, you who read these lines don't think I am saying that this is a perfect platform and that therefore everyone should vote for Franklin Roosevelt. It does not go far enough for me at many points; especially in the matter of peace and war it gives me no assurance whatever that the President, if reelected, will not continue to militarize this country at breakneck speed and thereby open up an easy road for fascism. Had I been the author of that document I should have redemanded our entry into the World Court, reaffirmed my belief in free trade as the only hope for foreign-trade recovery, given much more space to Secretary Hull's remarkable record in foreign affairs, pledged immediate disarmament on land and sea, and touched on other issues on which the platform is lamentably silent. At least, however, the convention did not turn over to a rapidly fossilizing William E. Borah the sole right to draft the party's views on foreign affairs, as was the case in Cleveland.

If the credit for the platform is largely Senator Wag-

ner's, he, then, is entitled to congratulations. It made me want to shout out loud when I found that the platform bracketed "kidnapers and bandits" and "malefactors of great wealth" together in the same paragraph, almost in the same sentence, with both under the heading: "For the Protection of the Family and the Home." I admire the skill with which the platform straddled on the Supreme Court issue in such a way as to leave the party and the President free to limit the court's powers while making it impossible for the Republicans to put the false issue of saving the Constitution to the front. I admire the cleverness of the sentence which reads: "We know that drought, dust storms, floods, minimum wages, maximum hours, child labor, and working conditions in industry, monopolistic and unfair business practices cannot be adequately handled exclusively by forty-eight separate state legislatures, forty-eight separate state administrations, and forty-eight separate state courts." Linking acts of nature and unfair business practices together is certainly a smart Yankee trick. I rejoice that the platform commits Franklin Roosevelt, like Landon, to the extension of the merit system "to all non-policy-making positions in the federal service"—a marvelous revolution if it comes and one that has been consistently advocated by *The Nation* and its editors since its first issue in 1865. I rejoice, too, that the platform devotes a whole paragraph to the maintenance of civil liberties, much as I regret the absence of a pledge as to lynchings.

Such as it is, the platform is far better than that of the Republicans. It makes it possible for the Democrats to as-



The Nominee

sert that they are for the masses, for the spirit of the New Deal, for the humanitarian policies of the President. As to these the platform speaks with wise humility when it declares: "We have built *foundations* for the security of those who are faced with the hazards of unemployment and old age; for the orphan, the crippled, and the blind." (*Italics mine.*) Platforms usually mean a little less than nothing, but here at least is a brave reaffirmation of the policies for inaugurating some of which the President has been most bitterly attacked. Surely no liberal should hesitate between the two parties if he feels that he must vote

for either the Republicans or the Democrats. But if he feels that he wishes a really new order and desires to identify himself with something more far-reaching or more radical, he will vote for someone else. For I do not sympathize with William Allen White, who has just written that we have witnessed the birth of a new party at Philadelphia. Many delegates who were there will vote secretly for London. Some Democratic newspapermen were there who will not support the President or if they do will give him merely lip-service. But would not the Democratic Party promptly drift back into its traditional subservience to big business, to the reactionary South, and to the crooked city machines, should Mr. Roosevelt be defeated next fall? The chances are that it would. At any rate there is today nothing whatever to the party except the progressive, humanitarian program which Mr. Roosevelt has enunciated while in office, which he has carried out so badly, so inefficiently, and with so much Farleyism.

Finally, there is the President's speech. Never have I been more impressed in my long years of reporting than by that marvelous crowd and that whole scene on Franklin Field. It was overwhelming in its magnitude, its drama, its genuine enthusiasm for the President, in the significance of that cross-section of America, larger probably than the joint armies of Lee and Meade at Gettysburg. It was an occasion for a Gettysburg address if ever there was one—and for me the President muffed the opportunity. I was exactly in the mood to be thrilled and uplifted. The address left me perfectly cold. His voice could not respond

to that marvelous greeting with deep emotion, with any real passion, or even a note of just indignation or striking sincerity. "A fine baccalaureate sermon or commencement address," said a brilliant woman journalist beside me. It was a courageous restatement of his war upon the "economic royalists" and his devotion to the rights of the plain people. But not a sentence or sentiment could produce as much applause as that which followed his tribute to Philadelphia; not one lifted the crowd out of their seats. He spoke too slowly, in too measured a manner. He was a preacher, not a great leader. There was not a word to send people away from that occasion determined to fight until the votes are cast. I think many of them are still ignorant about that "war" of which he spoke. Of course, he had to stand by his record or take the heart out of his most valuable followers. He does, however, deserve praise for calling upon all Americans to serve and sacrifice in order to preserve the institutions of democracy. But what would not Wendell Phillips have done with such a crowd? What would Lincoln not have impressed upon their souls?

Still it stands out as a wonderful occasion. The Nazis would have run it better; their police could have handled it a great deal more efficiently. There would have been a finer display, more symbolism, endless banners, everybody in uniform. Thank fortune, Franklin Field was what it was, and the crowd garbed as it was. Will it be so four years from now, or twelve?

[*Mr. Villard's regular page, Issues and Men, will appear next week as usual.*]

The French Revolution Has Begun

BY LEON TROTSKY

Norway, June 9
NEVER did the radio seem so precious as during these days. From a distant village in Norway one can follow the pulse beats of the French revolution. Or rather, to put it more exactly, the reflection of these pulsations in the minds and voices of the Messrs. ministers, trade-union secretaries, and other mortally terrified leaders.

To say "French revolution" may seem exaggerated. Oh, no, this is no exaggeration. That is precisely how a revolution springs into being. Generally speaking, a revolution cannot come into being any other way. The French revolution has begun.

To be sure, Léon Jouhaux, tailing Léon Blum, keeps assuring the bourgeoisie that this is a purely economic movement within the rigid framework of the law. The strikers, indeed, are seizing factories for the duration of the strike, establishing control over the bosses and their staffs. But one may shut one's eyes to this deplorable "detail." On the whole, these are "craft strikes, not political strikes," the Messrs. leaders keep repeating. Yet under the influence of these "non-political" strikes the entire po-

litical situation in the country is being radically transformed. The government decides to act with haste it never thought of the night before. Indeed, according to Blum, true strength lay in patience! The capitalists are unexpectedly compliant. The entire counter-revolution bides its time behind the backs of Blum and Jouhaux. And this miracle is brought about entirely by "craft" strikes. What then would have happened had the strikes been political?

Oh, no, the leaders are not telling the truth. The craft union embraces the workers of a single, isolated trade, separating them from other trades. Trade unionism and reactionary syndicalism bend all efforts to keep the working-class movement within the framework of crafts. Upon this, in fact, rests the dictatorship of the trade-union bureaucracy over the working class—the worst of all dictatorships!—while the Jouhaux-Racamond clique in turn slavishly depends upon the bourgeois state. The essence of the present movement consists precisely in that it is breaking through trade-union, craft, and local bounds, raising beyond them the demands, hopes, and will of the whole proletariat. The movement takes on the character of an epidemic. The contagion spreads from factory to fac-

tory, from craft to craft, from district to district. All the layers of the working class seem to be giving echoing answers to a roll call. The metal workers begin—they are the vanguard. But the strength of the movement lies in the fact that just behind the vanguard follow the heavy reserves of the class, including the most backward trades, the rearguard, completely forgotten on week days by Messrs. parliamentarians and trade-union leaders. Not for nothing did the *Peuple* openly confess that the emergence of certain particularly low-paid categories of the Paris population came to it as a complete "surprise." Yet precisely in the depths of these most oppressed strata inexhaustible springs of enthusiasm, selflessness, and courage lie hidden. The very fact of their awakening is the infallible mark of the tidal wave. It is necessary to reach these layers at all costs!

Tearing loose from the craft and local bounds, the strike movement has become terrible not only for bourgeois society but also for the workers' own parliamentary and trade-union representatives, who are primarily concerned with closing their eyes to reality. Historical legend has it that Louis XVI, upon asking, "What is this, a mutiny?" was answered by one of his courtiers, "No, sire, this is revolution." Now to the question of the bourgeoisie, "Is this mutiny?" its courtiers are replying, "No, these are only craft strikes." In giving comfort to the capitalists, Blum and Jouhaux are comforting themselves. But words will not help. To be sure, when these lines appear in the press, the first wave may have subsided. Outwardly life may seem to be returning to its old channels. But this changes nothing. These are not craft strikes that have taken place. These are not just strikes. This is a *strike*. This is the open rallying of the oppressed against the oppressors. This is the classic beginning of revolution.

The entire past experience of the working class, the history of its exploitation, miseries, struggles, and defeats, comes to life under the impact of events and rises up in the consciousness of every proletarian, even the most backward, and drives him into the common ranks. The entire class has been set in motion. This colossal mass cannot be stopped by words. The struggle must be consummated either in the greatest of victories or the most ghastly of defeats.

The *Temps* has called the strike the "practice maneuvers of the revolution." This is infinitely more serious than what is being said by Blum and Jouhaux. But even the definition given by the *Temps* is incorrect, for it is in a certain sense exaggerated. Maneuvers presuppose the existence of a command, a general staff, a plan. This does not exist in the strike. The leading centers of the working-class organizations, including those of the Communist Party, have been caught unawares. They are above all afraid lest the strike spoil all their blueprints. The radio relays a remarkable statement by Marcel Cachin: "We are all of us—we and the others—confronted by the fact of the strike." In other words, the strike is our common misfortune. With such words the terrible Senator persuades the capitalists to make concessions in order not to aggravate the situation. The parliamentarians and the trade-union

secretaries, who are adapting themselves to the strike from the sidelines the sooner to extinguish it, stand in reality outside the strike, dangling in the air. They themselves do not know whether they will land feet or head first. The awakened mass is still without a revolutionary staff.

The ruling class has a real staff. This staff is not at all identical with the Blum government, although it uses the latter very skilfully. Capitalist reaction is now playing a big and risky game, but playing ably. At the present moment it is playing the game of "losers win." Let us today concede all the unpleasant demands which have met with the unanimous approval of Blum, Jouhaux, and Daladier. It is a far cry from recognition in principle to realization in action. There is the Parliament, there is the Senate, there is the Chancery—all these are instruments of obstruction. The masses will show impatience and will attempt to exert greater pressure. Daladier will divorce Blum. Thorez will try to shy to the left. Blum and Jouhaux will part company with the masses. Then we shall make up for all the present concessions, and with interest." This is the reasoning of the real staff of the counter-revolution, the famous "200 families" and their hired strategists. They are acting in accordance with a plan. It would be light-minded to say that their plan is groundless. No, with the assistance of Blum, Jouhaux, and Cachin the counter-revolution *can* attain its goal.

The profound organic and genuinely revolutionary character of the strike wave is best of all characterized by the fact that the mass movement, though improvised, has acquired such vast scope and has exercised so great a political influence. This is the guaranty of the endurance of the movement, its stubbornness, and the inevitability of a series of ever-rising waves. Without this, victory would be impossible. But all this is not enough for victory. As against the staff and the plan of the "200 families" there must be a staff and a plan of proletarian revolution. Neither as yet exists. But they can be created. All the prerequisites and all the elements for a new crystallization of the masses are at hand.

The sweep of the strike springs, we are told, from the "hopes" in the People's Front government. This is only one-quarter of the truth and even less than that. If matters were really limited to hopes alone, the workers would not have run the risk of struggle. The strike expresses above all the distrust or the half-trust of the workers, if not in the good intentions of the government, then in its ability to overcome obstacles and to come to grips with its problems. The proletarians want to "assist" the government, but in their own way, in the proletarian way. They still of course lack complete consciousness of their own strength. But it would be a gross distortion to portray matters as if the masses were guided only by pious "hopes" in Blum. It is not easy for them to muster their thoughts while yoked to the old leaders, who try to drive them as soon as possible back into the old rut of slavery and routine. Nevertheless, the French proletariat is not at the beginning of its history. The strike has everywhere and in every place pushed the most thoughtful and fearless workers to the fore. To them belongs the initiative. They

are still acting cautiously, testing the ground under their feet. The vanguard detachments are trying not to rush ahead, in order not to isolate themselves. The echoing and reechoing answers of the hindmost ranks to their call gives them new courage. The roll call of the class has become a trial self-mobilization. The proletariat was itself in greatest need of this demonstration of its own strength. The practical successes won, however precarious they may be, cannot fail to raise the self-confidence of the masses to an extraordinary degree, particularly in the most backward and oppressed strata.

That leaders have come forward in the industries and in the factories is the foremost conquest of the first wave. The elements of local and regional staffs have been created. The masses know them. They know one another. Real revolutionists will seek contact with them. Thus the first self-mobilization of the masses has outlined and in part brought forward the first elements of revolutionary leadership. The strike has stirred, revitalized, and regenerated the whole colossal class organism. The old organizational shell has by no means dropped away. On the contrary, it still retains its hold quite stubbornly. But under it the new skin is already visible.

We do not speak now of the rhythm of events, which will undoubtedly be accelerated. In this sphere only suppositions and guesses are possible as yet. The second wave—its duration, its sweep, and its intensity—will doubtless permit a much more concrete prognosis than can be made now. But one thing is clear in advance: the second

wave will not at all have the peaceful, almost good-natured, spring-like character that the first has had. It will be more mature, more stubborn and harsh, for it will arise from the disillusionment of the masses in the practical results of the policies of the People's Front and their own initial venture. In the government, as well as in the parliamentary majority, a process of stratification will take place. The counter-revolution will immediately become more self-assured and brazen. Further easy successes cannot be expected by the masses. Faced with the danger of losing what seemed to have been won, faced with the growing resistance of the enemy and the confusion and indecision of the official leadership, the masses will feel the burning need of a program, an organization, a plan, and a staff. For this we must prepare ourselves and the advanced workers. In the atmosphere of revolution the masses are swiftly reeducated, the *cadres* swiftly selected and tempered.

The revolutionary general staff cannot emerge from combinations at the top. The combat organization would not be identical with the party even if there were a mass revolutionary party in France, for the movement is incomparably broader than the party. The organization also cannot coincide with the trade unions, for the unions embrace only an insignificant section of the class and are headed by an arch-reactionary bureaucracy. The new organization must correspond to the nature of the movement itself. It must reflect the struggling masses. It must express their growing will. This is a question of the direct representa-



Drawing by Daumier

Last Council of the Ex-Ministers

Courtesy the Weyhe Gallery

tion of the revolutionary class. Here it is not necessary to invent new forms. Historical precedents exist. The industries and factories will elect their deputies, who will meet to elaborate jointly plans of struggle and to provide the leadership. Nor is it necessary to invent the name for such an organization: it is the Soviets of Workers' Deputies.

The main section of the revolutionary workers is now following the Communist Party. In the past they have more than once cried: "Soviets everywhere!" The majority of them undoubtedly accepted this slogan honestly and

seriously. There was a time when we regarded this slogan as untimely. But now the situation has radically changed. The mighty collision of classes is heading toward a climax. Whoever vacillates, whoever loses time, is a traitor. The choice lies between the greatest of all historical victories and the most ghastly of defeats. We must prepare for victory. "Soviets everywhere"? Agreed. But it is time to pass from words to action.

[*This article will form part of a book, "Whither France?" to be published shortly by Pioneer Publishers.*]

The Attack on Group Medicine

BY JAMES RORTY

YES, the American Medical Association knew about the Borden boycott, which was the subject of the first article in this series. Yes, said Dr. Morris Fishbein when I saw him in Chicago last month, he had read the innuendoes, the incitements, the ultimata, the reports of progress published in state and county medical journals. He had watched the crusading medicos break the fragile milk bottles of the Borden Company over the head of the Milbank Memorial Fund; watched while they coerced into submission both the Borden Company and Albert G. Milbank, in his dual role as chairman of the board of the company and president of the fund; watched while they forced the dismissal of the fund's secretary, John A. Kingsbury; watched and said nothing, in public at least. "The boycott was never officially brought to the attention of the American Medical Association," said Dr. Fishbein.

What is official? Dr. Olin West, secretary and general manager of the A. M. A., admitted that a distressed representative of the Borden Company had called on him after the boycott had been in progress at least eight months; also that representatives of the crusading doctors had visited him. "I told them, no," said Dr. West. "I said, 'Don't you drag the A. M. A. into this; the A. M. A. isn't boycotting anybody.' And then I went to the telephone and made sure that certain physicians in important positions understood this clearly."

Excellent! But did the A. M. A. officially and publicly repudiate the boycott at any time while it was in progress or since? It did not. Did Dr. Fishbein repudiate the boycott in the *Journal*? He did not.

The plain fact is that in doing what they did the medical boycotters and slanderers were obeying the spirit, if not the letter, of policies which the American Medical Association has followed for many years—policies designed to defend and perpetuate a system of medical service and payment which is demonstrably obsolete and heart-breakingly destructive both of human health and of medical idealism. Again and again, both officially and unofficially, the A. M. A. has used brass knuckles on the advocates of change in the organization of medical care wherever they showed their heads. As a result of this policy some of the

best heads both in and out of the medical profession are bloody—but not noticeably bowed. Expulsion from his medical society, the loss of hospital and university appointments, public ostracism and private slander—these are the penalties visited almost automatically upon nearly every doctor who attempts to rip off the nineteenth-century swaddling clothes in which the rugged medical individualists would like to bind the huge potential resources of modern medicine.

Yet more and more group-practice and group-payment schemes are launched, and if they are honestly and competently managed, the public supports them; the medical priesthood roars its imprecations in vain. For in the long run the progressives hold the winning cards. Their present trials are arduous enough, but the future is theirs. "American Medicine" by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, the William H. Welch professor of the history of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University, contains the following excellent summary of the situation:

American medicine is at the crossroads. Scientifically it has, by unremittingly purposeful effort, caught up with Europe, and is now leading in many lines of work. It is armed with the most superb equipment, with modern hospitals, laboratories, and schools, manned by a large, competent, and well-trained corps of physicians. It has behind it a history long enough to have borne fruit, short enough not to be oppressive, with the way to the future still open. Its task is a grateful one, for the majority of the population has faith in science and in the physician as its representative. The skeptical attitude toward the physician so common in Europe is seldom met with in America. And now American medicine is faced with the greatest task of all; it must put this artfully fashioned apparatus to work; now that the scientific problem is solved, it must find the social solution. . . .

The attitude which the [American Medical] Association will take in regard to the reorganization of the medical care of the population will have enormous weight. It can accelerate changes or put on the brakes. It cannot stop them altogether, as they are determined not by the decisions of the physician but by the laws of social development. The responsibility is therefore very great, and it is to be hoped that the leading men will have the courage

and the foresight to look squarely at the problem, not only from the narrower perspective of the physician's office, but from the wider viewpoint of the general welfare.

There is no present likelihood that the leading men of the A. M. A. will "have the courage and foresight to look squarely at the problem." In Chicago I spent nearly three hours with Dr. Olin West, secretary and general manager of the American Medical Association. He said, and I made him repeat it, while I took verbatim notes: "There is not one human being of my acquaintance, nor in my belief has there ever been one human being, who could not get needed medical care if he had sense enough to ask for it." Dr. West spoke with every evidence of sincerity and conviction. Yet to say that he was speaking sheer nonsense is putting it mildly. I could only conclude that the "leading men" not only do not face the problems; they deny their existence. What Dr. West said is only a more extreme version of the statement of Dr. Frederic E. Sondern, past president of the New York State Medical Society, which appears in the 1935-36 Debate Handbook on socialized medicine: "Under the prevailing system of practice it can be said that there is little lack of medical care if the person needing it, or his family, will seek it."

There is plenty of current evidence that the ruling hierarchies of the A. M. A., including most of its state and county units, intend to obstruct and hamstring all attempts to set up voluntary group-practice and group-payment schemes of medical care, regardless of the demonstrated quality and economy of the service offered by such organizations. True, the Judicial Council of the A. M. A. in February of this year ordered the reinstatement of Dr. Donald E. Ross and Dr. H. Clifford Loos to membership in the Los Angeles Medical Society on the ground that they had been given no proper opportunity to answer the charges that the Ross-Loos clinic had violated the "principles of ethics" of the American Medical Association. But to balance this the council, in sustaining the expulsion from the Dallas County Medical Society of the physicians and surgeons associated with the Dallas Medical and Surgical Clinic, enunciated a new principle, now embodied in two clauses, 6 and 7, which have recently been added to the office code of ethics. Any group-practice organization is now ruled "unethical"

6. When the conditions of employment make it impossible to render adequate service to the patients.

7. When the contract, because of any of its provisions or practical results, is contrary to sound public policy.

In practice this means that if the majority of the members of any county medical society decide that a clinic or group-practice organization is "against sound public policy" they can expel from their society the doctors associated with the clinic, and the Judicial Council of the A. M. A. will sustain them. What the A. M. A. is saying in effect is this: A group clinic may not solicit patients, directly or indirectly; may not underbid individual physicians to secure a contract; may not charge fees which in the judgment of the competing individual members of the county medical society are inadequate to secure good medical service; may not interfere with reasonable competition

in a community; may not prevent free choice of a physician; may not set up conditions of employment which *in our judgment* make it impossible to render adequate service to patients. Finally, no group-practice organization may operate under a contract which because of any of its provisions or practical results is *in our judgment* contrary to sound public policy.

This is the heart of the A. M. A.'s 1936 policy with respect to the organization and distribution of medical care. Not even the United States Supreme Court has dared to assert such impudent claims to power over matters affecting the life and death of the American people. True, the A. M. A. has no legal authority. It cannot prevent a physician from practicing nor can it stop a group clinic from operating. But it can and does implement its claim to authority by public excommunication and private ostracism and persecution. It has no police powers, but it can and does summon its medical squads and battalions to a holy war in defense of their own status, their own emoluments. It does this whenever the pressure of public need fires a group of progressive doctors with the determination to cast off the shackles of the A. M. A.'s pocket-motivated "ethics" and attempt to give people decent medical care at a price they can afford to pay. There have been scores of such holy wars and they are all pretty much alike. Two recent examples will suffice to illustrate the customary strategy and tactics.

In December, 1932, a month before the United Medical Service opened its doors a few blocks south of the medical profession's Vatican on South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Dr. Ernest B. Zeisler had a talk with his old friend, Dr. Morris Fishbein. Dr. Zeisler is regarded as one of the ablest young physicians in the Middle West. He told Dr. Fishbein that he intended to associate himself with the new enterprise as chief of the medical staff. Dr. Fishbein, as Dr. Zeisler described the interview, was shocked. He admitted privately to Dr. Zeisler that group practice was not a step toward state medicine (within three weeks he stated in an editorial that it *was* a step toward state medicine), but he said it was dishonest—as dishonest as breaking a safe. Dr. Zeisler would gain nothing; he would lose his good name, his professional repute, and, finally, his friendship with Dr. Fishbein.

Three weeks later Dr. Fishbein in a *Journal* editorial said in effect that the United Medical Service staff was without ability, although, as it happened, one of its members, Dr. M. J. Steinberg, had previously treated Dr. Fishbein himself. Within three months after the clinic was started Dr. Zeisler and his associate, Dr. Charles R. Wiley, who was then a member of the council of the Chicago Medical Society, were expelled from the society along with their entire staff. The loss of hospital and university appointments followed in due course. Since all the participating physicians had been deprived of their hospital privileges, it was only after a considerable struggle, which included a counter-threat of legal action against the local medical politicians, that the United Medical Service succeeded in making arrangements to hospitalize its patients at the Jefferson Park Hospital.

The clinic grew and prospered, but internal dissensions

developed. Charges that the president, Dr. Joseph C. Berkowitz, was overpaying himself and his family and underpaying his staff resulted in the resignation, in May, 1935, of five directors and thirty-eight members of the medical corps of forty-one. The secedent doctors, led by Dr. Zeisler and Dr. Wiley, organized the Civic Medical Center on a partnership basis. Both clinics have continued in operation, although both of them have suffered from the publicity attending the split, and both have been more or less continuously under fire from "organized medicine." At the moment Dr. Fishbein faces a \$300,000 libel suit brought jointly by the twenty-eight doctors of the Civic Medical Center, the chief complaint being a published editorial reference by Dr. Fishbein to "the Civic Medical Center, another commercial medical racket."

Similar slanders are directed against practically all group-practice and group-payment enterprises by physicians who fear that the success of such enterprises will deplete their individual clienteles. The public, aware of the economic pain animating such outcries, has learned increasingly to disregard them. This is particularly true in Chicago, whose citizens witnessed the expulsion from the A. M. A. in 1929 of Dr. Louis E. Schmidt, one of the most eminent American urologists, because of his interest in the Public Health Institute and the Illinois Social Hygiene League, and more recently applauded when Howard Vincent O'Brien, the liberal columnist of the *Chicago Daily News*, had himself examined by the clinicians now at the Civic Medical Center and reported that in his opinion the service was excellent. I was not surprised, therefore, when I visited the Civic Medical Center and found it exceedingly busy. Ironically enough, Dr. Zeisler was able to prove to my satisfaction that the relatively superior thoroughness of group-practice diagnosis frequently shows up individual practitioners, perhaps not as "racketeers," but certainly as wretchedly careless and stupid people. "Medical ethics" operates rather effectively to prevent such physicians from being penalized, whereas the same shibboleth is used to sabotage the development of the type of group practice, dictated by the very nature and requirements of modern medical knowledge, which would serve to check and minimize such carelessness.

Like the wars staged by imperialist nations, the holy wars conducted by the medical politicians are never really ended. They flare up and die down, but the embers continue to glow. They are still warm in Chicago; they are brick red today in the City of Brotherly Love, which more than any other American city is entitled to be called the fountain-head of American medicine.

The first hospital to serve exclusively for the care and treatment of the sick was started in Philadelphia; the first medical school was started in Philadelphia in 1847. The Quaker City has produced great medical pioneers, inherits a great tradition. Well, something has soured it. Last spring the Philadelphia Medical Society presented the Dr. I. P. Strittmayer Award for the year 1935 to Dr. Seth A. Brumm. For what? I quote from the presentation speech of Dr. John M. Fisher:

True to your inborn potentials you for many years have been wielding an ax with a Brumm fighting edge, chop-

ping the dry rot of ignorance and misleading propaganda from the Milbank Foundation and other sinister organizations aiming to standardize and control the unstandardizable and uncontrollable science and art of medicine.

Undoubtedly one of the "other sinister organizations" referred to by Dr. Fisher was the Twentieth Century Fund. So when the representatives of the fund came to Philadelphia a few months ago they knew what they were getting into. Their intent was innocent enough, however: nothing more nefarious than helping Philadelphia business men and trade-union leaders to set up group-payment systems that would enable Philadelphia workers to pay for and obtain adequate medical care and, incidentally, permit Philadelphia physicians to make a little better living.

They found the public more than willing. In a short time about a hundred executives representing business concerns employing more than 200,000 workers had signified their interest. Unfortunately, officials of the Philadelphia Medical Society also became interested. At their request the representatives of the fund put their cards on the table: theirs was a mild, conciliatory program embodying considerably less in the way of proposed change than the majority recommendations of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. No very strenuous objections were registered by the medical conferees at this meeting, but within a few weeks the Medical Society launched a tangential and utterly unexpected attack.

It happened that there was already in operation in Philadelphia a successful group clinic—the Saul Medical Service. Out of the blue Dr. Dudley W. Saul received a request from the state insurance commissioner to show cause why his service should not be prosecuted for violation of the insurance laws. On investigation it appeared that the Medical Society had filed a complaint with the Better Business Bureau, which in turn had referred the matter to the insurance commissioner. There followed a period of uproar and confusion in the courts and in the newspapers. Several weeks later, and only after threatening suit for libel, Dr. Saul, who had weathered earlier storms of this sort, got a retraction and apology from Dr. F. A. Faught, president of the Philadelphia Medical Society. Still later the fund's representatives got a statement from the insurance commissioner to the effect that in his opinion the fund's plan was not under the control of his department.

Similar conflicts are raging openly or smoldering under the surface all over America. The public, as proved by the success of the three-cents-a-day plan for hospital care of the Associated Hospital Service of New York, understands the plain good sense of applying the insurance principle to the payment of medical costs. Lay opinion, as Sigerist points out, still has a high regard for the individual doctor. But it may confidently be predicted that the public will not be too proud to fight if our medical politicians continue to claim sole authority and then use this authority for purposes of obstruction and sabotage; to assert sole title to leadership and then offer a Sabine march—one step forward and two steps backward—as their official version of progress in the year 1936.

[This is the second of a series of four articles by Mr. Rorty on medical politics.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

DO COLONIES REALLY PAY?

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

ONE of the great paradoxes of our time may be found in the fact that Japan, Italy, and Germany have launched their drives for empire at the moment that the major powers appear to be in the process of loosening their colonial bonds. Until fairly recently it was almost universally assumed that colonies were good investments—for the long pull if not for immediate profit. Today a number of authorities, particularly in Great Britain and the United States, are contending that an empire is more of a liability than an asset. The supporters of the Philippine Independence Act and the proposed plebiscite for Puerto Rico have clearly been influenced by this point of view. In the Near East one finds France following the example of England in Iraq by granting independence to Syria. One even hears intelligent Englishmen whisper of the day when it will be desirable for Britain to relinquish its responsibility in India.

Why do nations desire colonies? The average imperialist prides himself on his hard-boiled appraisal of the situation. He will deny that his expansionist views are the outgrowth of sentiment—such as desire for national prestige—and will insist that the possession of colonies offers the mother country four concrete advantages: (1) an outlet for surplus manufactured products; (2) a guaranteed source of raw materials; (3) a means of relieving population pressure; and (4) an opportunity for investment under the protection of the investor's flag. Now all of these are tangible items capable of quantitative measurement. But they are counterbalanced by a number of frequently overlooked entries on the debit side of the ledger. Few if any colonies are entirely self-supporting in the sense that the revenues obtained from the native population cover all expenses of administration and defense. The possession of colonies entails the setting up of elaborate governmental machinery both in the home country and in the dependency; their protection requires the most expensive of all luxuries—a modern navy and air force; and their exploitation requires considerable capital for the construction of railroads, highways, and harbors. If we add the cost of wars which result from imperialist rivalries, our debit total will far exceed any reasonable estimate of profit.

With a view to exploding the traditional imperialist fallacies, Grover Clark has sought to compile a balance sheet* showing the profits and losses resulting from the colonial adventures of the leading powers. His findings are startling if not wholly convincing. He discovers, for example, that not one of the great colony-holding coun-

tries carries on as much as one-fourth of its trade with its dependencies, and that none obtains as much as a fifth of its raw materials and foodstuffs from empire sources. Moreover, the colonies usually carry on a substantial trade with other nations in addition to that with the mother country, indicating that political control is not a necessary prerequisite to obtaining markets and raw materials.

When it comes to striking a balance between credits and debits, Italy, ironically enough, is shown to have the most unsatisfactory record. In twenty years, from 1913 to 1932, Italy's expenditures exceeded its total colonial trade over a forty-year period by more than a billion lire. Germany's record is nearly as bad. In the last twenty years in which it possessed colonies it also spent, on the average, an amount well above its gross trade with them. Japan has fared better, but its direct outlay for its colonies, excluding military expenses, equals 18.4 per cent of its trade with them—far more than any conceivable profit on the trade. The British figures are more difficult to obtain, but even here Mr. Clark is confident that the costs outweigh the trade benefits.

As an outlet for surplus population the colonies show up even more unfavorably. In 1913, after twenty years of colonization, there were less than 20,000 Germans in all the German possessions—fewer, as Mr. Clark points out, than the number of Germans living in the Bronx in 1930, though this borough had the smallest German population of any of the four principal boroughs of New York City. Between 1865 and 1924 more Hollanders entered the Netherlands from the Dutch colonies than emigrated to them. Sweden, with no colonies and a population one-tenth that of Japan, has sent abroad in the past fifty years half again as many permanent emigrants as Japan. The foreign-born population of New York City in 1930 was seven times as large as the number of European emigrants that have settled in Africa in the past century.

On the basis of an impressive amount of evidence of this nature Mr. Clark concludes that the great powers have erred in assuming that colonies offer either an immediate or a potential source of wealth. He sees the colonial system merely as a cause of international irritation and a constant threat to peace. As a remedy he suggests that each of the powers establish complete equality of economic opportunity within its colonies, and that it confer upon the League power to enforce this policy, as in the mandate system.

If it were true that colonies are merely economic parasites, draining the strength of the great empires and threatening to cause their destruction, his proposal might be worthy of close scrutiny. Unfortunately, however, the co-

*"The Balance Sheet of Imperialism." By Grover Clark. Columbia University Press. \$2.75.

"A Place in the Sun." By Grover Clark. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

conomic case against imperialism is not as overwhelming as his analysis would suggest. One has the feeling that Mr. Clark has been extremely diligent in searching for the debit items on the balance sheet, but that he has not exhibited equal zeal in seeking credit entries. He has shown that in most instances the profits on trade could not have equaled the cost of maintaining an empire, and that colonies do not solve the population problem. He has, however, whether deliberately or not, neglected two of the primary advantages of colony-possession—the creation of opportunities for investment and the disposal of domestic surpluses. It is very well to say that investment in colonial areas is open to capitalists regardless of citizenship, but history has shown that the pound, franc, and dollar have tended to follow their respective flags. In the case of India and the British dominions the return on investments has undoubtedly been of greater importance than the profits on trade. Still more important is the effect of capital exports on the national economy. Our economic system demands an outlet for both capital and goods if it is to function at anything like capacity, and a country might easily find that it paid to subsidize a colony which would take surpluses off its hands. It might also be pointed out that while African and Asiatic colonies do not provide opportunities for large-scale immigration they offer highly lucrative jobs for a handful of administrators, business men, and engineers who tend to be drawn from the ruling classes of the mother country.

This raises a point which is all too frequently overlooked. In his chapter describing the origin of the colonial system, Mr. Clark shows very clearly that the gains and losses of imperialism did not involve the same persons. Governments, that is, the taxpayers, took over the costs of administration, but the profits went into private pockets. Needless to say, this remains the situation today. Imperialism might be defined as a device for persuading the taxpayers of a country to assume some of the risks and costs of private business beyond national boundaries. Thus for the average citizen a colony may be a liability, but for the few it is almost invariably profitable. By the time that he reaches his conclusions Mr. Clark appears to have forgotten this fundamental observation. He speaks of the voluntary recession of the perquisites of imperialism as if governments were controlled by the many rather than the few. If the masses of the people were strong enough to determine policy, we might hope for a liquidation of imperialism on the basis of reason. But for the moment there is little likelihood of a voluntary surrender of power except under great pressure, as in Syria, or where colonial imports compete directly with domestic products, as is the case with the Philippines and Puerto Rico. The underlying trend is very clearly in the opposite direction. Because of contracting home markets, economic nationalism is gaining favor and is rapidly closing the gates of trade opportunity. As long as this trend continues, political control over colonial areas is bound to take on increasing importance. Instead of being representative of an outworn dogma, the aggressive colonial policies of Japan and Italy may foreshadow a period of new and more desperate imperial rivalries.

BOOKS

War Between the States

GONE WITH THE WIND. By Margaret Mitchell. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

MISS MITCHELL'S heroine, Scarlett O'Hara, is introduced as a Southern belle in her teens, distinguishable from her fictional prototypes only by the author's unadorned treatment of her petty maneuverings for power over admirers. The daughter of a self-made Irishman and a gentlewoman from Savannah, Scarlett has the habit of wealth but lacks the aristocratic feeling which is nourished by tradition. Infatuated with Ashley Wilkes, whose interest in art makes him exotic in a society of Georgia planters, she confesses her love with a reckless forthrightness which does her credit, but he humiliates her by his preference for his idealistic little cousin, Melanie. Scarlett marries in pique a youth shortly killed in action defending the Confederacy, and is left with an unwanted child.

Neither the human incidents depicted nor the author's broad account of public events gripped this reader until the widowed heroine, visiting Atlanta, found herself immured in a beleaguered city and responsible for her rival, the fragile Melanie, who, with the men at the front and medical aid unattainable, bears Ashley's son. Then Scarlett, exploiting her beauty, secures the cooperation of Rhett Butler, a scamp possessed of a forceful personality, paradoxical wit, and a faculty for remaining *persona grata* with both Yankees and Confederates, and he arranges her flight with Melanie and the new-born infant through doomed territory to Tara, the home of the O'Hara family. The O'Haras are among the many victims of the havoc left by Sherman's march to the sea; and it is when Scarlett is subsequently tested by hard circumstance that she emerges in her true character—a transformation for which, however, earlier portions of the book have not adequately prepared us. None the less, the sea change she suffers as a fictional creation is altogether advantageous, and as a petty Nietzschean ruthlessly concerned with the reestablishment of the family and her own security she is thoroughly convincing. Reconstruction days carry her through a second marriage of convenience to a third marriage, this time to Butler; and her relations with him, with Melanie, and the regretted Ashley are the crux of her emotional life.

Margaret Mitchell gives us our Civil War through Southern eyes exclusively, and no tolerant philosophy illumines the crimes of the invaders; she writes with the bias of passionate regionalism, but the verifiable happenings described eloquently justify prejudice. Unfortunately her temperamental limitations as a critic both of mass movements and personal behavior are such that she often gives a shallow effect. She is vigorous enough to imbue her work with dramatic buoyancy, but unequal to the subtler demand she makes on herself with the tragedy fitly conceived as the climax of her story. The desperate earthiness of the second Scarlett is memorable enough, and the portrait of Rhett, half a scoundrel, is likewise to Miss Mitchell's credit: the whole-heartedness with which her imagination yields itself to the interpretation of these two favorites makes the reader's absorption in a narrative sprinkled with clichés and verbal ineptitudes a contagious growth. But the author seems handicapped by the undigested influence of that literature of pessimism which, though it is responsible for everlasting mas-

terpieces and is a tonic antidote for easy romanticism, is too often misinterpreted among Anglo-Saxons as negativism.

Neither writers like Miss Mitchell who, when under an obligation to move their audiences profoundly, fall back on the vocabulary of platitude, nor those more modish novelists who for the individualized hero substitute masses still as vague an entity as Peer Gynt's Great Boyg can grapple with that last problem of a rounded art: how to make tenderness as authentic in realism as brutality; how to make benevolence the specific investiture of a man and not of a fool; how courage may be shown to glow with a warmth as physical, if not as impartially animal, as is now generated for literature by passions more menacing. Contrast Miss Mitchell's stammering articulation of high virtue with her zestful translation of primitive impulse: Ashley Wilkes remains the wasted genius of filmdom rather than of fine literature; and Melanie, tenuous in ways not attributable to her poor health, represents a concession to rare qualities discredited for this author's art by her inability to give them true embodiment. If Miss Mitchell is able, later, to master the wide significances implicit in her own material, and to convey her idealism as something more than a soporific, she may yet demonstrate the mature humanity absent in the works of so many among us who are "disillusioned" in that adolescent fashion which follows a first boast of understanding and belief.

EVELYN SCOTT

"Art for My Sake"

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY: BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. Julian Messner. \$3.

D. H. LAWRENCE: A PERSONAL RECORD. By E. T. With an Introduction by J. Middleton Murry. Knight Publications. \$2.

WHEN D. H. Lawrence wrote, "I always say my motto is 'Art for my sake,'" he set down what seemed to be the perfect doctrine for those "divine amateurs" of his own generation. In his earlier work John Middleton Murry practiced this doctrine so assiduously that he became the favored scapegoat of the classicists, for in reading him they had but to point to warn, and the disastrous results were all too plain. It may be said that Mr. Murry's autobiography is a continuation of his books on God and Jesus, Keats and Shakespeare, his "Son of Woman" and his "Memories of D. H. Lawrence"; the troubled voice is heard throughout them all; it is the same man speaking. If his early criticism is the confession of the soul at large among the masterpieces (which I suspect it is), certainly his present book is a confession of the soul at large among the artists. To Mr. Murry, Gaudier-Brzeska, D. H. Lawrence, and his own wife, Katherine Mansfield, were difficult people; and the fact that he too was difficult, as well as they, may be counted as one of his primary motives for writing his autobiography. Mr. Murry, a poor boy, climbing by scholarships to Christ's Hospital and Oxford, visibly increased his sense of social insecurity on the way upward, until at last he landed in a dark space "between two worlds." It is a pitiable history of maladjustment that Mr. Murry recites to us again; and again it is evident that it was written to salvage the remains of a pale shadow that Mr. Murry calls his soul.

Mr. Murry's English reviewers have generously compared his latest book with the confessions of Rousseau, forgetting as they did so the reasons why the first memorable autobiography of modern times is as much alive today as in the hour in which it was composed. Where Rousseau is concrete,

if not painfully explicit, Mr. Murry is vague and more inclined to justify an obscure motive than to let us see for ourselves whatever he has done. Where Rousseau sustains a narrative and is often vivid and concise, Mr. Murry is fragmentary, covering what appears to be a lapse of memory with a surplus of words: and always between the reader and the event that Mr. Murry is trying to recall there floats the tenuous substance which is Mr. Murry's principal concern—his soul. On the mere evidence of this "Autobiography" I believe that no psychiatrist, however expert, however wary, could determine how much of what is written here is literally true or false, how much is wish-fulfilment or "true" confession. I raise this doubt because a few of the more specific passages in this testimony are subtle contradictions of equally specific passages in H. S. Ede's "Savage Messiah" and D. H. Lawrence's letters. Since Mr. Murry's narrative is impeded by hazy reference interlarded with Bergsonian commentary on soul and instinct, life and love and letters, my greatest pity for the man's misfortunes is related to his inability to tell a convincing story.

Despite the vagaries which attended the writing of Mr. Murry's autobiography, the book has its unique, if somewhat perverse, fascination as a record of literary life in war-time London. The moral sickness of its characters, as it reflects the ambitions of middle-class professional life, seems to correspond with the very corruption that I. A. Richards describes when he speaks of "the destructive element." Mr. Murry's early admiration of Frank Harris is illustrative of that corruption; the pitiful quarrel with Gaudier-Brzeska, in which Mr. Murry becomes righteous in his denial that the artist should be paid for his drawings, is another example of the same kind. Katherine Mansfield's isolation, taking its refuge behind the barriers of self-pity and petty-bourgeois snobbery, seems even further evidence that a false set of ethical values closely circumscribed and almost smothered the fruition of a minor talent. After all this is shown, one does not wonder that D. H. Lawrence immersed himself within and then grew restless of such company, for the moral sickness of the Murry-Lawrence circle was of the world that was "tainted with myself."

As not a few of Lawrence's biographers testify, his life was a series of escapes from places and emotional entanglements, from relatives, friends, lovers, and even casual literary associates. In the wake of broken relationships many tributes to his memory have been written, and not the least of these is E. T.'s personal record of his early manhood. E. T. was the Miriam of "Sons and Lovers," the person to whom he insisted, "It will fall to you to write my epitaph." And here it is, a slender book, recalling the atmosphere of "The Wild Common" and other poems of that period as well as of "The White Peacock." Curiously enough, the book almost transcends its biographical importance, for its actual value lies in a careful study of adolescent love. Its narrative discloses how Lawrence and E. T. were lovers and then slowly outgrew each other—and the simple presentation of the story possesses very nearly every merit that John Middleton Murry's elaborate confession lacks. E. T. has the ability to select those significant episodes that reveal her hero's character, an ability by which we are made willing to accept her Lawrence in preference to Mr. Murry's. In her recollection of a "literary" dinner at the home of Violet Hunt one plainly sees how Lawrence outgrew his provincial origins. His distrust of Hueffer (Ford Madox Ford) was characteristic of that growth; whereas E. T., growing more firmly rooted in Nottinghamshire soil, was to remain in awe of literary

celebrity. Even as she writes of him, Hueffer, the literary tipster of war-time London, is seen as a godlike figure at a Campden Hill Road dinner table.

Mr. Murry's introduction to E. T.'s book would serve, I think, as an appropriate footnote to his autobiography. His first statement is: "Since I became a peripatetic lecturer in America, I have been shocked by the relative lack of interest in D. H. Lawrence." Mr. Murry does not tell us that his audience is chiefly composed of people who are interested only in the very latest "literary" names, the people who wish to talk smartly at bridge tables and cocktail bars. And those who know Lawrence's work only too well would be embarrassed to ask questions of a man who wrote "Son of Woman." He goes on to say: "I do not understand this strange indifference to Lawrence. Today he is hardly so much as mentioned by American critics." Mr. Murry's singular attacks of blindness are of no recent date, for Gaudier-Brzeska once said of him and Katherine Mansfield that "they had never noticed the statue of Charles I in Trafalgar Square and they were people who considered themselves to be artists." Perhaps in his case it is the merest charity to remember that "Art for my sake" is a jealous art.

HORACE GREGORY

The Cooperative Program

COOPERATIVE DEMOCRACY. By James Peter Warbasse. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

CONSUMER COOPERATION IN AMERICA, DEMOCRACY'S WAY OUT. By Bertram B. Fowler. The Vanguard Press. \$2.

THE rise of consumer cooperatives in the United States is one of the most interesting results of the depression. Two million Americans are now members of cooperatives. In the new and rewritten edition of his book, the bible and guide of cooperatives throughout the world, Dr. Warbasse projects the thesis that the cooperative movement, when it achieves its full power, will take over a majority of the functions of the state, and by a two-house legislature—the Cooperative Assembly, and the Industrial Assembly representing labor—govern the country.

Unquestionably the political significance of the cooperative program is not comprehended by many members of consumer societies. For the long-time result of cooperation, which may or may not fulfil the specifications of Dr. Warbasse, is obscured by the immediate practical gains. An efficient cooperative assures its members a real money saving. By buying as a group instead of as individuals they secure a more advantageous price and goods of better quality. Both the money saving and the elimination of shoddy have made a tremendous appeal, especially to white-collar workers whose incomes have been reduced by the depression and whose eyes have been opened by the muckrakers who have shown how the hundred million guinea pigs are fooled.

In the United States the cooperative movement was slow in gaining real support. Many years ago Sweden started along the road Marquis Childs has termed "the middle way"; Englishmen, building on the solid foundation laid by the Rochdale pioneers, the founders of the modern cooperative movement, established the British Cooperative Wholesale, one of the biggest businesses in the empire; Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan, all had strong consumer cooperatives. But it has only been since the depression set in that Americans have been converted to cooperation. Bertram B. Fowler has written a dra-

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Written in his customary brilliant style, *The Third International After Lenin* is Trotsky's criticism of the official program of the Communist International, for which he was exiled from the Soviet Union. It was around the counter-program put forth in this criticism that the Trotskyist Opposition rallied. It is impossible to understand "Trotskyism" without a reading of this volume. *No one interested in the history of the working class movement can afford to be without it.* Edited with explanatory notes by Max Shachtman. 416 pages. \$3.00

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matic history of what has already been accomplished by the revolution of the meek. His is essentially a reporter's job. In a vivid travelogue he describes the Middle Western oil cooperatives, which are now the strongest competitors of the large oil interests; the cooperative organized by the Negroes of Gary, Illinois, with an initial capital of \$24, which last year did a business of \$35,000; and the cooperative established by members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. Fowler is too much occupied with recounting the achievements of American consumer cooperatives to theorize, except by the way. He is also too enthusiastic to be critical, and as a result his book contains no adequate discussion of the obstacles which must be surmounted if the movement is to achieve the success he envisions for it. Still he has written an excellent and readable history which will undoubtedly inspire many to follow his directions for forming a consumer "co-op."

Dr. Warbasse writes more soberly, but his analysis and predictions also lack critical objectivity. As president of the Cooperative League of the United States since its inception in 1916, he has seen the ruinous results of greed, stupidity, and human frailty. He is aware of the possible disasters which may overtake the movement, but he too writes with the zeal and natural bias of the missionary. Like all other economic ideologies, consumer cooperation is hard to preach impartially and dispassionately. Dr. Warbasse sees in the cooperative movement a means of defeating monopoly and of achieving worldwide peace and the brotherhood of man. To him consumer cooperation means cooperation on every front and among all people. "Through cooperation," writes Dr. Warbasse, "could be advanced a true classless society."

There is disagreement both in this country and in Europe on Dr. Warbasse's thesis that the movement must stay out of politics. However, he continues to be fearful of entangling alliances and urges the advantages of indirect control of legislators by the strength of a cooperative-minded electorate. When a sufficiently large proportion of the population have been converted to cooperation, then the cooperatives should take over the function of government.

One of the immediate problems is to secure the cooperation of labor. Dr. Warbasse makes a strong bid for this support by showing that the two movements have common interests. But it will take more than logic to bring labor into the cooperative fold. So far no really intensive efforts have been made either to organize cooperatives in labor unions or to unionize employees of cooperatives.

He would be a foolhardy prophet who would attempt to predict the future of the American cooperative movement. Certainly, its program has never been expounded more persuasively than by Dr. Warbasse and Mr. Fowler. Together these two books form an excellent record of what has been accomplished and of what may lie ahead.

RUTH BRINDZE

Eleven Words for Seven

FLOWERS OF EVIL. From the French of Charles Baudelaire.

By George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75.

THE faults of these translations might have been fewer and less serious had Miss Millay and Mr. Dillon used pentameter instead of the hexameter of the French. Not that they do not often succeed in writing good hexameters: Miss Millay particularly avoids placing the caesura so that it breaks the line into two trimeters—or a tetrameter with two feet

dangling at the end. In this difficulty both translators have been ingenious; but space does not allow citations of a special competence, the brilliance of which seems to me to be irrelevant to the task of translating Baudelaire. Miss Millay says in her preface that part of her task was to make the English sound like French verse. One cannot argue with this, but one may suppose that if the translation is still French it is not English, that it is only half-translated.

French words are longer than English words; so the trouble with Baudelaire in English hexameters is that whoever does the job is likely to put into the English a good deal that was not in the French. The line, "Je veux, pour composer chastement mes églogues," is rendered by Mr. Dillon: "I want to write a book of chaste and simple verse"—eleven words for seven, an adverb weakened into an adjective, and another adjective put in, the whole effect being blurred. Let us see what Mr. Dillon does to the first stanza of *Réversibilité*:

Angé plein de gaieté, connaissez-vous l'angoisse,
La honte, les remords, les sanglots, les ennuis
Et les vagues terreurs de ces affreuses nuits
Qui complimentent le cœur comme un papier qu'on froisse . . .

Mr. Dillon:

Spirit of happiness, hast thou heard tell of woe?
Hast thou heard tell of anguish, and remorse, and care—
Of those long nights when in the black fist of Despair
The heart is crumpled up like paper? . . .

Angé is not "spirit." *Gaieté* is not "happiness." *Connaissez-vous* is not "hast thou heard tell of"; but Mr. Dillon needed two more syllables for his hexameter than the simple "Do you know" would have allowed him; so we get the lofty "hast thou" combined with "heard tell of"—a mixed style that turns Baudelaire over in his grave. (Baudelaire frequently combines Racinian rhetoric and the common phrase, but not in this passage.) In the second line the exigencies of English hexameter compel Mr. Dillon to repeat "Hast thou heard tell"; he needs some rapid monosyllables that will maintain the nearly accentless movement of the French; but he is also compelled to break up the emphasis of the original. He breaks the flow of the original by making the first line a unit, end-stopped: *angoisse*, coming first in the series of griefs, is the most abstract and it sets the "tone"; it is followed dramatically by the concrete varieties of grief. The series culminates with *terreurs*, but Mr. Dillon violates it by substituting "long nights," which is not a coordinate term. Baudelaire's list of the afflictions of human nature rises to a powerful climax in the subtle figure of suffocation (*compliment le cœur*) which is suddenly illuminated with marvelous accuracy by means of the simile of the crumpled paper. Mr. Dillon runs it all together in an undergraduate metaphor of his own, which exaggerates out of existence the effect achieved by Baudelaire.

I have labored one point about a stanza that I selected at random. There are passages, even whole poems, in which Mr. Dillon is more successful; there are passages and poems in which Miss Millay is more successful than Mr. Dillon ever is. Here is Miss Millay's beginning for one of the great poems:

The child, in love with globes and maps of foreign parts,
Finds in the universe no dearth and no defect . . .

—which is not bad in itself; but it is not Baudelaire:

Pour l'enfant, amoureux de cartes et d'estampes,
L'univers est égal à son vaste appétit . . .

This is neither good nor Baudelaire:

Oh, Death, old captain, hoist the anchor! Come, cast off!
We've seen this country, Death! We're sick of it! Let's go!

O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancre
Ce pays nous ennuie, O Mort! Appareillons!)

The formal invocation of *O Mort* is converted into an expression of personal emotion—"Oh, Death." In English one does not hoist anchor. Nor can one begin to render the passage until one has understood the force of *il est temps!* without which one of the great passages of nineteenth-century verse would be commonplace. Miss Millay omits it. If *Appareillons!* is untranslatable, it is surely not "Let's go!" It is astonishing to see how much that is wrong Miss Millay gets out of *Ce pays nous ennuie!*

Mr. Dillon's version of Lesbos is his best contribution to the book, though here as elsewhere he puts in his own pretty adjectives that give Baudelaire something of a Junior League tone. Miss Millay is at her best, I think, in her rendering of *L'Imprévu*. Nothing in this book equals James Elroy Flecker's version of *Don Juan aux Enfers*, or Aldous Huxley's *Femmes Damnées*. This difficult poem the present translators do not attempt. They give us fewer than half of "Les Fleurs du Mal"; so a fairer title for their book would have been *Selections from Baudelaire*. The translations by F. P. Sturm, in the Modern Library, will give the reader without French a better introduction to the poet than the more "creative" performance of Mr. Dillon and Miss Millay. Sturm is only a versifier, but he has his eye on Baudelaire; he leaves out a good deal, but he puts in very little of his own.

ALLEN TATE

Upstate Chronicle

LISTEN FOR A LONESOME DRUM. A YORK STATE CHRONICLE. By Carl Carmer. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

NOBODY but an upstater could have written a York State chronicle like "Listen for a Lonesome Drum." It is not history, it is not fiction, and I am being polite in accepting Mr. Carmer's own description of it. But it will serve its purpose as well as fiction or history for all who may wish to learn what upstate is really like, or for others, like myself, who may wish to renew old acquaintances.

Upstate New York from the beginning has been the natural gateway to the West—I was going to say America, but if it is a gateway to America it is to that part of the country that has come into being since the early 1800's. Then the Great Western, the Mohawk, and the Seneca turnpikes competed with Mr. Madison's "must" project, the Cumberland road. After 1825 the Erie Canal, and later the New York Central supplementing it, captured most of the traffic to inland America. Over these roads and waterways came men of all creeds and nations, and for a while they came so thick that many were bound to spill off in passage. By virtue of them York State became a sort of distillation of America, filled with contrary ideas, some grotesque, some simply human, some horrible, and some lovely.

Of these, Mr. Carmer, in his own process of renewing acquaintance, has chosen with inspiration. From the first moment of his homecoming to Geneseo, when his small nephew drinks the contents of the bottle on the pantry shelf—the dark one—the book is an authentic revelation of the instincts and the way of thought of the upstater. "I drank it," said Bill, "I thought it was grape juice." Three adults rushed to the porch to regard the twelve-year-old, who sat calmly rocking. "Don't you feel funny?" said his uncle. "No," he said. "Don't you want to go to bed?" said his mother. "No," he said.

One understands at once that the upstater hasn't changed very much in his capacity for swallowing large doses of

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whatever may be new, even though he may consider it grape juice at the time. It is a capacity for thinking big, and sometimes for getting away with it. It is astonishing how many managed in the past to get away with it, and to leave their mark not only on the state but on the country. You may meet most of them in this book; Joseph Smith with his tablets of gold discovered under the guidance of Moroni; Ann Lee, mother of the Shakers; John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the Oneida Community. Others were less successful: the Loomises, of whom the author gives us only a fleeting glimpse without suggesting the political hold they exerted on their locality for nearly forty years; Jemima Wilkinson, who was born twice, and incorporated celibacy in her doctrine (probably her only mistake); and William Miller, for whom the world did not end on time.

These people Mr. Carmer has drawn vividly—but most successful of all are his pictures of the living people he met on his way. Troopers, lumbermen, revivalists, Indians—all of them talk to Mr. Carmer with few reservations. Indeed, unwittingly, he has drawn a portrait of himself that is as clear as any other in the book, sensitive, alert, and with a capacity for friendship.

WALTER D. EDMONDS

Shorter Notices

THE EARLIEST DREAMS. By Nancy Hale. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

The appeal of these stories is to the connoisseur in the deft, the graceful, and the fastidious. Miss Hale's is a medium of considered restraints in which ugliness and excess have no place. The best pieces in the volume are those which seem to be autobiographical sketches. No One My Grief Can Tell is a tender projection of a young mother's love for her small child and her fear of this love's eventual possessiveness. Midsummer deals with the passionate and unstable infatuation of an adolescent girl for her riding instructor. Very credibly we are carried into the world of complex feminine sensibility, and as long as we remain within its confines, the stories appear true and good. When the scope is widened, however, to include the suicide of an untalented art student, as in Art for Art's Sake, the author's shortcomings in negotiable experience become at once apparent. What might be termed a third group of stories is concerned with the struggles of various individuals with impending fate in one form or another; all these stories, however, fall a good deal short of their Chekhovian and Mansfieldian models.

SALLY: THE STORY OF A FOSTER GIRL. By John Metcalfe. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Although the title of this novel suggests a genre of light fiction, this study of vice and crime in underworld London affords reading that is more than ordinarily provocative. Sally is the illegitimate daughter of a dancer in third-rate music-halls. Despite her superior intelligence and sensitivity, she is doomed from the very outset by her sense of belonging to a lost world through birth and inheritance. The majority of characters with which she is thrown inhabit this shady limbo of the "lost" and are excellently portrayed. Conditioned by poverty and necessity, their relations with one another and the difficult world in which they ply their trade as petty criminals are set forth with telling if unduly exhaustive effectiveness. John Metcalfe, an English writer of some distinction, combines accuracy and insight with vigorous criticism of social injustice today.

RECORDS

A RECORD company invests money only in records it thinks will sell. There is no quarreling with this, particularly if the people who want the things with limited sale can have them by underwriting their cost in advance. And in the past three years the subscription method has been used by His Master's Voice and other foreign companies for the songs of Hugo Wolf, the Goldberg Variations of Bach, works of Purcell, and other things of this sort. But it has been used also where there has been no need of it. If Schnabel's records of Beethoven concertos could be issued in the ordinary way, why not his records of the sonatas; if "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Otello," why not "The Marriage of Figaro"? One objects because what could be a method of increasing the circulation of records actually operates to restrict it.

The records, once made for subscribers—let us say at a special price—should then be available to the entire public. And in England it works out that way. There was at first the objectionable business of "limited editions"—without trade editions; but this has been dropped, and one can buy a volume of Beethoven Sonata Society records in London for the same price as H. M. V.'s other records. In this country, however, the fiction of a society issuing the records means that they are not released by Victor under its own label; and the price of Schnabel's records becomes almost prohibitive.

Victor did, however, issue Volume I of the Sibelius Society three years ago, and has now issued the Violin Concerto from a more recent volume—which is the occasion for these remarks. For whether it is a matter of Victor seeking permission, or of H. M. V. granting it, one asks why only the Violin Concerto, and not the Seventh Symphony, the Sixth Symphony, the String Quartet? And why only Sibelius, and not Beethoven sonatas, Haydn quartets, Mozart operas? In other words, why not sense in the business?

Sibelius offers good reasons for respect and enjoyment, but not for the claims that have been made for him recently. There are painters without anything very important to say who have a feeling for their medium and an ability to use it effectively. Sibelius has this feeling for musical sound, this ability to work well with it; and what he produces sounds so well that the limitations of his thought and feeling are not noticed. A great point has been made of the fact that he does not use Finnish folk-music in his symphonic works; but the real point is that his own material in these works often has the character and feeling of folk-music—when it is not merely pictorial. This type of material is attractive and enjoyable; and Sibelius's ability to work it into large-scale structures has deceived commentators into thinking they were hearing large-scale ideas as well, and to claim for him the constructive mastery of Beethoven. But constructive power is evident and important only in relation to the material on which it operates; and Sibelius simply hasn't the ideas with which to achieve the form-of-content that Beethoven achieves.

The Concerto is a fairly early work—it follows the Second Symphony—but it gives the essential quality of Sibelius's matured musical thinking; for the only difference in the later works is their greater concentration. The performance of the London Philharmonic and Heifetz under the direction of Beecham is excellent, and the recording for the most part as good (four records, \$8).

B. H. HAGGIN

"The Jew and the World"

[The following letters are selected from many that The Nation has received about Benjamin Stolberg's article. The editors hope to find room for a further selection in a later issue.]

WHAT FORTUNE MEANT

Dear Sirs: Mr. Stolberg's "Answer to the Editors of *Fortune*" makes so much brisk fun, sound reading, and general good sense that no one could take serious exception to it. If I am, as Mr. Stolberg aptly says, a sociological ingenue, he, I assume, is the leading lady. There can be no objection to that.

The title, however, is confusing. What statement of the editors of *Fortune* is Mr. Stolberg answering? He contends that the editors of *Fortune* have not solved the "Jewish problem." I agree. But it is Mr. Stolberg, not the editors of *Fortune*, who offers to do so. The editors of *Fortune* were attempting something much more modest. They were attempting to present certain facts bearing upon the economic position of the Jews in America. Those facts seemed to them pertinent because the rise of fascism with its attendant anti-Semitic propaganda had produced abroad, and might well produce here, prejudicial and highly inflammatory statements on the subject. They said:

The Jews, in the phraseology of Dr. Ruppin of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, having changed in the eighteenth century from an Oriental people to an Eastern European, have in the last few generations changed from an Eastern European people to a Western European and an American. The apprehensiveness of intelligent Jews [in America] springs from this fact. Realizing that Jews have been the scapegoats of all Western history, that they have been made to bear responsibility for everything from the Black Death to the economic ills of the Germans, these observers fear that the enormous increase in Jewish numbers in America will lead to charges that the Jews have monopolized the opportunities for economic advance and that these charges will pave the way for fascism here as they paved the way for Hitler in Germany.

The editors of *Fortune* felt that this apprehensiveness justified the publication of the facts. Those facts, as Mr. Stolberg would, perhaps, on fairer second thought, admit, had never before been collected and were not all to be found in the Public Library.

It is the publication of this material which Mr. Stolberg has answered and which I must assume he disapproves. But what precisely does he disapprove? Does he disapprove the statement that the claim of Jewish monopolization of economic opportunity was made by the Nazis? Does he disapprove the statement that that claim was an effective bit of inflammatory propaganda? Does he disapprove the suggestion that similar claims may be made here? Does he doubt that such claims could be dangerous? Does he think that the publication of the truth could serve no useful purpose in discouraging them? Or is it his position that the attempt to stop fascism now by an attack upon one of its several ammunition dumps is idle since the revolution will eventually set everything straight? As I recall it there were certain Germans who thought the same thing: they are now generally considered to have erred.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

New York, June 23

THE INDIVIDUAL COUNTS

Dear Sirs: The psychoanalytic verbiage with which Mr. Stolberg befogs the problem of anti-Semitism does not seem to me to help us either to an understanding or to a solution. We ought to recognize that it is the frequent problem that presents itself whenever a socially segregated or racially recognizable group is considered as a unit in which each individual partakes of all those traits that are more or less arbitrarily ascribed to it, often merely on the basis of tradition. No matter whether it is a case of Greeks despising barbarians, nobility the common people, Catholics the Protestants, the castes of India one another, whites the Negroes or Japanese, or Gentiles the Jews; the situation is always the same. It becomes particularly acute for the proscribed class when its members come to be conscious of the fact that they are no longer a class but individuals like the rest of the people among whom they live, and when this claim is not recognized but each individual is still looked upon as a member of the despised group. The demand for racial purity, and with this the prevention of assimilation, is merely an expression of the conflict between groups, social as well as racial. It is manifest in the prevention of marriage between patricians and plebe-

ians, between nobility and commoners, as well as in the ban on interdenominational marriages. Even our socially privileged classes have not learned the simple fact that they should have learned in school and home, that it is the individual who counts, not the class to which he is assigned.

FRANZ BOAS

New York, June 22

SOLID AND BRILLIANT

Dear Sirs: I thought Benjamin Stolberg's article on the Jews, in your issue of June 17, was quite simply the solidest interpretation of anti-Semitism, as well as the most brilliant, that I have ever seen in print in any language.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

New York, June 19

MEA CULPA!

Dear Sirs: Thank you for sending the advance copy of the Stolberg article. I think I have seldom seen such an astute and penetrating discussion of this question. And, what is more, it leaves the commentator little or nothing to say but yes or no. My answer is mostly yes, with a little change in the emphasis of his argument.

Many people forget that under the heat and storm, the fighting and stress and argument, which go with the Jewish question in our present day there are biological and physiological factors and trends at work which have a far larger if unconscious weight in settling the matter. These basic activities underlie and finally determine race questions; the Jewish question in the last analysis is a biologic question. And what we know of the history of races taken over the period of historical time points to the fact that races intermarry, lose their identity, are merged or submerged in the welter of the peoples with whom they come in contact. Of course, none of this mingling goes on, or ever went on, without a great deal of mental and physical torture, persecution, warfare, governmental restriction, social ostracism, and all the cruelties which our consciousness can invent to waggle futilely in the face of a natural fact. Probably there is no individual alive on the earth today in the dim, forgotten shadows of whose ancestry there are not many

individual experiences of just such a type as would occur today in a marriage between a Jew and a Christian. And so, if we wanted to, or could, wait a thousand years or so, we might see the last of this so very troublesome problem. The Jews, who because of the accident of their peculiar history have kept their identity as a race in the minds of many, would be no more; perhaps one might say then that "my great-grandfather twice removed was a Jew," as one says today, "One of my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror," and with just about as much truth.

However, the Jewish problem is today a great problem, and one which brings no one any great pleasure. It would be an intellectual and emotional triumph to have a "fair" attitude. I can hardly believe that any discussion of it does any good, including this. The only profit in taking an attitude is a social one, like liking birds' nest soup in China. Nearly everyone, nevertheless, has an attitude on the Jews. And nearly all these attitudes are emotional and many deeply so, and are much more difficult to change than an ordinary appetite, but are as inevitably acquired. As for me, I have mine, an attitude which leads me to suggest certain things with regard to the solution of the Jewish problem, and probably these are as futile suggestions as any.

It is well known that I have said that I regard the Jews not as Americans, or Germans, or French, but as Jewish Americans, Jewish Germans, Jewish Frenchmen, and, as a consequence, as thinking and acting not entirely as Americans or French or Germans, but as Jewish Americans, etc. I never said that as a race (in its entirety) I wholly disliked and distrusted them. I have paid my compliments to very, very many, and still do, Stolberg among them. I would be wholly ungrateful and unreliable if I said differently. Like the bourgeois in Stolberg's article, I have many Jewish friends. None the less, even among these I have heard some damn portions of the race as this or that, in other words, affirm a number of my charges. And Stolberg points out this sort of action as a characteristic of the problem as a whole. And yet, although their words on occasion have proved emotional fuel to feed my possibly unreasoned attitude, I doubt if they have any more right to say what they do than I. Their opinions are like those of a self-diagnosed patient. Also, when they disagree with me, hold out for the immensely superior social and intellectual qualities of their race, and deny the validity of certain experiences which I have had, well, I don't

change then, but only hold on to my attitude with increasing force.

I admit that my attitude is in part emotional. I have said I have had a certain kind of typical experience with Jews, especially in practical matters, and of unvarying consistency. In consequence, I admit that I am likely to believe unquestioningly instances of the same kind when I hear them from others. Probably I am likely to add to this certain things relating to the way some of them live, parts of their culture, etc., which displease me, at times constitute a half-conscious emotional mass which I feel as disagreement, rage, and so on. No doubt today I look for what I dislike in Jews, and dislike what I would normally pass over in another. *Mea culpa!*

At a time like this, when social unrest, nationalism, jingoism, etc. are so rampant, an attitude like mine might in some group, somewhere, lead to a pogrom, to social persecution of the very cruelest and bitterest nature. Yet this is decidedly what I do not want. Rather I have been always seeking some solution. For in the day of violence the obvious causes would not be the real ones. We in America might have as false justifications as there have been in Germany. We would have, of course, economic jealousy as a base. But still, there is always the much more powerful factor of the intangible fanaticism against the scapegoat through which we must always rationalize our unfulfilled desires and disappointments. *Mea culpa!*

Unlike Stolberg, I myself do not think that communism will do away with the Jewish question. Unless it can take away whatever economic necessity there is for jealousy, and for finding scapegoats, and make marriage between Jews and others unstigmatized by either side, it will do no better than capitalism. I do not believe that communism will help the Jewish question by encouraging Jewish nationalism and separatism. Racial, cultural, and religious separatism will lead to just as much division of opinion as there is today.

I can well sympathize with the despairing confusion of the Jew who is at once proud and humiliated. His culture is as good and perhaps better than any. But from his side he will be humiliated as long as he is proud. And from the other he must, for his own sake, be proud as long as he is humiliated.

I once thought that if all the Jews could move into a large country of their own, and build up for themselves a national and cultural unity of which they could be proud and which all the world

would respect, that would be a solution. But of course, that idea is impractical in the extreme. I really think today that the sufferings and persecution which this question entails are inevitable, that it is a kind of war, perhaps, which increases in fury until some final solution—perhaps only after years of heartrending, bitter, stupid, even insane cruelty, which I personally would hate to see, have come and gone. Oi! Oi!

There is nothing anyone can do. Social life, economic life, for all of us, whether in connection with the Jews or any other group, runs a bitter, unsettled course. This may sound like defeatism for certain liberal groups. Still their liberality is just as much a part of the constant conflict as is my opposite conviction. "Pardon is the word for all."

THEODORE DREISER

Mount Kisco, N. Y., June 17

BACK TO TALMADGE!

Dear Sirs: Your own inimitable Mr. Stolberg has won himself the rare privilege of resting beside the editors of *Fortune* in whatever mausoleum posterity may set aside for well-intentioned though ill-informed explainer-away of the Jewish question. The author of the article *The Jew and the World* shows rather clearly that the man who nabbed Talmadge so effectively by the grass roots slipped up rather badly in tackling the Jew.

The Nation has not been terribly sympathetic of late with the legitimate national and cultural aspirations of a large section of the Jewish people. However, when you assign someone to handle the Jewish problem you might at least see to it that he is competent to do so. A string of wisecracks tacked on to some shallow platitudes and annoying prejudices hardly befits *The Nation's* way of doing things.

Please send Mr. Stolberg back to Talmadge. We Jews have enough troubles.

H. G. PERELMUTER

Montreal, June 22

THE RACIAL WILL

Dear Sirs: With the closing words of Mr. Stolberg's article on the Jews, "The answer is Marxism," I agree; but I have some reservations about most of the arguments by which he arrives at his answer. The answer is Marxism in the sense that a society founded upon an economic and social mechanism compatible with the necessities of a technical age will not allow cultural and racial distinctions to become cause and occasion for such cul-

tural psychoses as characterize our present society. In a dying culture and a disintegrating civilization, in which all universal validities have either been destroyed or become bogus, it is natural that some men should seek to rescue meaning from chaos by trying to interpret the meaning of life purely in terms of their relation to their tribe. Mr. Stolberg is quite right in pointing out that this tribalism may be a sign of sickness among Jews just as much as among anti-Semites. It is natural, too, that the ruling oligarchies of a disintegrating social system should exploit and nourish this tribalism in order to sow dissension among their foes and to maintain unnatural alliances with classes which ought, on economic grounds, to be allied with their enemies.

My difficulty with Mr. Stolberg's analysis is that he seems to interpret all racial solidarity of either majority or minority groups, together with the resulting interracial friction, as a sickness or a psychosis. That is true only in the sense that all human life is sick and will continue to be so even in a new society; that is, the will-to-live of both individuals and groups will continue to provoke friction and conflict. Mr. Stolberg would like to eliminate such conflict entirely. He declares that he does not want either assimilation or segregation. But the whole logic of his argument runs in the direction of assimilation. He begins his thesis by dispelling "the illusion of Jewish endogamy and racial purity." He declares that "Jews exist, if only as a state of mind," and the inference is that they exist only as a state of mind. What is proved by showing that Jews are not strictly endogamous and that a variety of blood has entered their veins? That is equally true of every other race. Yet racial distinctions persist.

We do not solve the problem between Pole and German or between German and Frenchman by proving that none of these racial groups are pure. Though no racial group is purely endogamous, all of them have maintained some kind of collective existence. The Jew has performed the more difficult feat of maintaining a collective life though he has no geographic locus from which to operate. Such collective life, as all life, maintains itself partly in defensive and partly in offensive terms. Defense may become a diseased isolationism, and offensive strategy may become a diseased imperialism. A minority group is naturally more liable to the former than to the latter disease. Only in that sense are the severe strictures of Mr. Stolberg against Jewish racial politicians justified.

Mr. Stolberg says he wants neither assimilation nor segregation, but he offers

no third possibility. The answer for him is simply Marxism. But Marxism in Russia means assimilation, does it not? It would be possible, of course, for a socialist society to try some other solution. Assimilation is not dictated by Marxian logic. But it is suggested by a certain tendency in Marxism toward impatience with the irrational and organic facts of human existence. This tendency is implied, though not explicitly stated, in the whole course of Mr. Stolberg's argument.

The Jew has a right to continue to exist as a collective group even though his collective will-to-live, expressed both defensively and offensively, will complicate the problem of social reorganization just as the racial will of every other racial group, involved in an economically interdependent world, complicates that problem. One might add that the maintenance of every individual, as well as of every collective life, is the cause of friction as well as the occasion for new harmonies. While the Jew would be well advised to withdraw his moral support from an economic system which aggravates interracial friction, he ought nevertheless to be critical of a too simple and naive radicalism which offers him salvation in terms of the annihilation of assimilation.

The only complete harmony in life is in death, whether for individuals or groups. If Mr. Stolberg understood that better, he would have more appreciation of the religious sense of guilt which he also regards as a psychosis.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

New York, June 15

A NESSUS SHIRT

Dear Sirs: With melancholy amusement I have just read Benjamin Stolberg's article *The Jew and the World*. That Mr. Stolberg's Jewishness is a Nessus shirt to him which he wants to get rid of by the new, universal patent-medicine nostrum of Marxism—that he has in common with all the red and pink assimilationists. But it is less excusable to be so strident and so ignorant. Two examples suffice.

"The Christian revolution against the pharisaism of the Jewish theocracy . . ." Yes, they still teach that stuff in one-building theological schools, where no glimmer of Travers Herford's works on the Pharisees or of the researches of the late George Foote Moore have yet penetrated, and where the findings of the *Wissenschaft des Judentums* would be anathema. So it comes most curiously about that the red assimilationist of today belabors his people with the detritus of dead Christian theologians.

As for Mr. Stolberg's "little Jewish

tailor who shouts in Yiddish"—note the Jewish self-hatred in that "little" and that "shouts"—I can tell Mr. Stolberg precisely why he's less race-conscious than the "big German Jewish banker." It is because it never occurred to that tailor, speaking his *mame-loshen* and reading the great Yiddish dailies, that he could be anything but a Jew and a member of the living Jewish people. And it will disappoint Mr. Stolberg further that this Jewish tailor will be nine times out of ten a Labor Zionist, a member of the Histadruth—a Socialist, true, but a Jewish Socialist.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Burlington, Vt., June 18

UNVARNISHED TRUTH

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* has done an amazingly courageous thing in publishing Benjamin Stolberg's *The Jew and the World*; it proves its claim that liberal journalism is not yet dead. Mr. Stolberg's article will offend and perhaps shock some people; but doesn't the plain, unvarnished truth usually do that? It is to be hoped that the article will provoke an honest searching of hearts on the part of Jews and non-Jews alike; for there has been too much courteous silence about the whole business in this country. I, for one, am willing to say flatly that Mr. Stolberg has written the wittiest, of course, but also the wisest discussion of the Jewish question that I have read. Like him, I am sick of the fake pretensions of the professional Jews to speak for the "Jewish community"; for I know, from long personal experience, that segregation is acceptable to them as long as the property relationship remains untouched.

Recently, in an effort to enlist the financial support, in an enterprise against Nazism, of one of the most prominent of these Jewish leaders—a young and very ambitious banker—I was told flatly by him that he did not disapprove of fascism. The Jews could protect themselves, he said, by repairing their spiritual fences. In other words, a return to the actual Ghetto was thoroughly acceptable to him as long as the authority of rabbi and money lender (which, in the final analysis, meant the money lender's authority alone) remained unquestioned. Those of us who feel as Mr. Stolberg does—who do not want to see the reestablishment of the physical Ghetto and who abominate and fear the false leadership of the money lenders—will accept his prescription as the only true one. Anti-Semitism and segregation are rooted in a class society. Mr. Stolberg and *The Nation* are to be

congratulated, he for writing and you for publishing, this brilliant and disconcerting and profound analysis.

LOUIS M. HACKER

New York, June 12

WHAT ZIONISTS WANT

Dear Sirs: Benjamin Stolberg's parade of epigrams is an exceedingly cheap display at this time, when German Jewry is hounded, when 1,500,000 Polish Jews are living on the verge of starvation, and when the only refuge for persecuted Jews is being ruthlessly sabotaged by an alliance of Arab feudalism, Italian and German fascism, a nascent Arab nationalism, and the tacticians of international communism seeking a united front with all four.

The charge that Zionists want to segregate Jews is as valid as the charge that class war is the creation of reds and agitators. Zionism merely wants to render Jewish life creative. If Marxism produces a receding margin of failures, the creative impulses liberated by the national renaissance will make the desirability of writing *finis* to over 3,500 years of Jewish history rather dubious. Why should I as a Canadian Jew sacrifice my identity with Jewish culture when one of the basic realities of the dominion is the foundation of the national life in cultural diversity?

MARVIN B. GELBER

Toronto, June 20

A RECIPROCAL PSYCHOSIS

Dear Sirs: I write to tell you how much I liked Mr. Stolberg's dissertation on the Jews. I completely agree with his psychological interpretation, though I'm less hopeful than he that Marxism will change the psychology. However, it was very much worth saying that anti-Semitism represents a reciprocal psychosis, in which elements of unwholesome attraction as well as revulsion appear. That the economic situation has exacerbated this psychosis is of course obvious. Even in small places in the country one can now hear ominous rumblings. Failing Mr. Stolberg's solution, can anything be done? I believe it can, but I hesitate to mention it, because the subject is painful and difficult.

There is no reason to expect the great mass of Gentiles to do anything to resolve the situation. The fact that psychoanalysis was first developed by Jewish men of science suggests that there is at least a tendency toward mental therapy among the Jews. Mr. Stolberg's witty and often brilliant analysis sets the problem. If the

Jew and the world are like a married couple held in pathological bonds, can the Jew introduce an aspect of sanity into this union? We know how a relatively sane person living closely with a psychotic mate may lose touch temporarily with reality and come to accept false premises. As Janet says, abnormality is "catching." The Jew, with his memories of pogroms and persecutions, is like a woman who was raped in her youth and who, continuing to expect a similar traumatic experience, is not able to accept the good marriage which life now is offering to her. It is understandable that she should have difficulty in throwing off this traumatic experience, but she must throw it off if she is to go on to a happier adjustment. For if she goes around expecting to be outraged, she probably will be again. There are *persécutées* as well as persecutors.

Mental hygiene seems to be particularly needed for the Jews—a mental hygiene which will help them to ignore the memory of ancient grievances and check the tradition of anticipating future outrage. This is difficult, isn't it—practically heroic? I didn't mean to write so much—only to say I am glad *The Nation* could publish Mr. Stolberg's article.

LORINE PRUETTE

New York, June 22

CLEAR AND UNBIASED

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading with a great deal of pleasure the article *The Jew and the World*, by Benjamin Stolberg, appearing in *The Nation* of June 17.

Mr. Stolberg has put into words in a very clear and definite way the feelings and thoughts that I have had upon this topic for many years. Needless to say, he has done a very much better job than I could ever hope to do.

It pleased me very much to find this material presented so clearly without any particular emotion or bias. I wish to compliment both you and Mr. Stolberg on this splendid piece of work.

ARTHUR FRANK PAYNE,

Consulting Psychologist

New York, June 11

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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LEON TROTSKY, the most famous exile in the world, has made history and written it. His present analysis of the French revolutionary situation is the most recent of a brilliant series of writings in which he has applied his political penetration and his literary skill to world events.

JAMES RORTY, in his book "Our Master's Voice," did some very necessary and salutary debunking of the American advertising business. In this issue he contributes the second of a series of four articles on medical politics.

CORRESPONDENTS contributing letters to the editors on Mr. Stolberg's article *The Jew and the World* number among others Theodore Dreiser, who aroused tremendous interest by his opinions on anti-Semitism expressed in a correspondence with Hutchins Hapgood in *The Nation* a year ago; Archibald MacLeish, poet and editor of *Fortune*; Reinhold Niebuhr, professor of the philosophy of religion at Union Theological Seminary; Clifton Fadiman, book reviewer for the *New Yorker*; Franz Boas, professor of anthropology at Columbia University and authority on race problems; Ludwig Lewisohn, leading Jewish scholar and exponent of Zionism, literary critic and novelist; Lorine Pruette, author of "Women and Leisure"; Louis M. Hacker, historian and member of the economics faculty of Columbia.

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B. H. HAGGIN, in charge of the Records column during Henry Simon's absence in Europe, is one of the few Americans whose writing on music is criticism rather than dithyramb.

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Georges Schreiber

The Shape of Things

*

DROUGHT IN THE PRAIRIE STATES IS NOTHING new. In the late eighties and early nineties there was a succession of droughts which led to the destruction of vast numbers of cattle and the ruin of thousands of ranches. If our condition is worse today it is because land-hungry settlers allowed themselves to be seduced by a sequence of wet years into believing that the extension of cultivation had changed the climate, or that by methods of dry farming they could cope with the irregular rain fall. What is new is the solicitude the government exhibits for the burnt-out farmers and stockmen. In the eighties and nineties they were left to the mercies of the rugged individualists, who bought up the lands for a song and sold them again to trusting settlers when fortuitous rains brought another "permanent" change of climate. The government still believes that by terracing the land and building dams, water enough can be stored to reduce the ravages of drought to manageable proportions. This serves as a basis for the expenditure of large sums in the drought area and, if next year the rain comes in quantities to set hopes sprouting, it will add to the prestige of the government. But it is in no sense a solution. The late Elwood Mead wisely proposed to evacuate a large proportion of the arid-land farmers and resettle them on land where they could make a living not three years out of five, but every year. Hence the blistering hatred for Mead in the prairie-state small towns. It remains true that the farming population of the dustbowl should in the main be evacuated and the land restored to grass by rigorously controlled grazing. The government fully understands this, and knows that it is wasting the money it is putting into ponds that will themselves dry up. But this is a Presidential year.

*

AS WE READ ABOUT THE BIG NAZI SHOW AT Heidelberg, we found ourselves hoping that the American Olympic Committee would not find the money it needs to send its full complement of athletes to the summer Olympics in Berlin—or indeed any money. We are all for letting the Germans enjoy their own insanities in their own way, but it irks us a bit when our compatriots humor their delusions. Insanity was the order of the day at Heidelberg, with representatives, official or unofficial, of 20 American colleges and universities participating at least passively. Before these witnesses and those of 30 other countries, the 550th birthday of Germany's greatest university was made

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the occasion for an orgiastic celebration over the dead body of German culture. One touch in the preparations set the tone of the whole procedure. Where Pallas Athene had stood over the doorway of the building presented to the University in 1931 by a group of American graduates and friends headed by Ambassador Jacob Gould Schurman, a swastika had been placed, surmounted by an eagle; and in the inscription, "To the Eternal Spirit," the word "German" had been substituted for "eternal." In the third Reich the German spirit means the Nazi spirit, and the Heidelberg orators made it clear that the Nazi spirit in the "higher learning" is the spirit of fascist propaganda. We note with a certain chagrin that the British universities did themselves the honor of abstaining. We hope the Americans present got their money's worth out of the show—particularly the elevation of the Rector of the University to a captaincy in Hitler's private army.

*

IN PERMITTING DR. GREISER, PRESIDENT OF the Danzig Senate, to insult the League, Hitler appears to have seriously overplayed his hand. In recent weeks everything had broken to the Third Reich's advantage. The powers had demonstrated their inability to prevent the remilitarization of the Rhineland; the collective system had broken down in the Italo-Ethiopian crisis; and the League was beginning to disintegrate of its own accord. Alarmed by Germany's growing military strength, Great Britain and France were moving toward a Western European pact which would have given Hitler freedom to carry out his plans in the East. Poland, whose aid was essential in this scheme, appeared to be coming more and more under Nazi influence. This trend has been sharply reversed by the Danzig affair. Poland has been thrown quite unexpectedly on the side of the League, and Britain has suddenly adopted a somewhat sterner tone toward the Nazis. With the breakdown of negotiations between Germany and Austria, carrying with it the possibility of a Hapsburg restoration, and the whitewashing of Italy by the League the Reich finds itself once more in danger of complete isolation. While Hitler might conceivably avoid further trouble by forcing the Nazi press to abandon its campaign against League supervision of Danzig, the chances are that he has gone too far to turn back. Danzig must be considered along with Memel, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia as the possible scene of the next Nazi coup.

*

THE POOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FOR WHOM H. C. Hopson of the Associated Gas and Electric appealed in his fight on the Holding Company Act are being taken for one of the longest buggy rides in judicial history. For more than two years, A. G. and E. has been using every available legal trick to delay decision on the reorganization proceedings brought against it under Section 77-B by some of its security holders. The action was filed in June of 1934. Not until June, 1935, was Judge Julian W. Mack of the U. S. Circuit Court able to rule that there was a *prima facie* case of insolvency warranting an injunction

forbidding transfer of assets without notice. In June, 1936, Judge Mack was at last able to order examination of the company's books to determine its solvency. Thereupon Mr. Hopson asked for Judge Mack's disqualification because the jurist is one of the vice-presidents of Survey Associates, a non-profit making organization which publishes *Survey Graphic*. In October, 1935, *Survey Graphic* published an article by Paul Y. Anderson on A. G. and E. Judge Mack was in Europe when the article was published and said he had never read it; nevertheless he referred the charges to Judge Patterson of the U. S. District Court, who dismissed them as "frivolous." The company then appealed to Justice Cardozo for a stay on other grounds, but was rebuffed. Further delay, however, has been made possible by Presiding Justice Manton on the same issue of "bias," and Judge Mack sailed for Europe without being able to name a special master to go into the company's books. In the meantime A. G. and E. is proceeding under a reorganization plan of its own which was refused registration in Wisconsin and denounced by the Supreme Court of that state. Under this plan, the company has been able to write down \$100,000,000 of its fixed interest debt at 50 cents on the dollar and to convert all but \$75,000,000 of the rest into junior securities. Meanwhile, time passes and the statute of limitations operates.

*

THE ITALIAN NEWSPAPER MEN WHO whooped and shouted at the Emperor of Ethiopia when he stood up in the Assembly of the League of Nations and asked: "What answer shall I take back to my people whom you promised to defend?" were surely not gentlemen. They were undignified, indecorous, unsportsmanlike, and plain ruffianly. It was entirely proper that they should have been ejected from the meeting and from Geneva. Mr. Eden and Premier Blum, on the other hand, who made speeches on the following day, spoke with all the high mannerly traditions that one would expect from an English gentleman and a Frenchman. But it is doubtful if the Negus was able to take much more comfort from their good manners than from the Italians' insults. For the gist of their remarks was that Ethiopia was to be abandoned to its fate as an Italian conquest, and that at least for the present collective security might be accepted in principle but was to be eschewed in practice. The only forthright statement made at the meeting—with the exception of certain realistic sentences from Mr. Litvinov—was made by Charles de Water, delegate from the Union of South Africa. Renunciation of collective action, he said, could only be taken as a complete abandonment of all that the League stood for. Chaos and the spectacle of nations hastening to rearm were taking the place of what for a time offered high hopes for an orderly world. But it was not yet too late to reaffirm and maintain collective security, and his government, Mr. de Water added, was prepared to cooperate to the full in such a move. His words fell on ears already deaf to any sounds but those of long range guns. Haile Selassie must take what consolation he can in the thought that France and Britain, when engaged in cutting throats, do it in the best possible taste.

MR. WALTER LIPPMANN IS CHAIRMAN, AND Messrs. Richard Whitney, Walter Gifford, Winthrop Aldrich, George F. Baker, among others of the cream of Wall Street, are his faintly inappropriate fellow-members of a committee appointed by the Harvard overseers to survey the work of the department of economics. By a not-at-all remarkable coincidence, the gist of the committee's report is identical with that of Mr. Lippmann's recent speech at Rochester—namely, that professors should keep out of politics. Of professors active in public affairs he says, "Nothing they say can be relied upon as disinterested. Nothing they teach can be trusted as scientific." But the academic detachment advocated by Mr. Lippmann, would result in atrophy, not objectivity. "If the professors try to run the government," he asserts, "we shall end by having the government run the professors." But the thought never appears to enter the marble halls of Mr. Lippmann's mind that his attempt to prescribe the duties of a university faculty is more dangerous to academic freedom than the political activity of an occasional professor. But the worst flaw in his logic comes in his conclusion that our administrators, who, he asserts are mentally mediocre, should nevertheless not be assisted by the expert advice of scholars whose minds are far from mediocre. This sort of nose-to-the-ground thinking, without raising his eyes to see what he is running into, is characteristic of Mr. Lippmann. He may write, as a colleague remarked in the *Herald Tribune*, "like a revolving door," but he thinks like a bird-dog.

★

THE NEW YORK CITY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE has issued a report on relief conditions in America's largest metropolis which should be compulsory reading for all voters in the fall elections. The recovery of the past year, it points out, has been accompanied by increased rather than diminished needs on the part of the unemployed. Owing to the steady depletion of resources of men who have been without work from three to five years, the number of families requiring aid has increased from 325,000 a year ago to more than 400,000 today. Food allowances are the same as a year ago despite an 8½ per cent rise in prices. Grants for rent are still limited to a maximum of \$25, although the average rent in most districts ranges between \$30 and \$40 a month. The \$25 maximum is only available to families of nine or more persons living in steam-heated flats with private baths. In 1935 the average clothing allotment was only \$12.05 per family, and there is no allowance for household supplies, carfare, or recreation. An allowance for ice has been permitted during July, August, and September, but only where there are children under six years of age. Indefensible though these conditions are, they are princely compared with the situation in New Jersey since the termination of state aid. A recent survey by the American Association of Social Workers covering 41 districts in that state reveals that food allowances have been cut 50 to 75 per cent, that no rent payments at all are made in most communities, that no gas or other fuel is provided, and that in a number of areas no clothing is issued. Relief is suspended if any person is employed—or is offered a job—even though it is clear that the amount

earned is insufficient to support a family. This is typical of what may generally be expected if relief is, as the Republicans advocate, returned to the local communities.

★

THE SUICIDE OF ALEXANDER BERKMAN, ILL and discouraged, in his exile at Nice, is symbolic of the fate of the anarchist movement in a world which tends to become increasingly absolutist and authoritarian. Anarchism as a political movement is by its very nature self-defeating. Refusing to meet organized exploitation with organized resistance, it is driven either to acts of terrorism against individual exploiters, or, in case it is confronted with the opportunity to seize power, as in Italy before the march on Rome, to refuse and thereby pass on the power to its enemies. Berkman combined hatred of exploitation with a desperate courage and the inability to understand that the assassination of an individual exploiter leaves the exploiting process untouched. His attempt to kill Henry Clay Frick during the Homestead strike of 1892, brought him a long jail-sentence and furthered the cause of American labor not one jot. From the time of his release, his life was a series of persecutions, and of disappointments not the least of which was the failure of the Russian revolution to proceed in accordance with his own ideas. The monograph in which he gave vent to his indignation against the Soviet government is one of the most pathetic and unintentionally funny social writings of modern times. The tragedy of his life lay in the fact that he was a utopian idealist striving for social justice in a world where even the first feeble steps toward justice must be associated with the organized force which as an anarchist he abhorred.

Watch Steel!

WATCH steel during the coming months. It will bear watching. The organizing campaign that John L. Lewis and the Committee for Industrial Organization have started reaches beyond steel and touches the roots of our economic life. What happens in the drive to unionize the steel workers is freighted with a three-fold meaning.

Its first and most immediate bearing is on the internal struggle within the labor movement. The craft-industrial unionism war within the A. F. of L. has been dramatized as a struggle between President William Green and John L. Lewis. But it is more than a personal battle for control. It is a struggle to determine whether the base of American labor power will be shifted to the thirty million as yet unorganized workers in the mass production industries. The steel industry, now less than one per cent organized, stands out as an example of such a mass production industry. It is significant that Mr. Lewis and his associates are facing the fire not only of the Iron and Steel Institute, the employers' organization, but also of their own comrades in the American labor movement. What is a declaration of war against Eugene Grace and J. P. Morgan is a declaration of revolt from the traditional A. F. of L. leadership, which has thus far completely muffed the problem of or-

ganizing the mass-production industries. As we go to press we await information as to the action of the executive council of the A. F. of L. toward the member unions of the C. I. O. The only statesmanlike course for the council to pursue would be to postpone action until the whole issue can be openly thrashed out in the coming convention.

The second, and larger, meaning of the present steel organization drive is that it marks the coming-of-age of American labor in its confronting of the realities of American industry. The steel industry has been responsive to the main line of movement in industrial history. It is large-scale, it is, through its unofficial price agreements and its concentration of control, monopolistic; it is banker-ruled, and in its union of industrial technology with banker-control it shows finance-capitalism at its strongest; it is feudal in its hegemony over company police, company unions, company towns; it is savagely and articulately anti-labor. The struggle in steel will be a struggle between the most entrenched industrial group in America and a labor group which has finally reached a mature understanding of the task and the strength of the American workers. The utterances of John L. Lewis and Philip Murray are as unflinching as those of the Steel Institute. The half-million dollar paid advertisements of the Steel Institute in 375 newspapers was answered by the reading of a declaration of independence at the Homestead mass-meeting which is described elsewhere in this issue. And when Mr. Lewis in his radio speech on July 6 said "my voice tonight will be the voice of millions of men and of women employed in America's industries, heretofore unorganized" he was uttering not a boast nor a wishful thought but a realizable prospect. There is a young leadership springing up in steel as there is in rubber, in automobiles, in glass, in textiles, which is ready to go to battle not recklessly but with a full knowledge that they are confronting, as in steel, a five-billion dollar industry.

The thing to watch most, however, is the relation between the steel struggle and the Presidential election. The C.I.O., as Mr. Hardman points out in his article in this issue, is the heart of Labor's Non-Partisan League for Roosevelt. Nothing is more essential for the Republicans than to discredit and demoralize the new unionism movement. They will be pursuing good strategy if they seek to intensify the dissension within the A. F. of L., thereby splitting the labor vote. They will be pursuing even better strategy if they can smear Mr. Roosevelt with the charge of labor violence. That is the deepest meaning of the ultimatum which the Steel Institute, a Republican stronghold, has issued. We are convinced that the union organizing committee is aiming only at legal objectives, for labor's right to organize has not yet been outlawed. We are convinced also that it intends to use only legal methods. In fact, its whole hope for success lies in the avoidance of violence. But we are not so certain that the steel owners wish to avoid violence. In the first place, their best weapon is the attempt to prevent mass picketing and freedom of assembly—an attempt that can be carried out only by armed deputies and by tear-gas or worse. Secondly, if they can provoke a strike it can be used as a stick with which to beat Roosevelt. Nothing

could be more disastrous to Mr. Roosevelt than to have to carry on his campaign in the midst of a strike which, once it starts, is almost certain to involve not only steel but the allied industries as well. Everything that happened in the strike would be distorted and laid at his door, because of his closeness to Lewis and his group.

That this is the strategy at once of the Steel Institute and the Landon managers cannot be doubted. That Mr. Lewis and his associates have their own strategy is equally clear. The coming summer months will be hot in more than one sense.

That Horrible Deficit

EXHIBIT A in the Liberty League's case against the New Deal is the enormous increase in the public debt which has resulted from the Administration's efforts to lift the country out of the depression. By dint of a careful selection of figures the exhibit can be made extremely impressive. The \$4,764,000,000 deficit for the fiscal year ending on June 30 was the largest for any peacetime year in American history. In the three years that the Roosevelt Administration has been in office the national debt has increased approximately \$13,000,000,000, or nearly 65 per cent. No one likes to be in debt, and the fact that the country as a whole owes nearly \$34,000,000,000—\$270 for each man, woman, and child in the country—can be made to sound terrifying to a person who does not understand the principles of national bookkeeping.

The picture is not, however, as dark as Republican propagandists would have us believe. Despite all appearances, the government's fiscal position has definitely improved for two successive years. Owing to better business conditions, the past year has seen substantial gains in the receipts from the income tax, miscellaneous internal revenues, and customs, which have brought about a \$750,000,000 increase in ordinary government receipts. Moreover, as Secretary Morgenthau points out, two factors for which the Administration had no responsibility—the invalidation of the AAA processing taxes and the passage of the soldiers' bonus—accounted for \$2,150,000,000 of the 1936 deficit. Another \$350,000,000 was spent for amortization of the national debt and can hardly be considered as part of the deficit. Regardless of responsibility, the invalidation of the processing tax represented a real loss of revenue and must be taken into account. The soldiers' bonus, on the other hand, was an obligation which was incurred ten years ago, and the only charge that can properly be levied against this last year's budget is the extra cost involved in immediate payment as against payment in 1945. Allowing \$200,000,000 to cover the cost of amortizing the bonus over ten years, the true deficit for the year was approximately \$2,900,000,000, a reduction of \$300,000,000 from 1935 and of \$700,000,000 from 1934. Omitting the bonus altogether, this year's deficit is practically the same as that incurred in each of the last two years of the Hoover Administration.

As far as the pocket-books of the American people are concerned, the amount of debt means very little. What

counts is the amount of money which must be collected annually to meet interest charges. Here the Administration is in an extremely favorable position, for the total interest burden for the past year was actually less than for any year between 1920 and 1927, and was only 10 per cent above the 1929 level. Expressed in per capita terms the debt seems large, but it is really extremely low as compared with the British per capita debt of nearly \$850. If American deficits continued as in the past three years—taking the maximum possible figures for the past year—it would be eighteen years before our per capita national debt would reach the present British figure.

When the Treasury can float long-term loans at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent and have them sell at a premium as soon as they are issued, there is no reason to be perturbed about the government's credit. Nor can government borrowing produce an inflation as long as it represents true borrowing. The real fiscal problem facing the country, which is glossed over in recent Federal Reserve statements, is to be found in the tremendous inflational potentialities of the huge gold stabilization fund and the member-bank excess reserves, the results of devaluation. In the latest Federal Reserve statement excess reserves are listed as \$2,670,000,000—enough to support a \$26,000,000,000 expansion in credit—but this does not include the very substantial part of the Treasury's \$2,700,000,000 cash balance which is deposited in the Federal Reserve banks and which may also serve as a basis for credit expansion once it is spent. The fact that the Federal Reserve Board has found no solution for this problem, despite repeated conferences on the matter, may mean that no adequate solution exists within the limits of our present monetary system. It is this situation rather than the budget which will best bear watching during the coming months.

Vatican Over Hollywood

IN spite of the fact that Mr. Will H. Hays, czar of the motion-picture industry, is listed in "Who's Who" as an elder of the Presbyterian church, it is the Catholics who apparently have the inside track at Hollywood. The motion-picture producers have always lived in terror of government censorship. In lieu of it they were only too willing to accept the production code written by the Catholic church in 1930. By 1934, when the Catholic Legion of Decency, born in Cincinnati, was in full flower, Joseph Breen was appointed and given dictatorial powers to pass on stories before production. At that time, *Variety*, omniscient of the stage and screen, could predict that "possibly the Cincinnati decision may resolve itself into a papal encyclical ruling specifically on the Catholic attitude toward motion pictures the world over." That the church censorship before production is thoroughly effective is indicated by the list of accepted and prohibited pictures issued by the Legion of Decency as of July 9. Out of 277 pictures passed on by the organization, only 4 are condemned, although 30 are listed as objectionable in part—among them the heretical "Things to Come" by H. G. Wells.

The papal encyclical of July 2 comes as a sort of accolade

to what the church has been permitted to do for the morals of movie goers in the United States—and as a promise of what may be done in other countries. The Pope's letter is clear, orthodox, and as always, unexceptionably phrased. "We call to mind," it says, "that it is necessary to apply to the cinema a supreme rule which must direct and regulate the greatest of arts in order that it may not find itself in continual conflict with Christian morality or even simply with human morality based upon natural law." One need not quarrel with this description of the cinema as the greatest of arts; if one is a member of the Catholic church, one need not perhaps quarrel with the thought of imposing a supreme rule upon it, or with the ability of the church to recognize and protect Christian or "human" morality. But some seventy millions of Americans attend the movies every week, and in 1934 there were in the United States something over twenty million Catholics. What the non-Catholic movie goers are entitled to decide, therefore, is whether they wish to have their films censored in advance by the Catholic church.

The grounds of church censorship are vague and a little hard for the layman to understand. Heretical doctrine, one of the pillars on which the Index Librorum Prohibitorum rests, is more easily defined than "immorality." Both figure largely in the censorship of motion pictures. In practice, almost any amount of sexual or other irregularity may be at least indicated—not too explicitly—provided there is either "repentance" at the end or punishment for the unregenerate sinner. Thus in the G-men pictures which have lately been so popular, when audiences may watch machine guns in action through several reels, it is forbidden to "glorify the criminal"; after a long career of hair-raising adventures, he must be shot by triumphant federal officers at the fade-out. But Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" was not permitted even to be filmed; and the current production of "Fury," an admirable tract against lynching, suffered a number of changes in production—notably in removing from it certain references to Negroes—which made it less of a significant social document than it might have been.

Film censorship as it operates in the studio today, therefore, seems to include politics as well as morals, local taboos as well as church doctrine. It works, in other words, no better than censorship has ever worked anywhere. The motion-picture goer is entitled to demand that his films be offered to him as his books are offered to him—in conformity with the laws with regard to obscenity and public decency, but otherwise uncensored. If the *New York Times* hired a lieutenant of Hitler's to blue-pencil its European news, there would be cries to high heaven; if the Soviet Government should presume to decide that no books criticizing the Russian revolution could be sold in the United States the air would be filled with thunder. Coming closer to home, we have valiantly resisted every attempt to impose a general federal censorship of printed matter. Our danger at present is from over-zealous, cohesive groups which may exert pressure on art or life. There is no conceivable justification for the presence of the National Legion of Decency in the cutting rooms and on the production lot in Hollywood.

Lemke: Crackpot for President

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, July 6

ALF M. LANDON and his patrons had no just cause to feel elated when, with the blessing of Father Coughlin, William ("The Bishop") Lemke on June 19 tossed his cap into the Presidential ring as the nominee of an amorphous nonentity called the Union Party. Mr. Lemke will be running in November at the expense of the Republican nominee and not, as Mr. Landon, his aides, and mentors so patently believe, at the expense of Mr. Roosevelt. It is already obvious that the only considerable issue in the campaign is Roosevelt himself and that the only votes Landon stands to get are not pro-Landon but anti-Roosevelt votes. Those are also the only votes that Lemke and his running-mate, Thomas Charles O'Brien, stand to get, and Mr. Landon can ill afford to spare them any.

The Republican high command's hope that Lemke will split Roosevelt's liberal, farm, and labor support and pave the way for a G. O. P. triumph in November is based on three false assumptions. The first of these is that Lemke, with the aid of Coughlin, Townsend, and the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, will roll up a sizable vote. This assumption immediately runs afoul the unquestionable fact that Lemke won't be able to get on the ballot in many states because most states are equipped with laws to prevent the rise of "third" parties. The assumption is further weakened by the fact that, as better men than Lemke and his pals have found, it takes far more than four and a half months to build a political machine capable of getting out the vote and seeing that it is counted.

But where the assumption falls completely is in its acceptance of Coughlin, Townsend, and Smith as politically potent figures. No more overrated men than Coughlin and Townsend ever happened upon the American political scene. Mr. Smith has nowhere else to go. What power he may have had died with his liegeland, Huey Long, leaving him with only the self-contained powers of a backwoods rabble-rouser. His claim to a following of 5,000,000 is palpably absurd.

The claim of Townsend that he controls 15,000,000 votes is equally absurd. He and his organization have yet to demonstrate effective political strength. Their defeats at the polls have been far more numerous than their successes, and most of the latter have been questionable victories. They have adopted the old trick of claiming the probable winner as their candidate, knowing that few politicians will repudiate an offer of support from any group.

Coughlin is another whose power to deliver votes is at least unproven, if not mythical. There is every reason to believe that his popularity has declined sharply in the interim. According to apparently reliable reports, his col-



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lections had been falling off of late. A study of the rise and fall of those collections, incidentally, has shown that Coughlin's supporters are so scattered and so relatively few as to be of no political consequence.

The belief that Lemke will roll up an effective vote in at least the key states is the second of the untenable assumptions on which Republican hopes are based. It immediately raises the question: What are the key states? When you have answered it, you will discover that they are not the states in which Lemke has a chance. They are, instead, the industrial states—Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. For these Lemke, who speaks the agrarian tongue, will have little or no appeal. What strength he has will be concentrated in the farm states of the Mid-West, and by deflecting anti-Roosevelt votes away from Landon in those states Lemke will lessen the Republican nominee's chances of winning even the nucleus of the electoral-college vote he must have to reach the White House. And what of the Catholic and anti-Catholic vote? Certainly the recognizable Catholic vote is not going to Landon, the Methodist, and just as certainly it is not going to follow Coughlin, for most of his fellow priests will shoo it away. Such as it is, it always has been concentrated in the Democratic Party. As for the anti-Catholic vote—it is most powerful in the South, which even the Republican high command privately concedes, along with the West Coast, to Roosevelt.

The third and basic fallacy behind the hopes of the

Republican high command is its belief that Lemke will pull liberal, farmer, and labor support away from Roosevelt, regardless of the fact that Lemke, like all other minority party candidates, will have to labor against the din set up by major party politicians screaming their ancient call: "Don't throw your vote away." There would be some merit in the assumption if Lemke truly stood to the left of Roosevelt. He stands, instead, on a platform which holds no lures for liberals or radicals. It is a hodge-podge of what passed for progressivism twenty or thirty years ago, a mixture of Populism and Old Guard Republicanism. It is a fanatically isolationist and militarist document certain parts of which might have been written by Hearst. Certain other parts exhibit traces of a timid, dishonest Townsendism, topped off with a promise of low taxes for everybody and limitation of individual net income, gifts, and inheritances. For the boys in the goiter belt there is a plank pledging "production at a profit for the farmer."

Such liberals as can be prevailed upon this year to cast a "protest" vote will certainly not snap at such pork rinds as these the Union Party offers in its platform. Their votes will go instead to Thomas and to Kansas's other favorite son, Earl Browder. The presence of the fascistic Coughlin at Lemke's elbow would be enough to scare them away, if Lemke's platform itself did not suffice. As for the labor vote—it is nonsensical to expect that Lemke can snare any appreciable portion of it. For the first time in post-war history the labor vote is being rounded up in effective fashion, and the group riding herd on it, Labor's Non-Partisan League, will deliver it lock, stock, and barrel to Roosevelt. There remains as possible ammunition for Lemke only the farm vote and that solely in a few wind, flood, and drought-gutted states such as his own North Dakota. He and his clan have never been able to muster sizable support in the more prosperous farming areas of the Mid-West. Furthermore, he will have the opposition even in this region from the Norris-La Follette-Commonwealth Federation groups, and the Farmer-Labor party, the last-named led by Governor Olson, of Minnesota. Spokesmen for all those groups have denounced Lemke for his Union Party bid. The National Farm Holiday Association, on whose support he counted, has just turned down in convention at St. Paul a resolution endorsing the Lemke ticket.

Nearly all these groups earlier in the year had considered various proposals for amalgamating and launching a bona fide national Farmer-Labor Party and for various reasons all had turned them down. The sudden and unheralded birth of the Union Party came as an unwelcome surprise to them. Parturition appears to have taken place in New England on the estate of Frances P. Keelon, a New Yorker, who is reported to share Father Coughlin's taste for speculation in silver. Precisely whose idea it was is not yet discernible. That it reached Coughlin before it reached Lemke is almost certain. The theory of the Democratic high command that the attending obstetricians were certain Republican leaders of Liberty League stripe is at least worthy of consideration in view of the apparent willingness of that gang to throw money away on anything that

promises to add to the attack on Roosevelt. It gains further color from the appearance of Townsend in the picture and the past dickering of Republican missionaries for a \$75,000 interest in the Townsend organization.

How this party with no members came to pick Lemke, an obscure Congressman, as its Presidential nominee is less swathed in mystery. Lemke formed an alliance with Coughlin when the radio priest came to the support this year of the Frazier-Lemke farm-mortgage refinancing bill which would have cured all the ills of the body politic by injecting a \$3,000,000,000 emulsion of greenbacks. Lemke, a man easily duped by flattery, was receptive to the nomination offer not only because it cozened his overweening self-esteem, but also because he had come, in just those last few weeks of Congress, to hate Roosevelt with all the hatred of an Al Smith or a Du Pont. He had been given to understand—or thought that he had been given to understand—that Roosevelt privately favored the Frazier-Lemke bill and would sign it if it were passed by Congress. By an almost inconceivable feat of one-man lobbying and button-holing Lemke had forced his bill to a vote in the House, only to see it crushed under the Administration's steam-roller.

The experience set his teeth on edge and plunged him into his present anti-Roosevelt alliance with Coughlin, Townsend, and Smith. A similar reaction, according to men long connected with North Dakota politics on Lemke's side of the fence, had carried him into the Non-Partisan League from which he gets what little reputation he has as a liberal. It is reported by these men that when Lemke entered the Non-Partisan League it was as a violently partisan Republican, filled with hatred of Wilson, and that his animosity toward Wilson was due to Wilson's Mexican policy and the fact that Lemke's landholdings in Mexico were suffering as a result. The men who tell this story insist that Lemke is impeccably honest and reject the assertion of radicals from his territory that he is "only another professional farm leader," meaning a racketeer.

Born to pioneering parents at Albany, Minnesota, fifty-eight years ago, Lemke had been raised on a farm in a god-forsaken northeast corner of North Dakota, had been graduated as a bachelor of arts from the state university in 1902, and spent the next three years studying law there and at Georgetown Law School and Yale. The last-named institution awarded him his law degree in 1905, and he thereupon returned to Fargo and set up a law shop. His practice was with farmers and farm organizations. He reports in the *Congressional Directory* that he "has been connected with practically every farm organization in the Northwest as attorney or as active member, including the Farmers' Union and the Cooperative Exchange." He achieved at least local renown as "an authority on the Constitution" and remains one of the gentry who believe that anything can be done under that document, including the setting up of a dictatorship. It was his work as counsel for the old Equity Cooperative in its fight against the grain exchange that brought him to the attention of the Non-Partisan League, when North Dakota's farmers were about to abandon economic for political action.

Lemke became a member of the Non-Partisan League's national executive committee, a post he held from 1917 to 1921. Beginning in 1916 he also held for a similar period of years the chairmanship of the Republican state central committee, and it was principally the G. O. P. in North Dakota that the league set out to capture. The character of its following may be gathered from the fact that its first Congressional candidate, John Baer, now a cartoonist for *Labor*, achieved election by wowing the voters not with an exposition of his views, but with a series in which he showed them how a sketch of the American eagle could be turned into a portrait of Uncle Sam and a picture of a hog into a profiteer. Townley, the league's Mark Hanna, had hand-picked Baer, just as he hand-picked all the league's other candidates.

This is the same Townley who, according to reports published in the Minnesota press, got \$100,000 from the Republicans to run against Governor Olson in 1934. Lemke, his first lieutenant, was similarly supported by the Democrats when he ran for Congress in 1932, the Roosevelt gang financing his campaign as a Republican in exchange for his support of the New Deal. They had needed a man capable of drawing a crowd in those parts, and Lemke filled the bill. He was credited with having carried the state for Roosevelt as well as for himself as Representative-at-large. He is apparently as expert a rabble-rouser in the north country as the Reverend Mr. Smith is in the South. His long face, a maze of freckles and pock marks, set off by a prognathous mouth, one eye that is glass, and one that is genuine but peculiarly cocked, apparently is no more of a detriment there than is his hysterical, high-pitched voice and his thigh-slapping method of pounding home a speech. Undoubtedly his reputation as an unyielding dry is also an asset.

The league which he helped to organize and raise to power in North Dakota was incessantly entangled in financial difficulties. The farmers who supported it had little cash throughout most of the year and paid their subscriptions in post-dated checks which then were hocked with friendly banks. The league had been in power only a little while when this practice brought its house down around its ears. William Langer, a turncoat, who had been a league member, provided the necessary push that started the avalanche. The state's blue-sky law commissioner, who also was state bank commissioner, was in Florida investigating a sisal plantation Townley was promoting there as part of a scheme to make and sell binder twine to North Dakota farmers, to whom he also hoped to sell stock in the enterprise. At this propitious moment Langer managed to have one of the league's friends, the Fargo Scandinavian-American Bank, closed, and out of this closing grew charges that Lemke and his pals had caused the state-owned central bank to deposit public funds in an institution they knew to be insolvent. Out of the charges grew indictments, naming Lemke among others. Thrown out as faulty, the indictments were redrawn and one man was tried and convicted under them. But the indictment against Lemke was quashed.

Then came reaction against the league in which he was a ringleader, and the electorate resorted to the power of a

recall election which the league had given them. Lemke, who had been elected Attorney General in 1920, Frazier, who had been elected Governor, and John N. Hagen, the state's Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor, were recalled in 1921. Frazier the following year ran for the United States Senate as a Republican and league candidate and was elected. He has been in the Senate ever since and has been generously described as "an old plowhorse who needs a big field in which to turn around." Lemke, embittered by the results of the recall election, retired to private practice and took no further part in politics until 1932 when he sought and obtained election to the House as a pro-Roosevelt Republican. He was reelected in 1934 on much the same grounds. Except for his constant striving to put through his inflationary farm-mortgage refinancing bill—an effort traceable to the fact that two-thirds of the farms in his state have been foreclosed—he has been undistinguishable from any one of a hundred other New Deal Congressmen.

The record shows that he has voted for most of the New Deal measures which he now reviles, including the AAA and the NRA. He voted for the Guffey bill, the 1933 gold-contract bill, the 1934 Gold Reserve Act, the HOLC, the FEPA, the \$4,880,000,000 work-relief bill of 1935, the TVA, and the holding-company bill. There is no record of how he voted on the Wagner Labor Relations Act. He voted against the Social Security Act, which he now calls "a social fake . . . inaugurated to head off old-age pensions." His talents as a creator of legislation have been devoted chiefly to such measures as the Frazier-Lemke bill. His preoccupation with the black arts of monetary manipulation is described by long-time friends as a relatively new obsession with him. It has earned him among his House colleagues the title of "Crackpot" to place beside that of "The Bishop," which his North Dakota neighbors long bestowed upon him because of his self-righteous manner. His House title carries with it no stigma of dislike, although Lemke, despite his success in mustering the 208 petition signatures that forced consideration of the Frazier-Lemke bill, is far from being one of the House's most popular members. He is scarcely more distinguished in that respect than his campaign manager, Usher L. Burdick, the other Representative-at-large from North Dakota. Burdick, a lawyer, sought election as a pro-Roosevelt Republican in 1932 and made it in 1934. It was this same Burdick who told the convention of the National Farm Holiday Association that "six weeks" after election to the Presidency Lemke would be making conservative speeches. He raised the point that solution of the farmers' problems waits upon the election of the "right men" to Congress. Lemke, taking a similar view, is running for Congress again as well as for the Presidency. He privately has no illusions as to his prospects of achieving the White House and talks instead of making his Unionist campaign into an instrument for capturing the balance of power in the House next year by filling a hundred of its seats with Townsendites, Coughlinites, and others of his own kind. If we are to judge by the company he keeps, advocates of a bona fide third, or Farmer-Labor, party had better not wait for Lemke.

Labor Moves Toward Power

BY J. B. S. HARDMAN

SIGNIFICANT forces have come into motion upon the American labor scene. A growing belligerency in the periphery, all too long subdued, is now being given expression by a considerable sector of the central leadership. Smug complacency, the time-honored mental condition of "constituted leadership," is rapidly giving way to "anxious inertia," as John L. Lewis has aptly characterized the frame of mind of the elder statesmen of the A. F. of L.

The onrush of events has been great: enough, indeed, to crowd a much longer time than the seven to eight months that have elapsed since the inner battle was brought into the open by the opposition at the Atlantic City convention of the American Federation of Labor. All the developments have sustained one dominant note—the breakdown of traditional leadership. The mere enumeration of headlines conveys an impact of telling motion—the formation of the Committee for Industrial Organization and its successful intervention in the rubber strike at Akron; the radio workers' refusal to heed the stifling order of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. and the subsequent launching of the unaffiliated United Electrical and Radio Workers of America; the actual initiation of the drive to organize steel, under the guidance of the C. I. O. and through the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, hitherto a conservative prop; the demonstration by the United Automobile Workers' Union of their all but formal independence of the Executive Council, and the unification of the various automobile workers' organizations developed in consequence; the launching of Labor's Non-Partisan League; and, finally, the refusal of the C. I. O. unions, comprising some 40 per cent of the federation's membership, to comply with the Executive Council's order to dissolve the committee. The new C. I. O. affiliations, announced several days ago, of the United Automobile Workers Union and of the United Rubber Workers of America, coming in the face of certain reprisals by the Executive Council, further emphasize the disintegration of the old line captancy.

The C. I. O. has consistently refused to be provoked by charges of disloyalty or to stoop to personal attacks as argument. Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical Union, has set the intellectual tone in his truly remarkable exchanges of letters with the Executive Council. Thus he states the gist of the difference between the two contending groups in the A. F. of L.:

I agree with you when you say, "The interests of the working men and women of the nation, all of whom are seriously affected in the development of their economic and social life, call for united action." I am willing to go you one better and say the interests of the workers transcend every other consideration—even sacrosanct juris-

dictional claims. . . . Any legal and ethical policy that will promote organization is justified. Any policy that interferes with and prevents organization cannot be justified and will not prevail.

The restraint of these words is surpassed only by the volume of justified indignation they convey. Only a movement that is sure of victory can be so self-controlled. Never throughout this encounter have the guardians of vested or "proprietary" interests in craft unionism been able to hurl the charge of Moscow influence against the opposition or to accuse it of seeking to undermine the United States Constitution, the home, or the gold base of the dollar. For once, tried and true American catchwords have failed to catch. John L. Lewis cannot be painted red—the paint simply will not stick.

The realistic activism of Messrs. Lewis, Howard, Hillman, and their associates have caught the people's imagination. The C. I. O. has become a rallying center and a driving force of the first magnitude. There soon proved to be sober truth in the jest a Washington correspondent made in the press: "There now are two labor movements, the A. F. of L. and the J. L. L." The Committee for Industrial Organization has, from the outset, sailed under clear and unmistakable colors. Its name has told the full story upon which not even its masterful publicity can improve. The issue is not Lewis versus Green, although much has been made of the mutual antagonism of the two men. The issue at bottom is between a labor unionism that reflects labor's struggle for a place in the sun and one that in so far as the mass-production industries are concerned is but an addition, tolerated by the employers, to the personnel-management department of the business. The two are not reconcilable.

Trade-unionism has long suffered from a social inferiority complex, and those who achieved positions of leadership have been satisfied to stay put. To be sure, the union leaders had an idea of the latent power over which they presided, but somehow it never occurred to them that they could use this power as a leverage for far-reaching action. It is enough to recall the ringing declaration of the A. F. of L. on the eve of America's entrance into the World War—words expressive of the proud self-consciousness of the man who can make tools and knows how to use them:

. . . We represent the part of the nation closest to the fundamentals of life. Those we represent wield the nation's tools. . . . The power and the use of industrial tools are greater than the tools of war and will in time supersede agencies of destruction. . . . The corner-stone of national defense is social justice in fundamental relations—economic justice.

But when responsibility for production and power lay

within their reach, it was at most the right of collective bargaining that they thought of demanding. Nor were they even as daring as that in all industries. Not until it was too late did they tackle steel, the giant industry that wallowed in war-made riches. Trained in the art of negotiating, both with employers and with their own members, the trade union leaders were primarily go-between men. They could not see themselves in the role of fighters for a new civilization and a new social morality, reaching out for a relocation of social power.

Not that the stalwarts have not fought battles or sustained severe wounds in the struggles of labor. Most of them rose to leadership upon a record of service, devotion, and many days of gallant fighting, and they honestly and fairly represented the mind of their constituents. And if some others have muscled their way to the top with no better credentials than heavy fists or a genius for maneuvering, the men on the other side are not all lineal descendants of saints. The "trouble" is mostly with the situation, not with the persons. Over the years of time that these leaders achieved their group and personal success, a new America arose to being. The one in which they fought and won no longer exists. In the days of their youth, they carried over and used, with a measure of success, the methods and the traditions of the craft age. They continued to use them with much less success in the machine age. But what chance do they have today, in the power age? The shrinking craft base of union operation has made the movement ingrown, has deprived it of ambition, has fostered upon the leadership a habit of delay which is defended as caution and responsibility, but is in effect a hopeless, almost a fatalistic defeatism.

Labor's Non-Partisan League occupies a strategically central position in the organization of the mass-production industries. This brain-child of the C. I. O. may or may not turn out to be labor's vehicle to independent action in politics. But it ought to be clear that the line-up of the nation's major and most active unions behind President Roosevelt, through the L. N. P. L., goes deeper than the political surface of the situation. There is not a doubt that being "on the ground floor with the President" will be used by organizers in the steel or in the automobile industry as an added argument for "this is the time to organize." For the present, at least, the L. N. P. L. and the C. I. O. form a combined pressure that needs to be exerted if the unionization of the millions of unorganized in the mass-production industries is to have a chance. We may express the moving forces in labor best by the formula $C. I. O. + L. N. P. L. = 2 C. I. O.$

The recently-held convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers confirms this view. Despite a well-earned reputation for political aggressiveness and economic gradualism, the clothing workers unanimously reversed themselves. They voted an indorsement of the reelection of Roosevelt through the L. N. P. L., and they shouted thunderous approval of the union's leading position in the C. I. O., despite the ultimatum of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. It is possible that the development of European fascism, to which the Jew-

ish and the Italian workers in the union are particularly sensitive, may have made them receptive to the argument: Roosevelt or fascism. But this was not the major motivation of the convention's action. The "ganging up" of reactionaries of all stripes against the author of the New Deal seemed to have been taken by the delegates as a personal affront, just as was the stubborn objection of the craft unionists to industrial unionization of the mass-production workers. There seems to be but one common denominator for C. I. O., L. N. P. L., and F. D. R. in so far as the clothing workers are concerned; it is the people against the exploiting and oppressive class—or, as it is likely to be from now on, the "economic royalists."

The Amalgamated's convention apparently followed in the footsteps of the United Mine Workers, who indorsed the reelection of President Roosevelt several months earlier. But there was a significant difference in the way the two unions approached the issue. The miners accompanied their indorsement of the President by a statement on the one hand that their action did not imply the acceptance of the Democratic Party and on the other hand by tabling a resolution for a labor party as a move that might endanger the President's reelection. The clothing workers' indorsement of Roosevelt was accompanied by a pro-labor party stand.

Major George L. Berry, titular head of the L. N. P. L., stated in his address at the Amalgamated convention that out of over eighteen thousand local, city central, and national union leaders who responded to the league's call for cooperation, only fifteen declined. Four thousand offered to go on the stump. It was also reported that a great many letters of acceptance received by the L. N. P. L. expressed the hope that "this time there will be a real labor effort at independent politics." When Berry closed his pro-Roosevelt speech with the words, "We are going to maintain this institution on up until the election and after the election on up to 1940, and what we do in 1940 when the grand shake-up is coming will be nobody's business but ours," twelve hundred men and women stood frantically cheering and pledging support to what they were firmly convinced was a definite and irrevocable labor-party commitment. In explicit resolutions the clothing workers sought to make it entirely clear that they rejected the Democratic Party as a fighting instrument for the achievement of labor's ends, and the union's general executive board was directed to take an active part in any genuine attempt by representative labor organizations to form a labor party.

It is not unreasonable to assume that conventions of ladies' garment workers, of textile workers, of any other group of workers, had they been meeting at this time, would have acted in much the same manner as did the miners and clothing workers. The hosiery workers and the automobile workers did. Whatever may be the ultimate wisdom of labor's support of President Roosevelt in the present crisis, it is certain that if this course is due to a misreading of the play of historic forces, the misreading is not the work of professional misleaders. When either a faith or an illusion takes hold of an organized mass movement, it will not do to laugh it out of court by caustic remarks or expressions of contempt, or to ignore it. That

faith must be tested in action, and not until it is either found unjustified or proved sound, will the road to further action be clear. If it be an illusion, it must be lived down.

It would be a grave error to close our eyes to the full meaning of this contest for mastery within the organized labor movement. It foreshadows the oncoming struggle for power in American industrial society. Labor is marshaling forces for greater battles than have been waged in a long time, greater in scope and greater in the questions at issue. So are the other organized classes. The American Iron and Steel Institute did not rush upon the scene, warning the country that the organizing drive in steel was an attack on returning prosperity, merely to pay a compliment to the power of the C. I. O. No less indicative of the portent of events are editorial *caveats* in the *Herald Tribune* and the *Sun* that "the prospects of warfare in any industry, and particularly in one so vital to the nation's economy, is of serious concern to the whole country," and "it is not inconceivable that the course of the election itself may be profoundly influenced by what happens at the steel mills in the next two or three months." Shades of Marcus A. Hanna and the McKinley-Bryan campaign! Similarity of historic incidents is no conclusive proof of historic similarities. Yet, in that campaign of 1896, one Edward Lauterback, chairman of the New York Republican County Committee, declared: "No blood will be shed—at least not yet, but if they attempt to subvert your Supreme Court, if they should succeed, by any chance, in foisting upon you these horrible doctrines—anarchistic, socialistic, and communistic—which that platform, adopted by this populist brood, contain, we will not abide by that decision."

Nor is "independent" political action, of a kind, missing in the whole array of forces by the party of the second part. There is no doubt that Congressman William Lemke's Union Party, immaculately conceived and thunderously brought into being by the Reverend Father

Charles E. Coughlin, proposes to sap the strength of popular discontent. The New Deal philosophy has led the American people to think that "the state owes them a living" if and when the economic set-up fails to provide the individual with a chance of hiring himself out. But payments on this obligation have not been coming promptly or adequately. And so the average person has come to think that since politicians' promises must not be taken at face value, there may be economic wisdom in paying heed to politicians whose promises are biggest. Thus Mr. Lemke's party is the punishment visited upon the American people for the sins of commission and omission of Franklin D. Roosevelt's government. But American labor, which has entered this campaign under the banner of *Roosevelt despite his party*, has an obligation and an opportunity to fight Mr. Lemke's party of incipient fascism with a constructive program.

Labor's Non-Partisan League will undoubtedly develop a far-reaching drive for Mr. Roosevelt's reelection. But wherever there is a fighting chance for local farmer-labor and progressive Congressional candidates, the league must move into action with speed and energy. Because of the immense apparatus and resources it has at its command such action will not mean recklessness. The national and state leaders of L. N. P. L. are neither theorists nor politicians committed to a particular brand of political operation. They are most likely to act in accordance with the types of pressure that will be brought to bear upon them and the evidence of practical achievement through action in all given cases.

Though it be replete with explosive divergences, abounding in confusion, what we are witnessing today is the emergence in the United States of a labor movement that is an American labor movement in all that the term American implies: large scale, opportunistic, belligerent, shrewd, hell-bent on "getting there."



How to Become a Spy

BY WILLARD PRICE

SINCE I live in Japan, it may be well to preface these remarks with the hope that my Japanese friends will take no umbrage at what is here set down. It is not written with a long face or malevolent intent. And if I am entertained by certain peculiarities of these estimable folk, they are just as free to be entertained by those of the Western barbarian—and quite often, I notice, exercise their freedom.

The first characteristic of the Japanese is courtesy. The second is, perhaps, suspicion.

Not a week passes without its spy scare in the Japanese press. Some foreigner has been seen taking photographs. Who can say—perhaps the suspicion itself is a form of courtesy. For what an honor it is to the grub who would not get a second look from the cops in his home town to find himself under suspicion as the arch-spy of some great power!

Those who have visited only Japan proper have but tasted the cup. They should go where the officials are really nervous, along the Manchu-Siberian border, or to the South Sea islands which Japan holds under mandate from the League of Nations. The focus of infection so far as spy-phobia is concerned seems to be the strategic island of Palau, closest Japanese territory to Singapore, the Philippines, and Australia.

I had not thought of becoming a spy until the Palau police put it into my head. They have a training course for foreigners who wish to qualify as spies. The chief instructor is a smiling young police officer, by name Toyama-san. In black-and-white *yukata* he strolled in one evening to call upon us at the home of the German missionary where my wife and I had sought refuge on this hotel-less heathen isle. He laid a map on Herr Siemer's table.

First lesson: "You cannot go there," said Toyama-san, indicating a spot with his pencil. And to quiet a natural suspicion he added, "But there are no fortifications—nothing." Another point. "Cannot go—but there is nothing." Four other spots. "Cannot go," jabbing the points vigorously with the pencil. Then, each time, with a disarming wave of the hand, "But there is nothing—nothing."

It had not occurred to me to make a search for fortifications. Of course they are forbidden under the terms of the mandate. "No military or naval bases shall be established or fortifications erected in the territory." It had seemed unlikely that this regulation was being violated since we had been allowed to go everywhere in the Yap group without the slightest surveillance and had seen nothing that remotely resembled a fortification.

But Toyama-san's closed cupboard with its sign, "Do not open! There is NO JAM in this cupboard," was too tantalizing a challenge to resist. I took down the names of the six forbidden spots and determined to visit all of them.

The next morning I called upon Mr. Kodama, Vice-Governor General of the entire South Seas government. (The Governor General was in Tokyo.) After I had recounted the restrictions of the police, Mr. Kodama said, "I don't know why they should do that. We have no secrets here. You may go anywhere. But have you seen Captain Konishi? You had better see Captain Konishi."

Captain Konishi is the naval attaché. He delivers sailing instructions to the merchant ships and prepares the way for the Japanese warships which occasionally visit Palau. The extent of his power is not quite clear. Some say that he is on a par with the civil authorities if not superior to them, just as the army and navy in Japan accept no dictation from parliament or premier but are answerable only to the throne. However that may be, he is the soul of modesty.

"I am only a naval officer," he said when I asked for permission to move freely through the Palau group. "That is a matter for the Governor to decide."

Mr. Toyama was eager to know the result of the interview. "What did Captain Konishi say? May you go?"

"He said he would accept the Governor's decision. And the Governor says I may go anywhere. Therefore I may go anywhere."

But I had been a little too logical in my deductions. It was not so simple as that. I could go, but not without entourage. I was provided with congenial companions—Mr. Hayashi, Foreign Affairs Secretary of the South Seas government, a police officer, and three sailors; and a government launch with spacious cabin and pleasant deck space fore and aft was placed at my disposal. This attention was flattering, but I could have done with a bit less comfort and more freedom.

I had hoped to go about in the missionary's new motor boat, on which only three days' work remained to be done. But suddenly the carpenters quit work. And we learned that they had been instructed not to finish the boat until the Americans left. "The day the Americans go you can finish your boat," the missionary was told. I suggested speaking to the Governor about it. "No, no," said the missionary. "Let the police have their way. Otherwise they will make trouble for us." After a month of tinkering over three days' work, the boat was slipped into the water the day after we sailed from Palau.

But our trips in the government launch were enjoyable and comfortable. Each time I introduced one of the six sore spots into a projected itinerary there was much discussion and two or three days' delay to obtain permission. Then we went—and found—nothing. Some of the points were of great strategic importance, but there were no man-made fortifications. None of my requests for detailed examination were refused. We poked about in channels and

bays and climbed to hilltops. Except that I made no measurements, sketches, or photographs, I had as much freedom as if I had gone unaccompanied.

One by one the six secrets were checked off until only one remained, the island of Arakabesan. This was an island of many hills, any one of them a convenient location for a battery. I could hardly undertake to climb them all. But there were two planes in the harbor. I assumed that they were navy planes, and we made a social call upon Captain Konishi at his house.

This time he received us in shirt and suspenders (a sign of increasing confidence, I thought, for the first time he had barricaded himself behind gold braid). With Western directness I immediately stated my mission. There were rumors abroad that Japan had fortified her South Sea islands. I wished to be able to write positively, "There are no fortifications on Palau." To say that, I must see. I was too lazy to climb every hill on Arakabesan. Could a plane be placed at my disposal for half an hour so that I might fly low over this area?

Captain Konishi gave no sign that he considered the request extraordinary. He bowed slightly, made a little sound of agreement deep in his throat, and asked whether the bean candy was to our taste.

It was. Munching *yokan*, we discussed the versatility of the bean, used to make everything from cake to buttons, from milk, cheese, butter, soup, salad oil, and ice cream to varnish, enamels, oilcloth, linoleum, glue, and soap.

When the bean's possibilities had been exhausted I ventured to make my request again. The Captain bowed, considered, and inquired whether we liked *sashimi* (raw fish). That started Mary, who is a *sashimi* gourmand—yes, the red more than the white. *Sashimi* made from bonito was splendid. Ah, but, put in the Captain vivaciously, had she tried bass *sashimi*? When he had been stationed in San Francisco he had had *sashimi* made from bass—delicious. There is good bass fishing on the Pacific Coast.

Yes, I said, and speaking of fishing, it was interesting how airplanes were used to locate schools of fish. And speaking of airplanes, would it be possible to arrange for an airplane over Arakabesan? He nodded gravely. Now take dried fish. We really should see the making of *katsubushi* on the shores of Malakal. And turtles. He showed us a fine specimen in the *tokonoma*.

There were many other distracting things about the room. Wooden tattooed dolls made by the Mortlock people, carved faces from Mortlock, an ivory nut from Ponape, a necklace of white and black disks made from sea shells and cocoanut shells, the great Tritonion shell which the natives use as a trumpet. Finally there was nothing left in the room to discuss except the visitors. He successfully got them talking about themselves. Still I did not forget to inject my question, each time a little more weakly. It always reminded him of something really interesting. When two hours had gone by in this delightful fashion and it was positively necessary to leave to make the dinner hour at Frau Siemer's, I rose and placed both hands upon the table as if about to deliver an address. Mustering all the powers I had of direct and succinct statement, I put my request. Captain Konishi expressed mild surprise, as if he had only

now understood me. The airplanes—unfortunately they were not naval planes but government mail planes. He had no power. It would be necessary to apply to the Governor. But why go so soon—please come again. Take along these little souvenirs.

We came away in a very happy frame of mind. We had enjoyed our visit immensely—the Captain, the *calpis*, the hibiscus reflected in the pool in the garden—and agreed that Captain Konishi was a splendid fellow and would some day be an admiral.

Although my naivete was now so blunted that I no longer expected to get a plane, we went that evening to call upon Vice-Governor Kodama in his beautiful home on the shore of the lagoon. He received us jovially. He has cheeks like apples and is the most genial host imaginable. Unfamiliar with English, he sent a car to the other end of town for Mrs. Shisatomi, who learned English in Hawaii. She came with her baby, too young to be left at home. Two other officials were called in. We sat about a conference table, the baby nursing quietly during most of the interview. Occasionally the mother must rise and jiggle the fretful child, translating meanwhile, or attend to him on a chair under the horizon of the table top, never quitting her interpreting.

Mr. Kodama answered my questions in a very forthright manner. Airplane? Very dangerous. The pilots were men of little experience. The planes had been here only four months, and the men were not yet accustomed to the peculiar air currents above Palau. So they refused to take up passengers. He himself, Mr. Kodama, had wished to go, but could not. Too dangerous. With his hands he demonstrated how violently the planes wobble—and laughingly used the word *jishin*, earthquake.

I agreed that the air currents must be dangerous indeed if they could not be learned in four months. But I offered to sign a paper assuming all responsibility in case of accident.

No, even so, the responsibility, he said, would be theirs. If I did not care for myself, they did. Also it would be necessary to board the plane from a boat and disembark into a boat, very difficult.

I thought I could manage.

He feared not.

Very well, I said, doubtless he was right. Then might I pass around Arakabesan by boat and land where I pleased?

He was very sorry. As I doubtless knew, at the southern tip of the island an airport was being built for the forthcoming air-mail service to Tokyo. Much blasting. Very dangerous. During the operations no visitors, not even Japanese, were allowed.

But if I went under proper supervision? And landed at a safe distance from the blasting?

It was a very small island.

A mile long, was it not?

Yes, but all roads led to the same place.

I saw that it was time to agree that it must be very dangerous, and did so, shivering a little.

Moreover, went on Mr. Kodama, there was a leper island near by. That was another danger that made it inadvisable to visit Arakabesan.

What, I said, the small island I had noticed a half mile north of Arakabesan? Was it a leper island?

Yes.

Then that settled it. I wouldn't take the risk. Lepers! I thanked him for warning me in time.

We walked home through the deserted main street under the tropic moon.

Mary mused. "What a blow it would be to our leper friends in Korea who entertained us in their homes if they knew that now we can't stand a leper half a mile away."

"Yes," I said, "but circumstances alter cases. Here everything is very dangerous."

Not a visitor, so far as I know, has ever discovered anything remotely resembling a fortification in the mandated islands. The missionaries know of none. The natives know of none. The safe assumption seems to be that there are none. Then why the surveillance? Probably to prevent foreigners from photographing, sketching, or otherwise becoming too familiar with the defensive features of mountains, harbors, and reefs. But all these things were fully recorded by the meticulous Germans, and the Ger-

man maps are doubtless on file in every navy office in the world. Moreover, a real spy, trained in the art, could get any such information first hand or through the natives. We must go a bit deeper still to find the secret spring of Japan's national nervousness. Its real basis, I think, is psychological. It is the keyed-up tension of expectancy. Japan has plans. She must "stabilize" the Orient, and that soon, before the end of the West's present period of introspection. The area envisaged under the banner of "Asia for the Asiatics" is bounded on the north by Siberia and on the south by the fourteen hundred highly strategic Micronesian islands, where man-made forts would be of little use but where the natural labyrinth provides an almost impenetrable obstruction. The "northern first line of defense" and the "southern first line of defense" are the terms frequently applied by army and navy officials to the Russian frontier and the South Sea chain. And Japan proper must take the first shock of any attack from the east. If there is extraordinary sensitiveness over defenses it is perhaps because of the significance of these three barriers in the protection of the gigantic, long-term projects Japan is already initiating on the Asiatic continent.

Whose Medicine?

BY JAMES RORTY

THE majority of American doctors operate small one-man businesses, and charge as much or as little as the traffic will bear. Since 1929 it won't bear very much, and a great many American doctors are metaphorically, and even in some cases literally, hungry. Medical ethics in its true connotation, meaning the high tradition of the profession, obliges the doctor to do his utmost, first, to prevent the patient from becoming sick; second, to cure him as quickly and inexpensively as possible; third, to utilize when necessary to this end all the available resources of consultation, laboratory, and hospital service. Economic self-interest, since the doctor is paid on a fee-for-service basis, tempts him to keep the patient sick and to pretend competence whether he has it or not. That only a very small minority of physicians yield to these obvious temptations is still the glory of the profession.

A group clinic is a relatively big business offering typical economies and efficiencies of operation and competing with the one-man business of the individual doctor. If it, too, operates on a fee-for-service basis, the same temptations are present; the routine collaboration of a number of doctors may or may not tend to minimize them. If, instead, it charges a fixed annual fee designed to cover all or most of the medical needs of the patients, then the economic interests of doctor and patient tend to coincide. If, in addition, the clinic is operated cooperatively, on a non-profit basis, then the system rests on its proper bottom, the doctor is freed from economic pressures that strike at the very roots of his professional integrity, and we have

an organization of medical care roughly analogous to our system of public education; payment for medical care through taxation would complete the analogy.

The American Medical Association, with a membership of over two-thirds of American physicians, is essentially a trade association of one-man medical businesses. It has a record of extraordinarily valuable accomplishment with respect to the raising of standards of education and practice, the control and suppression of quackery, the pooling and dissemination of medical knowledge; its activities today in many if not most of its departments are conducted on a high level and in the public interest.

This matter-of-fact statement is made, not to conciliate the shoguns of organized medicine, but to point up the paradox of the present situation. For the American Medical Association is itself a business, with a net worth, as of December 31, 1935, of over three and one-half million dollars. Large though this figure is, it does not express the true importance of the A. M. A. as a business. As a matter of fact, the A. M. A. not only represents a pooling of the vested economic interests of its members, but has itself an institutional vested interest of the first magnitude.

In Chicago Dr. Olin West, secretary and general manager of the A. M. A., assured me that "lay journalists, almost without exception, have misrepresented the social aspects of medicine, because they haven't the slightest idea of what is represented by medical care." I have two answers to that: first, that as an occasional purchaser of medical services I am as much entitled to my ideas of what is

represented by medical care as is the doctor—so is any other patient for that matter; second, and with all due respect to Dr. West, I must insist that I am not a layman with respect to his business. Or should we say, Dr. Fishbein's business? The A. M. A., for all practical purposes, is in the advertising business, and in that field I claim to be an expert.

It costs money to operate the A. M. A. apparatus. It costs money to print and distribute Dr. Fishbein's editorial statesmanship, just as it costs money to operate William Randolph Hearst's multitudinous publishing enterprises. Where does the money come from? In both cases most of it comes from advertising. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* is one of the most profitable publications in America. According to the treasurer's report, its gross earnings during 1935 were \$1,493,472, of which the two major items were \$601,559 from fellowship dues and subscriptions and \$767,231 from advertising. The net earnings came to \$604,672, a sum more than sufficient to finance the total 1935 expenditures of the A. M. A., which came to \$584,975.

Medical products advertised in the *Journal* must be approved by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, and food products must be approved by the Committee on Foods. This approval permits the advertiser to use, there and elsewhere in his advertising, the "seal of acceptance" of the A. M. A. The formula is not new; doubtless its adoption by the A. M. A. was dictated by public-spirited motives. (The placing of advertising in the *Journal* is not a condition of acceptance, and in fact the majority of the products reported upon by the council are not advertised in the *Journal*.) But in effect it is a business formula. Clearly the A. M. A. is not merely a professional organization. It is also a medical-advertising business, with Dr. Fishbein as its efficient and dynamic chief executive.

Many if not most of the manufacturers of "ethical" proprietaries who advertise in the *Journal* at \$340 a page are also manufacturers of patent medicines sold directly to the laity and occasionally confiscated by the Food and Drug Administration. Hence I may be permitted to point out, not as a layman but as an expert, that Dr. Fishbein's business is directly allied with and dependent upon the big and notoriously iniquitous patent-medicine business which Dr. Fishbein so indefatigably denounces in print.

Does Dr. Fishbein understand this? As an advertising copy writer and general advertising and publicity handy man during the New Era and even before the war, I heard a great deal about Dr. Fishbein. Medical purists, including on one occasion the Cook County (Chicago) Medical Society, have rather frequently questioned Dr. Fishbein's competence and ethical sensitiveness as a popularizer of medical knowledge. But in the advertising business we always regarded him as a colleague; indeed, as an exceptionally smart and practical advertising man. One suspects that this largely explains his ability to defy criticism. As the chief executive of an important advertising medium, Dr. Fishbein is in a better position than any other single individual to shape the destinies of the A. M. A.

Yes, Dr. Fishbein is the boss. If anybody doubts it, I suggest that he invade, as I did, the stronghold of organ-

ized medicine on South Dearborn Street, Chicago. I saw Dr. Fishbein first—that appeared to be the routine. His geniality was undisturbed when I told him frankly that I was hammering him vigorously in forthcoming magazine articles. It had happened before, he murmured indifferently. And in a spirit of sweet helpfulness he loaned his copy of John L. Spivak's book about the "Medical Trust." Then Dr. Fishbein called in Dr. Paul Nicholas Leech, the secretary of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, and instructed him what to give me. I suspect he forgot to instruct Dr. West, for the next day he prowled unhappily in the corridor while the somewhat discursive secretary and general manager of the A. M. A. told me, if not all, at least somewhat more, I am sure, than Dr. Fishbein would have liked.

Dr. Leech proved to be extremely helpful. He was able to prove what I already knew, that the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry has a highly creditable record—within the limits of its assigned powers and functions. Thirty years ago when the council started its work, the medical periodicals of America, including the *Journal of the American Medical Association* with its then negligible circulation, were the accepted advertising media of the nostrum-makers; and the doctors, from the point of view of these racketeers, were merely useful stooges and procurers for the business of victimizing the public. In his book, "Forty Years as Advertising Agent," George P. Rowell describes how the makers of Fellow's Hypophosphites stopped all general advertising and pushed the sale of their product solely through the medical profession. The result was that in a single year an investment of \$6,000 in the stock of this manufacturer yielded dividends amounting to \$9,000. Said *Printers' Ink* at about this period:

The patent medicine of the future is the one that will be advertised only to doctors. Some of the most profitable remedies of the present time are of this class. . . . The general public never hears of them through the daily press. All their publicity is procured through the medical press, by means of the manufacturer's literature and through samples to doctors. *For one physician capable of prescribing the precise medical agents needed by each individual patient there are at least five who prescribe these proprietaries.*

The italics are my own. With certain qualifications that last sentence is as true today as when it was written. During the past thirty years, in considerable degree through the efforts of the A. M. A., the standards of training and the average competence of doctors have been greatly improved. Largely through the efforts of the council, the average quality and reliability of the "ethical" proprietaries offered to the doctor and through him to the public have been immensely stepped up. But a dubious and uncomfortable "community of interest" has been established. Paradoxically, the success of the council in regulating the "ethical-proprietary" business and in excluding worthless nostrums and unwarranted therapeutic claims both from the pages of the *Journal* and to a considerable degree from other medical publications has had the effect of stabilizing and intrenching the "legitimate" business of the big drug manufacturers. Unfortunately, many of these manufactur-

ers make basic non-proprietary pharmaceuticals with one hand, "ethical" proprietaries with the other, and meanwhile stir up plain and fancy nostrums with their feet. They are big medical advertisers, and today as in the past they exploit the doctors as their stooges and salesmen.

A further result has been to plant the A. M. A. in the advertising business more firmly and much more profitably than in the days when the *Journal*, as well as most of the state and county medical publications, filled their pages with nostrum advertisements and their editorial columns with thinly disguised publicity "plants" for the same nostrums. Relatively, the ethical level of this profit-motivated system has been greatly raised, though it is by no means high enough from the point of view of either the public or the conscientious doctor. But the community of interest established between the A. M. A. as a publisher of advertising tends inevitably to color the policies of the A. M. A., particularly with respect to the social aspects of medicine.

In opposing group-practice and group-payment schemes the A. M. A. serves as loud speaker not merely for the rugged medical individualists, the little men of the medical business, but also for the drug houses and the manufacturers of medicinal foods. The latter are, of course, strenuously opposed to all such developments. Why? Because practically every group clinic promptly sets up a pharmacy which dispenses basic pharmaceuticals, instead of "ethical" proprietaries, with savings of around 500 per cent.

In justice to the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, it must be said that its members and its secretary appear to be acutely aware of this paradox. The council, composed of distinguished pharmacologists who serve wholly without compensation, would undoubtedly like to educate the doctors to prescribe non-proprietary pharmaceuticals which cost one-fifth as much as "ethical" proprietaries of identical composition. Among the posters sent out by the A. M. A. chemical laboratory is one which lists a dozen "ethical" proprietaries opposite the identical pharmaceutical substances, in parallel columns. The total wholesale price of the proprietaries was \$31.65; that of the non-proprietary substances, \$11.26. Significantly, when this list was brought up to date four years later, the cost of the proprietary name to the consumer has increased from \$20.39 to \$25.18.

The council has also published in the *Journal* and circulated reprints of excellent articles setting forth the economic advantages both to the hospital and to its patients of setting up adequately equipped and staffed pharmacies and obliging staff physicians and internes to prescribe the drugs listed in an established formulary. Dr. Ernest E. Irons, of Chicago, says:

The evils of proprietary prescribing arise not from the mere fact of the sale of a drug under a proprietary name but from the circumstances attendant on its distribution and its popularization under claims misleading alike to physician and to patient, which lead to its use in ways directly harmful to the user. The manufacturer who by real research discovers a new and efficient remedy is entitled to adequate commercial reward insured by the use of a pro-

prietary name. . . . The council has rightly held, however, that the name should reflect the composition of the product and not the clinical use to which it is put. Besides the frequency with which proprietary remedies are advertised under unwarranted and misleading claims, other objections to their use are the added expense in their purchase, which is passed on to the ultimate consumer, the patient, and the tendency of their use to increase self-medication, a practice which leads often to serious harm to the patient.

There can be no question that the publications of the council have in general been of extraordinary value to both the physician and the public. However, one is obliged, somewhat sadly, to record the fact that the *Journal* does not always observe the implications of what its council preaches. The same issue in which the council exposed the exorbitant prices at which the "ethical" proprietaries are sold contained an advertisement of at least one of those very proprietaries.

A practical fellow, Dr. Fishbein. A while back, when some county medical societies threatened to take a flier of their own in advertising, he wrote:

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* feels that expenditures of funds of a county medical society for advertising announcements printed primarily to teach the facts of preventive medicine is not a proper expenditure for a medical organization. The question of the publishing of newspaper advertisements by county medical societies would appear not to be so much a question of medical ethics as one of common sense in the field of business. From this point of view, the burden is on the promoter to prove that the spending of money for such announcements provides an adequate return to the purchaser of the announcement.

I think it may be said that most conscientious advertising men, with the possible exception of space salesmen, would share Dr. Fishbein's point of view, and his opinion. Medical opinion is perhaps another matter.

Whose medicine is it? Should there be, can there be in the long run any selfish and invidious titles to the control and practice of an art and a science upon the free use of which the health and virility of our people depend? Medical science is a body of knowledge and skills derived not wholly, or even predominantly, from the research and practice of doctors as such but from every source of our industrial civilization. Chemistry, physics, biology, psychology, engineering—these and a dozen other departments have made major contributions to present-day medical knowledge and equipment. Moreover, the present resources of medical science have been made possible primarily by the investment of social capital—in universities, hospitals, research laboratories, financed both by the state and by private philanthropy. It is not capitalist individualism but capitalist collectivism that has delivered us from the terror of plagues, that has substituted knowledge for shamanism, the largely unpaid and unpayable devotion of the scientist for the venality of the quack. Medicine is partly socialized today. It cannot continue forever half free and half bound to the chariot of business.

[This is the third of a series of four articles by Mr. Rorty on medical politics. The fourth will appear shortly.]

Opening Gun at Homestead

BY HERMAN WOLF

Homestead, Pennsylvania, July 5

ON THE evening of July 6, 1892, Secretary Lovejoy of the Carnegie company said: "This outbreak settles one matter forever, and that is that the Homestead mill hereafter will be run non-union and the Carnegie company will never again recognize the Amalgamated Association nor any other labor organization."

On a late afternoon forty-four years later, Charles Scharbo, straight from his shift in the Carnegie mill, ended a historic meeting by reading the steel workers' new Declaration of Independence: "The lords of steel . . . have set up company unions. They have sent among us swarms of stoolpigeons. They have kept among us armies of company gunmen. Today we do solemnly declare our independence. We shall exercise our inalienable rights to organize into a great industrial union, banded together with all our fellow steel workers. In support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our steadfast purpose as union men, our honor, and our very lives."

Slowly and without a word the audience formed into line and marched to the cemetery. On a hill-top from which one could see the smoke rising from the mill chimneys half a mile away, the steel workers swore anew their pledge to win that industrial freedom for which seven steel workers gave their lives at Homestead.

Highly skilled steel workers in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers were the elite of the American labor movement in 1892, and Homestead was craft unionism's greatest defeat. On the ashes of that defeat John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization hope to build a new industrial union.

There is a new, heavily-spiked steel fence around the Homestead mill. The workers claim the fence can be charged with electricity if a strike breaks. William S. Unger, assistant superintendent of the mill, which is a United States Steel subsidiary, vehemently denies this. Three times he carefully explained that the fence is "grounded and we couldn't charge it with electricity even if we wanted to." Mr. Unger denies everything. He denies that the plant uses company police. He denies that there were spotters at the rally held by the Steel Workers Organization Committee on July 5. Mr. Unger himself attended. He admitted that company foremen were there, too. So were 5,000 steel workers who stood for three hours under a broiling sun at the first labor rally Homestead has seen since 1892.

The most significant thing at the Homestead memorial meeting was the huge sign: "Join Now—One Union for All Workers!" As if to emphasize this point a cavalcade of thirty cars filled with white and Negro miners escorted

Tom Kennedy, lieutenant governor of the state, to the meeting from Murrysaville, twenty miles away, and the miners' thirty-two-piece band from Morgan was there to show the steel workers the support on which they could count. Men of all ages and nationalities were at the meeting, many of them dressed in work clothes; though it was Sunday, they had just come from the mills.

Judging by the applause, the most important thing on the side of the C. I. O. is the abolition of Pennsylvania's hated Coal and Iron Police. According to Tom Kennedy, who besides being Lieutenant Governor, is also secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, the state police won't be any help to the steel companies. "Governor Earle is head of the armed forces of this state and he's going to see that the workers are granted their constitutional rights," said Kennedy. He also promised the workers state relief funds if the steel magnates fired them for union activity.

I have spoken with Homestead workers in their homes and on the street. Within the last week they have all received company propaganda handed out in the mills. Some of the workers are opposed to the union. Others are eager for it "if it's the Lewis union." All agree on this point: The employee-representation plan is a subterfuge which nets them practically nothing. Before this drive is over, the employers will find that in these plans they have given the union just the nucleus it needed to get a wedge in the mills. In this area just south of Pittsburgh the union is making faster strides than it had expected because leaders elected under the employee plans are making real demands on their bosses. Two of the company-union representatives showed me their applications for the union the minute I approached them. I said, "That's fine, but how do you know who I am?" "We don't care," they replied like two happy school kids. "That was Unger you were talking to, wasn't it? Well, let him fire us. The union's here to stay this time."

Five billion dollars worth of steel is scared. For the first time the Iron and Steel Institute has issued a statement for the entire industry on a labor question, and its publicity department "mentioned" to reporters that there would be more advertisements to come and that they hoped their viewpoint would be "well taken care of." The C. I. O. reports that through the institute the companies have agreed that if any plant is struck, fellow employers will fill its orders at cost of production, thus allowing the struck company to keep its customers and make its usual profit.

The companies, in short, are preparing for a war, with no quarter given. But if the Homestead meeting is any sign, the workers, too, are ready for the battle, and will enter it with their heads up and their colors flying.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

JULY 4 was set aside by the Peoples' Committee Against Hearst of the American League Against War and Fascism as anti-Hearst day. I do not know how many people took part in the demonstration, but the committee worked hard to make a good showing. In one week at the end of June it held thirty neighborhood conferences, and 112 A. F. of L. unions have joined the trade-union committee against Hearst. When one thinks of the enormous influence exerted by the Hearst press, the readiness of advertisers to make use of it even when they are aware that the Hearst papers constitute the most dangerous anti-social force in the United States, it would seem like an almost hopeless undertaking to attempt to combat Public Enemy Number One. But that is not the case. The Hearst press is extremely vulnerable, and there is no doubt that the tools of Hearst who run his papers for him are worried by the rising tide of public hostility. Many of his newspapers are known to be losing money.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that Hearst is exercising a tremendous influence behind the scenes of the political stage. The Republican ticket is a Hearst ticket and must be so considered until both Landon and Knox disavow him and assure the American people that they are through with him, that they are not taking money from him for their campaign, and that he will have no influence whatever on their policies if they are elected. This they have not done. This alliance alone calls for the defeat of the Republican ticket. But the Democrats are not in too favorable a position to strike very hard along this line. It was the Hearst influence four years ago which gave the nomination to Franklin Roosevelt at the Chicago convention. Garner was Hearst's man, and it was a Hearst Senator, McAdoo of California, who, after the Roosevelt forces had agreed to the nomination of Garner for Vice-President, abandoned Al Smith and insured the choice of Roosevelt. I am reliably informed that Garner now curses Hearst loudly and emphatically, but the facts are as stated. Hence the attack upon Hearst in this campaign must come from other sources as well as from the Democratic Party.

As for Colonel Knox, some journalists have said to me that it is unfair to charge him now with being a Hearst man since it is years since he left Hearst's service of his own accord, under circumstances entirely creditable to him. At Philadelphia a writer whose opinion I trust told me of a conversation he had with Colonel Knox two weeks before his nomination, in the course of which Colonel Knox told my friend why he left Hearst. It was not one single thing, it appears, that caused the break, but an accumulation of events, the climax of which was an order from Hearst to break some business agreements that Knox had entered into. This Knox felt he could not honorably

do, and so he resigned immediately, over the telephone in the presence of several outsiders. This is all very well, but it does not explain how Colonel Knox could originally bring himself to take service with such a base newspaper influence as William Randolph Hearst. I know very well the arguments that newspapermen in Hearst's service give you. They have to live; they have wives and children to feed; so many newspapers are disappearing that the field is narrowing and the choice of journalistic jobs likewise. When I remark that there are certain jobs that no honorable and self-respecting man should take, they say: "That is very easy for you to say, Mr. Villard, who have always had inherited wealth to render you free to do and say what you think best, but we've got to live and if we didn't take the jobs somebody else would, so what's the difference?" I am still unconvinced. No American loyal to our institutions and no journalist who cares anything about the honor and integrity of the profession can afford to take the money of this man Hearst.

As for Landon, his warm friend from boyhood days, William Allen White, did not hesitate to denounce him in unmitigated language for having even received Hearst at Topeka. Mr. White is not given to personal criticism of this type; in this respect he is something of a compromiser, or rather, he allows his rarely kind nature to temper his criticisms. But he could not stand for this act of Landon's and described it as first-class stupidity, betraying the provincial quality of Landon's political thinking. There followed the disgraceful episode in the California primaries, where there were two Landon tickets, one the Hearst-Landon aggregation, and the other the Chester Rowell-Landon ticket. There is no doubt that Landon told Rowell to go ahead before he yielded to Hearst and that he tried to ride both horses. It cost the Rowell group \$75,000 to beat that Hearst ticket, but beat it they did. I am told that a lot of money came into the state of California from the East to help the Hearst ticket. Who put it up? Was it Hearst? And is Hearst going to be allowed to contribute large sums to the Republican campaign fund? Will Colonel Knox, who is said now to feel so strongly against Hearst, consent to this without protest? Even with the Chicago record behind them the Democrats ought to press these questions home and brand the Landon-Knox ticket by the Hearst name until those two men disavow him.

Meanwhile it is very gratifying that men and women in increasing numbers all over the country are joining the fight against Hearst—Hearst the friend of Hitler and of Mussolini, the fascist who is quite capable of doing his best to overthrow American institutions, if he thinks that thereby he can preserve for his children his enormous fortune, obtained by debasing the public taste and morals.

BROUN'S PAGE

THUMBING the radio dials idly the other evening I happened to hear a familiar voice. It was that of Major Rupert Hughes who recently led a counter-revolution in California to preserve the independence of the creative artist. The Major, although wholly misinformed, charged gallantly against a goblin of his own conjuration. He seemed to see an all-embracing soviet which would include screen writers, dramatists, authors, and newspapermen.

The Major has engaged in all these activities, and he feared that under the pressure of proletarian propaganda he would be regimented and either forced to lose his artistic integrity or lapse into silence. Roy Howard, of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, leaped to his defense in the middle of the controversy, and together they managed for a time at least to stay the demons of conformity. The Screen Writers' Guild was badly wounded by the revolt within its ranks, and from the line of battle there sprang a nascent Rupert ready to speak his own piece upon any and all things without the slightest fear of any discipline as applied by his fellow-craftsmen. The fact that this danger was wholly in his own imagination did not alter the principle of the thing. Hughes had tossed the tea into the harbor. He was ready to sell his life for freedom of expression.

Naturally I listened with attention. In just which direction would this newly liberated spirit strike out? What old injustices would he attack? What new truths bring home to his vast invisible audience upon a national network? He spoke of Washington and love of country and Independence Day. His mood was highly patriotic. Among other things he mentioned the fact that Washington was a tobacco planter and that the early wealth of the country was largely dependent upon the success of this particular crop. And because of the connection between Washington, the Fourth of July, and tobacco the Major mentioned the fact that it was fitting that he should speak, rather roguishly to be sure, of the finest smoke of all—the Camel cigarette, which is made only from the purest selected leaves.

As the program developed I learned that Camels are "round and firm with no annoying particles to get in your mouth." Tony Manero, who recently won the open golf championship, could hardly have achieved this honor but for the fact that he smoked Camels constantly. They carried him "through every stage of tension and nervousness." Camels stimulate digestion. The Major was himself a little nervous, which may account for the fact that he finished with a flourish in which he announced that the lovely lady on the program would sing "Sampson's aria from 'Sampson and Delilah'." That was a detail. The Major will grow more accustomed to his spot as he gets used to his hard-won freedom. He will on subsequent evenings strut his artistic integrity with more confidence. Rupert

Hughes wears no man's collar. His is a cigarette program. The Major is a creative artist who has come through. He is the master of ceremonies for the Camel Caravan.

Speaking of the intellectual side of radio, it has sometimes been said that whatever advantage the Republicans possessed through the 85 per cent support of the newspapers would be made up by the disposition of the radio in their favor. I imagine that the Democrats will certainly be able to get as much time in front of the microphone as their adversaries, but in some other respects the forces of Landon have a decided edge. The New Deal fares almost as badly at the hands of the radio commentators as it does with the newspaper columnists. At the moment Edwin C. Hill, Boake Carter, and Lowell Thomas are the top men of the networks. Mr. Hill is now on a sustaining program. His last sponsor was one of the oil companies, and his syndicated column is with the Hearst papers. In Philadelphia he did a piece for the *New York Evening Journal* in which he said that the Democrats were holding the most curious convention he had ever witnessed. Mr. Hill professed to find all the hotel lobbies crowded with professors. He saw, for the purposes of his article, hordes of men with horned-rimmed glasses ready to sovietize America.

Edwin C. Hill was one of the best reporters of his day, and the Democratic convention at Philadelphia was certainly curious. Nevertheless, professorial types were almost wholly absent. The throng did not assay one obvious intellectual to the gallon. It was as tough a bunch of delegates as I have ever seen. When any finely modeled brow bobbed up, it belonged to some newspaper reporter or radio commentator. The long-bow paragraph which I have mentioned is not intended as a gibbet on which to hang Hill as a partisan, but night after night his point of view is steadfast. He is frankly and candidly an utter conservative and bitterly against all aspects of the New Deal.

Boake Carter skips around a little more and sometimes changes sides, but he has been consistently anti-Roosevelt since the acceptance speech. Mr. Carter professed to find the President's words a call to an immediate class war, and he spoke gloomily of the situation in France and of America's rapid approach to a similar condition. The following evening Boake Carter was disposed to make a major political issue of the sudden revocation of the right to bring in \$100 worth of liquor, duty free. He warned of the dire things which might happen to taxpayers under a highly centralized government.

Lowell Thomas avoids controversial subjects more than his two rival broadcasters, but the general drift of his comment is anti-New Deal. Whatever may happen as the campaign develops, the radio at the moment is by no means stacked in favor of the Administration. The reverse is true. Indeed, Franklin D. Roosevelt is the only eloquent New Deal commentator I have heard over the air in a month.

HEYWOOD BROWN.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

MAXIM GORKY: A CHALLENGE

BY ALEXANDER KAUN

TO THE end Maxim Gorky's life was a challenge to standards and conventions. His very death defied by decades the time limit set for him by the best lung specialists. He might have chosen for his life slogan the refrain of one of his stillborn youthful poems: "I have come into this world to disagree." From childhood to maturity his life presented a series of violent disagreements with established traditions of Russian smugness, be it wife-beating or worship of Czar and church and private property. Needless to say, society made him pay for his unseemly predilections. He tasted abundantly of blows and abuses, of hunger and cold, prison and exile, even to eviction by Pecksniffian hotel-keepers in the city of New York on his visit in 1906.

His initial and rapid success as a writer was primarily due to the challenging note of his tramps who lustily disrupted the twilight melancholy of Chekhov's whimperers. Gorky used the barefooted brigade as a megaphone for the denunciation of society's standpat philistinism and stagnant cowardice. He went farther. Through the mouth of the drunken outcast, Satin, he sang a hymn to man, the collective man. Here was a double challenge: to things as they are and to passive misanthropy. In his subsequent deviations and vacillations, multiple though they were, Gorky never swerved from the spirit of this early proclaimed code: hatred and contempt for social smugness, and faith in the potentialities of the organized will of collective humanity.

On its own merit Gorky's talent began to command respect only later, when purged of unevenness, gaudy exaggerations, and naive romanticism. "Childhood" marked the first of his well-rounded mature productions, revealing his unexcelled power as a recorder of the personally observed and experienced. Herein lay his strength and, obversely, his weakness. He floundered

whenever he abandoned the empirical for the imaginary. "I know that I am a dray horse, not an Arabian steed," he admitted apropos of Leonid Andreyev's uncanny power of imagination and intuition. Gorky's robust challenge emanated precisely from his close contact with tangible realities. The life he knew, the life of the middle classes, of the lower and of the lowest, he knew as very few did, and he had no rivals in depicting that life quintessentially. His intelligentsia, on the other hand, are for the most part cardboard characters.

He once spoke to me of the three selves that struggled within him and often encroached on one another's domain: Alexey Peshkov, Maxim Gorky, and the Russian. Apparently it was the synthesis of the three—the man, the artist, and the citizen—that made the career of Gorky so eventfully rich. Yet one may assert without doubt that today the significance of Gorky for the Soviet Union and for the masses elsewhere lies in his life rather than in his art.

The sixty-eight years that he lived coincided with the struggle and ultimate triumph of the revolutionary movement. Rising from the lower depths to the peak of national acclaim, Gorky has been an eloquent demonstration of man's power to defy circumstances and environment. This is not the American story of a boy who has made good—by adjusting himself to the existing order of things. Gorky has continually challenged what appeared as society's fundamentals, and has persistently shaken the pillars of philistia, which seemed to stand firm and immovable. For him it meant more than revolutionary rhetoric to greet the pending storm in his "Song of the Stormy Petrel," to sing to the "Madness of the brave," to proclaim "the madness of the brave as the wisdom of life," and he lived to see the practical application of his hymn, "All for Man, All Through Man."



I plead guilty to having publicly regretted Gorky's return to Russia in 1928. For one thing, he wrote his best work while away from his turbulent home. Secondly, it could be foreseen that the multitude of public affairs would so engulf him as to undermine his precarious health and rob him of the leisure needed for creative work. Furthermore, Gorky had been a fighting non-conformist, and there was an incongruity in his role of acceptor and approver, which he could not help assuming once in the Soviet Union.

My fears were largely substantiated. The latter portion of his unfinished novel and the two plays of unfinished dramatic trilogy, written in the U. S. S. R., add little to Gorky's laurels. Gorky chided me for my "incurable skepticism" when I doubted his ability to attune himself to the new Russia so as to describe it adequately. Time and again he spoke of his passionate desire to write a "great novel" about life in Soviet Russia. This was not to be. As an author he remains the poet of the old Russia in whose burial he took such an effectual part.

It also came to pass that most of Gorky's time in the U. S. S. R. was taken up with sundry activities, from editing a number of not strictly literary reviews to addressing meetings and attending to a prodigious correspondence with his avid fellow-citizens. The greater part of his writing was of a polemical nature, directed against the enemies of the Soviets. The rebellious disagreeer had at last agreed, emphatically and vehemently.

Does it follow that Gorky's death was "timely"? The loss to literature may be questioned. There is no doubt, however, that in Gorky the man Soviet Russia has lost an irreplaceable asset. With all his conformity and enthusiastic loyalty, he time and again challenged Bolshevik bigotry and intolerance. His position as the nation's idol invested him with extraordinary authority and unique temerity. He alone dared oppose consistently the powerful Napostovtsy and their heresy-hunting activity. His was the only voice of protest against the cavalier treatment of Boris Pilnyak at the hands of Bolshevik Savonarolas. He publicly discounted the ballyhoo about proletarian art and literature and declared his indifference to whether he was considered "a proletarian or non-proletarian writer." Gorky not only performed the salutary function of a daring dissenter and critic of unsavory phenomena; he exerted enough influence to have matters changed. It is an open secret that Gorky was chiefly responsible for the dissolution of the Rapp, the fanatical association of proletarian writers. Soviet writers have regarded that event, in April, 1932, as the emancipation of literature from party bureaucracy and petty politics. One may also recall a number of cases in which Gorky successfully defended individual victims of the powers that be. Thus he championed Isaac Babel and his "Red Cavalry" against the onslaughts of General Budenny. More recently he squelched the over-zealous guardians of proletarian purity who took exception to the literary views of Dmitri Mirsky on account of his princely rank. Gorky did not unlearn to disagree. His voice was destined to sound a fearless challenge under a dictatorship or a democracy. His death is a grievous loss.

BOOKS

Huxley Agonistes

EYELESS IN GAZA. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

SOMEWHERE in this novel the hero quotes the closing lines of the most magnificent of Gerard Hopkins's sonnets-written-in-blood; and the thought occurs that with this book Aldous Huxley proves that his whole career has been moving toward a rediscovery of the truth, restated in the same sonnet, that "selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours." At least it will seem true if we take the liberty of identifying an author with his hero, which is here somewhat more justifiable than usual in view of the fact that the hero is a prosperous sociologist, renowned for his ironic detachment and given to a kind of finicking distaste for any form of experience that is too unpleasantly concrete. Anthony Beavis is the Huxley hero, the one and only Huxley hero, aged forty-three, and finally confronted with the ancient problem of salvation for himself and the world. He is a projection, that is to say, of everything that his creator has thought, felt, and read in the seven years since his last novel (one may ignore the unhappy interruption of the fantasy that appeared in 1932). And to say that he represents a distinct enlargement in every sense over his earlier self is one way of indicating the considerable advance that this book marks in Huxley's development as a novelist. Whatever else remains to be said about it, "Eyeless in Gaza" is the deepest, the most serious, and the most complete novel of his career.

After the erudite snickerings and Rabelaisian guffaws, after the admirable collection of protozoic analogies, after the tired fornications in Mayfair boudoirs, the Huxley hero has become a stern but ardent moralist. Just before this transformation, it is true, he has begun to have doubts about the existence even of his own personality; he has apparently been reading Proust; and there are several pages of denatured metaphysics for the readers of the lending libraries. But all such doubts are dissolved in the warm light of his recognition that he can no longer live irresponsibly, that he has "duties toward himself and others and the nature of things." For twenty years he had thought all this nonsense—"nonsense, in spite of occasional uncomfortable intimations that there might be a point, and that the point was precisely in what he had chosen to regard as the pointlessness, the practical joke." His shock is the result partly of the lesson of experience, partly of his meditations on society and its institutions, and partly of his friendship with a certain Dr. Miller. Or it may be said that the doctrines of this spiritual reformer provide an interpretation, as well as a direction, for a life that would otherwise be without significance. Life and its interpretation are therefore presented simultaneously, so to speak, out of what may be called the drowning man's point of view in fiction.

This method, reminiscent both of the Jamesian "process of vision" and the movie flash-back, involves a discarding of the normal time order of narrative for the more or less fortuitous order of the memory. For Huxley, translating the lesson of experience, such a method has the advantage of dispensing no more of the lesson than the reader's preference for experience enables him to take, like a physician administering an otherwise too saccharine fluid drop by drop over a period of time. Moreover, it has the advantage of distributing more

equally the disquisitions that are the fruit of the hero's recent readings in biology, chemistry, sociology, and anthropology. But it may be questioned whether this wilful playing with the normal time sense is not really evidence of a last infirmity in a writer headed toward nobility. The substance of the experience, as a matter of fact, is reducible to a single situation. It is that complication in his youth which caused Anthony Beavis to betray the feelings of his best friend's fiancée in order to win an idle bet from his mistress. As a revelation of the "piddling, twopenny, halfpenny personality" of the modern man it is a situation admirably suited to Huxley's general theme. The remorse suffered by the hero is an adequate psychological explanation for his over-eager surrender to the persuasive Dr. Miller, uttering from a mule-back in Mexico the immemorial formula of the Buddhist redemption, "love and compassion."

To summarize the stages of speculative reasoning by which Anthony arrives at the same formula would be to give more order to his thought than Huxley himself has troubled to give it. We know that he is opposed to both fascism and communism because each sacrifices the means to the end. Revolution always fails of its aims because it operates from the wrong motives and puts the wrong people in power. It merely creates new institutions to enslave the individual and set him against his fellow-men. Politically, therefore, Anthony—or Huxley—is an anarchist, unless the pacifism that we leave him practicing as well as preaching at the end can be considered a system. But "Millerism" is perhaps more strictly a spiritual and psychological discipline, like Yoga or Christian Science. There is much talk of "the proper use of the self," and also a serious defense of vegetarianism. Anthony's final meditations, to tell the real truth, read like the lucubrations of a Bloomsbury intellectual sunk irrevocably into the downy folds of the Buddhist heaven. Not the high strength of the Miltonic Samson struggling with real good and real evil, within and without, but Annie Besant and the "peace beyond peace." It is perhaps the last irony of this novel that it will be most appreciated by the Stigginses and the Burlaps, by those accustomed to commit the greatest enormities in the name of love, by the sort of people that Huxley has grown famous in satirizing.

The report that Huxley has turned sentimentalist will probably be little credible to many people. Sentimentalism implies lack of intelligence, and surely Huxley is among the most intelligent of living writers. Yet the contradiction may be somewhat diminished if it is admitted that the professional *homo sapiens*, "the chimpanzee on the upper side of humanity," is more likely to be thrown off his base than the so-called average man. Between his brittle intelligence and his sense of experience, between his intellect and his sensibility, there has always been in Huxley a breach which has prevented him from being a great imaginative writer. Confronted in mid-career with the reality of certain values to which he had hitherto paid little attention, his intelligence gives the reins to his sensibility with an abandonment that will shock some very much less "intelligent" individuals. For while a sense of the reality of human life does not make for any less love, it does render impossible a bubbling romantic belief in the kind of disembodied human goodness and justice in which Huxley finally puts his faith. It makes impossible any program for men or societies that is not based on some objective system of organization and control. But there is a sense in which Huxley, without undergoing a profound reorientation of mind and temperament, could have arrived at no other solution to his problem. From thinking too little of humanity the romantic ironist has ended by thinking too much: the wheel has come full circle back to Rousseau.

WILLIAM TROY

Scapegoats and Smoke Screens

THE JEWS OF GERMANY. A STORY OF SIXTEEN CENTURIES. By Marvin Lowenthal. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

IT IS well that the tragic story of the Jews of Germany has been told by one who is more a chronicler than a historian. Not that Mr. Lowenthal's facts are unreliable or his marshaling of them unscientific; names, dates, indices, bibliographies, organization—all the skeletal virtues are present. The dead bones live, however, because the author clothes them with the flesh and blood of a catholic and humane understanding, because he breathes into them a deep yet not uncritical love for his own people.

An academician might have feared to devote more than a fourth of a book covering sixteen centuries to a period of less than twenty years. Yet Mr. Lowenthal has not only stressed the Nazification of Germany and its orgy of Jew-baiting quantitatively. He has projected the entire history of German Jewry in relation to its three long and anguished years under the Third Reich. To do otherwise, given the compulsive significance of the present catastrophe, would mean making a catalogue, not writing history.

No distortion, even of emphasis, is required to show that the real record of Germany's Jews has been the record of German anti-Semitism; that that anti-Semitism has been constant in duration, cyclic in intensity, cumulative in effect; that its frenzied culmination under the Swastika is not a break with tradition but a link in it. Thus on page 3 the author records that the earliest documents proving the presence of Jews on the Rhine are a number of terra cotta bottle stoppers dug from the Roman ruins of Trèves, topped with sculptured manikins caricaturing Jewish features and satirizing Jewish ceremonials. A third-century adumbration, doubtless, of Streicher's *Stürmer*! And on page 331 he concludes:

Our readers will, at this late chapter, need no explanation of why the German faith selected the Jew for the object of its hate. He had been traditionally that object. When the Germans were Christians, he had been the killer of Christ. When the Mongols had threatened invasion, he had been the traitor. When princes and bishops robbed the masses, he had been the exploiter. When murders had remained unsolved, he had been the criminal. When pestilence had stricken the land, he had poisoned the wells. When the French Revolution overwhelmed the German states, he had created the revolution. When the stock market broke, it was he who invented capitalism. When the Germans lost the World War, it was the Jew who had "stabbed them in the back." When the masses arose, it was he who devised Bolshevism. The only point to be emphasized is that each old accusation strengthened the new and became an element of it. The tradition grew by accretion: each generation added a coat of paint and with each coat the Jew grew blacker.

More important than this recognition of the continuity of German anti-Semitism is Mr. Lowenthal's explanation of why the German Jew has been made the scapegoat. Repeatedly, though at times with insufficient explicitness, he shows the reason to be basically economic. Behind the Crusader's sword, the Reformation's proscriptions, the guilds' exclusions, the professors' racial theories lurked the same fact which explains so much of Nazi "Aryanism": the Jews—always a recognizable minority—serve as victims to fill the coffers or increase the corporate wealth of their persecutors, and as lightning rods to divert the unrest of the exploited masses. Mr. Lowenthal sums it up thus:

When times were good or promising, even competitors were acceptable and orthodox, for they added to the breadth and profits of the market. But when times were bad, woe unto the competitor, workman, and consumer who could be damned as a foreigner or unbeliever! No less than in the Middle Ages they stood at the mercy of bookkeeping. When the ledgers showed red, the outlook for minorities was black.

While Mr. Lowenthal applies, even when he does not acknowledge, the Marxist analysis of anti-Semitism, his closing chapters fall short in stating the wider implications of German Jewry's fate. These transcend his eloquent denunciation of bigotry, his demand for tolerance. They transcend even his statement that "Jewish liberties are bound up with general liberties and . . . the cause of all oppressed or threatened minorities is the Jewish cause." The vital, the primary implication—not for the Jews of Germany alone, or even for other racial and national minorities but for majorities everywhere—is the smoke-screen character of anti-Semitism. Though the barrage is directed at minorities, majorities today face enslavement under senescent capitalism and crescent fascism. And it is only as these majorities can be made to see the danger to *themselves* in Jew-baiting or its equivalent in other racial terms that they will end it. This truth—not to be whispered in dulcet tones or penned in subordinate clauses, but sounded in a clear call to united action—alone can salvage German Jewry, redeem the enslaved Third Reich, secure human freedom everywhere.

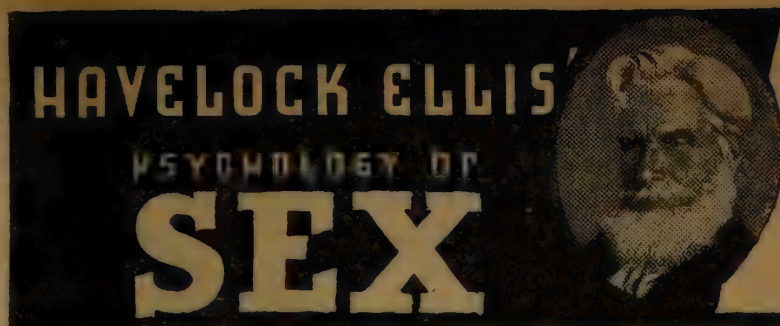
The recognition of this truth marches on. It underlies popular fronts in Spain and France, increasing unity among the left parties in the semi-fascist countries of Eastern Europe, rising awareness on the part of the American people of the fascist menace here, the section of the new Soviet constitution which confirms the Soviet conception of anti-Semitism as a crime against the state. Even in Nazi Germany it is gaining ground. A recent cartoon in the "illegal" press, which is passed from hand to hand, shows two German workers reading an official document. "I see," remarks one, "that a new *Judenhetz* [anti-Jewish drive] starts on Monday morning." "Well," answers the other, "that means another wage cut on Saturday night!" When enough Germans read it and get its point, the ghastly joke will end.

JAMES WATERMAN WISE

Slocombe's Menagerie

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING. THE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE SLOCOMBE. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

IN THESE recollections the well-known English journalist gives a vivid picture of the European post-war political scene in terms of colorful characters. Before the war Slocombe was a radical poet. He became a staff member of the *Daily Herald*, the newly founded and struggling newspaper of the Labor Party, and settled down after the war as its foreign correspondent in Paris. In this capacity he was an observer at almost all the hopeless conferences directed toward the division of spoils which did not exist and the preservation of a peace which had not been achieved. He interviewed all the important statesmen. He was and still is an associate and friend of an international group of artists, real ones and fakers, male and female, and of many plain fools without profession but having their function as symptoms of society's ills. In the 427 pages of his book 724 people are mentioned, sketched, or fully drawn, impartially and objectively, with keen observation, the understanding of a liberal mind, and the hidden skeptical



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affection of an animal-lover. "It takes all kinds of people to make a menagerie," Lenin once said of an eccentric French Communist. Slocombe might have called his book "My Menagerie."

The emphasis of this "story of one person's relationship to living history" is on character, scenery, and atmosphere rather than on the issues involved. But the reader who is familiar with these issues will get even greater pleasure from the book than the anecdote hunter, though he will also be satisfied. The inside story is given of many incidents startling in their day. We see a clever and progressive and thoughtful journalist using his wide acquaintance to bring adversaries together, to smooth the path of political action. We have the remarkable story of how the first meeting of Litvinov and Chamberlain was arranged; of how the interviewer bargained with Gandhi in his prison cell. Here are chapters bursting with actuality—a visit to Spain, the dinner party with which the author celebrated the first British Labor government, an interview with Hitler.

After his interview with Hitler in 1931 Slocombe met in France, at the house of the American painter Gilbert White, a picturesque Beethoven-playing German who had himself been an intimate of the Nazi leader but was then discouraged over Nazi prospects. He deprecated Slocombe's fear that Hitler might succeed. "Adolf is lazy. He never reads a book, never listens to anybody. He will not work out a program. He knows nothing of foreign politics and is not interested in them. There is nothing to be done with him. He is a visionary." The man who spoke so disrespectfully was our Harvard graduate Hanfstaengl. Two years later the lazy Adolf was his god.

I read the book at one sitting, always interested, often touched, twice excited. At the end came the reflection that the correspondent of the great press is almost tragically bound to become a homogeneous part of the crazy world he describes. Slocombe even proudly reprints in facsimile a letter from the British delegation at the Hague conference of 1929, in which Snowden, Henderson, and Graham express their unqualified admiration for his work and state that in his articles in the *Daily Herald* he has given them great assistance in matters of political and financial import. The object of the British at this Hague conference was to get a larger percentage of the German reparations instalments. The Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer put up a twenty-four-day fight and obtained 80 per cent of his maximum demands—a sum which amounted to exactly nothing because within a year the reparations payments were canceled, completely and forever. During the dragging

weeks of the conference the ailing Stresemann received his death blow, and with him the government of the last Social Democratic chancellor in Berlin. This conference will remain a classic illustration of diplomatic stupidity. Yet according to Slocombe it "will be remembered in history as the British Labor Party's first and greatest experiment in international diplomacy." And the petty-bourgeois countryman of Viscount Snowden also "rightly felt," that it was, "in the words of Southey's poem, 'a famous victory.'"

Even so, the laborite imperialist George Slocombe writes a beautiful English.

FRANZ HÖLLERING

An Antique Genre

WATERLOO. By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann, \$2.50.

THE key scene of this novel of the Hundred Days is played between a little English soldier of fourteen and a little French soldier of the same age. At the height of the carnage of Waterloo, these infant enemies, both wounded, meet and together sail a toy boat in a ditch full of blood-stained water. The appurtenances are horrible; yet the scene is charming, even gay. To turn the fearful into the picturesque, to use horror as a backdrop for charm, this is Mr. Komroff's method. The fact that the backdrop is realistically painted, that battle, murder, and sudden death are unsparingly depicted, renders the simple, whimsical, comical action, played downstage center, all the more affecting. Mr. Komroff is an accomplished tear-jerker. His "Waterloo" is a good example of what nineteenth-century Frenchmen called "la comédie larmoyante."

The appearances of Mr. Komroff's book are sometimes a little deceptive. His clinical thoroughness in the description of wounds and of slaughter makes one occasionally wonder whether one is, after all, going to enjoy this novel. Yet one is reassured in good season. Only one of the characters whom one meets intimately dies an untimely death on the field of battle; and he is old, unimportant, and soon forgotten. The rest return to their homes to enjoy health, prosperity, and satisfactory sex relations. Mr. Komroff's technique is almost impeccable. It is true that his style is a little exclamatory, that his use of retrospective irony is reiterative and often obvious, that his dramatic soliloquies are definitely rusty. Still, it must be acknowledged in exculpation that, whatever its modern trappings, "Waterloo" belongs to an antique genre, and that what to modern taste seem the faults of the novel are the traditional embellishments of that genre.

Whether Mr. Komroff's skilful treatment is altogether appropriate to his historical subject is another question. There may be some doubt whether in the sentimental novel Mr. Komroff found the sturdiest, most suitable vehicle to carry the events of 1815. It is possible that, since Napoleon, Talleyrand, Ney, Fouché, Wellington are inescapably in the story, a shrewd scrutiny of their characters and motives might have been more interesting than a close-up of a nice English couple. Again, a student of military tactics or a retired colonel might conceivably believe Mr. Komroff's colorful account of the maneuvers around Waterloo to be oversimplified and inadequate. There are doubtless political historians who would consider Mr. Komroff's version of the welcome of the returning Emperor ornamental but obtuse. There are perhaps even persons, non-specialists in the Napoleonic era, who would rather hear the whole, hard, unpicturesque truth about the bloody collapse of a bloody dictatorship than smile through their tears over the battlefield of Waterloo; but then there is of course no accounting for tastes.

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The Perfect Press Agent

THIS WAY TO THE BIG SHOW. THE LIFE OF DEXTER FELLOWS. By Dexter W. Fellows and Andrew A. Freeman. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

I NEVER supposed I would find myself reading the autobiography of a press agent. Members of that profession are rightly suspect, even when they manage to avoid being tiresome. But it is obviously a very different case with Dexter Fellows, who so far as I am concerned, now that I have read his book, will always be the perfect publicity man, and indeed the only one who bears thinking about. He bears thinking about a great deal, as any genius does, or as any man does whose life and work are one and whose career in consequence is completely and pleasantly successful.

Dexter Fellows is he who comes to town in advance of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows and sees to it that the newspapers fill up in due time with stories of what will follow. Not that he writes the stories himself. He is so little a writer that he had to have Mr. Freeman in to do this book for him, just as he always has had newspapermen scribbling their heads off in his cause, or rather in the cause of his circus, though the two things strictly are one. No, the stories simply get written as the result of his presence, which in its noiseless way must be one of the most charming on record. He says he doesn't even have to say much to his friends the newspapermen. He drops in with a cigar in his mouth and his hat on the back of his head, and somehow the most wonderful columns appear next day—columns with words in them he never saw before, and with ideas he would give his soul to have fathered. The thing is for the most part mysterious, no doubt, yet three explanations of his success will occur to any reader of his book. The first is that he likes the newspapermen; he seems to know thousands of them, he mentions hundreds of them, and at least fifty of them must be genuinely his best friends. The second is that the newspapermen like him because of a trick he has of starting their imaginations off. It has been said of Coleridge that he was a man in whose presence it was impossible to be ordinary. In Mr. Fellows's presence it is evidently impossible to think flat thoughts.

The third reason is that Mr. Fellows believes in and loves the circus—loves any show with which he may be connected, not merely because he is connected with it but because it is plainly more important and beautiful to him than anything else. He assumes its greatness, and leaves superlatives to others. Tody Hamilton, the ancestor of all adjective abusers, said to him once: "Suppose a grocer should advertise fine, fresh codfish and his rival across the street advertised the largest, sweetest, absolutely the best codfish ever caught, with scales as large as quarters and meat whiter than snow—the finest yielded by the Atlantic Ocean. Which grocer do you think would sell the most codfish?" Mr. Fellows knows of course that the second grocer would prevail, but he is not a grocer. He is the lover of a certain art, concerning which he has amassed so much natural and fascinating knowledge that he needs to do no more than mention what is in his mind about it at the moment; then even the wariest editors ask him to sit down, and somewhere over a partition typewriters begin clicking.

In the old days when he represented Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill his job was chiefly to keep stories out of the papers—stories of "clems," or fights between the crew and the rubes, and stories perhaps of those thieving camp-followers who go by the interesting name of "grifters." Now that popular preju-

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dice against the circus has died out he has another job. But his behavior must have changed very little; he still talks and is still believed. A reader of this book will hear Mr. Fellows talking to him; telling him of Buffalo Bill and Major Burke, of Annie Oakley and Johnny Baker, of the high day in London when the kings of Belgium, Denmark, Saxony, and Greece rode in the Deadwood coach with the Prince of Wales; of the tricks by which the grifters once robbed the rubes; of the temperature at the top of the big tent on July days when the audience wonders why the aerialists keep wiping their wrists with handkerchiefs; of the constantly open wound around Lillian Leitzel's right wrist; of the sleeping apartments on circus trains; of clowns, of daredevils, of elephants, of seals, of gorillas, of human freaks. Of course they aren't called freaks any more in these gentler days; they are queer people, strange people, human oddities, or (in their own language) artists. But no matter, they are part of Mr. Fellows's world about which we like to hear him talk. Mr. Freeman may be chiefly responsible for the following paragraph, since he is a writer and Mr. Fellows isn't; yet I think I can hear the older voice behind it. "A freak seldom seen these days is an ossified man. I recall two of them, Jonathan R. Bass and William T. Sapp. Bass began to turn to bone toward middle age, and the process of ossification proceeded so far that in the course of a few years he was practically solid from head to foot. When he was shown around in 1890, he was powerless to make a motion and appeared to be cast in one piece. He seemed well informed, was fond of conversation, and was an atheist."

MARK VAN DOREN

Shorter Notices

RAIN ON THE JUST. By Kathleen Morehouse. Lee Furman. \$2.50.

The crop of novels about mountain whites has this year been unusually large. Mrs. Morehouse's book is distinguished from many of the others by the sincerity and warmth with which she draws her characters, by their quaint, antiquarian speech, the cumulative effect of which is decidedly pleasant, and by an evident passion for the Blue Ridge itself. Despite a sentence on the book jacket which proclaims, "There is none of the lowland sordidness of the Jeeter family in Mrs. Morehouse's book," this is no pretty little idyl of mountain life. There is one patricide, any number of young ones got out of wedlock, a rousing earthy lady who drinks "corn" and entertains her neighbors (male), and a grave robbery. A little sister is the heroine, and in her are exemplified the virtues of industry, maternal affection toward her smaller brothers, and a kind of fierce chastity which protects her from a lecherous stepfather, although she, too, bears her child before she is a wife. Mrs. Morehouse is no second Caldwell, nor is "Rain on the Just" another "Tobacco Road" with virtue added. But it is a pleasant, human book none the less, well worth reading.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

HUMOR OF THE OLD DEEP SOUTH. Edited by Arthur Palmer Hudson. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

By the old Deep South Mr. Hudson means chiefly Mississippi (but also portions of Louisiana and Alabama) during three decades or so before the Civil War. The region became articulate then with a great rush and roar of wit, most of which was temporary but some of which has survived—though the essence of it all survives, according to Mr. Hudson, in common conversation today. The war put an end to it as a literary affair, so that Mr. Hudson's anthology of its

best efforts amounts to a collection of antiques. His search has been thorough, and his representation of a culture is within the inevitable limits complete. His selections, however, are frequently too brief to have much meaning; and he has for some strange reason tried to dispense with the services of an index.

MARK VAN DOREN

GIVE US THIS DAY. By Louis Zara. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

Like most writers with a sentimental core, Louis Zara remembers with greater skill than he observes. The earlier portions of this novel, showing the maturing Charles in silhouette against the poignant background of his immigrant Catholic family, are convincing, even if sentimentalized; and though the sexual crises seem to smack too much of Dreiser, Charles's fearful marriage to the girl upstairs seems genuine enough. Of course, foxy Grandmother Lucie, banal Alderman Brabett, and Wulf Knudsen, the oafish apprentice-partner, are all mere props straight out of Dickens. But above and despite them, Charles and his father, Thomas, stand out in acutely human form. If only Zara's artistry had adequately disciplined his sympathies, "Give Us This Day" would certainly call for more than passing praise. As it is, however, Zara tacks his social consciousness on to the body of his narrative apparently as an afterthought; one is consequently left unmoved by focal incidents such as Charles's days on home relief, his unwitting scabbing and beating therefor, his doughnut-selling venture, his wife's death from exposure, topped finally by his unsuccessful community bakery and his own death. Nevertheless, with this novel Zara's apprentice days are seemingly over. He should now have done with such technical exercises, dam up his sensibility, point his perceptions, and start cautiously on a novel befitting his indicated talent.

LEIGH WHITE

BEYOND SING THE WOODS. By Trygve Gulbrandsen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

A stilted story of stereotyped passions, in which the Scandinavian tradition suffers a severe hardening of the arteries, "Beyond Sing the Woods" might well have been written in the period with which it is concerned—the fifty years which antedate the French Revolution. The author, Trygve Gulbrandsen, one of the heads of his country's largest tobacco factory and an ardent advocate of sports education, has been content to let a complicated and conventional plot of inherited hates and ultimate repentance control his characters rather than, in the best tradition of Scandinavian storytelling, to permit his people to rule their destinies. The story of how the elder son of Bjorndal avenges his dead is too familiar to carry conviction, as is also the collection of Norwegian forest folk who appear desultorily in these pages. We have, for example, the ancient peasant who speaks in epigrams and without whose supervision the Yule-tide ale must sour and the candles sputter out; the haughty beauty upon whose disdainful lip the proud elder son cuts a kiss which never heals; the bear-baiting, woman-shy hero who requires a third party to wrest the affirmative answer from his beloved. It is the more regrettable that Mr. Gulbrandsen should avail himself of such formulas since in the matter of identifying types he is by no means without philosophical insight. "Beyond Sing the Woods" has received exceptionally unkind handling in the inept translation of Naomi Walford, but it is unlikely that the original Norwegian, however vigorous, could have pumped much blood into Mr. Gulbrandsen's puppets.

VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER

Letters to the Editors

REPUBLICAN SOCIAL SECURITY

Dear Sirs: I was very surprised to see your statement, in the issue of June 24, that the Republican social-security plank is "in advance of the Democratic Party in insisting that the revenues for social insurance should be derived from general taxation." You very properly add "although its qualifying phrase 'a direct tax widely distributed' sounds suspiciously like advocacy of a sales tax," but you fail to point out that the Republican program does not provide for social insurance at all as the phrase is generally understood.

Careful study of the Republican plank reveals that it is far less generous than the provisions of the Social Security Act, for it nowhere suggests giving aged people security *as a right*. Instead, there is to be a system of state-operated old-age pensions payable to people *in need*. Such a system already finds a place in the Social Security Act, where it exists, however, as a complementary scheme to the contributory plan. But whereas the pensions program in the act is to be financed out of general taxation (raised half by the federal government and half by the states) the Republicans would provide the funds for this less favorable type of security out of "the proceeds of a direct tax widely distributed." This may, as you point out, mean a sales tax, but it may also mean an income tax reaching down to the lowest income brackets, that is, a wage tax. Under the Social Security Act, however unsatisfactory may be the taxes which it levies on wages, those workers who pay at least get something in return. They obtain the right to old-age annuities with no questions asked about need and no necessity to take the pauper oath. Under the Republican plan they will pay taxes, and not only will they obtain no security as a right, but those people who live in states that pass no old-age pension laws will obtain no security at all even though they have paid a federal direct tax to finance old-age security.

The dual old-age security program in the present act is admittedly unsatisfactory in many respects. The Republicans offer in its place a single program which ingeniously combines some of the worst features of the present contributory and non-contributory schemes. Under it,

workers could at best hope for the old-age pensions provided under the Social Security Act. And whereas under the present arrangement these pensions are financed out of general taxation, the Republicans, by a direct tax, would compel even the smallest income receiver to pay his share of this meager security.

EVELINE M. BURNS

North Sanbornton, N. H., June 25

[We find ourselves in complete agreement with Miss Burns's analysis of the Republican social-security plank. Our editorial did not contrast the illiberal Republican plank with the Social Security Act but with the party's complete silence on the subject in 1932. The fact that the Republicans happened to be sound, in principle, on one feature of social security is worthy of comment largely because of the reactionary nature of the platform as a whole.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

FOR THE INDEPENDENCE OF WRITERS

Dear Sirs: When Rupert Hughes wrote to *The Nation* in defense of his recent effort to break up the Screen Writers' Guild, he touched on many matters hardly worthy of comment, but his error in attributing to organized newspaper men and women a desire to hamper the fullest and freest expression should not be permitted to pass without denial.

Mr. Hughes wrote that he had staged his "personal revolt" when he detected that there was contemplated an "amalgamation of all guilds under a gigantic plan to organize and combine all writers in every field into one vast closed shop." And a little later he said that "if that amalgamation had succeeded and I had offended the ruling writers, I could have been debarred from shooting off steam not only in the movies, but in the magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, books, plays, the radio, television, everywhere. That was the grand plan." This is utterly untrue. An amalgamation of all guilds of persons in the writing field would have to embrace the Newspaper Guild. The guild's constitution provides that "no person shall be barred from membership, suspended, fined, expelled, or discriminated against by reason of sex, race, or religious or political convictions

or because of anything he writes for publication."

In seeking closer cooperation with the Authors' League, the guild is interested in precisely the opposite objective to that charged by Mr. Hughes. It is desirous of assuring a greater freedom of expression. The guild has no desire to discipline the writers who make up its ranks or to interfere with their freedom of expression. It has never expressed any wish to exercise such discipline, and has not pursued a course leading in such a direction. It is not seeking a closed shop but a preferential shop. This is vastly different and leaves open the door to all who have a wish and a will to express themselves.

Mr. Hughes's insulting references to Heywood Broun will not mislead the newspapermen who know him and have a true estimate of his services; but on the chance that one reader of *The Nation* may have been misled, let me say that the members of the Newspaper Guild regard Mr. Broun as the most indefatigable worker in this country today in behalf of the development of an organization that will assure the independence of writers.

CARL RANDAU

New York, June 5

A PROBLEM IN PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

Dear Sirs: In your issue of June 24 there appeared a letter to the editors from Augusta Alpert, director of a private school now being formed. Your correspondent advocated that progressive private schools should encourage classes of twenty-five and thirty students instead of smaller groups, not primarily as a measure of economy but in order to prepare the child for the social scene outside.

I agree that classes of twenty-five or thirty are to be preferred to the usual public-school enrolment of forty to forty-five. But are they to be preferred to classes of fifteen or eighteen? Although classes of twenty-five or thirty may not do a great deal of harm to pupils in the fifth grade and higher, nevertheless the children in kindergarten and the lower primary grades are fortunate if they can receive more individual attention. These small children, stepping over the threshold of the highly individualized home life, need to be inducted gently, not en-

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masse, into the complexities of social living. Their physical requirements alone make the care of large numbers difficult. They must learn how to dress, how to handle paints, hammers, saws, even how to eat without adult help. They should be given every opportunity to converse. It is obvious that these skills and habits can be acquired better and more quickly in a group of twelve or fifteen than in a group of twenty-five or thirty.

In the first grade when, in many schools, children begin to read, groupings of twenty-five or thirty work hardships on teachers and pupils alike. The individual differences are great, and the teacher often needs assistance. The same thing holds true in the grades where the beginnings of arithmetic or penmanship are taught. And can you visualize the chaos which would result in a modern school shop or art room if twenty-five or thirty pupils were working at one time on individual projects? Such a large grouping is possible only if all pupils are painting a daffodil or cutting out a Christmas tree. But that is not progressive education.

In a few progressive schools where there are large kindergarten and primary classes the children are subdivided into smaller groups under highly trained assistants. Other schools use the services of practice teachers from teacher-training schools, or of apprentices, and sometimes of volunteer lay workers. Thus such large classes are virtually aggregates of small units.

Finally, with reference to the statement concerning the preparation of the child "for the social scene outside," I would merely ask this: Is it wise to condition children or adults to an unfamiliar situation by introducing it at the very beginning in an exaggerated form?

JULIE W. NEUMANN, Director of the
Brooklyn Ethical Culture School
Brooklyn, N. Y., July 1

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL W. WARD is *The Nation's* regular Washington correspondent. His researches into Mr. Lemke's past are comparable to his disclosures on Governor Landon's labor record last week. They are part of a Washington commentary that is as bold as it is reliable.

J. B. S. HARDMAN is one of the ablest commentators on the American labor movement. He is editor of *Advance*, the journal of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, compiler of the symposium, "Labor Dynamics," and recently played a leading part in the Farmer-Labor con-

vention at Chicago. He is at work on a book on "Labor and Power" for fall publication.

WILLARD PRICE, author of "American Influence in the Orient," has traveled widely in the Far East. At one time editor of *World Outlook*, he has contributed to *Asia* and in recent months has published in *Harper's* two articles on Japanese expansion.

JAMES RORTY was for some time a star copy-writer for Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn. He was finally compelled to get it all off his chest in a book on the advertising racket entitled "Our Master's Voice."

HERMAN WOLF has had wide experience in the field of labor organization. He has been the editor of several labor papers and publicity director for various trade unions.

ALEXANDER KAUN, after spending a summer visiting Gorky, wrote a study of him entitled "Maxim Gorky and His Russia." An associate professor of Slavonic languages at the University of California, Mr. Kaun is also the author of "Russia Under Nicholas II" and of a critical study of Andreyev.

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FRANZ HÖLLERING, born in Vienna, had a distinguished career as a journalist in Berlin, serving as editor of the famous AIZ, the *Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung*, and on the editorial staff of the Ullstein publications. He is now living in this country.

MARY McCARTHY frequently reviews fiction for *The Nation*. She was co-author with Margaret Marshall of a series of articles criticizing our critics, which ran in *The Nation* last autumn.

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The Shape of Things

*

IT HASN'T HAPPENED HERE—AT LEAST NOT yet, and not entirely. The report of the American Civil Liberties Union for the year ending June 30 is on the whole more encouraging than that of the previous year. The federal government has played a very small role in suppression. No new federal repressive legislation was passed; the relief administrations have on the whole upheld labor's rights to organize and bargain collectively; the National Labor Relations Board, in spite of adverse court decisions, has continued its good record; there has been no serious Post Office censorship; labor injunctions in federal courts have practically disappeared. State and local agencies, on the other hand, have continued to be active. In nineteen strikes, troops were called out to suppress the picket lines or otherwise "maintain order"; Massachusetts passed a teachers'-oath law and a law requiring salute to the flag in schools; New York passed a resolution calling for an investigation of "radicalism" in schools. There were twenty-four lynchings in 1935 as against fourteen in 1934. The American Legion continued to lead among those agencies engaged in attacking the Bill of Rights, with the various chambers of commerce, the D. A. R., and the Hearst press not far behind. On the whole the most violent repression has been directed against labor—and the organizing campaign of the C. I. O. may be expected to accentuate this particular struggle. The most important activity for the coming year is promised as a result of the La Follette resolution to investigate violations of civil liberties, passed by Congress in the session just ended. This will not only strengthen the groups already at work in support of the Bill of Rights, but by its disclosures may very well bring in new champions in those persons who were unaware of how our repressive forces operate. There are still large numbers of Americans in these United States.

*

AMID SUNNY FRATERNITY, THE TRIBOROUGH Bridge was dedicated last Saturday in New York City. Parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, landscaped highways, topped by the graceful arches of the three bridges, shone in their pristine glory. Over this noble prospect the President, the Governor, the Mayor, Mr. Ickes, and Mr. Moses took turns congratulating each other, while down below on Randall's Island policemen happily ate picnic lunches on the grass. Only one still small voice raised an

inharmonious note in this symphony of good-will. On the river underneath, a boat chugged up and down bearing a banner with the words, "Moses Fires Union Labor—Why?" In all the publicity given the opening of the Triborough, well-deserved emphasis was laid on the energy and initiative of the Park Commissioner, and no one will deny that both in that capacity and as director of the Triborough Bridge Authority, the city has a right to be proud of Mr. Moses. But Mr. Moses's labor policy gives us pause. If he should answer the question on the banner he would have to say that ten leaders of the architects and engineers employed in the design division of the Parks Department were dismissed for having organized their fellow workers into a union and for having voted a half-day sit-down strike for the redress of certain grievances. He would have to say that he has steadily done his best to bar unions from the WPA, from which practically all the labor on his various projects has been recruited. He might add that on four different occasions he has ignored the decision of the WPA appeals board to reinstate men whom he had dismissed. The Park Commissioner is too valuable a civil servant for the city to lose, but precisely because he is of value, his anti-labor bias has power behind it, and that is something the city should know.

*

THE LABOR FRONT CONTINUES ACTIVE, WITH battles being fought and won, and greater ones impending. The Remington Rand strike still drags on, with company tactics getting nastier and nastier. The strike of 12,000 workers in the plant of the Radio Corporation of America at Camden seems likely to be settled on terms satisfactory to the workers, and the 5,500 striking workers of the Wheeling Steel Corporation at Portsmouth, Ohio, have won their fifty-two-day struggle. An interesting point in connection with the Camden strike is the vote in its support by the Philadelphia Central Labor Union, representing 200,000 workers, in spite of President Green's request that A. F. of L. unions ignore it because the strikers belong to an industrial union independent of the A. F. of L. Of impending strikes the most important is that which experts are predicting in the steel industry when the workers organized by the C. I. O. come to grips with a parcel of owners who have to be shown that 1936 is not 1892, or even 1919. It looks as if the industrial drama might make this autumn a bad season for the political troopers.

*

THE SCOURGING RECENTLY ADMINISTERED by Mr. Roosevelt to economic royalists has distracted public attention from their predecessors, the Tories, and *their* predecessors the money changers. Proof continues to crop up that the money changers, driven from the temple on March 4, 1933, have since returned and made themselves comfortable again. It will be recalled that one of the New Deal's most vigorous wrestlings with the powers-that-be was its victorious fight to separate deposit banking from investment banking. It was felt, rightly, that it was too much for human flesh to bear the double burden of safeguarding the money of trusting depositors while at the

same time seeking to sell them engraved wallpaper and other debentures. Unfortunately, the use of corporate whiskers is making a nullity of this, as of other New Deal reforms. Last week it was announced that the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation had organized Schroder, Rockefeller, and Company to take over its security business. In this regard it follows precedent. J. P. Morgan and Company now has Morgan, Stanley, and Company; Chase National Bank has the Amerex Corporation; Brown Brothers, Harriman, and Company have Brown, Harriman, and Company; First National of Boston has the First of Boston Corporation; Lazard Freres has Lazard Freres and Company. Thus by legalistic legerdemain an old abuse reappears in a new guise, and the use of corporate dummies makes it possible again for the banker to make a profit selling himself securities. In our next depression a new New Deal will probably bring forth new legislation. And new loopholes.

*

BEFORE THIS ISSUE OF THE NATION APPEARS on the newsstands, some action will probably have been taken in the much-heralded dispute between Mr. Green's A. F. of L. and Mr. Lewis's C. I. O. The most ardent proponent of suspension for the eight unions which make up the C. I. O. seems to be Mr. Frey of the Metal Trades Department, who demands no compromise with the insurgents. He is heartily seconded by Mr. Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, whose indignation is doubtless augmented by the memory of what the *New York Times* delicately calls a "fistic encounter" with Mr. Lewis at the last A. F. of L. convention. Mr. Green, on the other hand, seems to be in a temporizing mood. He hints that maybe the whole unfortunate affair can be postponed until the next meeting of the executive council just before the convention in September; meanwhile he hopes that further conferences with the representatives of the C. I. O. may result in having them see the error of their ways. To date it must be admitted that Mr. Lewis does not seem disposed to admit error. His forthright speech over the air on July 6 was thoroughly uncompromising. The C. I. O. would proceed with its organizing campaign, he said, in spite of all that the American Iron and Steel Institute and its allies the bankers could do. He did not say in spite of all that the reactionary forces of the A. F. of L. could do, but this was implicit in his remarks. If we were a mass-production worker, we should be inclined to place our bets on Mr. Lewis, whether he had been "disciplined" by the A. F. of L. or not.

*

THE PROPHECY OF A DIRTY CAMPAIGN IS being realized. Paul Block, publisher and Hearst crony, has reprinted as an advertisement an editorial attack on Governor Lehman which drags the Jewish issue into the campaign. An interchange between the *New York World-Telegram* and John Hamilton, Landon's campaign manager, underlines the issue. We wish that Republicans and Democrats alike would not vie with each other in keeping anti-semitism out of politics by talking about it.

WHILE CLOUDS OF AEROPLANES OVER LE BOURGET demonstrated to the people of Paris the remarkable advances that have lately been made in French military aviation, some 20,000 veterans of the World War gathered at Verdun and pledged themselves to peace. Many of them, it seems, were survivors of that desperate battle of twenty years ago. Representatives were there from many foreign countries—even 500 Germans. There were no speeches; only tolling of bells, playing of dirges, sounding of bugle-calls, and the oath solemnly taken by each individual, "This is for the peace of the world." A moving ceremony, but one wonders how effective. France is a capitalist country, and capitalist countries will still "go to war whenever there is anything to be had by it," so long as those who must do the fighting can be herded into the trenches. Peace is not to be had through pledges like that of Verdun, but through militant action on the part of the exploited classes—a firm refusal to fight the battles of the privileged class, and an equally firm resolve to defend the interests of the masses against aggression.

*

IN GEORGES CHICHERIN, WHO DIED JULY 7, the Soviet Union lost a leader who, during its most critical period, was virtually indispensable. No one in the Soviet ranks could have achieved the seemingly impossible task of bringing the Bolshevick outcast back into the scheme of international affairs—no one but this old-line aristocrat with the Marxist flame aglow under a polished exterior, this pre-war Czarist diplomat with years in Siberia and in British jails testifying to his revolutionary sincerity. Chicherin brought to his work an untiring energy that habitually turned night into day, a brilliant and profound erudition that forced English newspapers to acknowledge him as Lord Curzon's match, and a combination of tact, tolerance, and character that brought him into close understanding with liberal industrialists like Walter Rathenau and arch-conservatives like German Ambassador Count Brockdorff-Rantzau. The long-range validity of his policies is only now being recognized in full. In 1921 he concluded the Rapallo Treaty with Germany which brought his country the first recognition by a major power. He used the inferior position in which Germany was then held by the Allies to cement a friendship that held fast until Hitler changed the German view of Russia from a commercial hinterland into a field for military expansion. In 1923 he formulated the Dardanelles policy which his successors today are maintaining at Montreux in a much stronger position. His efforts were responsible for the beginnings of the slow dissociation of the Soviet government from the Communist International, which two years ago enabled Litvinov to perform the U.S.S.R.'s most useful economic feat by gaining reestablishment of diplomatic relations with the United States.

*

CANADA'S CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEM IS similar to but in some ways more serious than that faced in this country. Like the United States, Canada has been without any national legislation on minimum wages, social

insurance, or regulation of working conditions because it was generally accepted that these matters fell within the jurisdiction of the provinces. When the depression made some form of national action imperative, Mr. Bennett, who was then Prime Minister, pushed through a series of laws whose claim to constitutionality rested on the treaty-making power of the dominion government. These acts implemented agreements reached at the International Labor Organization which, when ratified by a certain number of states, were held to have the standing of a treaty. Should the Privy Council in London sustain the Canadian Supreme Court, the dominion government will face a difficult task in finding a basis for the enactment of social legislation. At present a constitutional amendment can only be obtained through the devious channel of an appeal to Westminster. While the majority of provinces favor a change in the constitution which would shift the power of amendment from Westminster to Ottawa, the province of New Brunswick has opposed the proposal on the ground of safeguarding "provincial rights." Despite seventy years of federation, sectional jealousies are still very powerful, particularly in the eastern part of Canada. New Brunswick has recently adopted a bill which imposes a heavy tax on all outside corporations doing business in the province which, if copied in all the provinces, would threaten the continued existence of a national economy. Strong and vigorous national leadership is essential if the dominion is to emerge unscathed from its present economic and political crisis.

*

BY THE DEATH OF HENRY WRIGHT, THE creative forces in architecture, housing, and town-planning have sustained an irreparable loss. Years ago as a pioneer he analyzed the inadequacy of the planning of our houses and our cities, the unsatisfactory street patterns, the self-defeating wastes in building costs entailed by the overcrowding of land, and he offered solutions more suitable, more livable, and more economical. These early analyses, these brilliant solutions paved the theoretic way for the few community developments to which we can point. In most of these he had a direct hand—in the war-time shipping-board developments for which he was town planner, in the communities of Sunnyside, Radburn, and Chatham Village in Pittsburgh. Characteristically, these were collaborations. It was Wright who furnished the spark, the brilliant clue, the jump forward. Important as has been his contribution to the current physical scene in the way of signposts, his vital influence on younger men in architecture and town planning is of even greater significance. In his informal summer schools at his farm, in his courses at universities over the country, in his town-planning atelier at Columbia, he was constantly priming the young men of talent and imagination with new ideals and new technical equipment for carrying them out and also imbuing them with the courage to fight for a system that would permit their use. To these men and to all who had come under his influence, Henry Wright was not only an example of technical brilliance and originality, but the model of the creative professional man at his best.

Compare the Platforms

WHEN you open this week's issue of *The Nation* you will find inserted in it a four-page supplement of the party platforms for 1936. Following the admirable example established in previous election years by the editors of the *World Tomorrow*, which has discontinued publication, we are presenting for American voters a comparative view of the position taken by the six major party platforms on the basic issues of the 1936 election campaign. One of the platforms chosen—that of the Chicago Farmer Labor Conference—is a platform without a national ticket. But it has been included because of the historic importance of the emergence of a farmer-labor nucleus in American political life. Moreover, even in the absence of a national ticket, there will be local and congressional farmer-labor tickets in the field that will build on the position established by the national conference.

Compare the platforms. There is a healthy clearing of vision that results from placing side by side in a matter-of-fact way the pronouncements of the various parties on such issues as unemployment and relief, on housing, on munitions, on labor relations, on civil liberties. We are all too prone, when we read a party platform at all, to read it as we might read an oration and be carried along on the tide of its eloquence. We don't see the gaps and omissions. We mistake rhetoric for reality. We don't smell the evasions or glimpse the straddles. But distil out of all the verbiage and attitudinizing the actual and concrete proposals of any party on specific issues, and something is gained. The promises still remain, of course, promises and not fulfillments. But at least we know what is being promised. And that is a real gain, however small.

The six platforms fall, at least for us, into three groups. On the one hand, there are the Socialists, Communists, and Farmer Labor positions. Despite great historical divergences among the respective groups behind them, and despite great differences in the theory and tactics of those groups, the platforms themselves have an underlying community of viewpoint. On the other hand, there are the Republican and Union Party positions. These also, despite basic differences in history and class composition, have an essentially similar character. What ties together the three groups on the left is a common concern with achieving an economy of plenty by expanding the welfare of the working and unprivileged classes rather than by freezing the present position of the dominant business groups. What unites the Landon and Lemke candidacies is a concern, basically reactionary, with resisting and suppressing every move toward socialization. Despite some of the populist phrasings in the Union Party platform, its silence on the issues of public ownership, the Supreme Court, and civil liberties is eloquent. Somewhere between these two positions stands the Democratic platform, essentially liberal, hemmed in by the fear of advance and the impossibility of retreat.

The editors of *The Nation* will develop their own posi-

tion in the campaign in a succession of editorials that will follow this one. For the present we wish only to say that of all the issues presented we consider the really basic ones to be the place of the Supreme Court in the economic order, and the issue of labor relations and labor organization. Not that the others are in any sense unimportant. There has never been a time in our history when every issue—whether dealing with economic policy, international affairs, or human relations—had a more fateful importance for us. But in every period of history there are certain problems that constitute the gateway to the others and represent the crucial and immediate line of advance. Today, in America, those problems are two. One—the Supreme Court—has to do with a political institution that blocks and will continue to block any important effort toward the control of business enterprise and the achievement of security. The other—labor organization—has to do with the only possible base for effective political action in the direction of economic plenty, international peace, and a genuine American culture. Above all the smoke and din of the campaign battle, we must keep these two issues as the poles of our thinking.

Retreat to the Old Diplomacy

ON JULY 15, the League's first experiment with economic sanctions came officially to an end. By all standards of power politics the experiment has been a failure. Despite the fact that the penalties were enforced better than anyone had considered possible and that they had actually begun to squeeze Italy, the attempt was abandoned under circumstances that make it most improbable that the same tactics will be applied again. If it were only a matter of scrapping some of the more debatable sections of Article XVI of the League Covenant, the situation might not be without hope. But we are actually confronted with a complete collapse of the principle of collective law. The League machinery remains intact, but the organization is devoid of power and prestige. The developments of the past fortnight indicate that Europe is already disintegrating, and that the neighbors of Nazi Germany are searching frantically for allies in the conflict that they know cannot long be postponed. Dr. Schacht's successful mission to the Balkans has threatened to destroy the Little Entente and the whole French system of alliances in that area. This development, together with the Austro-German accord which has just been agreed on, give Berlin hegemony over an area roughly equivalent to the territory controlled by the Reich and Austria-Hungary on the eve of 1914.

Next to Hitler, Mussolini has been the chief beneficiary of the collapse of the collective system. Six months ago he was a pariah among the nations. Today, he is the most sought after man in Europe. In an effort to obtain his support against Germany, the Blum government has repudiated sanctions and broken its mutual-assistance pact with England. London itself has removed a good share of its

fleet from the Mediterranean in the hope of conciliating Rome. Despite these concessions, Mussolini has refused to participate in the Dardanelles conference, and has apparently reached an agreement with Hitler on the troublesome Austrian problem. No one expects Italy to line up on the side of Germany in an actual conflict—any more than it did in 1914—but if Hitler can keep both Rome and London neutral, at least temporarily, he will be in a stronger position than the Kaiser was twenty-two years ago.

It is true that the League's capitulation to Italy and the Locarno powers' surrender to Germany on the remilitarization of the Rhineland have removed threats of war. As long as potential aggressors can obtain what they desire without fighting, there is little danger of an actual conflict breaking out. But unfortunately, as Japan has shown in North China, an aggressor's appetite does not become satiated with easy conquest. Meanwhile, by their indecisiveness and cowardice, the democratic countries of Europe have frittered away their most precious resource—the tremendous prestige associated with collective security. When the inevitable war with Germany comes, scoffers will say, as they mistakenly said of Britain last fall, that the war is merely a conflict of empires in which no principle is at stake. If England continues its present policy of relying solely on diplomatic intrigue and the force of its armaments, the criticism will be wholly justified. For England especially, this defiance of world opinion is a very serious matter. Britishers have made no bones of the fact that they are counting on the aid of the United States in the next war. In a conflict in which Great Britain was obviously seeking to defend the principles of collective security against fascist aggression, this country would certainly lend at least its moral and economic support. But in a war of empires, provoked by the system of secret alliances, the American people would think many times before they lent aid to Great Britain or any other power.

What has been happening in the past few months cannot inspire us with much belief in the political animal as he has been operating on the European scene. All the much-vaunted structures that have been painfully built up to further international accord and place barriers in the way of war are clearly lying in ruins. The best that may be said for the League is not much: amid the general desolation it alone has any chance at all of serving as a nucleus for later efforts to build collective sanctions and a collective will in Europe. But to say this is already the bitterest indictment of the present European plight. When the Roman world was overrun by the barbarians and Roman culture was all but snuffed out, a few centers were still left in which the embers could be kept alive for a later era. This is the League today, waiting for the time when Europe will build up again something like a collective will for peace, and a collective organization to further that will.

Until then we have the old diplomacy all over again. If you can stomach the task, try reading again the history of European diplomacy in the years just before 1914 and then read the daily newspapers today. The similarity is so striking that even a professional international optimist should be able to notice it. To follow European events today is like reliving an old nightmare. All the old features of the

pre-1914 situation are here: the alliance system, the armament race, statesmen mouthing platitudes about peace while aeroplane formations fly overhead and every possible industrial plant is feverishly conscripted for the production of instruments of death, courtesy visits of diplomats to European capitals, jockeying for positions, and realignments, accords like the present German-Austrian accord.

There is one new element of importance in the European situation. That is a growing recognition that if the old diplomacy is ever to be broken down and collective security achieved, the foundation for that security must first be laid by democratic movements in each of the important countries of Europe. Russia, in her own fashion, has led the way. Spain and France, however imperfectly in *their* own fashion, are following. Every victory of the organized forces of labor and the common man within each European country must prove a nail driven into the coffin of the old diplomacy, and eventually of the war system in Europe. Meanwhile the coffin is empty and the corpse that is to fill it thrives lustily.

Roosevelt and the Drought

CANUTE, the Dane, had many achievements to his credit, but what the school child knows of him is that he commanded the tide to behave itself. Franklin Roosevelt may perhaps win immortality in a similar way. According to a *Times* dispatch he "declared forcefully" that some way must be found to prevent the recurrence of periodic droughts. Must. But these droughts have been recurring for some fifty million years, if we are to believe the findings of the geologists. The high plains were a short-grass country, that is, a semi-arid country, when the tertiary horse formed his teeth. Scientists do not know what causes the vast currents of air that tumble in from the Pacific to turn periodically northeastward over the desert and, furnace-dried and superheated, to fall upon the unfortunate high prairie. What is known is that these currents are a thousand miles wide and several miles high, unlikely to pay much respect to CCC earth dams and scraggly shelter belts.

The problem is really one not of control but of adaptation. Twice a century, it is safest to assume, we shall have droughts covering some hundreds of thousands of square miles, growing worse for several years, then gradually receding. Between these major, widely extended droughts there will be many sporadic droughts, sometimes afflicting an unfortunate region for several years in succession. Other regions will have rain in torrents. But no farmer or stockman in the whole territory between the hundredth meridian and the Rockies can ever count with certainty upon a sufficient rainfall.

Plainly, the present economy of the semi-arid region is ill-adapted to the realities of the climate. A quarter of a million families have been virtually burned out in the last three years. They have no recourse but federal relief; and

relief they must have until satisfactory plans have been made for establishing a more intelligent economy.

Such an economy will recognize the great variability of this whole region in capacity for sustaining plant and animal life and will therefore provide for the most painless practicable expansion or contraction of tillage and stock raising. Much of the land now tilled should be returned to the range; much of the better watered land should be reserved for the production of reserve forage, to reduce the losses from the forcible reduction of herds that now follows a sudden onset of drought. It goes without saying that whatever lands are capable of irrigation without excessive cost should be supplied with water, but such lands should be strictly coordinated with the economy of the adjoining grass regions, instead of being treated as mere oases of subsidized production for the national market.

However necessary such a reorganization of the economic life of the high plains may be, it remains to be seen whether the Administration will dare to undertake it. In the same interview in which the President promised to control the air currents he declared that there has never been a thought of evacuating any part of the drought-ruined population. It is, however, not only the drought states, but every county, every village, that oppose any reduction of population through economic readjustment. The business men, the lawyers, doctors, editors, preachers in the towns, have nothing ultimately to live on but the farmers and stockmen. Any reorganization that amounts to anything is bound to bring about a redistribution of population. A given area will not maintain so large a population by grazing as by mixed farming. It will not yield so large a gross production to be handled by the towns, even though it affords a satisfactory standard of living for the population that remains—something that mixed farming and unregulated grazing do not do—if the bad years are considered.

Mr. Roosevelt owes nothing to the small-town business crowd. They will beat him if they can. If he carries the agrarian states it will be because the underlying population, the farmers and ranchers and the town-workers associated with them, believe in him. They will not believe in him long if they find him placing the vested interests of the small-town oligarchy above their own vital needs. What the burnt-out farmer vitally needs is a plan that will give him a fair chance for a living, on land that may reasonably be expected to respond to his labor and skill, whether or not within his present county or state lines.

We have become somewhat panicky about the ravages of erosion on our farm lands. We have reason to be panicky. But there is an even more serious form of erosion, the weathering away of the hopes and energies of the farm population, upon which our national subsistence ultimately depends. The drought is a colossal agency of this most dangerous form of erosion. A quarter of a million American farmers are wrecked by it. Peace to politics: what does Mr. Roosevelt really propose to do about it? Reverse the error that transformed the semi-arid lands into unlimited private property, object of speculation and tragic deception? Or rock along with relief and futile patching in the hope that the next great drought will fall upon a remote Administration?

Olympic Trials

THE city of Berlin is being scrubbed inside and out. The fronts of buildings are being sandblasted, pavements are being relaid, the whole length of Unter den Linden is being planted with young linden trees, because the excavations for the new subway destroyed the old ones. In addition a new set of manners is being urged on the German people. Be Kind to Foreigners Week starts as we write and will end on August 16, at the close of the Olympic games.

And if the news dispatches are to be believed, this regime of politeness and cleanliness will be tested to the utmost before the games are over. German athletes have been undergoing secret training guaranteed superior to the training received by teams of other nations. At the recent try-outs, however, when athletes were being picked for the teams, it was admitted—sadly by German onlookers, not so sadly by foreign journalists—that the results did not seem to be very happy. Worse still, the men were far outclassed by the women! Only a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi can realize the full ignominy of the *New York Times* dispatch which declares that "Germany's hopes of making good in the Olympics depends on its women." In the famous pamphlet of Herr Bruno Maltz, sports leader of the storm troops, the Nazi position on sports for women was made abundantly clear. "We fight women's sports. . . . Women should remain womanly. . . . Look at girl athletes who have reached the age of thirty. They look like fifty: manly, the spirit of battle written on their faces, bony and bare of womanhood." What an irony if Berlin's face should be lifted only to see as its victorious athletes women who at thirty look like storm troopers or Herr Göring!

Nor is this the least of the trials which because of the Olympics the Nazis will have to suffer. The American team, some 350 strong, is halfway across the Atlantic. The leading athlete seems to be Jesse Owens of Ohio State University, who won the final trials in the one-hundred-meter dash, the two-hundred-meter dash, and the broad jump. Mr. Owens is a Negro. There are also Cornelius Johnson and David Albritton, who in the final trials broke all high-jump records with the astonishing leap of 6 feet, 9¾ inches. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Albritton are Negroes, too. Nor are they the only representatives of their race of which the team may boast. In Nazi Germany the only animal which is lower than a Jew is a Negro. Indeed, one of the gravest counts against the Jew, according to prevalent German racial theory, is that he consorts with Negroes and thereupon spreads the resulting Negro infection to the pure Aryans whom God has blessed with Adolf Hitler. How will these dark-skinned American athletes fit into a freshly sandblasted Berlin? Where will they sleep or eat or take their showers? What if they should win all the events not won by the defeminized German women? It is problems like these that must be keeping Propaganda Minister Goebbels awake these nights. To be one of the Nazi chosen people is not, if we may be permitted a solecism, a bed of roses.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



Mr. Michelson Doesn't Write All the Speeches

Campaign Press Agents

Washington, July 13

GOD may or may not be on Roosevelt's side but the press agents certainly are. Especially the Republican Party's press agents. They don't want to be, of course, but they are bound to, for the battery of them currently being lined up to sell Mr. Landon to the voters comprises precisely the same species of organ grinders that passed Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover off on an unsuspecting but not undeserving country. In fact, some are the very same persons. They can no more emit persuasively liberal statements and speeches than a duck-billed platypus can emulate Lily Pons. And if there is one thing on which the Republican and Democratic high commands are agreed, it is that their candidates have got at least to sound and look liberal this year to fetch the votes.

To understand how impossible an assignment in camouflage that will be for the buncombe boys hired to paint Mr. Landon pink, one must first absorb a bit of knowledge about the mysteries of the political press agent's craft, and it is essential to begin with a realization that his positive contributions to the progress of a Presidential campaign are minor. His labors in that direction combined with those of all his aides and janissaries influence at maximum only a few hundred thousand scattered votes. These efforts consist largely in being the answer to the United Typothetae's prayer, an out-pouring of pamphlets, leaflets, handbooks, and handbills which serve

principally as a form of patronage for printers, and of campaign propaganda disguised as news stories.

The work of the radio, stage, and movie divisions of the publicity staffs belongs in approximately the same category. The gentry who head these divisions are concerned chiefly with cozening time or space from the radio and newsreel companies, wangling for preferment over their rivals in the opposition party, cajoling big names in the amusement world into endorsing candidates as they endorse cold creams and cigarettes. They are either business diplomats or stunt-devisers. Sometimes their stunts fail through no fault of their own. For example, it was not their fault that Mr. Schmeling put Joe Louis to sleep just after the Democrats had arranged to capture the Harlem vote by having Joe announce he had attained the age of twenty-one and would cast his first vote for Mr. Roosevelt.

Sol A. Rosenblatt, former NRA Division Administrator in charge of codes for the entertainment industries, has been engaged by the Democrats to lead their radio and screen procurators. He will be assisted on the technical end of his radio activities by W. B. Dolph, a brother-in-law of Herbert L. Pettey, who recently resigned his secretaryship of the Federal Communications Commission to hire out to a New York radio concern. Pettey headed the Democrats' radio division in 1932 and was rewarded with appointment to the FCC post. Dolph has been connected with an independent station here and from that vantage point has been playing the radio applications game, a form of horsetrading in which the FCC holds the stakes. Eddie Dowling, a political song and dance man from Rhode Island, will head the Democrats' stage division. The names of the Republicans' radio, stage, and screen wizards have not yet been divulged.

The only other open and positive activity of the political press agents is the composition of speeches and statements. It has become the favorite dull-day resort of Republican journalists to overemphasize the extent to which the speeches of New Dealers are the product of Charles Michelson's pen. If he were to write all that have been attributed to him, Michelson on occasion would have had to equal in a single day the lifetime output of a Dumas or a Dickens. In reality, the press agent composes the speeches of only the more stupid and boozy political spokesmen. In most cases, the speeches of political hot shots are, if not the work of their own deliveries, the product of their personal staffs of advisers and secretaries. Where the party's press agents get in their work is in telling when and when not to loose these speeches upon the electorate. It is, in fact, in the negative field that the astute press agent earns his bread, butter, and caviar. His worth rises in accordance with his ability to suppress and especially with his ability to suppress genuine issues.

When mere numbers are considered, the Democrats' press battery, of course, far outnumbers the Republicans'. It is virtually impossible to call the Democratic roll. There is no end to it. It includes not only a dozen or so men employed directly by the Democratic national committee but a whole legion employed by the federal government. Each federal department has its press chief who, in turn, has serving under him a battalion of subordinate press agents, one or more to each bureau in the department. Many of them are men of higher competence than any the Republicans can command. Michael Straus, Ickes's chief press agent, a master of the subtler forms of his art, is a case in point. These men are paid \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year. Cummings's man, Henry Suydam, for example, whose present status is a little dubious due to a joker inserted in the current appropriation bill of the Department of Justice prohibiting the employment of "special assistants" who are not lawyers, gets as much as the Solicitor General of the United States or J. Edgar Hoover, the great G-man. The list merely begins with these men, who were hired under the selective eye of Steve Early, a former Associated Press reporter and, later, newsreel contact man here, who serves as Roosevelt's secretary in charge of press relations.

But all of them put together with their talents magnified and triple-distilled cannot counterbalance the fact that the press of the country through which they must work is overwhelmingly Republican and would distort their offerings even if proved holy writ. It is sheerest nonsense to hold, as my colleague Frank Kent, the always entrancing Mark Sullivan, and the Talmudical Mr. Lawrence, are forever holding, that these New Deal press agents represent the cream of American reportorial talent and have been lured away from the nation's newspaper owners with huge offerings of gold. Most of them were out of work and down at the heel when they were hired, and many of those that left newspaper jobs to take New Deal posts went for less money and because they could no longer stomach their employers' journalistic infidelities. It is also nonsense to maintain that these New Deal press agents have been able to subvert the press.

Certainly none of them has been guilty of so crass a piece of stupidity as that of Theodore A. Huntley, until this week the Republican national committee's chief press agent. Huntley in a flaming manifesto early this year accused the Administration of suppressing a report on the FERA's operations which Congress had ordered to be presented in January. At the time Huntley issued his blast, the report in question not only had been duly filed but had been distributed to the press and was gathering dust on many a reporter's desk here. Huntley, whose present status in the G. O. P. press organization is indefinable, has been operating in such a way as to arouse belief in the minds of novices that he actually was working for the Democrats, but those who know him entertained no such suspicions; they know that Ted would rather take hemlock than Democratic gold today. It was not always so; in 1924, he took some of that gold in exchange for writing John W. Davis's campaign biography. But then, perhaps, Democracy was a little different. Certainly it was only a short step for Huntley from Davis's biographer to secretary for Pennsylvan-

ia's (and Mellon's) Senator, Dave Reed. When Reed was defeated Huntley bounced into a Hearst editorship here and thence into his Republican committee berth.

No such boners are to be expected from the man who today succeeded Huntley as chief G. O. P. press agent, although Alfred Henry Kirchhofer is no less capable of discerning giants under Roosevelt's bed. He runs as managing editor a paper, the *Buffalo Evening News*, which is capable of discerning boondoggling in a project to disconnect the sewage disposal system from a community's water supply. Kirchhofer, who entered newspaper work via a Y. M. C. A. secretaryship and served Butler's paper from 1921 through 1927 as its Washington correspondent, is a dour fellow of no particular journalistic distinction save the rather dubious one of being vice-president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. He was Hoover's press agent in the 1928 campaign. Harry Jay Brown, who shared that experience with him, is scheduled to share his 1936 assignment, too.

Brown, a roly-poly warhorse, is a relic of that earlier day in American journalism when it did not seem unseemly for a reporter also to hold a place on the party payroll. He has been a Washington correspondent since 1897 and has been on the G. O. P. payroll, it seems, most of the intervening years. At present correspondent for such papers as the Boise (Idaho) *Statesman*, the Spokane (Washington) *Spokesman-Review*, and the Oakland (California) *Tribune*, he was one of Coolidge's press agents in 1924 as well as one of Hoover's in 1928. His chief talent is a knowledge of what Republican newspapers want to print. Two of Brown's and Kirchhofer's colleagues in the Hoover build-up also will assist them in their efforts to make Landon seem to be the man Bruce Barton had in mind when he wrote "The Man Nobody Knows." Those two are Roy A. Roberts, managing editor of the *Kansas City Star*, and Henry J. Allen, former Kansas Governor, former Senator, and former Hearst editor, who enjoyed the title of Hoover's chief press agent in 1928 and is now the publisher of a daily paper at Topeka. Allen, a bumptious fellow with no better sense than to think Mussolini grand, was elected Governor of Kansas while serving in France with the Red Cross in charge of its "home-communications service." He was appointed to the Senate to succeed Charlie Curtis. Both Allen and Roberts helped sell Landon to editors before the Cleveland convention.

Another important member of Landon's press battery is E. Ross Bartley, a pleasant, workmanlike fellow who seems destined to be the candidate's personal press-relations man. Bartley is so thoroughly Old Guard in his attitudes that his tendons, like those of Brown, Kirchhofer, Allen, and the rest, if dissected out would snap into knots that spelled "G. O. P." He got that way during the Harding Administration when he covered the White House for the Associated Press, and made friends with the Ohio gang.

The Democratic press battery is not much like Bartley, Kirchhofer, Brown, Allen, and the rest. It includes, in addition to Early and their chief, Michelson, M. Farmer Murphy, Leon Henderson, E. L. Roddan, Marshall Coles, and Norman W. Baxter. I hope to treat of them later.

The New Soviet Abortion Law

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, June 27

THE new Soviet law of June 27, 1936, on abortions, divorces, alimony, and so on, is a blot on Moscow's inspiring record for advanced social legislation. It has all the marks of a man-made document. Indeed, the men must have been old men with blurred memories. The law, moreover, is a mockery of the democratic discussion which stirred the U.S.S.R. for a month before its final promulgation.

On May 26 the Soviet government published the draft of a law entirely prohibiting abortions except when "the continuation of pregnancy constitutes a danger to life or threatens serious harm to the health of the woman." The bill would likewise encourage the rearing of large families, raise alimony fees, improve child care, increase the capacity of maternity clinics, and make divorce slightly more difficult.

In days gone by, the Bolsheviks would have immediately superimposed the law, and the population would have swallowed it. But this time a nation-wide debate was not merely sanctioned; the authorities insisted on its being free, open, and honest. They invited criticism and they got it good and hard. They deserved it, for the suggested decree was an extremely bad and unprogressive one. Citizens subjected every detail of the draft to withering fire. Letters published in the press and speeches made at public meetings tore the document to pieces, and plain peasant women and students offered amendments and alterations which were definite improvements on the woefully inadequate, mistaken paragraphs of the official law-makers.

Moscow for once apparently admitted its fallibility. Adverse comment was in order. One was not a counter-revolutionary if one did not regard as 100 per cent perfect every move and idea which emanated from the Kremlin. How often painfully loyal, orthodox foreign friends of the Soviet Union have tied themselves into knots trying to explain or explain away some Bolshevik measure! Sympathizers of the Soviet Union too often permit their reactionary enemies to drive them into a tactically weak position where they must defend the indefensible simply because others attack.

The public criticism of the government's anti-abortion bill was a unique affair. It was unhampered. A few politicians, as unaware as some foreigners of the deep social changes which have been taking place in the U.S.S.R., proceeded as was their wont on previous occasions. They called meetings, presented a ready-made resolution, and railroaded through the usual unanimous "Hallelujah" adoption. They were fiercely denounced by the *Pravda* and other newspapers. Although I know of one or two cases where minor officials sought to control or suppress expres-

sions of unfavorable opinion about the draft law, and although a number of people, from long habit, thought it necessary to go through the motions of general approbation in order to sugar-coat the pill of their subsequent objections, the discussion was a real referendum of popular wishes. It appeared to everybody that the government could not possibly ignore the widespread vocal opposition to its proposals. The debate, one had to believe, must result in radical modification of the draft. This democratic consultation of the nation's opinion raised the hope that the country would be saved from the disastrous effects of the proposed law. Suddenly, however, Moscow dashed these hopes. Without warning, after four weeks of free discussion in which wise, invaluable amendments were offered on all sides, the Soviet government simply republished the draft with several minor changes. This miserable draft thereby became a law. The *Komsomolskaya Pravda* cannot be serious when it says that this is "a law approved by the nation." The *Pravda* must have had its tongue in its cheek when it affirmed that "the Soviet government listened attentively to the views and proposals of the toilers." That is just what the government did not do. It behaved as if no discussion had ever



taken place. On the most important issue, abortions, the final law repeats the blanket prohibition, merely adding that women can get abortions where a parent suffers from a serious illness which may be inherited by the child. "Thanks for nothing" is all one can say about such an alteration. It should have been in the original draft.

It is a crime to ban abortions in the U.S.S.R. "Only under socialism," reads the law, "where exploitation of man by man is absent, where woman is a member of society enjoying full rights, and where accelerated improvement of material well-being is the law of social growth—only in such conditions can a serious struggle with abortions be undertaken." This is all very true. But Soviet conditions are not yet so good as to warrant the state in insisting that every pregnancy should mean a child.

In the U.S.S.R., to be sure, the social institutions of the state and the universal opportunities offered by a quickly growing nation do lighten the burdens of the family. Lydia Gribakina, writing to the *Pravda* from Rostov during the debate, told how her husband was killed by the Kolchak forces in 1919. She had to work and raise four sons. "Now," she declares, "they are noble men of our country. Dmitri is employed in the Arctic, Guri is a captain in the army, Benjamin graduated from the art academy and is an artist, and Herman is studying in the military aviation school. Two of them have been decorated by the government." Children, many other women argued in correspondence to the papers, do not interfere with employment or prevent participation in community life. "On the contrary," Pasha Angelina, the leader of a tractor brigade in the Donetz region and holder of the Order of Lenin, asserts, "we see thousands of women workers, collective farmers, physicians, teachers, who devote much time to their jobs and are simultaneously model mothers." Yes, but for how long and at what cost to health and to the work? Besides, that is all right with one or two babies, but not with five. "K. B.," a woman university student, wrote to the Moscow *Izvestia*. The editor published her letter under the caption "I Object." E. Firsava, a colleague of hers, took issue with her in the same daily. "Listen, dear K. B.," Firsava says, "I study in your university. . . . My son does not interfere with my studies. Indeed, the institute has helped me rear the child. You and your friend Galia are afraid that you will have to leave school if you become pregnant. But thousands of our students are bringing up their children in day nurseries. In these three years I have not once heard of a woman who left the university because mothers cannot live with children in the dormitories. Come to our institute (Yakimanka Street 40) and you will see that mothers live in bright, comfortable rooms, avail themselves of good nurseries in the same dormitory buildings, and receive special monthly money grants from the trade-union committee and the dean's office."

Such arrangements make a vast difference. But nobody argued against children altogether. The point is that the proscription of abortions must result in an endless number of children and in a situation which will swamp

Soviet child-care facilities even if they are extended and ruin families instead of strengthening them. Abortions, of course, are not good for the health. "Half of women's diseases," Dr. Kulazhenkova told a meeting of textile workers in Western Russia, "neurasthenia, miscarriages, barrenness—all these are the consequences of abortions." The extra burdens of a large family, however, will also undermine a woman's constitution.

The case for continuing legal abortions was put in a host of letters to the Soviet press. A woman economist wrote: "I cannot agree to the prohibition of abortions. At present a woman has equal rights with men, holds a job, engages in much social activity, and at the same time must bear, nurse, and raise children. To have more than two or three children means to give up her work and her social activity." "The prohibition of abortions," wrote another woman, ". . . must be looked upon as a grave infringement of women's personal rights." Said Nina Yershova in the *Pravda*: "It would seem that you want to return woman to the pots and dish rags, and tear her away from the political life of the country, from work and from studies."

"I assert," said N. Karpova of the Moscow University to the *Izvestia* "that it is impossible at one and the same time to be a good student and a worthy mother. . . . Just try to have a child when father and mother are studying, both are receiving state stipends, and live in different parts of town, in different dormitories." A young man at the Moscow Pedagogical Institute believes that by reason of the three-month enforced, paid vacation from classroom before and after pregnancy, a woman who wanted to have a child while attending university would lose a year of her course. Two women scientists told this to the *Pravda*: "We wish to enjoy the unhampered right to decide: To be or not to be a mother." "I am an artist," asserted Irina Soya-Serko in the *Evening Moscow*. "I have two children, one at school, the other a baby. Both were desired, both are warmly loved. But I want no more. They would compel me to neglect my creative work, and that I cannot accept."

Crowded housing in Soviet cities is another unanswerable argument against the illegalizing of abortions. "I have one child nearly three years old," wrote a woman to the *Moscow Daily News*, "and would gladly have another, but we already have four people (including my domestic worker) living in one little room, and in my opinion it would be a crime to bring another child into the already overcrowded room." This sentiment was echoed hundreds of times in the press. For instance: "Women with children who live in crowded living quarters must decide themselves whether they want another child or not." "In a room with an area of twenty square meters live I, my mother, my husband, and our two children. I want another child, but can I afford it in these conditions? House building should be accelerated, and in the distribution of dwellings, large families should be favored." "It is impossible so to improve living conditions in the big cities in the necessary short space of time as to supply big families with the required apartments." Eugenia Moskvina, a twenty-

nine year old Leningrad factory worker, informed the *Izvestia* as follows: "I live in one room. It is crowded. I have two children. My husband is a student who still has three years to study. He receives a stipend of 110 roubles a month. I work and our average monthly income amounts to 500 roubles. I finish work, run to the nursery for one of the children. I come home. The room is not made. My school-boy son wants his meal. My head swims. Can I, in such circumstances, allow myself to have another child?"

"Life," as Stalin has truly said, "has become better, comrades, life is gayer." Yet life is still hard for many. Witness these concrete examples sent by readers to the newspapers: "I propose that the law include a paragraph about raising the output and improving the distribution of goods for children. At present, it is difficult to find rubber sheets, small bathtubs, and babies' cribs. The prices of these articles should be reduced." (A friend of mine recently paid 207 roubles for a metal bed for her baby. That may be a fortnight's salary.) "My boy has been walking around with torn shoes for two weeks because I have no time to stand in the queues. If, as the country grows more prosperous and the number of customers increases, and if a mother has not one but several children, how will she be able to purchase the necessary clothes for her family?" This from Tatiana Cherniak, a Kiev pharmacist: "A year from now there will be many more children in our country. But it is already difficult to obtain nipples, plaster, eye droppers, and the like. . . ."

In addition to the housing and goods shortages, there is the problem of education facilities. Nurseries and kindergartens are excellent as institutions, but far from

perfect. They close sometimes on account of contagious diseases. Nor are there enough of them, even in Moscow. A woman wrote: "I am in charge of a day nursery. But conditions do not allow us to accept all children who apply." What can a working mother do in such a case? A mother states: "I have five children. If I sent only three to the kindergarten, that would be beyond my means. The law ought to reduce the charge for kindergarten care." The government does not supply school pupils with free text books. Every child of school age is an additional expense. The state is erecting hundreds of fine school buildings throughout the country. But in many cities, schools still have two shifts.

The Soviet Union has a tremendous number of births. Its annual excess of births over deaths is about three million—more than that of all the rest of Europe. Why do the authorities nevertheless wish to encourage more children? In the light of its great size, vast undeveloped resources, and tremendous material potentialities, the U.S.S.R. is an under-populated country. But if one considers its actual accommodations, its existing supplies of homes, goods, nurseries, schools, it is a terribly crowded country. Moreover, the rapid increases in these facilities have in past years, even with legal abortions, been partially cancelled out by the growth of population. What, then, prompted the Kremlin to introduce this anti-abortion, pro-large family law? And what will be its effect in a land in which other, less violent forms of birth control have been neglected by the people and by the authorities?

(Mr. Fischer's second article on the Soviet law prohibiting abortions will appear next week.)

Deporting Jesús

By PHILIP STEVENSON

ON June 29 Jesús was deported as an undesirable alien. Jesús Pallares is a skilled miner and an accomplished musician. He has spent twenty-three of his thirty-nine years in the United States. For nineteen years he worked here, supporting his family. Of the remaining four years, two in childhood were spent in school, the last two on relief. Born in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, Jesús joined the Madero revolution at the age of fifteen, fought four years, and mustered out in 1915 with part of his lower jaw missing. He entered the United States legally and obtained work as a miner. As miners' standards went, Jesús did well. He was an exceptional worker. There never was a time when he could not get a job. On the whole he got along with his bosses. In 1923, during an unorganized strike at Dawson, New Mexico, when anarchists among the men wanted to blow up the tippie in answer to company violence, Jesús convinced them of the anti-labor effect of such tactics, and prevented catastrophe. Labor's best weapon, he contended, lay in solidarity of organization.

The onset of the depression, 1930, found him working for the Gallup-American Coal Company, a subsidiary of the Guggenheim giant, Kennecott Copper. In 1930 Gallup was unorganized. So when Jesús found himself being paid but irregularly for his prospecting work on a new entry, he kicked—as an individual—and like individual protestors in all depressed coal fields, was promptly fired.

Jobs were scarce now. For the first time Jesús was up against it to support his wife and four children. But after several months of unemployment he obtained work at Madrid, New Mexico. Madrid is typical of thousands of marginal and sub-marginal coal camps. The town is company-owned. The miners' homes are sagging, rotting shacks. Floors slant, roofs leak, plaster has fallen, doors lack panels, paint and kalsomine have peeled away. The shacks can hardly have cost \$100 per room to build fifty years ago. Yet today they rent for about \$60 per room per year. Miners live in company houses—"or else." Payment is chiefly in scrip, good only at the company store, and there is a company coal racket whereby miners who get

about eighty cents a ton for loading coal are charged \$3 a month for fuel winter *and summer*. The prices for powder and caps are exorbitant, and the miners are docked every month for an Employees Fund of which the company steadfastly refuses to give any accounting.

At first Jesús got by in Madrid. But as bad times got worse, his earnings shrank. The summer of 1933 brought wholesale layoffs and misery. The company, in order to nullify Section 7-a of the NIRA, established a company union. Jesús joined, only to discover that the union concerned itself with the boss's problems rather than the miners'. In Gallup the miners had defeated the company union, organized independently, gone on strike, and won substantial gains. So Madrid, too, sent for organizers.

But Madrid was tougher to organize than Gallup. The company was forewarned by the Gallup struggle. And the entire town, including the streets, were company property. Union organizers ran great risks in entering Madrid at all. Yet enter they did, thanks to Jesús and others who smuggled them in on the floors of cars, covered with blankets and bags of groceries. To this the company replied by spying on the union through its "lapdogs" (anti-unionists).

Jesús was elected local union organizer. But the union's demands remained a dead letter. Jesús and his aides decided to ask the aid of the federal government in enforcing Section 7-a. When the company prohibited all union meetings in Madrid, the unionists walked four miles to Cerrillos for meetings, passed resolutions, drew up petitions, framed protests, and sent them to the coal board, to General Johnson, to Senator Cutting, to the state Labor Commissioner. From the coal board came a promise of a hearing—if the miners would withhold their strike and wait. And wait they did—weeks—and sent more telegrams—and waited more weeks. Not until the tail-end of the busy season—February, 1934—did T. S. Hogan, chairman of the Denver District Coal Board, arrive in Madrid for an "impartial" hearing.

The affair was a farce. Jesús, attempting to present the case of his fellow union members, was repeatedly interrupted, not only by superintendent Oscar Huber and his faithful lapdogs, but also by government representative Hogan, who refused to recognize Jesús as the leader and spokesman of the majority. By patience and persistence, in spite of organized heckling, Jesús did manage to cover the question of the coal-code wage-scale, even forcing an admission from Huber that code rates were being violated. "Now about the house-rents," Jesús continued. But he got no further. At that point Huber asked for the floor, adroitly changed the subject, and that sorest of all points with the Madrid miners—house-rents—was never mentioned again!

Results of the Hogan hearing were zero. Grievances went unredressed. Union meetings continued to be prohibited. A new coal code went into effect, only to be violated even more flagrantly by the company. Plainly, the men must either strike or lie down. They struck—in the slack season. The strike failed. Jesús was marked for ridicule.

Under the NRA he could not be fired for union activity. He finished work in his "room" in the mine and was as-

signed a new location. His eighteen years' experience told him that he could make at best sixty-seven cents a day here—and the mine was then working only one day a week—while his rent alone amounted to \$3 per week. Yet the boss refused him any better location. Then a fellow worker offered to share his place with Jesús. It showed a good seam of coal, and both could make a living there. Jesús asked the superintendent's permission to accept this offer.

"No. Take the place assigned you, or none," Huber said.

The alternative was peonage—progressive indebtedness to the company. Jesús refused. His fifth child was expected shortly. His savings went for food. Arrears on his rent to the company piled up. He was told to vacate his house or be evicted. He stayed put. The child arrived. Asked by a fellow miner, "What is it, boy or girl?" Jesús replied:

"I think it's a bolshevik!"

Soon after the birth Jesús was charged with "forcible entry" of his house. The "court" was the company office, the justice of the peace a company employee. Superintendent Huber, furious that Jesús had made a public hearing necessary, clung like Shylock to his pound of flesh. Evicted, blacklisted as a miner, Jesús moved to Santa Fe and for the first time in his life went on relief. The family of seven lived in one room, on two cents per meal per person—the starvation standard still current in New Mexico's relief.

Jesús protested his eviction to NRA Compliance Director J. J. Dempsey—today a New Deal Congressman. Dempsey refused to act and passed the buck to Hogan of the coal board. Hogan did not even bother to reply. Jesús then appealed to the National Labor Board. Chairman Garrison wrote to Hogan urging him to act. Hogan disregarded even this. He never acknowledged Jesús's letters.

The native New Mexicans, a Spanish-speaking peasant people, had never been successfully organized. Yet they were half the population of the state. If organized in their own interest, instead of the interest of the railroads and mines, they could be a force to help themselves out of their 300-year-old bondage. At least they could end racial discrimination in relief. So in the fall of 1934 Jesús began organizing for the Liga Obrera de Habla Española (Spanish-speaking Workers League) which concerned itself specifically with the problems of the Spanish-American rank and file. In November there had been a few hundred members. By February, 1935, the Liga had grown to some 8,000. The politicians were frightened out of their wits. Jesús was elected organizer for the whole district, serving without pay and hitch-hiking to organize the most remote hamlets on his days off from FERA work.

In January the Democratic state legislature had hatched a criminal-syndicalism bill which would have made it a felony punishable by fourteen years' imprisonment to be seen in public with a copy of *The Nation* or any printed matter advocating "any change in industrial ownership." The bill passed the House with only two dissenting votes. Senator Juan Sedillo, opposition leader, had given up all hope of defeating it. The steering committee, itself a majority of the Senate, had unanimously recommended its passage. On the morning that it was to be passed, 700 members of the Liga Obrera, carrying placards of denunciation in two languages, swept past astonished police

at the Capitol, filled the Senate galleries, and demanded the defeat of this fascist gag legislation. Senators took one look—and changed their votes. To the acute chagrin of its big-business sponsors, the bill was beaten.

This time Jesús had won the enmity not merely of one coal company but of the organized rulers of New Mexico. On April 23, 1935, he was arrested while at work on his FERA job and jailed on deportation charges. After three weeks' confinement, a secret hearing was held in an attempt to prove Jesús active in "communistic" organizations. N. D. Collear, federal immigration inspector, acted not only as an initiator, investigator, and prosecutor, but also as judge and jury, and even as court interpreter!

To the amazement of Jesús, he found his opening remarks at the Hogan hearing of the year before cited as "evidence" against him. Jesús had said: "We have been most patient. . . . Mr. Hogan, I hope you come here to bring us full justice, if justice exists for the workingman. If you cannot see that we get it, we shall find other ways of getting it for ourselves."

Obviously Jesús referred to the strike which had been postponed at Hogan's request. At the deportation hearing, it was offered as evidence of "communistic" activity!

Here is an item from the testimony of a Madrid lapdog:

Q. Have you ever heard him make inflammatory speeches about the government?

A. No, not exactly—he urges the Mexicans to fight for their rights.

On such trumped-up charges Jesús was held for deportation under \$1,000 bond pending a review of the case. The bond was promptly furnished, and Jesús was a "free" man—as free as a labor organizer can be in a vigilante-ridden state—as free as an alien can be who faces deportation and separation from his American-born children.

He continued his task of organizing the Liga Obrera so successfully that the rulers of New Mexico redoubled their efforts to be rid of him. After all, the government's case against Jesús was weak, involving only trade-union activity—a constitutionally guaranteed right. Could he not be provoked into open violence?

As a leader in the Liga Obrera, Jesús often accompanied delegations to the local relief office presenting cases of discrimination or deprivation. Recently, a worker in that office has disclosed in a sworn affidavit the methods employed against Jesús "in an effort to create reasons for his deportation." Says Esther Cohen, formerly of the New Mexico ERA:

Attempts were made by my office to intimidate Pallares by withholding relief and by inventing reasons by which he could be removed from relief jobs which were the only types of employment open to him. He was repeatedly called into my office where threats were made to starve his family in order to involve him in an argument which the relief agency hoped would give rise to violence on his part, which in turn would give sufficient reason for a complaint to the Labor Department. Such violence never took place, even though situations were carefully prepared in advance such as the placing of a hammer on the supervisor's desk within his easy reach. Nevertheless a complaint was made to Washington on the vague and flimsy basis that Pallares was a "troublemaker."

I gave Pallares's case history to Mr. Colyear [N. D. Collear], the immigration officer from Washington, who stated that he found no data therein which would incriminate Pallares to the extent of seriously considering deportation. He wondered if it would be possible to extract some information from Pallares himself by any means available which would further the plan to get him out of the way.

Towards this end Pallares was once again called into the office and this time a stenographer was planted where he could not see her and Colyear was also listening behind the closed door where Pallares could not see him. Again threats were made to "starve out" his ailing pregnant wife and six American born children to whom he was passionately devoted, if he did not admit that he was interested in organizing his friends into an unemployed council. . . .

At the hearing on his case before the Labor Department's Board of Review last spring Jesús was represented by an attorney for the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born. Among the papers on file in the case two remarkable documents came to light, the existence of which had hitherto been kept secret.

The first was a letter to Secretary of Labor Perkins from Governor Clyde Tingley of New Mexico, urging that Jesús's deportation be "expedited" on the extraordinary grounds that the Liga Obrera was "the New Mexico branch of the Communist organization." But the Governor, fully aware of how preposterous this charge was, and how unethical his interference in a federal judicial question, had been cautious enough to mark his letter "Personal and Confidential."

The second document was a telegram to the Immigration Bureau in Washington, so *incautious* as to be worth quoting in full:

Having trouble with Jesus Pallares on strike in this county. I understand he is under bond on account of the strike at Gallup, New Mexico, where the sheriff of that county was killed last spring. He is an alien from Old Mexico. We must act at once to save trouble and maybe lives in this county.

Francisco P. Delgado, Sheriff [of San Miguel County].

In four sentences the telegram managed to utter five deliberate falsehoods or innuendoes. 1. The sheriff's trouble was not with Jesús but with the strikers at the American Metals Company's mine at Terrero, New Mexico, who embarrassed him by their accurate shouts of "Scab!" 2. Jesús was not on strike—did not even live in the sheriff's county. 3. Jesús was under bond for deportation, not for strike activity in Gallup or elsewhere. 4. At the time of the death of Gallup's sheriff, Jesús was living 230 miles away in Santa Fe—was totally unconnected with the event. 5. The deportation of Jesús could not possibly save "trouble and maybe lives" so long as the sheriff insisted on breaking the strike by armed force and violence.

Curiously enough, two truths did creep into the sheriff's wire: first, that Jesús was indubitably "an alien from Old Mexico"; second that "we"—that is, New Mexico officials and the Bureau of Immigration—were acting in concert to railroad Jesús out of the country. And they have had their way. Jesús is deported.

New Deal Recovery

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

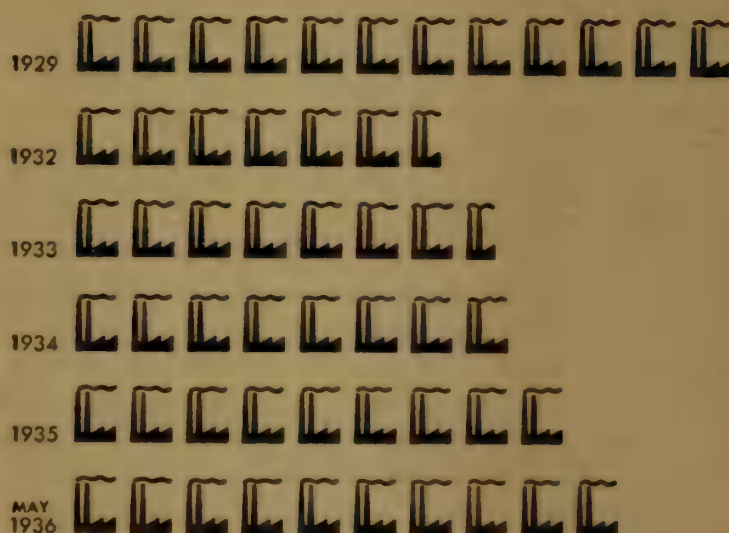
DESPITE all that Governor Landon and the Liberty League may say between now and November, it is no longer possible to deny that Roosevelt's three years in office have been marked by a vigorous economic recovery. Even the most irreconcilable of the newspapers opposed to the New Deal bear testimony to its success on their financial pages. The recent contra-seasonal boom in the steel industry, accompanied by a substantial improvement in all lines of business activity, has carried the Federal Reserve Board's unadjusted index of production above the 1923-1925 average for the first time since early in 1930. At its present level the index is not only well above the 1930 average but is within five points of that of 1927. By May, industrial production had regained more than 70 per cent of its depression losses, consumer expenditures had recovered 61 per cent, farm income had come back 52 per cent, and department-store sales had won 54 per cent of their lost ground. While it may seem ironical to speak of recovery when more than 11,000,000 Americans are still walking the streets, the fact remains that 6,000,000 men have gone back to work since 1933, and 3,500,000 more have obtained emergency employment under New Deal agencies.

The average voter is not particularly concerned whether or not the Democratic Administration is responsible for these gains. He paid no heed to Hoover's plea in 1932 that the depression was due to world conditions, and he is unlikely to inquire too carefully into the causes of the upswing. Nevertheless, it is an issue on which conscientious citizens must pass judgment. And it is an issue which is unusually baffling because of the complexity of the forces operating within our economic system. The New Deal has never possessed a consistent economic policy. In the effort to stimulate recovery the Administration has experimented with almost every conceivable panacea from tariff reduction and government retrenchment to silver inflation and price fixing. Some of these experiments have been conspicuously successful and others little short of disastrous, but all have been in response to pressure from highly articulate economic groups. If there have been inconsistencies in the New Deal, they have been due to the fundamental divergence of interests among many of these groups.

Monetary Policy. The most urgent pressure on the Administration was to do something for prices. Farmers, businessmen, debtors, and property owners were in a mood to support any measure which promised to halt the relentless march of deflation. It was only natural, therefore, that a gold embargo should be one of President Roosevelt's first official acts. At the time this was believed to be merely an emergency measure, but subsequent events suggest that Mr. Roosevelt had already determined on monetary depre-

ciation as the cornerstone of his recovery program. Unlike Great Britain, the United States was not forced off the gold standard by external pressure. Despite extensive losses in the months just previous to the bank holiday, the gold holdings of the Federal Reserve System on April 19, 1933—the day on which Secretary Woodin announced our departure from the gold standard—were the highest in history, except for a brief period preceding England's suspension of gold payments. But a good share of the American public had inherited a naive faith in monetary nos-

INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION IN U.S.



Each symbol represents 10 percent of 1923-25 production

PICTORIAL STATISTICS, INC.

trums from the days of the Populist and William Jennings Bryan, and it was not interested in the effect of American policy on the outside world. It wanted higher prices, and a cheap dollar was the most obvious means to attain this end.

While the Administration has been unsuccessful in its effort to restore the 1926 price level, no responsible economist would deny that monetary policy has played an important role in stimulating the recovery process. Four years of deflation, with its drastic reduction of wages, prices, and profits, had brought business to a standstill. The abandonment of the gold standard, carrying with it the threat of inflation, induced an orgy of speculative buying which served as an immediate stimulus to the whole economic process. For the first time in years profits surged upward. Business men were able to dispose of their goods at a higher level of prices than that which prevailed when they purchased their raw materials, and were further aided by the fact that wages tended to lag behind advancing prices. Between March and July, 1933, the dollar declined nearly 30 per cent in gold value, wholesale prices rose 15 per

cent, and business activity jumped nearly 60 per cent. By mid-July the prospects of immediate inflation began to dim, and the dollar recovered sharply, followed by an even sharper recession in production. With the beginning of September the NRA replaced monetary policy as the primary influence on business; but the devaluation of the dollar at the end of January, 1934, was followed by a second, though milder, boom which laid the basis for the present recovery movement.

As against these gains, the devaluation of the dollar destroyed the last hope of restoring a functioning world economy, aggravated the general trend toward economic nationalism and ultimate war, and laid the foundations, in excess reserves of nearly three billion dollars, for a catastrophic credit inflation.

The AAA. Of all the discontented groups in the country in the spring of 1933, farmers were unquestionably the most vocal. To them the depression was the final blow after years of hardship following the post-war collapse. Yet they had been hit more severely by the crisis than any other important group. Their gross cash income declined from twelve billions in 1929 to barely five in 1932, while their indebtedness remained practically unchanged. The subsequent rise in farm income to eight billion dollars in 1935 cannot be attributed entirely to the AAA. Export commodities like wheat and cotton were immediately responsive to changes in the value of the dollar, while the series of disastrous droughts in the West has eliminated the tremendous carryover which formerly depressed prices. But with due allowance for these factors, it cannot be denied that the restriction of production achieved through AAA policy, the bounties and government purchases of surplus stocks have at least temporarily contributed to saving the American farmer from bankruptcy.

In achieving this a series of complications have been introduced which make the permanent solution of the farm problem more difficult than ever. As a result of the artificial stimulation of American cotton prices, countries like India, Brazil, and China have found it profitable to expand their cotton production until they have taken over a large portion of our foreign market. For the Southeast, already under severe disadvantages in competition with the Southwest, this shift in world demand threatens to be catastrophic—especially for tenants and sharecroppers, who are the true marginal producers. Similarly, the United States appears to have lost the greater part of its once great market for wheat—thus reducing the producers of this basic commodity to a position of more or less permanent dependence on federal charity. Closely associated with this is the still unsolved problem of how to provide American consumers with sufficient purchasing power to absorb the great increase in agricultural production that is needed if the American people are to have an adequate diet.

The NRA. Most heralded and most controversial of all the Administration's recovery measures was the NRA. The National Industrial Recovery Act was essentially an attempt to compromise the demands of labor and business for government aid. It had three objectives: 1. To raise mass purchasing power by increasing wages in advance of prices. 2. To spread work by the shortening of the hours

of labor. 3. To eliminate cut-throat competition by concealed price-fixing. The first of these objectives, which was the one most widely advertised, was attained only in a minority of instances. Although there can be no doubt that the codes raised the wages of some groups of workers by more than the increased cost of living, real wages of industrial workers as a whole were actually lower during the early months of the NRA than at the depth of the depression in 1932. Instead of wages rising in advance of prices, as was the theory behind the NRA, price-increases started before the NRA codes were adopted and more than offset the higher wages for most workers. At least a third of the employees of the country were exempt from the jurisdiction of the NRA, and these particularly suffered from the general price increases brought about by the codes.

Although the NRA never put back to work the 4,000,000 persons that General Johnson predicted in the early days of the Blue Eagle, it added about 1,750,000 to the industrial payrolls of the country. This was achieved by lowering the average work week of industrial employees by approximately 6 per cent. Since money wages tended to be increased rather than cut when hours were reduced, hourly wages for the working-class rose by approximately 10 per cent. Weekly earnings, on the other hand, increased only 3 or 4 per cent as compared with an 8 or 10 per cent rise in the cost of living. This left the real wages of the average worker about 5 or 6 per cent lower than before the codes were adopted—which was the price paid for sharing jobs with 1,750,000 newcomers. As far as the workers as a whole were concerned, therefore, the NRA turned out to be little more than a gigantic share-the-work movement, although certain of the most needy groups were undoubtedly benefited from the program. The American Federation of Labor is probably correct when it states that 839,000 workers have been deprived of jobs because of the lengthening of hours since the invalidation of the NRA, but even with these additional hours labor's income has just about kept pace with rising living costs. Out of fairness it should be added that this negative appraisal of the NRA takes no account of the undoubted stimulus to labor organizations obtained from section 7-a of the national recovery act.

It is almost impossible to say how much of the startling increase in business profits which occurred in 1933 and 1934 can be attributed to the NRA. The net income of all corporations operating at a profit showed a rise of 35 per cent in 1933, and 32 per cent in 1934. Excluding utilities and banks, the increase in 1934 over the previous year was 64 per cent. Since labor costs are dependent largely on *hourly wage rates*, one is probably safe in saying that business earnings did not rise as rapidly as they would have without the NRA, despite the advantage of price-fixing. This conclusion is borne out by a 42 per cent rise in profits in 1935 without the benefit of the codes and a more than 50 per cent increase in the first half of 1936. The fact that in two years of the NRA the business index never touched the pre-NRA level also raises serious doubts regarding the Blue Eagle's merit as a harbinger of recovery.

Government Works and Relief. Conservative critics of the New Deal have directed their attack chiefly on the

alleged extravagance of its relief and public-works programs. From the standpoint of efficiency, the record is indeed open to criticism. The Administration would have difficulty in showing a dollar-for-dollar increase in the material wealth of the United States to compensate for the eight billions appropriated for the various public-works programs. It has fallen down completely in the case of housing. Although vast housing projects were to have been the backbone of the recovery program, less than seventy millions were actually spent for this purpose in the first three years. And all the projects now under way will provide accommodations for only about 20,000 of the 15,000,000 families who are now living in homes which fail to come up to minimum housing standards. On other types of public works the Administration's record is only slightly better. We find, for example, that in April, 1936—after three years of the New Deal—only 265,000 persons were employed on PWA projects.

As far as the emergency was concerned it did not really matter whether the government obtained value received for every dollar it spent. What counted was whether the money was actually being distributed to the needy. Here the Administration's record is somewhat more satisfactory. The CWA, the FERA, and the WPA have varied considerably in different localities and under changing rulings, but they at least have served a useful purpose in providing aid for millions of needy families and in thus increasing consumer purchasing power at the point that it was most needed.

The Silver Program. Of all the New Deal policies, the silver-buying program is the most obvious illustration of the Administration's largesse to highly organized minorities. Under the guise of raising the purchasing power of the vast populations of India and China and of strengthening monetary reserves, Congress passed a bill on June 19, 1934, authorizing the Treasury to purchase silver on the world market at a price not to exceed \$1.29 an ounce. Subsequently, the United States launched an aggressive buying policy which ran the world price up to eighty-one cents an ounce from the twenty-six-cent level which had prevailed early in 1933. Thereupon Mexico was forced to abandon the silver standard, and various South American countries and China took measures to prevent the export of silver. Frightened by the disastrous effect of its policy abroad, the Treasury curtailed its purchases and the price collapsed, leaving the United States holding the bag with hundreds of millions of ounces of silver purchased at higher levels. Even today the government is paying seventy-seven and one-half cents an ounce for domestic silver which is worth forty-five cents on the world market. And owing to large gold imports in the past year, the Treasury is farther from its avowed objective of maintaining a quarter of its reserves in silver than it was before the program was launched.

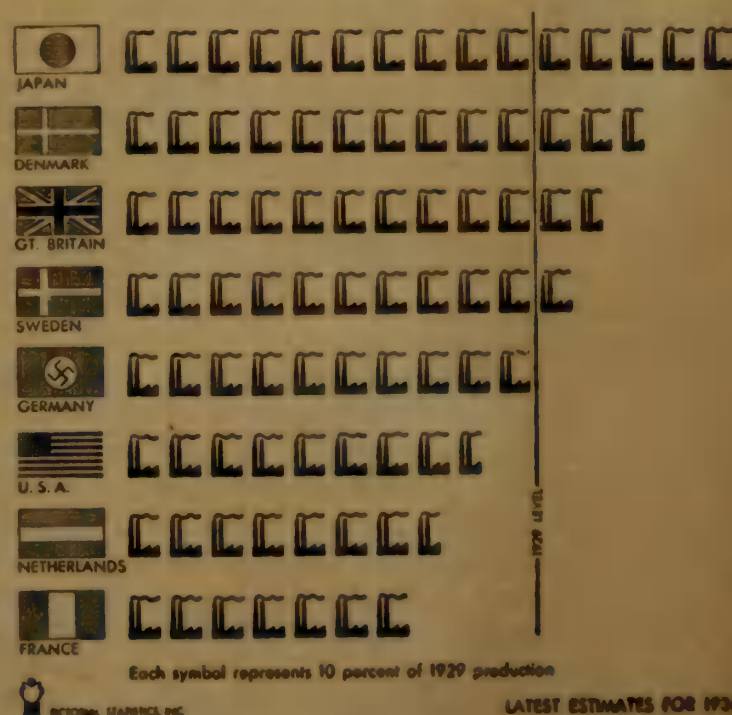
Tariff Policy. The Administration's tariff policy is particularly significant in that it represents a direct reversal of the policies of the preceding Republican administrations. It places the interests of consumers, exporters, and farmers ahead of the highly organized industrial interests. It is also important as the one phase of New Deal policy that is not

avowedly nationalistic in its conception. Unfortunately, only a handful of reciprocal agreements have been concluded under the new program, and most of these have been in effect such a short time that it is difficult to pass judgment regarding their value. Where preliminary figures are available, there has been in each instance at least a slight gain in both imports and exports. The rise in imports has been particularly impressive and important as a means of correcting our top-heavy trade balance, but it is difficult to say how much of this increase may be attributed to the drought, how much to general economic recovery, and how much to the reduction in duties under the various trade agreements. Nevertheless, the new policy has aided in halting the pell-mell stampede toward economic nationalism. It has also served a useful purpose in removing tariff action from the realm of Congressional log-rolling and substituting more scientific means of determining tariff rates through administrative agencies. These gains were largely offset, however, when the Administration ignored the recommendations of the Tariff Commission and invoked new trade restrictions on imports from Germany and Japan under the anti-dumping provisions of the Smoot-Hawley tariff.

The conflict between immediate domestic pressures and the conditions for a stabilized economy has been apparent in all phases of New Deal policy. In 1933 the President was faced with a choice between attempting to restore the international economic system with its self-regulating mechanism and creating a national economy in which the old controls—that is, gold and capital movements—were no longer operative. The old system had broken down, partly because of the unwillingness of the United States to assume the responsibilities of a creditor nation, and partly because mass purchasing power failed to keep pace with production. In rejecting monetary stabilization at the Lon-

RECOVERY

INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES



don Conference, Mr. Roosevelt cut loose from the traditional system and embarked on the uncharted sea of national economic organization. Having turned aside from financial orthodoxy, it was not particularly difficult to find means for temporarily stimulating buying power. The question is whether in tampering with the balance wheel which the gold standard offered he has not created a series of new problems more difficult than the old. Devaluation has increased the deflationary pressure on the gold countries and is directly responsible for our huge immobilized gold stocks with their tremendous inflationary possibilities. The AAA has wiped out a large part of the foreign market for our chief agricultural commodities; and the Administration's relief and work programs have left us a heritage of debt as a burden on production.

Meanwhile, the New Deal has done nothing to correct the inequality of wealth which has created our present insecurity. With the self-adjusting mechanism of the old system gone, economic stability can only be achieved by regulating the stream of mass purchasing power so as to prevent the accumulation of surpluses. The Social Security Act is a gesture in this direction, but its benefits are so limited, the period of payment so brief, and the coverage so inadequate that it falls far short of the need. To assure an uninterrupted flow of real income to the masses of the population, the funds for social security and relief purposes must obviously be drawn from groups who otherwise would not utilize their full income for living purposes. This the New Deal has ignored for very obvious political reasons.

The Democratic platform might have been more restrained in claiming credit for the upturn of the past few years if the voters as a whole were more familiar with the recovery record in other countries, many of which have pursued policies diametrically opposed to the New Deal. When we congratulate ourselves that the American index of business activity has climbed to within 15 per cent of the 1929 level, we forget that Great Britain is 15 per cent above that level; and that despite the severe crisis of 1930-1931, Japanese industry is 50 per cent over the 1929 average. Sweden's industry is also 10 per cent more active than seven years ago, while Denmark has gained 25 per cent. France, the Netherlands, and Poland, on the other hand, are still 20-25 per cent below normal. Generalizations are notoriously dangerous, but it is impossible to avoid noticing that all of the countries which have progressed beyond the 1929 standard have depreciated currencies and that the countries which have clung to gold are still in the throes of depression. Except for Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia, the United States has the poorest record of any country with a devalued currency. While it would not be wise to push the point too far, the inference is that apart from devaluation the New Deal policies have been of very dubious value. Possibly a reservation should be made regarding public-works expenditures, since Sweden and Germany, as well as the United States, have apparently been benefited by large-scale government spending. But apart from these temporary and necessarily limited devices, there is no evidence that the alphabetical magic of the New Deal has solved the basic problems of capitalism.

Election Forecasts

By AL GRAHAM

(Mr. Graham was sent by The Nation to interview a group of political experts on the prospects of the election. In presenting their views we want to make clear that they are not necessarily our own. Editors The Nation.)

SENATOR CONSOMME: Landon will be defeated by at least a billion votes. Don't ask me how I arrived at this figure. All I know is that if it isn't a billion these days, it isn't a figure.

CONGRESSMAN BEIGE: Landon will carry the East, sweep the West, surprise the South, and give Coney Island something to think about. You know the old adage: "As goes Coney Island, so goes Luna Park."

FORMER MAYOR MCPLUMP: The Yankees can't lose. With boys like LaMaggio, DeGehrig, and O'Gomez they can't lose. Incidentally, who are they playing?

FORMER MAYOR WHITHER: Go away and let me wilt, singing willow, tit-willow, tit-wilt.

CIRCEAN J. DEBACLE, Radio Commenator: I favor Landon over Knox, Martin Van Buren over James K. Polk, and Moon over Miami. B-U-L-O-V-A Hamilton Watch Time Marches ON!

CONGRESSMAN PEACHY: Home is where the heart is. Every cloud has a silver lining. As ye sow, so shall ye reap. Politics makes strange bedfellows. Seven, come eleven!

E. J. MAYHAP, Economist: I predict a $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{victory} \\ \text{defeat} \end{array} \right\}$ for the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Landon} \\ \text{Roosevelt} \end{array} \right\}$ forces, with $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Knox} \\ \text{Garner} \end{array} \right\}$ winning the Vice-Presidency. Vote for one.

E. J. LUCID, Statistician: Kansas, with a Republican majority of .078 in the last straw vote, will probably go to Hoover and Dawes. Missouri, according to the *Literary Digest* poll, should elect Funk & Wagnalls. That leaves Vermont as the only doubtful state, with 000 omitted.

E. J. PELLICLE, Political Analyst: Of course, the Democratic platform includes a mean average rainfall plank; but this is offset by the Republican plank providing for a daily high and low tide. If the third party expects to get anywhere, it can't overlook the platform possibilities of the much-maligned ring around the moon.

EX-SENATOR DISSONANCE: The only thing the New Deal Has given us is a game called "What's This?" By the way, what's *this*?

EX-CONGRESSMAN HANDIES: What this country needs is a New Deal with teeth in it. Something that could be sung to the tune of "O Susanna, don't chew pine for me; I'm off for Alabama with bicuspid on my knee."

EX-CONGRESSMAN FOOTIES: Or how about a song called "Three false fangs! See how they bite! See how they bite!"

EX-CONGRESSMAN GREASE: Slogans, bah! Songs, phooey! Mud will win the war! It's good to the last sling!

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE tragedy of Geneva is really beyond describing. But this much is clear: If the League perishes the responsibility rests squarely with the men, mis-called statesmen, who have ruled England and France. I have carefully read Eden's and Baldwin's speeches announcing the great surrender. They have left me totally unconvinced. Baldwin bravely says that he does not care if others beside Lloyd George call him a miserable coward; he prefers that to war. Both men say England has no reason to be ashamed. It gave a lead to the League, but it did not dominate it or dictate to it. They are certain that sanctions could not have been better enforced or Ethiopia restored without war for which they admit England was not prepared and nobody desired. It is quite too bad that the Italian armies succeeded so amazingly quickly, but that was not the fault of the League. So sanctions are called off and Mussolini is given the victory and let us now plan how to strengthen the League—probably by doing away with the very power to declare and enforce sanctions!

To Haile Selassie's noble, eloquent, and touching appeal for aid and justice no answer is given because none could be. His statements cannot be controverted nor the complete justice to his cause denied. If he and his people have been outraged, robbed, abandoned, and dispossessed, why let us forget all about them. Better luck next time. Let's see if we cannot patch up some device which will work another day, even if the chief backers of sanctions are then as hypocritical, as cowardly, and as stupid as those of France and England this time. So the robber and rapist, the violator of treaties, the murderer of men, women, and children by poison gas, goes scot free. It is even decided to dodge the question of recognizing the crime as an accepted fact and of its validation by diplomatic recognition. I submit that nothing more shocking can be found in the annals of modern history. One dictator is allowed to defy and defeat not only the League, which had given him a careful trial, heard all the evidence, and found him guilty on every count, but the public opinion of the world. What can we say to youth in the face of this? Can we assert that the world is ruled by a benign Providence or that the present rulers of the great nations involved are worthy of anything else than utter contempt? Certainly we cannot deny that the worst offenders are the successors of Gladstone, who put the moral weight of England on the side of the Armenians, and Campbell-Bannerman, who dared to defy public opinion by his opposition to the Boer War waged by his own country.

For the first time in the memory of man we have seen English statesmen tremblingly hoist the white flag because of the threat of a nation running amok. Then, I hear it said, you wanted war? Of course not. My opposition

to all war is unshakable as long as breath remains to me. I wanted no battleships sent to the Mediterranean. I agree with my friend, Lord Ponsonby, who in a recent admirable speech in the House of Lords said: "Every man, ship, aeroplane, tank, or bomb that you add and that you spend your treasures upon is bringing you nearer the tragedy of war. I say that, not only of this country, but of every country." It was a fatal mistake to send England's mightiest battleships to the Mediterranean. It provoked Mussolini to threaten war; it might easily, as everybody admits, have caused war. Baldwin and Eden insist now that the English were not ready for war and did not desire war in any case. Then, why, in God's name, did they court it? Nothing could illustrate more clearly the crass stupidity of the Baldwin government. Is it responsible statesmanship to send your ships to the Mediterranean to be ready for war or provoke it when your country will not fight?

Any responsible statesman embarking upon the sanctions policy would have weighed the consequences, would have considered in advance every possible contingency, including the speedy military victory of Italy, and would have thought out what would take place in that event. But, says Baldwin, all the military men assured us that that could not happen. Possibly they did in London—but not in Berlin. There the officers especially assigned to follow the Italian campaign pronounced it admirably planned and certain to succeed promptly. The excuse is only an indictment when one considers the horrible blunders of the British brass hats during the World War. It was Baldwin's and Eden's duty to be ready to face just such an event or not go in for sanctions at all. Yet these are the men who tell England that now she must prepare for war as never before!

What was needed was a resolute determination to impose no sanctions unless oil and other raw materials were included and then to follow up this move by the withdrawal of all ambassadors and consuls from Italy and all foreigners residing there save those wishing to remain at their own peril. Still other peaceful boycott measures were available. But the determination to *win* was not in the hearts of the British or French leaders. They should never have tried the new weapon of sanctions unless they were sure of themselves and their program. They hoped that it would not explode in their hands. It did and it has blown English prestige sky high, and perhaps destroyed the new peace machinery as well. Never has Britain's national stock stood so low; never has its empire been in such danger of collapsing. But the most horrible thing about it remains that the very measures Baldwin is taking to prevent war are certain to bring those airplanes over London of which he admits—for Hitler's information—he is deathly afraid.

BROUN'S PAGE

ELISHA HANSON, who is very largely neglecting his utility practice these days in order to defend the freedom of the press, made an interesting address last week at the Bucknell University Summer School in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Hanson is general counsel for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. He is an extremely able lawyer and lobbyist and palpably devoted to the cause of the clients whom he serves. They in return are devoted to Elisha, and in recent years he expresses even more closely than Walter Lippmann the point of view of the newspaper owners of America. Besides, Mr. Lippmann is on a vacation. When the freedom of the press seems at stake Mr. Hanson never sleeps, or if he naps he keeps his boots on and hangs his pants beside the bed.

Right now Mr. Hanson spies a new danger which he calls "propaganda." According to the lawyer it was practically unknown until George Creel was put at the head of the Committee on Public Information during the war. But now Elisha Hanson sees it sneaking up on unwary publishers from all sides, trying to slip into the news columns material which should have been carried around to the counting house and paid for at the usual advertising rates. He included among the groups which would take advantage of newspaper generosity in this matter, "business, trade unionism, farmer pressure organizations, social workers, religious workers, women's clubs, political parties, and the agencies of the New Deal."

To some extent I agree with Mr. Hanson. For instance, I have never cared much for the religious pages in American newspapers. I have seen long extracts printed from sermons which most certainly were not news. I am again in agreement about "women's clubs." Indeed I think Mr. Hanson might well have gone much further in this respect. A very heavy percentage of the material printed under the head, "Society," is pure puffery. There are even papers where "Society" is made up wholly of those near and dear to the advertisers. But, on the other hand, I think Mr. Hanson is wrong in citing the labor movement as something which has no right of access to the newspapers save through the purchase of advertising space. To be sure, he has not elaborated his position and I am not quite certain where he would draw his line. I cannot help suspecting that Elisha Hanson and others interested in newspaper prosperity have been thinking over the recent venture of the Steel Institute into national advertising. The sum spent for the full page advertisements in more than three hundred papers has been estimated as running anywhere from a quarter to a half million dollars. As advertising campaigns go this is mere small change, but it is one of the largest handouts I have ever known in the American newspaper business where no sale of a product was even indirectly concerned.

In explaining his position in the matter of news and

advertising Mr. Hanson is quoted in the *Herald Tribune* as saying, "Each one of these groups is constantly trying to get its message across to the public. Each of them would, if it could, get that message across through the newspapers of this country. No one of them is content to sell its propaganda through the advertising columns of the newspapers. Rather all prefer the less expensive and more effective method of getting their messages into the news columns themselves."

But I am still curious to know just what Mr. Hanson's definition may be as to what is news and what is propaganda. Eugene Grace of the Steel Institute and John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America vary in their idea as to the proper method of organizing the workers in the steel industry. Are their views on this matter news or not? Does each side get one bite and then no more? To some extent the Steel Institute has admitted the validity of the Newspaper Publishers' position as expressed by Elisha Hanson. It has already spent several hundreds of thousands of dollars to state its case in the advertising columns. But is this a wholly satisfactory or even fair method? The United Mine Workers constitute a powerful union with a large reserve fund in their treasury, but they can hardly afford to match dollar for dollar with the five-billion-dollar organization such as the Steel Institute.

And taking the problem into other channels, would Mr. Hanson think that a union of share-croppers should remain unmentioned in the American newspapers unless it goes out and buys advertising space? And how about a union of reporters? As a matter of fact, a few papers have given a good deal of space to the guild in their news columns. In New York the *Times* and the *Evening Post* have been conspicuously fair. No matter what the story, the *Sun* seldom goes beyond referring to "a newspaper organization" and it very rarely goes that far. In New York the Hearst press does not mention the guild. The *Times* carried two and a half columns on a story about the National Labor Relations Board and the Associated Press when the decision was rendered that Morris Watson had been discharged on account of guild activity. The *Sun* carried nothing. One of them must be wrong.

American publishers and editors have a delicate problem on their hands. It has been the custom to take money from John Doe, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and let him praise himself in advertising space plainly labeled as such. Naturally it has been the custom to take money from Richard Roe, the Republican candidate, on precisely the same basis. But the editors and publishers will have to draw a line somewhere. The Steel Institute can buy a full page advertisement for one issue. But suppose it wants to buy a page a day for an entire year? Wouldn't anybody feel that this was decidedly unfair whether the space was paid for or not? HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SOVIET ART—A LETTER FROM TIFLIS

BY EMMA L. DAVIS

Tiflis, U. S. S. R.

IT IS a year now since I came to Soviet Russia to see how the plastic arts were being developed under socialism, how the artists organize, and what helpful things might be learned and brought back to our own artists. The plain truth is that over here I have seen more to be avoided than followed in the arts. Graphic work excepted—I shall speak of that later—the general level of painting and sculpture is appalling: muddy-colored illustrations and smeary, soggy plaster busts. A few people are "not bad," but this to me is even more dreary. The only exception I saw to this rule was the work of the sculptor Dmitri Tsaplin, but he is so entirely an individual, a harsh and earnest shaper of stone, that he proves nothing about the tendencies affecting lesser people.

Why, with every advantage of work, freedom of subject, and official patronage, does the Russian artist produce bad work? I believe it is because he falls between two stools: between what he is and was trained to be, and the amazing, sprouting life of which he is supposed to be the interpreter. In a nutshell, the Russian artist is a petit bourgeois from a stodgy academy, while Soviet life—the realest and best of it—is socialist.

The Soviet Union is an astonishing hodge-podge of the old and the new: superstition, invention, shopkeeper fearfulness, frontier bravado, solid merit, and worthless junk. All are to be found in any country, quieter, beneath. But here all are in the limelight. I landed in Moscow in the middle of the upheaval, with few letters of introduction and not many more words of Russian. The first item on my program was to find a—or the—artists' organization. And right here I discovered a grave shortcoming of the average Russian—no one could tell us who or where the artists were. Unfortunately the three slogans of the populace still are "Never mind," "Tomorrow," and "I don't know." Two weeks of stalking finally revealed a Society of Revolutionary (it ought to be written Reactionary) Artists.

I took my membership card from the New York Artists' Union, photographs of my work, and a letter from the Soviet Embassy in Washington, and feeling well armed, stormed the place. The only people about were a critic named Dourous, and a smug fellow with bedroom eyes. They were very polite and enthusiastic and evasive. I took their persiflage in earnest, partly because I understood Russian so little, partly because I was green and thought that all the professed Communists over here were the real thing. After a second and a third visit, when not one question had been answered, I lost patience. These were precisely the sort of people I had left New York to get away from—bourgeois hangers-on of the arts, if anything a bit

worse than the domestic product because they substituted for positive bad qualities the negative ones of evasiveness and fearfulness.

They were afraid of me because I had not come with letters from American revolutionary organizations: a thing I could not then have sincerely managed as I did not know what my beliefs were on the subject. Let me say here that fear of this sort, so typical of the Russian bourgeois (though he may even belong to the party) is never found in the class-conscious worker, who is eager, direct, and conscious of freedom.

I tried another tack. A new friend introduced me to a well-known painter who managed to jockey me into an art organization—with difficulty, for I was "modern" and the Soviet Union is still in antimacassars. My heart sank when I saw the sort of things they liked—Sunday School trophies and Civil War memorials. There was a potter in the crowd who made vases and ash trays covered with a brown glaze with a purple glint in it—was it meant for a copper luster?—and with metallic blisters on the shoulders. He was clapped on the back and called a great master. They all drank much tea and ate many expensive cakes and talked inexhaustibly. There was not a craftsman as far as the eye could reach.

However, they gave me a visa and a contract and I tried it for a month. They did not like the piece I made for them. I cannot blame them much. I decided to get away from the whole second-hand-Paris, thirty-years-ago atmosphere; so I signed up on the Metrostroy, the Moscow subway, as an ordinary laborer. This was different and real, and I caught at least a glimpse of the *good* thing that is being done with people here.

To go back to the arts, things are quite as bad here in Tiflis. There is no taste, there is no standard, and junk is the order of the day. Nervous bourgeois gentlemen, quaking lest they do the wrong thing politically, sit in offices such as that of the Art Kombinat, in a helpless turmoil of telephone calls, questions, requests, expostulations, and delayed pay rolls, unable to do anything but roll up their eyes, shrug their shoulders, turn out their palms, and say "Tomorrow." They will all slide to hell on tomorrow.

Meanwhile the shop in front of this madhouse sells a naive but willing public statuettes of pioneers painted with metallic colors, ash-trays with puppies eating from them, clay pots painted in oil colors by a lady artist with crude imitations of Greek and Egyptian patterns, and a whole window full of cheap jimcracks.

Not long after I wrote this last paragraph I was in the corner Gastronom, or grocery store, where I saw something very fine—simply a stack of goods on display—tins

of egg plant with labels of brownish paper, irregularly bricked up with round blue and white cartons of Gruyère cheese. On top of the column was a white glazed jug of liqueur. It was a first class still life; it had color and variety of form, and the textures were admirable. It was right in the day's work, too.

Posters are also excellent. In the Chamber of Commerce in Moscow you can see truer and technically far better pictures of the life and feeling of the country than in the Tretyakoff Gallery, which has served Russia as a receiving vault for all the second-rate illustration since the last of the Ikons.

Another field of excellence is graphic work, book illustrations, and jackets. The Russians make wood blocks as delicate as seals, but with fine, solid spacing of the black and white. Very imaginative. Equally fine are drawings in pencil and litho. It does not much matter what they use; the ideas and the material employed to convey them spin out together as simply and rightly as yarn from a hank of fleece. There is talent aplenty here. What becomes of it when it tries its hand at Art with the big A?

The fault would seem to lie with bad personnel and tradition. When the shade of la Rive Gauche has been laid to rest with all the little painters who admired Bastien Lepage, when living conditions are fuller and more secure, and when propaganda is no longer defensive, then a new tide may be expected to rise and swamp the academies—a tide of the people, strong, sincere, and fresh. I think of it whenever I hear the soldiers singing as they clump through the streets. A chantey man sings out the verse and then the three-part chorus crashes in. The peculiarly Russian harmonies suddenly widen and narrow. The tenor voice comes out alone for a second in a queer, wild curl, and then the other parts lift under it at a full yell. Let people who feel that be trained in the other arts, with an experimental point of view, with sound workmanship, and they can do anything—at least in the Soviet Union, where the artist is not laughed at or wondered at but made use of.

BOOKS

Men of Good Will: Volume V.

THE EARTH TREMBLES. By Jules Romain. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

ALMOST everybody who has read what M. Romain has so far published of his "Men of Good Will" is agreed that it is an important undertaking, but there is less agreement as to just how important it is, or in just what its chief importance lies. Naturally, since the work is but half-complete, all judgments are provisional, but by now some of the questions we have raised are beginning to be answered. We have caught the measure of M. Romain's ability; we have roughly grasped the tempo and proportions of the work; we have a pretty good notion of his fictional and historical intentions. But concerning the most important thing of all, his philosophic intentions, his point of view, we are still in the dark; and until we know, we cannot hope to interpret and evaluate "Men of Good Will"

with any assurance of being relevant, let alone being right. I for one should not like to guess as to precisely what Romain is trying to say or, faced by so many characters and incidents, through whom and what he is principally trying to say it.

Nevertheless, one has by now begun to take M. Romain's virtues, simply as a novelist, for granted—to count on him to provide us with lifelike characters, sound motivations, dramatic scenes, convincing crises—and to concentrate our attention on Romain the social historian. We cannot help knowing, at least, that he is writing a work whose prime importance is its social importance, whose people have come to signify society in the modern world, and whose dependence upon factual reality is quite as great as its dependence upon the impetus of art. The skeleton for clothing "Men of Good Will" is not the familiar literary "notebook" of Flaubert or Henry James or Gide—though of course the foreplanning of a work like this must have been prodigious—but the French equivalent of something so factual and journalistic as Mark Sullivan's "Our Times." We are working with a novelist who must, if he wants to produce a living and revealing whole, remember things perhaps even oftener than he invents them. For he is striving creatively within an orbit of already created things; he is bringing his artistic determination to bear against what, socially speaking, history has already determined.

All the emphasis, for me at least, in this fifth American volume of the work, falls not on the personal but on the social and historical side of the picture: the railway strike of 1910, the maneuvering of armament makers, the formation and fall of cabinets, the impact of Left sentiment, the experience of undercover political workers, the details of Franco-German diplomacy, the imminence of war. We have thus penetrated into the main stream of the period, we are among people who are *consciously* playing their part in history-making. What we are given of their private lives is considerable and all to the good; but it comes second. It has the value of keeping us in the fluid human world which the novel, if it is to be a valid novel, is obligated to portray; and it has the further and, in this case perhaps, greater value of contrasting the world of the fireside, with its emotions and sensibilities and unique adventures, with the world of affairs, so pat, so shabby and, despite all the power it has to determine men's fates, so shallow.

Where all this will lead, what it will add up to, is of the greatest interest. It would seem to be leading us to see by what misdirections and mistakes capitalist civilization has hastened its collapse: it may even make us see that by whatever route it traveled, capitalist civilization was doomed to collapse. On the other hand M. Romain may do no more than sum up impartially all the thinking and action, all the points of view, proceeding out of modern life in France, and leave us, map in hand, to draw our own conclusions. That is all, so far, that he has given definite evidence of doing. That has been enough, of course, to prove his familiarity with all shades of thought, all ways of life, in pre-war France, and to express them with intelligence and irony.

Artistically, I doubt whether we shall be able to judge "Men of Good Will," when it is complete, as we have judged the novel, even the long novel, even the Proustian novel, in the past. It already constitutes, by the old standards, an impure esthetic experience. It is so cross-sectional, so expansive, so centrifugal in method as to violate the spirit of the novel as one of the time-arts. We feel more strongly that we are cutting across something than that we are going somewhere. And so we feel that Romain, for all his gifts of observation, invention, verisimilitude, psychological insight, is preparing for us a great document rather than a great novel. To date

"Men of Good Will" is too expert, too *clever* for "art," but it is thoroughly in keeping with a minute investigation of the social fabric. Though he works on a scale which will always be rare with writers, Romaine is possibly the first to show us the implications of the social fiction of the future—where the creative impulse as we conceive it will only rewrite the realities of history, instead of using them as starting points or points of departure.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Without Benefit of Politics

TRUTH AND REALITY, A LIFE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN WILL. By Otto Rank. Authorized translation from the German, with a preface, by Dr. Jessie Taft. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

WILL THERAPY, AN ANALYSIS OF THE THERAPEUTIC PROCESS IN TERMS OF RELATIONSHIP. Authorized translation from the German, with a preface and introduction, by Dr. Jessie Taft. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ONE can with much "truth" view life as a race, a fight, a ship setting sail, a business enterprise, a search for solace (man as valetudinarian), a nightmare ("fitful fever"), a recruiting of one's band, a building of a house, the paying of debts, and so on. One may consider it, with the churchmen, as a "preparation." Or one may prefer Goethe's secularized equivalent of preparation—with man having the vocation of eternal student, passing from apprenticeship to journeyman-ship, and incorporating the ideal end in the name chosen for his artistic identity, "Will Master."

Thus, one must also admit into the pantheon of metaphors Dr. Otto Rank's apparent preference for looking upon life as an endless dying and being born. Particularly in an era like ours, beset by conditions of crisis, we may note the relevance of a perspective shaped by an emphasis upon the "trauma of birth." On every side one picks up books wherein one finds authors symbolically slaying some portion of the self. Some men would even revise their family trees, treating their actual forbears as bar sinister and putting an ideal ancestry in their stead. After Byron, there have been many forms of symbolic regicide, as old authorities are deposed for new. Gide seems to identify his deepest sympathies with the role of bastard. Even those who talk of "evolution" are stressing the state of emergence, the process of "struggling to be born," though they mitigate the emphasis of those who talk of "revolution," a more dramatic and traumatic form of birth (the "r" being added to indicate the growl of the class struggle).

But though one must salute the relevance of Dr. Rank's key metaphor, one may not be so happy with the use he has made of it. Unless the reader is willing, as he reads, to supply supplementary material of his own, the contents may seem to him as remote as some primitive creation myth or as the weirdly fanciful structures of a Plotinus. Redemption, guilt, death, God, separation—the overtones of the vocabulary are almost those of the funeral oration. And one cannot help feeling that much of the anguish with which the author deals derives from that luxurious form of unemployment we call leisure.

It is my impression that the word "politics" does not occur once in these many hundred pages. In fact, there is not even an oblique handling of mass phenomena in any form, be it only a crowd at a football game. Dr. Rank completes the individualistic emphasis. His "analysis of the therapeutic process in terms of relationship" is focused within the limits of a private interchange between patient and doctor. The curative power of collective manifestations is given honorable mention,

but no technique is offered whereby the private therapeutic situation shades into relationships outside the study. The infant seems to profit by a kind of "tapering off" whereby the change from a completely gratifying existence to an existence with resistances, is gradual. But Dr. Rank offers no "bridge" from the study to life, except the upbuilding of the patient's "will." Is it possible that he should be analyzed for the presence of unconscious cruelty in the way he dwells upon the thought of shoving the patient from the therapeutic nest, as though he resented the function of therapy-motherhood the patient-child had forced upon him? Freud, sturdy patriarch, wanted to retain his authority over his patients, in the form of the ideology he gave them. This may explain the fact that his disciples so often think of themselves as "splitting off" from him, rather than as carrying on the torch. But in any case, I think that Dr. Rank underrates the Freudian emphasis in this respect. To give a man a philosophy is to make him obedient and independent both, since he can respond to its authority even while manipulating it in ways peculiar to himself.

Dr. Rank devotes many pages to an explanation of the differences between his approach and that of Freud. In the course of doing so, he unintentionally discloses at least that Freud is the superior as a dramatist, and dramatics is by no means an unimportant aspect of cure. But whatever the reader may think of Rank's additions and revisions, there is a point of view that can make them look very much alike. Thus, after condemning Freud for his great stress upon the "infantile," Dr. Rank finally settles down to handling everything in terms of "birth trauma." For a time he proposes to avoid this by centering his attention upon the artist, which is certainly a more adult emphasis. But even when approaching human relationships with the metaphor of the artist in the foreground, he typically stresses the individualistically "creative" aspect of the artist to the neglect of the collectivistically "communicative" aspect. And eventually the artist is found to have dropped away, and the "birth trauma" becomes the focus of attention.

Freud's and Rank's emphasis seem equally "infantile" in the sense that they consider human relationships in terms of non-political or pre-political coordinates (quite as the child himself does). Both lack the Aristotelian emphasis upon the *forensic* that must figure largely in our dealings with contemporary reality (and that Dr. Rank himself might have come upon, had he persisted in his approach through art). Both lack even the Church's emphasis upon *institutions* (in incipiently political form) that identify us as members of corporate units. Both deal with psychological forms at too great remove from the economic and vocational realities.

It seems that, where Dr. Rank's system of therapy succeeds, it succeeds because it is simply one more way of doing what successful therapies have always done—i.e., it gives the patient an attitude, filled out with documentary substance, that enables him to be humble and self-reliant simultaneously. The question is whether the substance, as presented exclusively in infantile, pre-political, non-forensic, non-economic material, is sufficient to enable us to encompass our full contemporary situation with accuracy. Somewhat inclining toward Freudian patriarchalism, I like to think that a philosophy ("ideology") equips a man by giving him both a father-authority and an instrument for him to use with independence. But psychoanalysis must face another birth trauma, so modifying its identity as integrally to encompass economic and forensic thought. The Marxist challenge suggests that it does not encompass enough—hence the man who takes this philosophy as his father-principle may be like the man of whom it was said that he had a dumb pap.

KENNETH BURKE

Essays at Random

ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

UNDER a title pleasantly reminiscent of Pater, the author of the incomparable "Road to Xanadu" gives us six long papers on subjects ranging from the Bible to Amy Lowell. The range itself is not more remarkable than the inclusion, as the very meat of the sandwich, of two essays dealing with the poetry of Hardy and of Meredith. It is rare enough in these days to find a reader of Meredith. When found, he turns out as often as not to have read "Richard Feverel" in college and "The Egoist" on a steamer. Mr. Lowes is a discriminating devotee and his ever-nuanced and familiarly roaming remarks contain two excellent points. He stresses the vigor, luminosity, and accuracy of Meredith's "reading of earth," and by extending this happy title phrase borrowed from Meredith himself he contrasts these qualities with those of Hardy's verse—a no less accurate but a much less sunlit and buoyant view of Nature. At the end of his book, Mr. Lowes comes back to the charge and demonstrates, by reprinting in verse form short prose passages from the novels, that Meredith is an unacknowledged imagist. Students of Harrison Ross Steeves will recall his own reading of Meredithian prose after that of a Walt Whitman poem to show the just value of mechanical definitions of poetry.

Hardy fares equally well at the hands of the critic, who proves himself thereby no less catholic than penetrating. One would expect it of a man who in dealing with Coleridge revealed his romanticism, in the sense of perceiving the greatness and wretchedness of man. Lowes says himself: "To love both Meredith and Hardy is more than a test of catholicity. It means possession of the power to appreciate at once the poignant beauty and the nameless dread that hand in hand walk with us through the world."

When it comes to the Bible the reader may feel that Mr. Lowes is a trifle bowed down by centuries of admiration. They do lend something to the object, as Hazlitt said, but why is the Bible the noblest monument of English prose? Because so many of its expressions have passed into everyday speech? But these are most often misquotations, and Mr. Lowes is guilty of one himself. Because of the moral fervor that breathes through the imagery? But that imagery can be considered fulsome and the fervor fanatical. Because of its influence on other prose writers? But was this greater than that of the Renaissance dramatists who preceded it or of Addison who followed? Certainly the jargon which comes from imitating the King James version and gives us morsels like the Lang, Leaf, and Myers translation of the "Iliad" is to be deplored and subtracted from the total of "great good influence." Ruskin's admirable prose is often called Biblical and adduced as proof of derived merit, but it really bears little resemblance to the Hampton Court gentlemen's pomp and circumstance. It is exceedingly direct and colloquial, and the big guns that boom in it now and again could be echoes of Marlowe as well as of the royal scribes. Mr. Lowes's adoration of the English dress given the sacred Book has one other weak spot. He tells us of the "inexpugnable racial tendency of the Hebrew mind to express not only emotions but ideas in apt and telling imagery." That "racial tendency" is suspect a priori, but let it pass; it is absurd because logically it makes all poets Hebrews while it asserts the doubtful proposition that all Hebrews were poets.

The penultimate essay, on Amy Lowell, is more than charitable; it is sympathetic. It shows a wide knowledge of her work though it omits—is it conscious choice?—all mention of her

SEX TECHNIQUE

By
**ISABEL
EMSLIE
HUTTON, M.B.,
Ch.B., M.D.**

Physician to the British
Hospital for Functional Mental
and Nervous Diseases, London
Foreword by **IRA S. WILE, M.D.**
Former Commissioner of Education,
N. Y. C.

in
MARRIAGE

ILLUSTRATED
with
EXPLANATORY
DIAGRAMS

SUBJECTS INCLUDED

PRE-MARITAL PREPARATION

Necessary Sex Knowledge—Sex Freedom Before Marriage for the Man; For the Woman—Sex Instinct in Men and Women Contrasted—Implications of Courtship—Hereditary Factors—The Age Factor—Indications of Sexual Incompatibility—The Neurotic Temperament in Marriage.

FIRST SEX ACT

Analysis of Sexual Intercourse—Preliminary Love-Play—Overcoming Mental Obstacles—Pain—Early Intercourse—The Fatigue Factor—The Husband's Part—The Wife's Part—Methods of Sexual Stimulation—The Active vs. the Passive Wife—Nervous Shock of First Intercourse—Temporary Impotence—Simultaneous Climax; How Produced.

THE SEX ORGANS

Knowledge of Male and Female Organs Essential to Both Husband and Wife—"Fitting"—Anatomy of Sex Organs—Hygiene of Sex Organs—How Fertilization Takes Place.

SEX LIFE IN MARRIAGE

The Arts of Love—Timing—Impotence During Marriage—Sexual Cooperation—Influence of Age, Sexual Instinct and Health—Sexual Adjustment—Sex Errors—Sexual Rhythm—Frequency of Intercourse—Positions in Intercourse; when Variations are Indicated—Sexual Starvation—The Unsatisfied Wife—Prelude to Sex; Love Play—Sex Life During Pregnancy; after Childbirth.

MENSTRUATION AND THE CHANGE OF LIFE

The Hygiene of Menstruation—Sexual Activity during and after the Change of Life—The Menstrual Cycle and Conception—Normal and Abnormal Symptoms.

CURABLE CHILDLESSNESS

Simple Causes and Their Treatment—Conditions where Medical Treatment is Required—Conditions where Surgical Treatment is Indicated.

BIRTH CONTROL

IT comes as a startling fact to many couples who THINK they are well-informed, that they ARE in REALITY, AMAZINGLY IGNORANT OF THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE. "When no trouble is taken to learn how to make sexual intercourse harmonious and happy, a variety of complications arise. Very often wives remain sexually unawakened, and therefore inclined to dislike sexual intercourse. When that happens, husbands do not experience what they long for, and are apt to be sexually starved. Neither husbands nor wives on these terms attain to harmony, and the result is nervous ill-health. . . . The cause of all this is not want of love. It is want of knowledge."—A. H. Gray, M.A., D.D.

"FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of the "bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. IN THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

WHILE completely frank, Dr. Hutton handles the subject with excellent taste, and, as the American Medical Association says, "with good judgment as to what constitutes general medical opinion."

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MONEY

admirable little volume entitled "East Wind." It also inclines, in the effort to credit her with endless originality, to forget some of the sources of her ideas.

JACQUES BARZUN

Political History: Old Style

THE STORY OF CONGRESS. By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

SINCE the publication of his history of Congress, Mr. Bates has already been taken to task by spokesmen for the professional historians and political scientists. The historians, as usual, are prepared to quarrel with his interpretation of this or that fact or character in American history while the political scientists apparently object that he has not attempted an analysis of Congress as an institution—as a mechanism in the general scheme of American government. Studies of this type are naturally very popular among political scientists, and when they are intelligently done sometimes result in books that, far from being dry as dust, are commentaries of great interest and penetration. But a man may justly choose to write his own kind of book, and Mr. Bates may justly contend that an institutional treatment of Congress would be superfluous. There are already available at least two classics in this category, Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government" and Lindsay Rogers's "The American Senate," as well as George Rothwell Brown's excellent book "The Leadership of Congress."

The real objection to Mr. Bates's book is that it is such a poor example of what it is apparently intended to be, and it is to be suspected from his preface that probably nobody knows this better than Mr. Bates himself. He has aimed to produce "a modest record of the doings of Congress for the information of the general reader." What has been said and done in the halls of Congress is to be recounted for his delectation, and Mr. Bates proceeds to do so after a fashion, Congress by Congress! His generous vest pocket edition of the *Congressional Record* makes, however, rather desultory reading. The trouble is that he has no real stomach for the job, and, indeed, he confesses quite frankly that "an adequate history of Congress would be a life work. And when one had finished it, he might have serious doubts whether his life could not have been better spent." It is apparent from this remark alone that he should have chosen a subject for a pot-boiler in which he could have become more interested and which would have enlisted his very considerable talents, which lie, however, in the direction of analysis of the contemporary social scene.

What Mr. Bates has been able to produce by relying upon the general histories of the United States is only another general history of the United States, which is marred however by its special angle. He adopts the economic interpretation as his general point of view but his book nevertheless remains largely an old style political history. Since Congress is a political institution, and is always engaged in political acts, it could hardly be otherwise. The feat of dressing up his political history proves too much for Mr. Bates. He realizes that a great part of the history of Congress is merely show, and while he devotes a certain proportion of his space to forensic eloquence, duels and fisticuffs, he has been unable to garner enough inside dope from his secondary sources to give anything like an intimate picture of the continuous spectacle which the national legislature makes of itself. The historical fraternity will doubtless think that Mr. Bates has often been too trivial but the truth of the matter is that he has not been trivial enough.

WILLIAM SEAGLE.

False Witness

MEXICAN MARTYRDOM. By Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IT IS the cry of the Catholic Church in Mexico that, though it tends strictly to its own spiritual business and never attempts to drive its flock in specific political directions, it nevertheless is treated as if it were the political and social enemy of the present Mexican State. Such treatment, it holds, constitutes a baseless and fanatical persecution on religious grounds, thus making the Church in Mexico a religious martyr.

This is the thesis upon which Father Wilfrid Parsons's book, "Mexican Martyrdom," is built. To uphold it, the author has drawn heavily upon the prevailing ignorance, among American readers, of Mexican history, Church history, political doctrine and role in Catholic countries, and on the customary assumption that men of the cloth are all learned and upright scholars. And, in the hands of an amiable, respectful, and unposted reader, Father Parsons gets away with it, for his book is practically a masterpiece in bearing false witness. The methods are: blandly state your arguments as if they were facts, and as if no evidence against them existed; attribute to the other side the lowest and most stupid possible motives, objectives, and methods; in presenting a piece of history, subtract all events that do not bear out what you want to prove; and always keep to a positive and righteous tone.

All those genuinely interested in the problems raised by the Church's frequent appeals for support in its Mexican struggle should read along with Father Parsons's book Ernest Gruening's chapters on the Church, in his book called "Mexico and Its Heritage." For the reader of scholarly training, there is one difference at least between the two versions that should make some impression: Gruening documents everything he says; Father Parsons simply "vouches" for it. Gruening writes obeying the scientific doctrine that generalizations must issue from facts; Father Parsons, however, proceeds the other way around—facts come second to generalizations—of a mystic character, moreover. In other words he writes history like a theologian, and his argument therefore does not make rational sense, because it obeys another kind of logic. It goes somewhat as follows:

First: the Mexican government is not justified in looking upon the Church as a political enemy. The Church stands aloof from political struggles. It advises its communicants only in matters of conscience, and can therefore rightly say that President Cárdenas is not going to be Mexico's peacemaker because he has not broken with the National Revolutionary Party, "and because of this, the people of Mexico is bound to be the victim of Socialistic dreamers who work in behalf of the proletariat, and look for justice without charity, outside of Christ." The Church as such takes no part in politics. What its followers do as Catholics is one matter, and what they do as citizens is still something else again. They can as Catholics and citizens, arm themselves and revolt, marching (frequently accompanied by a priest) and carrying banners hailing "Christ the King"; but between such activities as these and the Church, there is no connection whatsoever.

Without meaning at all to be ironic, one can go on for pages citing examples of the same sort of separation between act and responsibility, upon which the Church's claim to martyrdom in Mexico rests. It flows from the logic of mysticism, and is acceptable to Catholics only. It is the sort of logic that leads Father Parsons to contradict himself frequently, in minor manners, without apparently being at all aware of it. On one

page he says the Church has an advanced social program, on another that "Catholics must disapprove the injection of agrarian and labor problems into politics." Then, he says that the Church "was an ally of the Government against the exploiters and large landowners, had the Government only seen it," but elsewhere "The only record I can find of the Church's opposition to the Government's policy of social reform concerns the land question. . . ." On page 138, "No open follower of the Church might hope to join a union," and on page 211 "Soldiers were placed in the entrances of factories taking the names of workers as they entered and forcing them to join the radical unions. . . ."

But the whole point is not a question of minor evasions and sophistries. It is one big one, which is that of appealing for the support of liberals in the United States, on the grounds of civil and religious freedom, while at the same time insisting (page 92) as the Church does implicitly and explicitly in Mexico and other Catholic countries, that in such countries its case is not the same as that of any civil or religious institution. In a country that the Church considers Catholic, freedom is not enough; it wants "to change the Constitution by making it more responsive to the clearly defined mind and conscience of the citizenry," and what happens to civil liberties under Catholic governments (Dollfuss, Oliveira Salazar, Gil Robles) the Austrian Socialists could explain.

ANITA BRENNER.

Chronicles in Verse

BURNING CITY. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

MR. BENÉT keeps to the middle of the road in his verse as in his thinking. Neither an innovator nor an imitator, he is an able craftsman who draws upon sources both old and recent. With some lapses his poetry is interesting, perceptive, and in good taste; it has also manifested, in a number of respects, steady growth. "Burning City" is a much slighter book than "John Brown's Body" and lacks its high spots, but in the best of the new poems Mr. Benét has eliminated padding from his rhymed stanzas, and his free verse, although it hovers too closely about a norm of iambic pentameter to have the greatest flexibility and variety, now sounds less often like prose.

Along with an advance in prosody, there has been a decline from "John Brown's Body" in poetic structure and in the quality of the poetic imagination. The most significant of the pieces in "Burning City" attempt, for our own time and on a smaller scale, what the Civil War poem accomplished with a high measure of success, namely, the finding of symbols for an epoch. Notes to Be Left in a Cornerstone tries to tell a future archaeologist what New York in our day was like. It describes the buildings and the violent seasons, it enumerates the types of people, it hints at the city's loneliness and it seeks to generalize:

They were a race
Most nervous, energetic, swift, and wasteful
And maddened by the dry and beautiful light
Although not knowing their madness.

Still the city fails to come alive; the people are shadows, and the generalization eludes the poet: "It is not just to say any one thing about them."

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Mr. Benét records faithfully and incisively the wasted lands and the wasted lives of our time. Yet his images do not quite assume the dignity of symbols. I say not quite, for the stuff of symbols is there, the all-swallowing Mississippi and the "giant dust-flower" of the ode to Whitman. But the images do not unfold, nor are they brought into intrinsic relationship; a pattern is lacking such as Benét was able to find even in the chaos of the Civil War, to which he gave imaginative structure by the subtle interplay of both personal and impersonal symbols. The crude definiteness of the impersonal symbols, cotton for the South, wheat and iron for the North, was relieved by the men—Brown, Lincoln, Lee, Davis, and the humbler characters—who made the war a conflict of desires and ideas as well as of economic forces. It is to be suspected that Mr. Benét does not know his contemporaries well enough to make them significant, nor is he enough of a prophet or a philosopher to grasp and symbolize the pattern of events. He is the critical historian who shrinks from the half-truths and savageries of prophecy and partisanship; lacking the evidence for a final judgment, he is content to chronicle. As such he has his place and a not undistinguished one; for an honest chronicler who is also a skilful poet is better than a score of false prophets without art.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

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RECORDS

FIRST let me help the editors of *The Nation* solve a problem. It is the problem that confronts a newspaper editor: He can have a concert written up by a layman, who will write of what a layman would hear at the concert and what everyone who reads the paper will understand. Or if he wants authoritative appraisal he can use an expert, who will talk about things which most of the audience would not hear and most readers will not understand. In this situation the editor likes to believe that if only the expert will use different words everyone will understand him; but the difficulty is not with the words, it is with the things the words refer to: if the reader has not experienced them, there are no words that he will understand. However, for the editors of *The Nation* the problem is solved by the fact that I am discussing phonograph records; for when I speak of qualities of music and performance which some readers know nothing about, they can listen to the records and hear what I refer to.

For example, in Mozart's early Violin Concerto in G (K. 216) they can hear what is already the true Mozart style and thought without the richness and subtlety of its maturity; they are, then, the better able to perceive, in the high-spirited first movement, the truth of Tovey's observation that Mozart wrote in the language of operatic comedy; but even in the melodic passages about 1¼ inches from the first groove and ⅜ inch before the last groove of the first record they can perceive the fact that he had something to say which transcended this language. They can also hear that these qualities of the work are admirably realized in the performance of Huberman with the Vienna Philharmonic under Dobrowen. I must, however, warn readers not to be repelled by first impressions of Huberman's playing: once they bring themselves to ignore its lack of sensuous attractiveness (which the Viennese recording engineers do less than nothing about) they will hear, in more subtle qualities of inflection and continuity, a wonderful feeling for the phrase. The warning is the more necessary because the stuff that Columbia puts into the grooves of its records generally spoils the results of the first few playings (three records with Album, \$5).

Weingartner's directness with Beethoven is exactly what the music calls for. His set of the Fifth was the one to own; and the new one he has made has the additional virtues of a finer orchestra, the London Philharmonic, and finer recording (except the poor balance that spoils the last section of the Scherzo) (Columbia; four records, \$6).

Columbia has issued a set of four records (\$6) of arias from "Norma," "Sonnambula," "Forza del destino," "Traviata," "Bohème," "Mefistofele," "Andrea Chenier," and Cilea's "L'Arlesiana," sung by the late Claudia Muzio. Her voice is lovely, but she uses it trickily and without much taste, and is more successful with the moment-to-moment phrasing of Puccini and Giordano than with the sustained melodic line of Bellini or even Verdi. On a single Columbia record (\$1.50) Ina Souez sings "Come scoglio" from "Cosi fan tutti": she has a beautiful voice and sings with excellent style, but does not succeed any too well with the florid passages. On the reverse side is "Fra gli amplessi in pochi istanti" from the same opera, which Mme. Souez and Heddle Nash sing beautifully.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

THE FOOD-AND-DRUG BILL

Dear Sirs: The article by your Washington correspondent under date of May 27, *Champions of Poisoned Drugs*, is so outrageously false, both in its statement of facts and its inferences, that I feel in justice to myself you should have an opportunity to correct it.

I was not a member of the subcommittee which had charge of the pure-food-and-drug bill. It did not come before me as a member of the full committee until after the subcommittee had concluded its work. I challenge your Washington correspondent to produce a word or syllable of mine to justify his statements respecting my position on the bill.

I voted to report the bill, and the amendment which your correspondent considered the most beneficial in the bill, that is, permitting multiple seizure, also received my support in executive session.

Although your correspondent expressly states: "It has not yet been possible to ascertain just which members of the committee are responsible for these betrayals of the public trust," nevertheless, he is reckless enough to attempt to portray the position of members of the committee on matters which came before them in executive session.

SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL,

Member of Congress from Indiana
Washington, June 10

Dears Sirs: I made a number of errors in the piece about which Representative Pettengill wails. I gave too much credit for good faith to some members of the committee—Kenney of New Jersey, and Wadsworth of New York, for example. I gave less credit than they deserved to such members as Sam Rayburn, of Texas. But I made no mistake about Complainant Pettengill.

My sole reference to him was: "Pettengill of Indiana is another who rates profits for drug racketeers ahead of consumer protection." I did not say, or even imply, that he was a member of the subcommittee that had charge of the food and drug bill. And that finishes off his first point of objection.

His second point is a challenge to me to show by the record that his position was as I described it. The challenge sounds brave and bold. In reality, it is

not. Mr. Pettengill certainly was aware when he made it that there exists no record of how he voted on any phase of the bill, or, for that matter, how any other member of the committee voted; no record was kept by the committee.

The reporter in such cases must turn to other sources for his information. He must turn, for example, to the drug lobby. Committee members kept the lobby in constant touch with every development in the committee's executive sessions, providing it with copies of the bill and its amendments before the public and other members of Congress were allowed to see them. The lobbyists certainly looked upon Pettengill as one of their friends on the committee. The Black committee earlier in the session had shown that Mr. Pettengill had set up light housekeeping with a railroad and utilities lobbyist here; perhaps this misled the drug lobby into thinking he was a friend of all lobbyists. The fact remains, however, that they delighted in the accounts their spies relayed of the viciously anti-consumer and anti-Administration thrusts made by Pettengill during committee sessions. They were delighted too with their spies' reports that Pettengill was voting consistently against Rayburn, who voted with equal consistency on the public's side. I have made a sufficiently exhaustive investigation on my own part to convince myself at least that these reports were not exaggerated.

But even if they were exaggerated, the fact that Mr. Pettengill did not sign the dissent appended to the committee's report on the bill would suffice to keep me standing firmly upon the assertion I made with reference to him. In addition, I have what I regard as authoritative information to the effect that the Congressman voted in support of Wadsworth's proposal to emasculate the bill's section on advertising control and that he stood for a similar weakening of the cosmetics section. I can particularize on these two points, if Mr. Pettengill would like me to do so.

I have been aware for some time that what I wrote infuriated the gentleman from Indiana more than any other member of the committee. I have also been aware that the reason it so infuriated him was that it made more difficult his fence-straddling act and threatened to defeat him in his efforts to cozen the League of

Women Voters and similar organizations back in Indiana. Mr. Pettengill's chief political asset has been his ability to stand not only on both sides of the fence, but, in addition, on the fence itself. He no doubt remembers that public rebuke administered to him by Rayburn last year for practicing his art so assiduously on the holding-company bill. It is time for my brother alumnus of Middlebury College to move out into the center of the field.

PAUL W. WARD

Washington, July 3

MR. HARRIS AND THE WEBBS

Dear Sirs: In his letter to *The Nation*, published June 10, Louis Fischer complains that my "most inadequate" review of the Webbs' book on Russia was used to air my own "threadbare, shopworn, and uninteresting prejudices against the Soviet Union." Since I am not aware that I possess these or other prejudices against the Soviet Union, I wish he had been specific rather than mechanical and general in his criticism. I saw no reason to wax rhapsodical over the Webbs' break with the Fabian doctrine of the "inevitability of gradualness." But I did state in simple and direct language that the book is the definitive account of the political and economic system of the Soviet Union and therefore a monumental climax to the Webbs' fifty years of study of social problems; that it is unique because, unlike other accounts, it evaluates the system in terms of its own logic and social ideals; and, finally, that it shows that the Communist revolution has created the material basis for the remaking of man in Russia and is destined to spread to other countries.

It seems incredible that a journalist of Fischer's reputed integrity could completely disregard these features of the review and thus distort my intention. As a defender of the Soviet regime he seems to be more interested in combating my views on the dictatorship and on Comintern policy than he is in understanding the really fundamental problem touched upon in the review. This problem, the theoretical basis of planning in a collectivist economy, is, I repeat, inadequately treated by the Webbs. While I have never doubted the possibility of a correct allocation of resources under communism, I

do not think that the arguments of the orthodox economists who deny it can be met by a simple assertion of political faith. Such arguments, in so far as they have scientific merit, must be met on their own grounds. The failure of the Webbs to do this provoked my criticism. It is too bad that Fischer's ignorance of this problem and of the importance that I, along with other economists, attach to it caused him to accuse me of a hostility to the Soviet Union that I do not possess.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

London, June 20

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, has lived for twelve years in the Soviet Union, becoming, among the Russians themselves, one of the best known and most trusted of the foreign correspondents. He recently contributed to *The Nation* the first article to appear in an American periodical on the new Soviet Constitution.

PHILIP STEVENSON writes of Jesús Pallares's experiences in New Mexico from first hand knowledge, having lived in Santa Fe for thirteen years. The author of two published novels, "The Edge of the Nest" and "Gospel According to St. Luke's," he has also written and had produced several short plays.

AL GRAHAM comments on the news in his *Historian's Peekly-Weekly*, contributed periodically to F.P.A.'s *Conning Tower*, thus letting off the steam accumulated in his hours as an advertising man.

EMMA L. DAVIS is a sculptress who has been living in the Soviet Union for two years, doing everything from digging subways to studying Russian art.

JACQUES BARZUN is a member of the history faculty at Columbia University. He is the author of "The French Race; A Study in Social and Cultural Ideology."

KENNETH BURKE is the author of several books on modern mores, "Permanence and Change," "Counterstatement," and "Toward a Better Life," and the translator of the short stories of Thomas Mann.

B. L. HAGGIN, a musician himself, at one time broadcast a weekly musical commentary over Station WEVD. He is music critic for the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

THE *Nation* 70 YEARS AGO

July, 1866

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION

The unanimity which was so striking a characteristic of the Democratic Convention reminded one rather of a machine than of a deliberative assembly, or a meeting of long-separated brethren speaking freely the fulness of their hearts. Meanwhile outside the convention almost everything was equally satisfactory. There was, of course, a great consumption of drinks in the different barrooms, but it led to very little disputatious talking, and we saw nothing that approached a breach of the peace. . . . Neither the resolutions nor the President's address explicitly asserts the powers of the President to do the things which his party applauds him for doing. That is a point upon which the members of the convention wisely refrained from argument. So they endorse his acts generally, without specifying particulars or attempting to reason out their position. The obvious truth is that the majority of the convention were so thankful to the President for not going further that they gladly forgave him for going as far as he did.

THE GIFT OF THE GAB

General Sherman made a few observations the other day at Dartmouth Commencement on Congressional debating. He said he had asked Chief Justice Chase whether, when he was in Congress, "he ever changed his vote by reason of any debate he ever listened to, and he answered that he did not believe he ever did." The discussions in the House are, in fact, very much like the duels one sees on the stage, in which there is a prodigious clicking of foils and a good deal of wriggling of the body, leading children and servant girls to fear that when one of the combatants flops on his back and tosses his manly legs in the air it is all over with him. Much of this unfortunate state of things is to be ascribed to the undue importance given in our colleges and schools to the mere "gift of the gab." Facility in speaking, assurance, and self-possession on one's legs are things which, in America, do not need much cultivation. The art which we need most of all to cultivate among the young is the art of having something to say, and of saying it in clear, pure, unadorned English. It is thought and not words that in the long run governs nations.

THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIAN WAR

Technically, nothing can be more illegal than the course pursued toward Austria by both Prussia and Italy. In the form of international law there is not a word to be said for them. Bismarck, too, is a man with whom no lover of liberal principles can have much sympathy. The same may be said of the King. But behind them both there lies a nation which has got fast hold of all the essential ideas of modern progress in which education, comfort, self-respect, and respect for law are perhaps more widely diffused than in any other in the world except our own, and which may fairly be said to contain all that is best in German character and thought. Anyone who extends the sphere of Prussian influence, of Prussian law and Prussian rule, no matter who he may be or what his aims are, renders, we believe, a great service to freedom and civilization. . . . Austria, on the other hand, has not a single claim on the sympathy of any human being. The House of Hapsburg has done nothing for literature, nothing for science, little for art, and has probably inflicted more misery on the world than any race with which it has pleased God to curse it. We, therefore confess that we hope the Prussians will make a clean sweep now that they are about it.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Looking around among our acquaintances we do not call to mind a single parent who is a terror to his children; and we rejoice that it is so. But we do know multitudes of parents who never had their children under their control; and this we cannot rejoice over. A spoiled child is an emblem of misery to itself and discomfort to all around. We assert that the enormous prevalence of abortion among married women is largely owing to the universal expectation that children will be a source of irritation and anxiety, undisciplined little nuisances, worrying their parents' lives and driving off their parents' friends. "Young America" is proverbially pert, obtrusive, and irreverent; unaccustomed to obey at home, our young men are apt to lack respect for lawful authority everywhere. Probably half the cost of our late Civil War may be fairly charged to the lack of habits of discipline and obedience on both sides.

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The Shape of Things

★

WHISPERING CAMPAIGNS ARE A FAMILIAR item in American politics. Lies whipped like clothes on a windy line over Andrew Jackson's amours; over Lincoln's uncouth obscenities, Grant's drinking, Grover Cleveland's romantic peccadilloes. There was a nation-wide hissing of whispers over T. R.'s falsely alleged bibulousness. A suit was needed to quell the libel. In the second Wilson campaign whisperers were distributed over the country by trains de luxe; whispers, black and white, dogged Harding to his front porch. They are whispering now about Roosevelt, and some Democrats are disturbed. Needlessly. It is the lesson of American history that all bewhispered candidates (except Al Smith) get elected. Some think it is because of the whispering. If John Hamilton believes this, he had better start something monstrously abominable on Landon. But it is more probable that the function of whispering is symptomatic rather than causative. It seems to show where the mean spirited and contemptible tend to congregate; and that is not on the side of the American majority.

★

AGAIN SPAIN IS BEING CHURNED UP IN THE agony of civil war. As Mr. Manuel's article on another page shows, there is no real unity among the supporters of the left government, and it is this disunity and the consequent lack of governmental decisiveness that has made possible the fascist uprising. True, the various left groups managed to get and stay together long enough to sweep the country with a united-front election in February of this year. But immediately the new government was established, the coalition dissolved into separate and dissonant elements. Rendered impotent by division the government has been able to take only small and tottering steps toward social and economic reorganization. With the workers' groups at odds with each other, with the government frustrated, the situation has been made more critical by the existence of the groups—the church and the landowners—most bitterly hostile to the new régime. The rumblings of counter-revolution which finally burst forth in the military revolt of July 18 can be traced to them and to the fascists in the army. The Spanish have now learned that a labor government must move speedily to gain control of the military. This is not so easy, for the composition of an army reflects the larger social organization outside the army, while drastic changes in the social structure cannot be put through without army support. This is the dilemma

of the Spanish leftists. At present the government seems in control of the rebellion, largely because of the support the armed workers have thrown to it, but unless Spain can genuinely unify her workers and have their mass support for drastic reforms, it will be an empty victory.

*

HAVE YOU HAD ANY TROUBLE BUYING Victor records lately? The reason is very likely the strike at the plant of the Radio Corporation of America in Camden, New Jersey, where the records, among other things, are made. The strike was called by the United Electrical and Radio Workers Union, which claims to have called out 8,400 of a possible 9,000 production workers at the plants, most of whom are still on strike. Attempts at negotiation and settlement with David Sarnoff, president of the company, and with General "Blue Eagle" Johnson, special labor adviser, have had no result so far. The company has seemed friendly and inclined to compromise; but in the agreement concerning an election to determine the bargaining unit for the plant appeared a clause which not only bound the company to bargain with the majority unit but permitted it also to bargain with any other unit it pleased. The National Labor Relations Board will hold a hearing on July 25, out of which an election may come. While these legalistic moves are going on, rioting and bloodshed have been taking place on the picket line and the New Jersey police have arrested nearly 400 strikers and lodged them in jails so crowded there is not room for them to lie down. Under the leadership of Supreme Court Justice Frank T. Lloyd, however, the courts have really set New Jersey apart in the matter of dealing with labor cases. On Thursday, July 16, 123 persons were arrested; 4 of them were held by Justice Lloyd for the grand jury on bail of \$10,000 each; 93 were held for hearing on July 21 on \$5,000 bail. The charges were assault and battery, disorderly conduct, or inciting to riot, although many of the prisoners seem to have committed no crime except to be employees of the Philco radio company. There seems to be no precedent for these extraordinary bail figures, even in labor-baiting New Jersey.

*

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAS REDEEMED, after a fashion, two of the chief pledges of the Popular Front before the election, namely, reforms in control of the Bank of France and the armament industry. That both changes are popular was shown in the large majorities by which they passed the Chamber. When it comes to high finance we find ourselves in the position of Mr. Montagu Norman, who once said, "I don't understand it." But we can understand that the new set-up in the Bank of France is far from the nationalization which had been expected. The oligarchic rule of the famous "200 families" is ended, and a democratic governing council is substituted, in which the bank's 40,000 shareholders will have representation but no vote. The governor and two vice-governors will presumably be safeguarded against temptation through high salaries, pension-rights, and a prohibition against holding any private commercial position either during or

after their incumbency. The new law for expropriation of armaments manufacturers allows the government to proceed at its discretion with the purchase of all or a majority of the stock of such companies as in its judgment should be under government control. Its ability to do so will depend, of course, upon its success in selling its bonds to the public. Even these somewhat tentative reforms are important. But they remind us a little of a man handling hot coals with his bare hands. Possibly Mr. Blum could proceed more boldly if he first undertook that reform which the German Social Democrats neglected, which the present Spanish situation proves to be most vital of all to a leftist government, a thorough democratization of all ranks of army and navy officers.

*

WHEN A COURT BITES A NEWS AGENCY, IT evidently isn't news. The most interesting aspect of the recent decision in the case of the Associated Press versus Morris Watson was not the decision itself—which was rendered by a group of judges who have distinguished themselves by fair-minded and public-spirited opinions, notably in censorship cases—but the way the Associated Press handled the story. Justice Manton of the United States Circuit Court, with Justices Swan and Augustus Hand concurring, found that Morris Watson had been discharged by the A. P. in violation of the National Labor Relations Law, and ordered his reinstatement with back pay. The A. P. sent out 192 words on the decision on the afternoon of Monday, July 13, just in time to make the last evening editions. Ordinarily a late story of this sort is given a follow-up the next day, but this was not done. Eighty-two of the 192 words were given to quotation from the decision asserting the right of an employer to hire and fire for cause. On December 21, 1935, Judge Merrill Otis in Kansas City declared the labor act unconstitutional. The Press Radio Bureau, which gets its news from the A. P., not only received a news story on the decision, but it was put first in a list of twelve "most-important" stories. The comparative handling, by the Scripps-Howard newspapers, of the Watson story and the story of Rupert Hughes's fight with the Screen Writers Guild is also interesting. The Hughes story appeared on the front page of the New York *World-Telegram* on Saturday and was given front-page treatment also on Monday. The Watson story was given thirty-seven lines on page fourteen on Monday, with no follow-up on Tuesday. This doubtless exemplifies what Mr. Roy Howard would call the freedom of the press.

*

HITLER IS NOT YET READY FOR DER TAG. While the armament race is in process and while the Reich is building an army fit to challenge Europe, a conciliatory gesture does no harm and may have positive advantages. This is probably the real explanation of the Austro-German treaty. Friendly relations between the two countries are publicly proclaimed; Germany, it is promised, will not interfere with Austria's independence. Meanwhile, peaceful Nazi penetration of Austria may go on unhampered; in

time, perhaps *Anschluss* will be accomplished without anyone being aware that it was attempted. Karl Radek, in an editorial in *Izvestia* on July 14, cogently analyzes the German position. Germany must have Danzig and at the same time must not alienate Poland; by a process of economic and political penetration, German influence in the Balkans must be strengthened with a view to isolating Czecho-Slovakia. As far as possible, Italian friendship with Germany must be furthered—witness the recent new air agreement permitting Germany to use Italian islands of the Dodecanese group. And Germany must arm. But all these things take time. Partly to stave off a more hostile overt act, partly to make a move which will seem to indicate the good faith and peaceful intentions of the Reich, the treaty with a Vienna powerless to make effective resistance is offered to the world. Already in Austria the press and the radio have responded by refraining from any criticism of the Reich, especially with respect to the approaching Olympics. General amnesty is promised for all Nazi prisoners in Austria. The new treaty, in short, may well mean not the guaranty but the end of Austria's independence.

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"RUSSIA SHALL NOT HAVE CONSTANTINOPLE." That was the refrain of the famous Jingo song all England was chanting when war with Russia was threatened in the seventies. On July 20 at Montreux Britain signed an agreement giving Turkey the right to remilitarize the Straits and giving the Russian fleet free access to the Mediterranean. She thus yields the principle of keeping Russia out of the Dardanelles that has been one of the consistent elements of her foreign policy for over a hundred years. That Britain has now given way means that she thinks a gesture of cooperation toward France and Soviet Russia, and, therefore, against Germany and Italy, is important enough at this time to make the sacrifice of her Straits policy worth while. The Locarno Powers' conference at London two days after the signature of the Montreux pact makes Britain's line-up with the Franco-Soviet group especially significant. Significant of what, unhappily, it is impossible to tell, because of the see-saw tactics of the British Cabinet. It may signify a bargain between the pro-French and pro-German factions of the Cabinet by which the stiffening against the Italo-German front at Montreux is to pave the way for concessions to them at London. On the other hand, it may mean that the pro-French faction has won out and will continue to be dominant when the Locarno Powers meet. But whatever the Dardanelles pact portends, it shows that there are two ways to break a treaty. It can be trampled under marching feet as in the Rhineland or it can be scrapped by request as at Montreux.

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A CARTOONIST SOME YEARS BACK PICTURED one banker confidentially asking another, "What's this gold standard I've been hearing about?" The puzzled banker found living counterparts last week in the response of the financial community to the action of the Federal Reserve Board in raising the reserve requirements 50 per

cent. Excess reserves have been at all time highs for several years and are expected to reach \$3,500,000,000 by August 15, when the new order will reduce them to \$1,900,000,000. To speak in astronomical figures, present excess reserves would allow for a credit expansion of \$30,000,000,000. The new reserves would allow for a potential credit expansion of "only" \$19,000,000,000. Theoretically an increase in reserve requirements reduces the amount of available credit. It should therefore tend to increase the interest rate and lower the price of government bonds which now bear unprecedentedly low rates of interest. Actually the new move had little effect on the bond market because the reserves will still be higher than at any time previous to this year. A few smaller banks may be adversely affected and have to call in some loans, but the effect on the nation's credit structure as a whole will probably be negligible. The move is chiefly noteworthy as an indication of some readiness to use the new credit controls given the federal government by the Banking Act of 1935. But would any government—even a labor government—when faced by the actual choice, move decisively to stifle a boom?

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WE DON'T KNOW WHERE AMERICA IS GOING. But we do know where she is. She is at the crossroads. All our most noted opinion-slingers say so, loud and clear. From Morningside Heights, the Delphi of today, comes the voice of the oracle. "We," says Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, "are at the crossroads in the history of the world." Where they will take us he doesn't mention, but simply that we are at them. Representative William ("Bicycle-cap") Lemke is more explicit. We are "again" at the crossroads, he says, and one of them leads to economic slavery. Presumably the other is a dead-end as he doesn't say where it goes. According to Dorothy Thompson in the *Herald Tribune* it is not "we" but "Freedom" which is the crossroad confronter, facing order in one direction and anarchy in the other. Alfred P. Sloan thunders through the roar of General Motors that "the nation" is at the crossroads, with free competition or regulation as the alternative. President Angell of Yale doesn't seem to have a very clear idea what the crossroads are but contents himself with saying vaguely that they are "critical." Finally we come to "America is at the crossroads!" uttered in the solemn tones of the Liberty League. One road leads to constitutional government and the other—but overcome with the horror of it all, the league shudders and remains silent. It is consoling to know that America is not alone in this dilemma, for the *Economist* of London remarks that Leon Blum is also at the crossroads, while our contemporary, the *New Masses*, which always knows, reports that British foreign policy is at the same juncture.

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EACH TIME LA ARGENTINA DANCED SHE brought new magic to the stage. Her death means the loss of a true and rare artist. At the age of nine she started her career as a member of the corps de ballet of the Royal Madrid Opera and two years later was given the position of Prima Ballerina. It was not long before the restrictions

of the classical ballet form began to irritate her and she started her life-long study of the folk dancing of Spain. In this wealth of material with its forty-nine provincial variations and almost forgotten traditions she found for herself a means of expression which resulted in her name becoming synonymous with Spanish dancing. But it was not only these archeological researches into Iberian dance forms, costumes, and music that made her one of the outstanding figures of modern dance history. Rather it was her extraordinary personality and her ability to immerse herself in these traditions without losing the subtleties of their theatrical meaning. Each dance had so thoroughly been understood and studied that she became not only in the actual dancing but in the complete theatrical presentation—from her use of mime to her choice of costume—the instrument of expression of every dance she performed. There will undoubtedly be many followers and imitators who will try to inherit her mantle, but her abilities cannot be taught or learned. She is but another example, similar to Duncan, Pavlova, and Nijinsky, of those dancers who because of the depth of their artistry can make of their medium a universal language irrespective of the dialect they may have chosen.

Salvation from the Bible Belt

THE gathering of the Townsend clans in convention at Cleveland was by all accounts a remarkable affair. Although its leaders insist that the Townsend group is not a political party, the convention keynoters made their Republican predecessors at Cleveland seem mild and scholarly by comparison. The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, with his references to Mr. Roosevelt as "a liar" and "great betrayer," could have given even the incredible Senator Steiwer some pointers on good taste, fair play, and political accuracy. The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, in the role of the irrepressible young man smashing his way into the leadership of a movement, outplayed even the irrepressible John Hamilton, and it is interesting to note that Dr. Townsend has the same touching admiration for the one that Governor Landon has for the other.

But the Townsend convention had three advantages over the Republican. It was bigger, it was folksier, and it had more surprises. There were some ten thousand delegates, and while they did not exactly form a deliberative assembly they did function as an audience. The folksy quality was everywhere: Dr. Townsend was photographed in suspenders and received the newspapermen shoeless, the clerical Mr. Coughlin spoke collarless and coatless, and the dynamic Rev. Mr. Smith, not to be outdone here as everywhere, recounted his plans and ambitions to *The Nation* interviewer from the depths of a bathtub. As for the surprises, the whole convention seemed to come out of cloud-cuckooland. The delegates applauded Father Coughlin when he attacked Mr. Roosevelt, and then applauded the "eloquent Cherokee," Gomer Smith, when he defended

him. Dr. Townsend was one day against Mr. Lemke's candidacy because there were a dozen better men easily available as candidates and because "Lemke can't quite swallow the Townsend plan," and the next day he was for him, without explaining how either Mr. Lemke's caliber or his swallowing power had managed to improve. The same cloudiness which formerly surrounded Dr. Townsend's successive phases of support and non-support of Senator Borah seems now to invest his attitude toward Mr. Lemke. As for the Townsend organization itself, the gyrations of the officers, directors, field organizers, and "citizens maximi" were too bewildering even for the best trained newspapermen, who felt as Alice must have felt in Wonderland. If Dr. Townsend, the Rev. Gerald Smith, Gomer Smith, the Rev. Charles Coughlin, Mr. Lemke, and the Citizens Maximi did not exist, it would be necessary for another Lewis Carroll to invent them.

But the tragic thing for America is that they are not inventions but realities. Those men and women sitting there listening to the oratory—pathetically eager, infinitely hopeful, dangerously credulous—they too are realities. They are part of the human material that can be used either for building or destroying America. They came to Cleveland from California, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, New York; they came by bus or broken-down Ford or they sat up in the railroad coaches; they came bringing their battered suitcases and got dollar-a-night lodgings. They are the non-drinking, non-smoking, Bible-reading debt we are paying to our Puritan and evangelist past. Their faces show them narrow, bigoted, crotchety, millennial—but we must remember that for them the millennial dreams are only the dreams of security. They are not all America, but they are an important phase of middle-class America.

It is not hard to see why Coughlin, Lemke, and Gerald Smith tumbled all over each other in order to court these people. Their courting had about it something of the wolf eager for the fold. These leaders without movements, these politicians without parties or voters, these *Führers* without armies know a good thing when they see it. Dr. Townsend may be clever or naive, honest or unscrupulous, but whatever he is, he is no match for these newcomers into his movement. Their quarrels were quarrels over their prey, and even their patchings-up were intended mainly to keep the victims from being frightened off. The half-million faithful Townsendites and the even larger number of hangers-on would serve very handsomely to swell a political movement that promised them enough. And men like the Rev. Gerald Smith would not be reluctant to make promises.

The immediate importance of the Townsend convention is that it served to patch up an alliance among what is being called the "crackpot quartet"—Coughlin, Gerald Smith, Townsend, and Lemke. In this alliance Coughlin furnishes a radio audience, a paper organization, and contacts with those who would profit by a defeat of Mr. Roosevelt; Smith seems to furnish nothing but a rabble-rousing manner and a desire to wear the mantle of Huey Long; Townsend furnishes the organization and the followers; Lemke furnishes a farm support that probably falls far short of his claims. Analyzed from another point

of view the alliance is one between a fanatical old-age-security movement, an inflationist-agrarian movement, and a red-baiting movement. In return for lip-service to the Townsend idea, Dr. Townsend has agreed to throw his followers behind the currency-control schemes of Coughlin and Lemke and the vicious anti-radicalism of Coughlin and Gerald Smith.

Let us make no mistake about it. The crackpot quartet has no intention and can have no hope of succeeding with the old-age-pension plan. Smith and Townsend let the cat out of the bag when they said that their goal was not the pension plan but the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt. The large portion of Dr. Townsend's speech that was devoted to the so-called budget extravagances of Mr. Roosevelt might easily have been delivered by Mr. Landon, and might indeed have been inspired by the same sources. These men recognize clearly enough that Mr. Roosevelt is the great hurdle in their path to what may easily become an American fascism. *The Nation* does not wish to throw the word "fascism" about loosely. But the interview with the Rev. Gerald Smith, which appears elsewhere in this issue, leaves little doubt of his fascist intentions and caliber and of the menace that he represents. Father Coughlin is more subtle but not less dangerous. And it is significant that in its issue of June 30 one of the vicious anti-Semitic sheets published in New York reports a speech before one of the Nazi clubs by one A. Tellian. He "discussed the prospects of Lemke becoming President. His platform was compared with that of Hitler's party as well as with the platform of the club, and it was found that in so far as the social aims are concerned, they are absolutely identical."

The unholy four can hope for no support from the majority of American workers, farmers, technicians, professional people, small business men. Their main reliance must be upon the fanatical, the bigoted, the psychically starved portion of the lower middle class. Gerald Smith is now talking of forming a youth movement to effect his purposes. Someone should tell him that he stands no chance. The youth of America, whatever their political direction, know that salvation will not come from the Bible Belt.

Program for Parched Land

THE world moves. Not more than five years ago wretched farm families trekking from sporadic drought areas would stop at the houses of the more fortunate who had enjoyed the boon of rain, to beg for a forkful of hay and a bit of oats for their skeletonized teams, milk for their sick children, or perhaps a corner in the hayloft for a desperate-eyed wife about to give birth to a child. The all-powerful Washington government took cognizance of such tragedies and recommended charity, an ennobling virtue and splendidly economical from the point of view of the federal treasury and the underlying income-tax payers. Today the government recognizes in

the drought a major disaster which demands instant and effective action. Never again will the burning out of tens of thousands of farmers be regarded as merely a harsh incident in the training of rugged individualism.

The immediate relief plan of the Resettlement Administration is an intelligent one. Relief first of all, not only to keep the farm population alive, but to insure the maintenance of its equipment. The government will find forage for the "foundation" live stock, whose loss would cripple the farmer in his efforts to get back on his feet when a better year comes. The promise to assist the farmers in financing fall sowings of wheat and rye is of immense importance to the farmer's morale. Work will be found for as many farmers as possible on soil and water conservation projects which we may hope will be as useful as the limited time for planning them permits. But most important of all, these emergency measures are to be treated as only a preliminary to long-range planning designed to adjust the economy of the high prairie to climate and soil. No extensive relief will be given except to farmers who are prepared to cooperate in carrying through a plan for putting back into grass the lands that should never have been broken, and for developing intensively the lands that are normally fairly watered and need only good farm practice to restore the fertility stripped from them by continuous wheat cropping.

Why does not the Liberty League cry out against this program? It involves planning, baleful word, copyrighted by Soviet Russia. The Liberty League is silent because there are times when the most sterling—or sterling plated—principles must yield to common sense. There can be no literate person in the United States who does not now realize that the unplanned exploitation of our agricultural lands is undermining our institutions as neither foreign enemies nor the "enemy within our gates," Liberty Leaguers or bolsheviks, can undermine them. In the dust bowl some millions of acres of fair grass lands have for all practical purposes been blown away. Another hundred million acres have been rendered virtually worthless by water erosion; half a billion more have been seriously damaged. If we keep to our present course—and, for all the talk, we are still keeping to it—the next generation, struggling for its share of the world's shrinking food supplies, will read incredulously the records of our deep concern over surplus food production.

The unplanned use of our originally fertile soils has been proved a ghastly and disastrous failure. How about the unplanned use of our forests? That was proved to be a failure as far back as the time when Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot laid their heads together for the common good. How about the subsoil, our coal and iron, oil and natural gas, upon which our majestic industrialism is based? Our readers will have to forgive us for asking silly questions. Even morons know that we are running through our mineral heritage like super-drunken sailors.

Land and labor, as the old-fashioned economists used to put it, are the two essentials of economic welfare. We have played hob with our land. Our labor supply, thank God, is intact. But is it? Do eleven million men come out of a prolonged period of unemployment as good as they were

when first laid off? Another silly question. Of course they don't. For some hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, the disposition to address oneself assiduously to economic tasks has been carried away by the winds for good and all, like the top soil of the dust bowl. Would planning be amiss here or shall we wait for the development of a real proletariat in the original Roman sense, a mob fit for nothing but the spawning of progeny?

The Tugwell long-range drought program is a plan for the conservation of both land and labor. In its present tentative form it is inadequate, not to say feeble. The handing out of information and microscopic loans will not do much to promote removal from bad land and closer settlement with intensive cultivation on the lands that are capable of sustaining a larger population. But this is really immaterial. What is material is that a process has been set in motion toward a rational ordering of our rural life. It is a process which, once in motion, will go on, no matter who may occupy the White House. Our agricultural economy will for a long time be badly planned. But planned it must be if we are to survive as a great nation.

Tom Mooney—Twenty Years After

IT is twenty years since Thomas Mooney and Warren K. Billings were arrested and charged with having set the bomb which exploded among spectators of the San Francisco Preparedness Parade on July 22, 1916. That bomb killed ten people and wounded forty others. It was also the direct cause—or possibly, even, the chief act—of a conspiracy on the part of big business in San Francisco, which has maimed the lives of two men and would even have brought Tom Mooney death by hanging had not a world-wide protest on the part of the working class moved President Wilson to intervene in his behalf.

The Mooney-Billings frame-up was part of the ruthless warfare which big business in California has been conducting for the open shop ever since the McNamara confessions in the Los Angeles *Times* case broke the militancy of the A. F. of L. and sent its leaders scrambling into the shelter of "respectability"—that is, due deference to the interests of the owning classes. As Louis Adamic has phrased it in "Dynamite," "Mooney and Billings in jail are an advertisement to the exploiters of labor that capital in California is able to keep labor 'in its place.'" This is why the State Supreme Court, with the honorable exception of Justice William H. Langdon, has steadily refused, when these cases have come up before it, to recognize the incontrovertible evidence of perjury and conspiracy. This is why no governor of California has had the courage to court his own political and economic destruction at the hands of the exploiting class—by granting a pardon to Tom Mooney. And this is why the financial and industrial overlords of San Francisco maintain the attitude lately voiced in private conversation by a prominent banker when he said, "Yes, Tom Mooney ought to be released so

that he can be shot as he walks out of the prison gates."

Thanks to this intransigence of California capitalists, Mooney and Billings stand before the workers of the world today as victims of capitalist oppression. Tom Mooney especially has become, in his prison cell, a focus for all the violent emotions which class-war releases on both sides. For Mooney, before his arrest, was an energetic left-wing labor leader. He belonged to the Socialist Party. He had introduced, at the 1912 convention of the International Molders' Union, to which he belongs, a resolution calling for the industrial organization of labor. And at the time of his arrest he was attempting to organize the employees of the San Francisco street-car company. This record accounted for the conspiracy against him. It also largely accounts for his international fame as a symbol of the proletarian cause.

What sort of man have twenty years of unjust imprisonment made of Tom Mooney? Five years ago Lincoln Steffens wrote,

Tom Mooney was stating his case, proving his (undoubted) innocence, and as he talked we all felt that he was not only innocent; he had become a righteous bore, an offense with his rights and his wrongs.

Jay Lovestone, writing this week in the *Worker's Age*, says of Mooney:

Twenty years of continuous dungeon life have not broken his body or his spirit. . . . What was to me the most welcome surprise of all was Tom's mind, his intelligence, his keenness and variety of interest, the extent of his keeping up with the kaleidoscopic changes in the American and world labor movements . . .

Of these two pictures neither, probably, is complete without the other. If Lovestone's were the whole truth, the fact would diminish not the injustice but the horror of Mooney's plight. And how could any man, unjustly imprisoned for twenty years, help becoming obsessed with resentment against the injustice that has wrecked his life? Granted that Mooney retains his interest in the labor movement. Granted that his knowledge of his innocence, the support of workers all over the world, have sustained his courage to keep up the fight for release, and his energy to direct it from his prison cell. There is also ample evidence that injustice has embittered his mind and made him capable of suspecting and turning against those very people who have sacrificed most for him. This is but human, and deepens his tragedy in the eyes of sympathetic people. It is proof of the terrible truth that stone walls *do* a prison make, and iron bars a cage.

Twenty years after his arrest, Tom Mooney is appealing once more to the Supreme Court of California, which will almost certainly deny him justice as it has before. If it does, the case will be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. Whatever the outcome may be, Mooney and Billings have taken their place on the roll of martyrs to the cause of American labor, along with the Haymarket victims, Sacco and Vanzetti, and so many others. And American labor, with all its backwardness, does not forget its sacrifices in the class war.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Midsummer Spy Madness

Washington, July 19

WHAT with the Secret Service caught spying on the Justice Department's Ogpu and a former officer in our Navy arrested on charges of selling "secrets" to the Japanese, you must if you've been reading the newspapers, think this has been Spy Week in Washington. But the truth will out, and the truth in this case is that it's always Spy Week in the nation's capital, and the manifestations of the one just past differ only in degree from those of its predecessors. They are all products of a chronic bureaucratic jitters and, save in the case of John S. Farnsworth, the arrested naval outcast, are scarcely to be taken seriously.

Every federal agency has its squad, platoon, battalion, or army corps of sleuths. The Treasury has no less than six different sets of them. Without exception, they spend a great deal of their time checking up on each other or on each others' bosses. There is scarcely a major agency in which wires have not been tapped at one time or another so that bosses might listen in on the private conversations of their underlings or of rival subalterns. There is hardly a major executive who does not have his secretary cut in and take protective notes on his own telephone conversations. Dinner parties have also felt the brush of intra-office and interoffice espionage, which was particularly rife about a year ago in the AAA and for a time promised to become a major intramural activity in Secretary Ickes's department. If the situation is worse under the New Deal than it was under preceding Administrations, it is merely because this one, more than those others, lacks the integrating influence of boodles; its executive officers in many cases are men who have achieved their present eminence without benefit of the spoils system and are often, therefore, more than a little self-righteous and suspicious of others.

The fundamental urge behind it all does not change from one Administration to the next. That is the urge of each bureau to outshine the others in ways that increase its chances of wangling favors from Congress. Those favors entail ever increasing appropriations, promotions, and salary boosts or, on the other hand, security against curtailment of powers, functions, personnel, and salaries. The current conflict between the Secret Service and the G-men is precisely one of that sort, and it differs from like conflicts of the past only in that, instead of being hushed up and settled by private negotiation in the sacristies of department heads, it has been dragged out into the open by J. Edgar Hoover and his boss, the Attorney General. And here the difference is really an accentuation of the similarity, for the conflict has been bared merely as a stratagem essential to the G-men's aims, which are those

of self-defense. They have got so far out in front of all the other sleuthing agencies of the federal government as to have acquired the jealous enmity of them all. Furthermore, there is a growing suspicion among members of Congress that they themselves have not escaped the surveillance of the G-men and are even now or shortly will be the individual subjects of dossiers in Hoover's files.

Mr. Hoover's life has been made a little more uncomfortable in the last few days by public charges that his highly-publicized fingerprint section is, in reality, a sweatshop where underpaid young men work long hours of overtime for no extra pay and the collective-bargaining rights of workers are as little revered as they are in the steel mills and automobile factories. The Justice Department local of the American Federation of Government Employees has filed charges that seven employees of the fingerprint section have been fired for union activity and that to hide the real purpose behind their forced resignations on charges of inefficiency, a frame-up has been arranged involving misplaced prints in their files. The charges are persuasively documented in detail in a brief the local has laid before Cummings. The brief might have added that until recently all of more than a hundred men employed in the section had to be college graduates and that the bureau has decided to abandon that requirement because it found that a personnel of too high caliber bred "discontent." Its employees start at \$1,440 and can work up to \$1,620. The union's protest was filed just as word emanated from authoritative sources that Hoover had decided privately to make no attempt to enforce the recently-enacted Byrnes bill, designed to nick the business of Pearl Bergoff and his clan by impeding the shipment of strikebreakers across state lines. Hoover, you may recall, was the guest at Pittsburgh last October of a former G-man, Charles F. Ruck, who was identified by witnesses before the LaFollette committee as the chief of United States Steel's reorganized espionage system.

One of the charges against the Secret Service back in 1908 when it was reduced to its present state was that its operatives had shadowed a navy officer who had run away with another man's wife and that they had made a report which led to the officer's dismissal. The point is pertinent here because it brings us back to the Farnsworth case. There is a nasty story going around in military circles here to the effect that the real cause of the navy's grudge against Farnsworth is that he had a certain way with women which, not without some cause, aroused the enmity of two of his superiors and caused them to put him under a surveillance out of which grew the charges that led to his court martial and dishonorable discharge in November, 1927. The charges were that, contrary to regulations, this former lieutenant commander and naval-aviation expert had borrowed money from an enlisted man and then

had compounded the crime by urging the man to deny that the loan had been made or solicited.

Whatever the merit of this gossip, it is at least true that in the intervening nine years Farnsworth has been hounded by the Navy Department, but no more so, it must be admitted, than all its other former officers whom it has cashiered. He has for most of that time been reduced to beachcombing in Washington, which means that he has been hanging around the fringes of the naval, diplomatic, and military supply sets, trying to recoup prestige sufficiently to get a job in keeping with his training. Such jobs are hard to get, with the Navy Department blazoning a man's record of disgrace in answer to all relevant inquiries, and they are even harder to hold under the circumstances. In consequence, it is little wonder that Farnsworth has been drinking heavily. The tremors he has exhibited since his arrest are those of alcohol, not fright.

His case would have attracted relatively little attention if it had not come close on the heels of the Thompson case at Los Angeles where a former yeoman, Harry T. Thompson, on July 6 was sentenced to a fifteen-year term in prison for selling naval "secrets" to Japan. It was the first case of its kind in the military and naval annals of the United States, according to the court that passed sentence. The same court has since alleged that the Thompson prosecution was a "test case" and that it and the Farnsworth case mark merely the beginning of a wholesale round-up of dangerous spies.

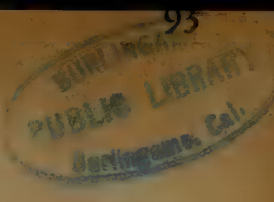
Secretary Hull quite plainly wishes that the gold-braided gentry with whom he shares the State, War, and Navy Building would cease playing such dangerous games and keep their melodramatic instincts in check. He was not consulted in advance of Farnsworth's arrest July 14, and he has the admirals in a sweat because he refuses to lodge a formal protest with the Japanese government and a demand for the recall of its emissary with whom, they allege, Farnsworth dealt.

On the other hand, it is a little difficult to believe that the navy is truly alarmed by the deeds it attributes to Farnsworth and Thompson and has moved against them in this sensational fashion for no other reason. At Thompson's trial it produced no proof that he had scraped up for his employers any information they could not have obtained from the daily press of the West Coast. The charges they make against Farnsworth are scarcely more weighty in a material sense. He admits having had dealings with the Japanese, and it is a fact, though not generally known, that he spent fifteen minutes in the Japanese embassy here on the morning of the day of his arrest. He also admits having received \$1,000 from the Japanese for what he says were harmless monographs on technical subjects. He says that he was trying to impress the Japanese with his talents in the hopes of landing a job with them as an adviser on aviation, and that such pictures and documents as he submitted to them were all public pictures and documents which they might have obtained themselves. He adds that he made similar attempts to land jobs with the Russians, Argentinians, Peruvians, Brazilians, and Chinese but only Japan nibbled at his bait.

His accusers, who obviously are a little at a loss as to

what to do with him now, allege on the other hand that he turned over to the Japanese a confidential manual called "The Service of Information and Security," but even Admiral Standley, chief of naval operations, seems to have doubts that the volume contained any valuable secrets. It appears that the volume deserves about the same secrecy-rating as the annual "confidential" number of your wife's sorority magazine and that, if Farnsworth sold anything that was truly a secret of the American military fraternity, it must have been the admirals' grip and the general board whistle. I am informed by naval reservists that they receive regularly through the mail correspondence lessons from the Navy Department that would be far more valuable to an enemy nation than anything in the manual at issue in the Farnsworth case. I gathered that the confidential information to which they referred dealt with new developments in ship and gun construction, and I proceeded to discount it accordingly, for certainly there is nothing about what should truly be naval secrets that our Navy Department wants to or does keep secret from other nations. The Nye Committee showed that our Navy Department fights with the munitioners to keep the making of the implements of war in private hands and that those private hands, lacking the patriotic feelings which keep the nation filling them with new orders for guns, bombs, shells, gas, ships, and planes, have never hesitated to deliver the benefits of their technical proficiency to other nations for a profit.

In short, the suspicion will not down that the Farnsworth and Thompson cases, technically well-founded though they may be, are merely the natural by-product of one of the two divisions of the military and naval caste, the *very* military and naval division. The other division is made up of those soldiers and sailors who, despite their training, have managed to retain perspective and some common sense in matters affecting their professions. They are in the minority, of course. The majority are like Captain William D. Puleston, chief of Naval Intelligence, a womanish old man who in his quiet way is one of the country's leading red-baiters. It was Puleston who a year or so ago told a Congressional committee the famous story about the Communists using comely gals to entrap those of our gallant sailor lads who could not be won to Moscow by leaflets dropped down ships' ventilators on visiting day. Puleston was also the chief force behind the Tydings-McCormack bill. Twice passed over by the selection board and doomed to retire shortly without having attained a rear admiralty, Puleston seems to think a spy hunt his best chance of going out in a blaze of glory, along with Rear Admiral Joseph M. Reeves who, as commander of the United States fleet a few months ago, signalized the onrush of the current spy scare by issuing a general order. The order forbade officers and enlisted men to have cameras aboard ship. Roundly blasphemed against throughout the navy as a silly mandate that would serve no purpose save to prevent men on foreign station from sending photographs of temples, junks, and rickshas home to their families, it had to be amended so that the midshipmen might take cameras along on their training cruise aboard the antiquated Arkansas.



Huey Long the Second

BY GEROLD FRANK

Cleveland, July 18

"I'D LIKE an interview," I insisted, scrambling along with the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith of Louisiana as he strode out a back entrance of Public Hall, where the Townsend convention was still in session.

"Sure," said Smith. "Come in the cab with us."

We got in—his wife, Mary, his secretary, the two of us. "How'd I do, mother?" he asked Mrs. Smith jubilantly. "I gave it to them, didn't I? It was up to par, wasn't it?"

"It sure was," said Mrs. Smith, patting his shoulder.

"They all agreed with me, didn't they?" Smith went on, mopping his face. "They all went with me, didn't they? I gave 'em everything. I always do."

He had given the Townsendites everything. He had the old folks ringing their cowbells and applauding themselves hoarse at one of the finest rabble-raising, Bible-quoting, "I'm-going-to-take-off-my-coat-and-give-you-a-red-hot-fightin'-speech" harangues ever sent through a loud-speaker system at a national convention. H. L. Mencken had his mouth wide open and his spectacles almost off his nose all through it.

Five minutes later the Reverend Mr. Smith was splashing vigorously in a tub at the Hotel Cleveland and I was sitting on the only available seat.

"You didn't see anyone disagreeing with what I said, did you?" he asked anxiously. "I speak from the heart. I don't have a cynical corpuscle in my body. I sweated like a Georgia pig, I tell you. Do I sound hoarse? That's not real hoarseness. I talk like that and sweat like that, six, eight, ten times a day. I just lose one voice and get another one on a different pitch. I never lose a pound, either."

He stood up and rubbed himself furiously with a towel. He is five feet nine or ten. He has sandy hair with a forelock, a bronzed, high-lighted face with high cheekbones like an Indian's, a large mouth with strong white teeth, a hawk-like nose, and staring blue eyes. He's healthy and likes being so. He weighs 200 pounds—"Huey Long and me used to weigh the same to an ounce. Wore each other's clothes. Huey—he was a genius."

The prevailing attitude of Townsend leaders toward Gerald Smith is fear. He's dynamite. He has a tremendous demagogic appeal. When he speaks he hunches his trousers, rubs his nose, dries the palms of his hands on his blue shirt-front, gulps water direct from the water pitcher. He has the gift of homely simile. "We walked out of the Senate room," he said, speaking of the Townsend investigation, "our arms linked together like an old steer and a young one galloping across the Texas prairies." He is cunning, ruthless—and proud of his ruthlessness, as a mark of Huey Long—ambitious, visionary, and naive. He makes no secret of his power. He makes no secret of his knowledge that he is a mob leader second only to his beloved

Huey. At thirty-eight, he is still a little astonished that he has it.

"I figure I've been worth about \$200,000,000 to the South. They like me down there. Democratic congressmen trade on me. They've always had the South in the bag, but now the threat of a Gerald Smith is making them come across with more money. We got as much federal funds as Mississippi and Arkansas together.

"You know what my ambition is? I think chaos is inevitable. I want to get to as many people as I can now, so that when chaos comes, I'll be a leader. I lead them now. Since Huey's death, 6,000,000 people have committed themselves to me—in writing."

"You mean they signed a pledge?" I asked.

"No," he said. "They wrote me, 'You're our leader. We'll follow you.'"

He began striding about the room, shaking the water out of his hair, still nude.

"People have tried to hang me, stab me, kill me. They've shot at me. A year ago last May they tried to hang me with a cable from my own sound truck. I was talking in Swainesboro, Georgia, to a bunch of Georgia planters. They began mobbing me. One man climbed on the truck and pulled the cable out. They were shouting, 'Hang him, hang him.' I walked out on a little platform"—here he jumped on a chair—"like this, looked them straight in the eye and said, 'The first man who touches me will die within the fortnight.'"

"I suppose they all believed you, didn't they?" I asked. "They're pretty religious down there."

"I believed myself," said Smith seriously. "I believed it was true, too. I was so right and good and honest and swell that I was sure any man who touched me would die."

"Let me tell you a little about my philosophy," he went on. "You've got to know how to lose the sense of the passing of time. I learned that from Huey Long. Many a man has lost a victory because he thought he had to go to luncheon at 12 o'clock. He got all cooled off by 1:30. You've got to be in a state of crisis to do things well. That means you've got to look over men and events, convince yourself that there is a crisis. Then you've got the mentality of a soldier in a trench. Nothing stops you. You're ruthless. When you're right and know you're right, you should now be ruthless."

Did he really think, just man to man you know, that the Townsendites would ever get their \$200 a month?

"I do. Why not? Haven't we had a national income of \$90,000,000,000 in this country? If we stop all usury and taxes, open our factories, run them day and night, set our machinery working the way it should be, can't we make it \$100,000,000,000? One-fourth the population is over sixty. Can anyone prove to me that it's wrong for one-

fourth the population to have one-fourth the income—especially since they're the people who've done everything and had all the babies. They're the fathers and mothers of every outstanding man in America, as well as every insignificant one. Why shouldn't the cream of the population skim off the cream of the nation's wealth?" he demanded, placing a foot on a chair and resting his elbow on his knee. "Doesn't a boy always put his mother first? Doesn't he let her go into the elevator first? We do it socially. Why not economically? Why shouldn't she get the first chance at the nation's money? You take your hat off to her when she gets in the elevator, but you let her starve when she gets old."

He began walking around, rubbing his bare chest, slapping his bare knee.

"These peanut-headed Jim Farley stooges ask how the Townsendites are going to spend all the money they get. Well, how did they build the country? How'd they build the Union Pacific, lay pavements, make roads, erect cities? How'd they have the babies? It's a fine appraisal of our American civilization that we can't give the people who built America credit for enough intelligence to spend the wealth they produced!"

"Do you think the Townsendites will grow in number?" I asked.

"I don't think in terms of organisms," he replied impatiently. "I think in terms of social organization. The people will keep on fomenting and fermenting, and some fellow like me, who's fearless and honest, will get on the radio, make three or four speeches, and have them in

his hand. The people are beginning to trust leadership."

"But isn't there a chance that you may pass on, like Huey Long, and that some unscrupulous man will take the people over for his own purposes?"

The Reverend Mr. Smith looked out the window.

"That's the hazard of political and social stupidity and a dulness of the social consciousness," he said rapidly. "People don't awake except with pain—and in the panic of pain they do irrational things."

Would he and his 6,000,000 support Landon?

"I'm not supporting Landon," he said emphatically. "Roosevelt is licked. He's whipped. As we say down in Louisiana, not only whipped, but whooped! As for Landon, philosophically and politically he's no better than Roosevelt—but he's not in. He's not entrenched. If he sees Roosevelt kicked out, he's not likely to follow the same path."

And what would he, Smith, do if Roosevelt wins?

"Well," said the Reverend Mr. Smith, drawing on his trousers and slipping into another blue shirt, "if Roosevelt goes back again with his threats and his bribery, I'll impeach him."

He paused for a moment and thought heavily.

"When I say I, I speak as a symbol. I'll head a movement to impeach him."

He stood silent, then, staring reflectively at the door jamb.

"I wonder," he said. "D'you suppose it would have had any effect, that speech of mine, if Landon would have been in the audience and were elected tomorrow?"

Background of the Spanish Revolt

BY FRANK MANUEL

(Mr. Manuel's article reached us just before the outbreak of the fascist counter-revolution in Spain. Its analysis of the strength and weakness of the Spanish Popular Front is striking in the light of the recent events.)

Madrid, July 10

A STRANGER attending the session of the Spanish Congress on June 16 and seeing the unanimity with which a left Republican, a Communist, a Socialist, a Syndicalist rushed to the defense of the Popular Front, would never have expected the outbreak of a revolt. He would have come away with the impression that the revolution was progressing with a majestic sweep. Unfortunately this parliamentary display was deceptive. The ovations which Prime Minister Quiroga received from the whole of the left cannot patch up the bitter internal conflicts which are weakening the Popular Front government.

In 1931 Socialists and Republicans drove the king out of Spain to seek refuge on the race-tracks of Europe. A coalition government was formed to build a republic of "workers of every class," vast social projects were con-

sidered, and libertarian democracy was to open new vistas for an oppressed people. Within two years this reformist government lost its morale because it was forced to suppress Syndicalist uprisings and to shoot peasants who had wearied of all the legal red tape which surrounded the agrarian reform. The workers felt that they had been deceived by the bourgeois Republicans whom they had raised to power, with the result that the three Socialist ministers who held office, Prieto, Caballero, and Fernando de los Rios, lost much of their prestige among the people. Legislative and judicial ineptitude in Madrid left the country under the influence of the *caciques*, the clergy, the landowners, the money-lenders, and the local politicians.

Under these circumstances the Jesuits and the aristocrats were able to effect their famous coup in 1933 and to wreak bloody vengeance upon all elements of the left. Only in the face of this reaction did the workers and the bourgeois again draw together. The proletarian parties first attempted a revolt of their own, the uprising in the Asturias, but it did not receive the necessary support in other parts of the country and for the moment was a fiasco.

In his exile in Paris, Prieto, the Socialist leader, conceived the idea of a Popular Front which would include all left Republicans, Socialists, Communists, and Syndicalists. A whirlwind campaign was conducted for the elections of February 16, 1936, with Amnesty for the Asturians as the rallying cry. Azaña, the leader of the left Republicans, appealed to all elements and the favor of the Syndicalists was courted with great zeal. Much to the surprise of all the participants, the Popular Front won a decisive victory and, after three days of civil unrest, came into power.

On the morrow of the elections arose the same problem which had confronted the left in 1931. Who shall govern? This time left Republicans were sent into the ministries alone and the Socialists refused active collaboration. At the head of the state there is Azaña, a novelist, journalist, and lover of art. He represents that anti-clerical group of cultured Spaniards for whom one of the main aspects of the social problem is the preservation of the finer things in life. Some have considered him the strong man of the country, the one who led the first revolution and helped to achieve the revival of the left Republicans. To others he is intelligent, weak, vacillating, and most happy to have left the *mêlée* for the calm of the presidency where, according to the constitution, he must have no opinions.

Casares Quiroga, the prime minister, held the portfolio of the interior in the first Azaña Cabinet and of public works in the second. He is noted for his energy and administrative capacity. Though he came from an upper bourgeois family and was a successful lawyer most of his money was spent in fomenting the first Republican revolution. Of the whole ministry only he and his former assistant, who is now Minister of Public Works, may be expected to hazard extreme measures in favor of the workers. As Minister of War he holds a vital post and the manner in which he dealt with the rebellion of the officers of Alcala found favor in the eyes of the left.

Since the Socialists are the largest group in the congress, their refusal to participate in the ministry has placed the government in an ambiguous position. It would vastly prefer to have the Socialists partake of some of the responsibilities of these trying moments. But over just this issue, collaboration or not, the Socialist Party is divided into at least two groups whose mutual recriminations have been growing ever more scandalous during the last few months. The opposing organs of these two factions doubt each other's personal integrity, pass on to rank insults, and draw shrieks of joy from the monarchists, who agree with the accusations of both parties. This schism within the ranks of the Socialists is one of the real dangers for the progress of any revolutionary action. Prieto, the leader of the centrists who are in favor of participation, is backed by many of the intellectuals in the party, while Caballero, with the support of the General Union of Labor, heads the left Socialists.

The industrialists in the country are looking about for a Thiers, some ex-radical or ex-socialist leader who will stem the tide of the revolution through his influence over the masses. First Lerroux was their man; then, with very little discernment, they looked toward Azaña. Now that

Prieto has come to represent the right Socialists and is in favor of collaboration with the left Republican regime, they are considering him for the post, but he has rejected their advances. In justifying his support of collaboration in the left Republican government, he argues that there is no need for the revolution to be fought out on the streets when it can be effected through government decree. First he would raise Spanish economy from its present low station and then he would pull the social revolution out of his bag. Prieto feels that the example of the Nazis, a revolution by a party which is in power, holds a lesson for Spanish socialism. Violent revolution at the present time would cause a state of anarchy from which the workers would be the first to suffer.

With whom will the masses go? It seems quite certain that they will follow Caballero, rather than Prieto, and that as a result Spanish socialism will lose its most intelligent leader. The same thorny problem, evolution or revolution, which has caused the disruption of so many Socialist parties in the past, is now reappearing in Spain. All the old arguments on both sides will be piled up, the debate will grow bitter, and then each group will go its way, leaving enemies where once there were comrades. The political experience of two years in power, 1931-1933, made some of the Socialists abandon their reformist position forever. If the reformist policy of collaboration had any validity in Spain they would not now be reviving agrarian legislation which they passed two years ago.

Because of his militant position the socialist youth organizations are all with Caballero. They pronounce frequent expressions of unity with the communist youth and in some sections have achieved a complete amalgamation with them. The situation has its paradoxical side. We witness the spectacle of the official Communists, in their pursuit of the party line which calls for the preservation of the Popular Front against fascism, appearing far less violent in their declarations than the left-wing Socialists. The *Mundo Obrero*, the communist daily, regularly eulogizes the activities of the Quiroga government for the expedition with which the agrarian reform is proceeding and hardly ever intervenes in the quarrel within the Socialist Party. *Claridad*, the organ of the Caballero group, on the other hand, is never sparing in its criticisms, either of left Republicans or of reformist Socialists. As expressed by *Claridad*, the formula of the Caballero faction is diversity in unity. They permit themselves to pursue their own revolutionary program, but they will rush to the defense of the Popular Front as soon as its existence is endangered. The *Socialista*, in defense of the centrists, attempts to chastise *Claridad*, but it adopts the tone of an old lady. "Ah, what would Pablo Iglesias have said if he arose from his grave to witness the goings on at Ecija. This is not in the tradition of our party with its fifty years of struggle and self-sacrifice. We refuse to engage in this battle of mud-slinging initiated by the Caballero group. We will remain in our virtue." And yet, every once in a while, it loses its temper and asks indiscreet questions, such as where *Claridad* obtained money for its elaborate establishment, intimating that a bank of Catholic reactionaries supplied the funds.

Claridad cannot understand the zeal with which Prieto is pursuing his ideal of collaboration with the present left republican Cabinet. The journal goes on the assumption that the left Republicans, many of whom were incarcerated by the reactionaries, have learned nothing. Considering the pronouncements of Quiroga, and the actual measures taken by his ministry, this may be an exaggeration. It was the duty of the Socialists to sacrifice their revolutionary anti-bourgeois program in order to save the state from fascism and they accomplished this by putting the left Republicans in power. Now it is high time that the revolutionary parties began to work in their own behalf.

Alvarez del Vayo and Araquistáin as journalists have contributed much of the theory to Caballero's position. It is their ultimate plan to create a Marxist-Leninist Party which will include the left Socialists and the Communists. Though completely communist in its revolutionary Marxist ideology and even in its praise of Soviet Russia, the Caballero group has not yet fused with the Communist Party. This may be explained by the fact that the Spanish wing of the Third International has come into prominence only within the last two years. Before this there was a scattered group of Communist parties, some under Trotsky influence, others independent, still others under the direction of the Comintern, while none of them held a dominant position among the people. Within the past few years official Communists of the Third International have made tremendous progress, especially among the youth. Much prestige has been won for the party by the adherence of numerous groups of intellectuals, especially the revolutionary poets like Rafael Alberti. French anti-fascist writers, Malraux, Lenormand, and Jean Richard Bloch, are regularly coming across the Pyrenees to cement relations between the two Communist parties. It would, however, be extravagant to expect that this Communist Party, which is just training itself under the leadership of a sturdy worker from Seville, José Diaz, and is only beginning to win adherents, will absorb the old Socialist Party with its elaborate organization. And so the two groups, left-wing Socialists and Communists, remain separate though there is hardly any difference of opinion on vital issues.

In the meantime the followers of Caballero, in their crusade to form a united front of all workers, have carried on extensive negotiations with the Anarcho-Syndicalists and actually got them to vote at the time of the elections. These Syndicalists, who are united in the National Confederation of Labor, as opposed to the socialist General Union of Labor, are sometimes most unpleasant bed-fellows for the Socialists. Rooted in certain parts of Spain ever since the days of Bakunin, they are the unknown element in the present agitation. This is the last country in the world where in a capital city one can still witness a meeting of 20,000 anarchists and listen to a lyrical eulogy of abstract liberty. They are in favor of libertarian communism and are opposed to all parliamentary forms. Organized in the National Confederation of Labor, they claim some 700,000 adherents in their thousand unions while the Socialists number them at about 500,000. The Socialists are continually complaining that though there

may be some idealists among them and though the mass of the anarchists are loyal revolutionary workers, they cannot be relied upon during a moment of crisis. Thus during the revolution of October, 1934, throughout all of Spain, they did nothing; only in the Asturias, where their number was small, were they goaded into joining the Socialists and Communists. Yet they have a long tradition in some sections of the country, and great influence.

There is every indication that these anarchists will continue with their agitation and that strikes will be settled, only to be renewed again at the first possible opportunity. The problem then poses itself how the government and the right Socialists are to react to these movements in the street should they become violent. As long as these are mere strikes the government can play at economic liberalism and can warn the Civil Guard that it has no right to intervene. It can pass out stringent orders against any attack upon the people, backing up its noble intentions with severe punishments whenever the guards act without authorization. But when the movement assumes serious proportions, as of course in due time it must as a result of the cumulative effect of these general strikes, will the present left Republican government, with its strong Socialist tinge, repress the uprising of the people, as the former absolutist government did?

On May 24, in his speech at Cadiz, Caballero hoped to tame the anarchists by proving that there was no fundamental difference of opinion between the militant Socialist and the Syndicalist. "We, too, say that the bourgeois state must disappear because the bourgeois state is nothing more than an organization of oppression against a class, our class. And when this class triumphs and establishes a new regime, when the regime perfects itself, the state per se will disappear. This is the doctrine of the General Union of Labor." Thus the Marxist-Leninist withering away of the state is harmonized with the Syndicalist hatred of all its forms and institutions.

There is always the danger that the revolutionary movement will run wild, beyond the control of its leaders. The strike movements, which have touched every industry and every province in Spain, have put the people in a feverish state, aggravated by the warring of the two socialist groups. Nothing brings more solace to the heart of the corrupt Spanish bourgeois in the cafés than the sight of these two federations of labor sabotaging each other in strikes.

The liberals are much exercised over these strike movements which are spreading throughout Spain. They warn the leaders of the socialist U.G.T. that the violent Marxist tendency which made itself felt in 1933 alienated the people away from republicanism into the bosom of the monarchists. Unless these movements, which force the government to suspend its labor of reform, soon stop, there will be a complete disorganization of the Popular Front with results not unlike those of 1933. The fascist menace has been overcome only through the unity of the radicals of all kinds, but as soon as these groups fall out among themselves there remains the danger that the fascist Spanish Phalanx will arise in the midst of their quarrels.

Increasing the danger is the existence of the Civil Guard, a military body organized some sixty years ago, which has become one of the most disciplined corps in Europe. In the course of time this force, originally formed as a bandit patrol, has been transformed into the arm of the bourgeoisie against the workers. The Civil Guard in Spain is the real army. Since most of the recruits are drawn from among the sons of these guards, strong family traditions have become attached to this body. Children begin to prepare for the service at an early age in special academies where, along with a spirit of rigid discipline, hatred for the workers is implanted in their hearts. With such antecedents an intermittent battle between the Civil Guard, 35,000 in number, and the proletariat cannot be avoided. Why then does the government not advance with strong measures against this intractable body? The answer to this question reveals the pathetic position of Quiroga at this moment.

His government exists and nothing more. It lives with the continual threat of a fascist bludgeon or a military dictatorship over its head. All of its time is spent in settling endless strikes and all of its energy is wasted in survival. It is not undergoing any dramatic agony. It just moves along. Forceful measures are vital and it seems clear that the present government will not take them.

In the midst of these vacillations the ranks of the Spanish Phalanx increase and there are rumors about shipments of ammunition which have been received and stored away. For every hideout of Primo de Rivera's boys which is raided, for each arsenal of arms and collection of uni-

forms which is discovered, there are many others about which the government has no knowledge. Its own police cannot always be trusted to ferret out the enemies of the republic. The fascists can play upon the despair of the workers and the divisions within the ranks of the revolutionary parties. Wages have not risen since this Popular Front government came into power. "We'll have fascism yet. That's all we deserve," said one worker from the National Confederation of Labor. And though I do not quote him as typical, he is a symbol of what might result from the present situation—the lassitude of the working classes, a state of indifference into which the reactionaries might rush to take possession.

There are a million unemployed in Spain and there is no dole except the meager aid granted by the unions to their members. Under the aegis of Spanish industrialists economic conditions must go from bad to worse. Many of them are closing up their factories and are leaving the country. In spite of all the restrictions on the movement of pesetas out of the country, millions are leaving with comparative ease. Spain is impoverished and any exploitation of its resources is dependent upon a total reorganization of its economy. Under these circumstances the fascist menace is no mere oratorical blather. The Supreme Court has declared the Phalanx to be a legal organization and the inner conflicts among the workers combined with another parliamentary period of legal hair-splitting after the manner of the years 1931-1933—during which it took a year and a half to draft the agrarian reform—may yet open the gates for a brutal fascism.

The Soviet Abortion Law

BY LOUIS FISCHER

IN the Soviet Union, medicine is socialized. Almost all physicians work for the state, and all clinics, hospitals, and dispensaries are state-owned and state-operated. Private practice, however, is permitted, and the new and efficient Commissar of Health, Gregory Kamin-sky, has even encouraged it; the communal health facilities are sometimes inefficient or imperfect.

What will happen, in conditions of socialized medicine, now that abortions are strictly prohibited except when the health or life of the pregnant woman is imperilled? Exactly what happens in any other country. This is not only my view. It was stated times without number in the Soviet press during the popular discussion provoked by the government's anti-abortion bill of May 26, 1936.

During the two past years, Soviet newspapers have printed a number of items about the discovery of secret, private abortion stations and the trial and punishment of those concerned. As soon as it became more difficult to obtain a permit to abort, illegal operations increased. Dr. Martha Ruben-Wolf, a celebrated German physician now living in the U. S. S. R., contributed an article on this sub-

ject to the Moscow *Deutsche Zentral Zeitung*. She related how, some time ago, a misunderstood circular caused several Soviet counties to prohibit abortions. "Immediately, the number of underground abortions mounted. When, several years ago, abortions were temporarily refused in cases of first pregnancy, many young women paid for this mistake with their lives or their health. In May and June, 1935, thanks to a bureaucratic permit system, the requests of many pregnant women were indiscriminately denied. As a result, innumerable instances of self-provoked miscarriages were reported by the Botkin, Sklifassovsky, and Arbat hospitals in Moscow." Other evils, Dr. Ruben-Wolf fears, will accompany the proscription of abortion. "The dread of conception," she says, "will bring back old sex abnormalities such as homosexuality, perverse relations, sexual neuroses, and so on."

It will have been noted that in the discussion which raged around this unfortunate piece of legislation, the choice was always: abortion or child. But what about the alternative of contraception? The law makes no mention

of this most pivotal problem. For this omission, the government was taken severely to task in a large number of letters which appeared in the press during the discussion. Dr. Ruben-Wolf places part of the blame on physicians "who do not give sufficient enlightenment on contraceptives to women after child delivery or after an abortion." Soviet women can get information on contraception in innumerable centers. Indeed, lectures on the subject are sometimes held in factories, clubs, collective farms. But the state, the medical profession, and the population have paid far too little attention to this phase. Many Russians, especially Russian men, have strong prejudices against contraceptives. M. Yeskoba, a woman physician at the Moscow Electrofactory employing 22,000 workers, most of them women, tells of her experience in teaching birth control. "There are many," she wrote in the *Moscow Daily News*, "whom we cannot convince, some who are predisposed in favor of abortions, others ignorantly skeptical, still others, strange to say, embarrassed by the whole idea."

Recently, however, a change has come about. "Since the publication of the draft of the anti-abortion law," M. Yeskoba related, "there has been noticeable a distinct increase of interest in birth-control methods. Women . . . are asking to be advised." Partly because women were not sufficiently educated and partly as a result of masculine pressure, the attitude toward abortions here has been much too frivolous. Any departure from this tendency would be welcome. But the authorities, too, are not free from guilt. In a country which has solved gigantic industrial problems—one has only to think of the latest example, the radical improvement of the transport system—it is certainly possible to produce high-quality mechanical and chemical birth-control paraphernalia. And if it is impossible, they ought to be imported. Moreover, though the facts of birth control are available to all, there has been no drive and enthusiasm behind the effort to disseminate them. Yet this is the weapon against abortions.

In the circumstances, it is natural to suspect that the government neglects birth control because it wants a larger population and large families. Indeed the draft of May 26, 1936, provided that a mother receive 2,000 roubles annually for five years for each child after her seventh, and 5,000 roubles after the eleventh. Letters to the press demanded that these premiums begin with the fifth or sixth child. Had the Kremlin accepted this suggestion, it would have been following in the footsteps of the Nazis who recently decreed a ten-mark monthly grant for every fifth and additional child born into a family which earns 185 marks a month or less. But in the law of June 27, the bolsheviks lag just a bit behind the Nazis: the bonuses begin with the seventh child. Five thousand roubles are to be paid after the tenth instead of after the eleventh baby. Is this the socialist way of bringing more children into the world?

Bolsheviks argue incessantly in favor of more births. They do not contend that more births in the next few years will help the nation in the second world war, assuming it comes. For if it arrives in less than eighteen years, the babies who will owe their existence to the abortion ban

will not yet be able to bear arms. And I do not think the bolsheviks' anti-abortion policy has 1954 in mind. There is more cogency in the statement that modern wars are devastating and that if Russia is engaged in war she will lose many men and should therefore prepare for this eventuality in advance by increasing the birth rate. Soviet spokesmen, too, often seek to justify the big-family propaganda on the ground that the labor scarcity, already a problem, will increase as the nation's industries develop.

In my own view, these considerations are quite subsidiary, yet if repeated often enough with sufficient earnestness, they induce the innocent to overlook the more urgent reasons for family-life reform. The important fact is that the Soviet birth rate is falling. Between 1925 and 1928, according to Robert R. Kuczynski, formerly of the Brookings Institute in Washington, there was a "considerable decrease of the birth rate of European Russia," and especially in the Ukraine, White Russia, Moscow, and Leningrad. Fertility, he shows, is higher in small Soviet cities than in large, and higher in the villages than in small cities. With augmented urbanization since 1929, it is fair to assume that the birth rate is being further retarded. Moscow, which had a birthrate of 30.7 in 1925, dropped to 21.7 in 1929 and 15.3 in 1935. The total population of the territory of the U. S. S. R. increased 19 per cent between 1913 and 1933, but only 12.8 per cent between 1927 and 1933. The net annual increases in the number of inhabitants of the U. S. S. R., moreover, show a general decline since 1929. Thus the excess of births over deaths between 1926 and 1927 was 3,400,000; between 1927 and 1928, 3,600,000; between 1928 and 1929, 3,800,000; but between 1929 and 1930, 3,300,000; between 1930 and 1931, 2,900,000, and in the following two years an average of 2,600,000.

It will be submitted that abortions have much to do with this circumstance. Certainly. But the number of abortions is alarming. V. V. Paevski, in his *Elements of Statistics*, a Soviet publication which appeared in 1931, supplies some of the latest available data for Leningrad. In 1926, there were 43,416 completed pregnancies in that city; in 1927, 40,953, and in 1928, 39,058—this though the total number of inhabitants was increasing owing to internal immigration. In the same three years, however, the number of abortions mounted from 21,646 to 35,523 to 53,562. There were thus more abortions than births. It is not uncommon for a middle-aged Soviet city woman to have had eight or more abortions.

This situation, the authorities realize, must be altered. But they are attacking the problem in the wrong way. I frequently visit the marriage, divorce, birth, and death registration bureaus because they are one of the best contacts with Soviet life. Recently while I sat in one, a woman came in with her two-weeks' old baby. I moved over to her and asked whether she had wanted the child. She said, "Yes," and smiled down affectionately into its face. I then asked whether she would have known what to do to prevent its coming if she had not desired it. She replied, "Of course. We have a son of six, and from his birth till now we had no children."

"And why did you wish to have this baby at this time?"

"You see," she replied, "my husband was promoted and we received a second room."

More rooms, and more diapers, cribs, day nurseries would be the Marxist method of coping with a declining birthrate. If the Soviets want more children they should first create the accommodations for them. And if they think abortions are harmful, as they are in excess, they should increase the popularity of other forms of birth control.

A falling birth rate is, in itself, no cause for great concern. The U. S. S. R.'s total population is rising rapidly. The apparent contradiction is explained by the sharp drop in adult and child mortality. The percentage of child deaths in Czarist Russia was frightful. The change since then has been due, to some extent, to better medical service, living conditions, and infant care. But perhaps the increase in the number of survivors is partly accounted for by the reduction in the number of births per family. The proscription of abortions may raise the birth rate, but it may also raise the mortality rate.

The factor of birth rate played a role in the Soviets' declaration of war on unlimited abortions. There was another, if anything, a better, reason: unrestricted abortions led to laxness of sex life and enabled men to live with young girls and then compel them to submit to abortions. I think the Bolshevik leaders are disturbed by the irregularity of sex relations in the U. S. S. R. This, more than anything else, is what produced the law of June 27, 1936. Suggestions have even been heard to deny legality to unregistered marriages on the ground that they are less likely than registered unions to be lasting. After a costly period of experimentation, the Soviet nation seems to be settling down to more normal sex relations. The chief purpose of the new law is the stabilizing of the family. Theoretically, the Bolsheviks do not accept the family as the inevitable unit of social life. Practically, however, they have never deliberately disrupted the family; there is, as yet, no institution to substitute for it. But Soviet conditions in the past destroyed many families—the two generations which it always embraces were frequently at political and economic loggerheads. Today, that phase is ended. The family in the U. S. S. R. will be strengthened. Now and then, indeed, Soviet organs begin to point out that the insecurity of bourgeois countries is undermining the family.

It is natural, accordingly, that the law should contain provisions regarding divorce and alimony. "In order," it reads, "to fight against a frivolous attitude toward the family and family obligations," both parties to a marriage are to be summoned by the registrar before a divorce is granted. Divorce in the absence of one party whose first notification might be an official postcard disappears. Moreover, the cost of divorces is raised. Hitherto, the fee has been three roubles. The law fixes it at 50 roubles for the first divorce, 100 for the second, and 300 for the third and subsequent divorces.

These arrangements, when they appeared in the draft, did not please many commentators. Although one person would have put the divorce fee still higher as a punishment, she wrote, "for those who regard marriage frivo-

lously," a wife said she would pay for the divorce if her husband wanted to leave her and had not enough money. Moreover, innumerable letters to the press stated that these increased charges would create no difficulties for the better paid but would make divorce less accessible to the poor. Some, accordingly, urged that the cost of divorce be in proportion to income. Who pays for the divorce? others asked. The draft was silent on this point. So is the law. The law, in fact, turns a deaf ear to all the constructive criticism and helpful suggestions about divorce which came from the masses in the course of the discussion.

If the working of the law on divorce leaves much to be desired, the provisions about alimony are quite deplorable. The draft devoted only four over-simplified lines to this highly complicated problem. It proposed that 33 1/3 per cent of a father's salary go to the divorced mother with one child, 50 per cent if there were two children, 60 per cent for three or more children. The law reduces these percentages to 25 per cent, 33 1/3 per cent, and 50 per cent respectively; but here again the excellent ideas brought out in the discussion were completely ignored by the government. Alimony in the Soviet Union is never designed for the support of ex-wives. A childless divorcee is not entitled to alimony. Alimony is only for children. But 25 per cent of a man's salary may be much more than one child requires. Alimony, in such cases, can become a business.

A woman is left with a child. She soon marries a prosperous second husband. She may not need very much alimony, yet her first husband, if he has to pay her 25 per cent of his salary, may be handicapped, during the eighteen-year alimony period, in creating a second family. If he earned 400 roubles, 100 would go to the one child of the first marriage and only 300 would remain for himself, his second wife, and their three or four or more children. Flat alimony percentages will give rise to unfairness, many protested. What was the sense, people asked further, in sending a man to prison for the non-payment of alimony? In jail he earned too little money and his children would merely suffer. Was there no other method of forcing him to meet his obligations? G. Elkin, judge of the Moscow high court, stated in the *Izvestia* that "court experience showed that questions of alimony could not be decided mechanically." One child receiving alimony is well, for instance, he said. Another is ill. An individual approach is necessary, he stated, in each case. The courts or special commissions ought to have this matter in hand. A district attorney reminded the government that the age of children should also play a role in fixing alimony. Did the lawmakers read these letters in the press? There is no sign in the final law that they did.

A host of personal tragedies will flow from this law. "Bootleg" abortion clinics will kill and cripple women. A hysterical cry will go up from women who will knock at door after door seeking an abortion permit. The youth will suffer. Perhaps, before many months have elapsed, the wailing and misery will compel the U. S. S. R.'s first Parliament to repeal this unjustifiable act at its first session in 1937. That would redeem Soviet democracy.

(Mr. Fischer's first article on the new Soviet abortion law appeared last week.)

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FOR the first time I have had to ask myself whether the President is losing his political skill and intuition. His decision not to accept Postmaster Farley's resignation, but merely to give him a leave until after the election, seems like a first-class political blunder. I have no doubt that it is due to a feeling that he must be loyal to the man who has done his political work for him and taken a lot of blame that belongs upon other shoulders. But if, as the newspapers reported, he gave the leave of absence in the belief that that would be sufficient to allay the popular feeling against Farley and Farleyism, the President is quite mistaken. It is a pity that he cannot visit incognito some of our best moving-picture houses and hear for himself the whole-hearted hisses and boos with which the Postmaster General is greeted when his picture is thrown on the screen. It will not in any way mitigate the force of the Republican attacks upon Farley and what he typifies if he is on temporary leave and certain to return to the Cabinet if the President wins another term. That the Republicans are hypocritical in getting after Farley is obvious. The party of Mark Hanna and Matt Quay and Will Hays and Walter Brown and all of the Ohio gang has the nerve of a brass monkey to criticize anybody for playing politics when in the Cabinet. What has happened is that the public has grown more sensitive to the spoils system and that it is outraged by Farley's holding three jobs, that of National Democratic Chairman, New York State Chairman, and Postmaster General. Never before was so much political patronage concentrated in the hands of one man. I believe that the President will pay heavily for this in lost votes.

Doubtless the President may feel that he is showing courage and independence by refusing to give up Farley in the face of what he considers unjust criticism. Well, it is not unjust criticism of this set-up. On the contrary the public dissatisfaction about it, which I believe would continue if the Republicans should drop all mention of the Postmaster General, denotes a healthy public concern which ought to be heeded. Here is a case where it would not only be astute and good politics to listen to the voice of the people but would be raising the standards of government. It is not as if the President were going to have an easy walk-over and were therefore in a position to ignore widespread criticism. I have the growing feeling that he has got to fight hard to win. I do not base this upon the recent poll of the Institute of Public Opinion. His strength is with labor which rarely shows in a poll of the *Literary Digest* type. It cannot be denied that if the Lemke ticket is put in the field it is going to draw enough votes in some states, Connecticut, for instance, to make the state extremely doubtful for the President. Aside from that, in

this election the attack will center on Mr. Roosevelt himself. So many Republicans voted for the original New Deal measures that the Democrats have some extremely effective ammunition in waiting. Hence Mr. Roosevelt is the safest target. He will have to defend himself against charges from all quarters notably with regard to the administrative weakness of his administration.

Under the circumstances what would seem to be the best policy for him? Not only taking the offensive but making clear-cut, straightforward statements as to where he is heading and what he proposes to do. If it is answered that it would be manifestly unfair to ask him to bind himself in these times when it is impossible to foresee what may be the economic future in this country or the political one abroad, the answer is that whether it is fair or unfair if Mr. Landon knows his business he will put to the forefront of every address some specific questions to the President which will have to be categorically answered or else ignored with unfortunate effects. It would be a great deal better to spike Landon's guns by as elaborate a program as possible. That will be especially difficult for Mr. Roosevelt because it is so contrary to his habit of mind. It may be impossible for him to do anything of this kind; I am only indicating what, in my judgment, a master strategist, sure of his ground, ought to do.

Certainly the President must be more specific than he was at Franklin Field. I find my first impressions of that address confirmed by many talks I have had about it since with a few of those who heard it over the radio. They invariably tell me that it lacked details and that it did not carry conviction with it. But the President must be able to arouse and to inspire if he is going to win. The great employers of this country are going to try to bring more influence to bear upon their workmen than ever before. The Administration is well aware of this danger—I was asked by a subordinate in Washington to suggest any way of heading this off. My answer was that nothing can be done to prevent a manufacturer's saying in a crowded elevator to some of his men, "Well, boys, if Roosevelt wins I'll have to close down." He may sincerely think so. I know one who does and he voted for Roosevelt four years ago. Does not this reinforce the point that this danger can only be met by the President's laying all the cards on the table? He has brought back from their posts almost every ambassador and minister to campaign for him. That is nothing new. Hoover did the same thing. But the Roosevelt diplomats might just as well have stayed abroad. They cannot win the election or aid in any worthwhile degree. Only Franklin Roosevelt can win or lose it—can win it only if he is frank, straightforward, sincere, and convincing, and comprehensive in outlining what he will do if reelected.

BROUN'S PAGE

THE Townsendite convention in Cleveland may number among its successes the fact that it roused Henry L. Mencken from his lethargy and inspired him to write with much of his old gusto. Indeed most of the newspapermen who covered the gathering turned out highly readable and amusing copy. And yet I missed one thing in the reports. I saw little note taken of the fact that this was one of the most tragic assemblies of the year. One saw the logical and hopeful courses of human aspiration channeled into the gutters. Here was an object lesson in the highly unfortunate circumstance that mankind under pressure tends to seek the comfort of the father image. At least Freud would call it that. In its political implications the tendency is known as fascism.

Like troops who have been in the line too long the legions of the underprivileged turn for comfort to the nearest brass-hat. The fiber of the rank and file has been worn away. Out of their own potential strength they find it difficult to conjure up salvation. They clutch at Father Coughlin.

Of late it has become fashionable in radical circles to say that the good cause is better off without great orators and flaming personalities. Such figures are better left to the romantic who do not understand the vital truth that the mass always makes the leader. This is a dangerous half truth. No leader of any type can get much ahead of his support. Even Mussolini and Hitler hold power by performing their sleight-of-hand stunts before the multitude. But the true prophets should not become high hat. They must, perforce, compete with the priests of Baal somewhat along the lines laid down traditionally for the swaying of the multitude. It is up to the radicals to find within their ranks men who can use the radio more effectively than Father Coughlin, and the red clay parishes of Louisiana cannot forever be left to the Huey Longs and the Gerald Smiths.

To be sure, Earl Browder was more than ready to put in an appearance at Cleveland and Norman Thomas, who wangled an invitation as the lesser of left evils, was gallant in his courage when he faced a hostile audience. The fact that Mr. Thomas was not able to qualify as a veritable Elijah and show up the impotence of the tribal deities should not be scored against his ability as an orator. It was a tough spot. The convention was stacked against him. And yet, judging from rather fragmentary reports, his approach might have been somewhat more inspired. It is not sufficient to tell the Townsendites and the Coughlinites that the panaceas which have won them are unworkable. The case goes deeper. I think it is fair to say that even if every claim made by Coughlin were true and the revolving plan of Dr. Townsend quite easy of arrangement, the goals set by these gentlemen would still be all too insufficient. Certainly the trouble with the Cleveland groups is that as yet they are far too conserva-

tive. They want a new world without the pangs of childbirth.

One can go back of Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin to the credulous days of the Hoover boom. No worker should ever be ready to sell his hope of the cooperative commonwealth for a way station in which chickens are to be found in every pot. Suppose the Townsend plan were practical and that it served to solve the problem of social security for the aged; would it not still leave us with crying perplexities in front of us? I do not remember that any speaker in the great hall took up the question of liberating American children from the mill and factory.

Ironically enough there was hardly a hint of the existence of class consciousness among the Townsendites, the Coughlinites, and the eight million bull frogs who have been organized, according to Gomer Smith, into share-the-wealth clubs of the Reverend Gerald Smith. Who was there in all the hall to speak of war and its creation by international rivalries? The only answer furnished was in the Lemke platform of complete isolation and 200 per cent nationalism which at the moment keeps all Europe under arms.

The Townsendites, I know, take great stock in their own respectability. They shudder at the word communism and they are easy prey for the red-baiting tactics of Father Coughlin. I do not know whether or not Thomas said it, but he should have hailed the delegates as "fellow revolutionists." I understand he did point out that the sort of social security for which they were asking would not be possible under the capitalist system. Sooner or later the Townsendites and the Coughlinites will learn that their leaders are promising them nothing more than an orange in the toe of a stocking. What they really want is a revolving world and not a revolving pension plan.

Even the Townsendites must come of age in time. It is comforting to believe that the whole scheme of economic inequity can be turned out overnight. It is pleasant to believe that it is possible to step right out of the ashes into a coach and four. But there isn't really any Fairy Godmother. Man gets what he needs by fighting and by organization. Some of the speeches made by the priests and preachers at Cleveland sounded beguiling. A fine feast of pie was spread in the sky by Coughlin and by Smith. But let these workers take heed when they return home and observe the passing of the days and the months and the dwindling of their hopes.

Townsendites will get precisely nowhere as long as they continue to think of themselves as safe and sane and the salt of the earth. As such they have lost their savor. They are red pepper or nothing. The next convention of these groups should be carried on without Coughlin, Lemke, Smith, or Townsend. And if it is to end right it will begin with the singing of the International.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

BELIEFS IN POETRY

BY HORACE GREGORY

WITHIN the past five years we have had many promises of a hope for a new literature, a new poetry. The promise is all the more dramatic because as recently as 1930 such responsible critics as Newton Arvin and H. L. Mencken (both from extremely different points of view) found the best writing of our time crabbed, "obscure," introverted, sad, thin, despairing. Then, as now, it was said (and I think carelessly) that we were living in a time of transition. It would be better to say that our contemporaries have been and still are abnormally self-conscious. Even those who had not read Freud had absorbed his influence, quite as Matthew Arnold once wrote of Byron, "our soul had *felt* him." They had become conscious of themselves, of the world they lived in, of their beliefs (or what was once called the lack of them). Look how watchful, how aware they were in the first decade following the war:

And I myself on a swiftly tilting planet
Stand before a glass and tie my tie.

Freud was by no means the least considerable of the influences then at work among the writers. His power lay in his appeal to the literary imagination; through his analysis of the nerve-shocked individual who feared, more than all else, complete loss of personal identity, emerged the figure of the Greek King Oedipus. The powerful resurgence of the old myth gave tragic dignity to individual despair; it was a prop (to those who could afford expensive treatment) against the impulse toward suicide, against the individual temptation to re-enact the mass-destruction of the World War. To those who were unable to purchase such consolations the tragedy became the very lack of individual tragedy in modern life: "I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be," yet in each case the self-consciousness remained.

The obverse of Senlin's face before the mirror was that cult of anti-intellectualism which fled the process of self-examination as a science, but embraced it as a necessary esthetic. This counter-movement we may trace through the later plays of Eugene O'Neill, through an entire phase of D. H. Lawrence, and the authors of the new autobiographies—the John Middleton Murrys, the Saroyans, and last of all, Thomas Wolfe. If we re-read the minor poetry of the earlier period, we shall not fail to notice recurrent images of death, of dryness, impotence, of bone, of brain, of emptiness, of ice. I need not repeat the reasons why we tended to distrust the uses of "belief" during this period. Mr. I. A. Richards's "Principles of Literary Criticism" is a reliable index to that distrust, and the significant poetry of that movement will continue to bear witness to the flaws and merits of his criticism. We were certain then only of

what seemed a belief in non-belief, a paradox which proved too ingenious, too fragile to endure beyond the hour.

Today, however, the stress is toward images of positive belief, of life, of rebirth, of machinery in motion, of re-awakened earth in spring, of men marching together: "Oh comrades step beautifully from the solid wall," of love, of hope: "New styles of architecture, a change of heart." We have come a long way in an opposite direction from post- (if not in fact pre-) war consciousness. It is to our good fortune that promise of a new vitality in poetry has been sustained by the writers of the left, who, as Granville Hicks reminds us, are the inheritors of a great tradition in literature. But beyond this healthy show of confidence, we must be prepared to protect the renewal of our hopes from the weedy growths of a too facile optimism. We must be watchful lest the revival of belief will not employ the mere assertion of beliefs as a barrage to conceal our fears of analysis and correction. We must inquire into the nature of poetic belief itself, by discriminating between what is false and what is true in literature, and by examining the *meaning* of belief in religion, politics, science, and all of those categories which seem to disintegrate the character of daily experience; and to perform that operation without killing the patient we must move toward a synthesis. No chart will plot the course for us—unless we are willing to accept a shallow world of contradictory responsibilities, that is, re-affirm the confusions of the present *status quo*. It is this conviction which must be confidently preserved if we are to learn anything from the errors and successes of our contemporaries.

It must be borne in mind that poetic belief, in the sense here employed, is a cultural term, with its associations reaching backward through a discontinuous heritage to the sources of a mythology. In this connection M. Paul Valéry, whose acid candor resembles the blindest naivete, once remarked: "Works endure as long as they are of use. That is why they are discontinuous." It is not tradition as opposed to absence of tradition that makes for literary controversy; it is always the choice of *which* tradition is most desirable.

Mr. Stephen Spender in "The Destructive Element" has made an eloquent, and I think, necessary claim for the heritage of the Symbolist technic in the new Left literature. Its usefulness was demonstrated by Hart Crane when he attempted to telescope the road home to American mythology, when he sought to redefine within the eight short sections of "The Bridge" the total meaning of his cultural experience. Crane's evocations of Powhatan's daughter, Cutty Sark, Walt Whitman, Columbus, Edgar Poe, Rip

Van Winkle, Kitty Hawk—all contained within the symbol of his own time, Brooklyn Bridge—were legitimate ambiguities of poetic belief. Through them Crane had no need to justify the psychic horror of what might otherwise have been a mere personal experience as he rode the New York I. R. T. in "The Tunnel." In one passage of the poem he conceived of that experience (crossing under water between Brooklyn and Manhattan) as death by water transformed into subway suicide. Through rapid association we are given "Whose body smokes along the bitten rails?" Poe's death in Baltimore, then from Poe's "The City in the Sea," the "death that looks gigantically down." It was primarily through Poe that Crane merged his identity with one of the sources of American belief, an experience whose realistic horror (as Mr. Paul Elmer More observes) was a heritage Poe gained from the witch-burning, "Day of Doom" Puritans. Hart Crane revived and preserved for us that moment of vision, the penultimate sensation, which is both the weakness and the strength of all romantic poetry.

So far as he was able to merge his identity with the identity of an indigenous myth, "The Bridge" was successful. Crane's failure was a failure to recognize the sharp limits of his cultural heritage, to recognize that it was *not* continuous, that no one can embrace *all* elements of his cultural beliefs at *one* time, in *one* symbol. When moments of vision failed him, he was then thrown back upon the resources of what to him remained an imperfect technic, a defect which is also discernible in Shelley and Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Thus, Shelley's tendency was to overload eighteenth century humanitarianism with platonic meaning, which was quickly understood if one read his notes, but remained obscure if one did not. Beddoes's defect, on the other hand, arose from the perception of all forms of life as *death*. All were to be contained within a single ambitious work, a play, "Death's Jest Book," and it is hardly to be wondered that the play failed in its attempt at such a synthesis.

The most conspicuous failure to create a synthesis in our time is to be found in the forty-one "Cantos" of Mr. Ezra Pound. (This is not to deny the excellence of a few "Cantos," four in particular, "Cantos" I, XVII, XXX, and XXXVI.) The particular "belief" given expression in these fragments stems directly from the main-stream of Greco-Roman culture as it entered the Renaissance and was in turn absorbed by the Anglo-American tradition in literature. As long as these fragments of the Greco-Roman myth may be grafted to the roots of our own culture, they remain relevant to our own beliefs in poetry. We have, however, some thirty-odd "Cantos" that are related to scattered myths and beliefs, few of which are vital to the growth of the language, or to any other instrument of belief existing in our time. If we call them "meaningless," we mean that their beliefs are untenable, that to us their *language* is inadequate. The obscene language of "Cantos" XV and XXXIX is a confession of technical inadequacy; the many inaccurate uses of American slang is further confession of the same failure. Because he fails to discriminate in his choices of poetic beliefs, Mr. Pound seems perennially immoral; for this reason his failures to distinguish

between the beliefs of Mussolini and Thomas Jefferson seem no more than a personal aberration, a refusal to keep his eye on the "object." It is significant that in his last "Cantos" published in magazines, his quarrel with the beliefs of his contemporaries has at last reduced him to a quarrel with his own medium.

Now, no one will deny that there is a conflict of technics as well as of beliefs in modern poetry; but if we are to move toward an actual synthesis we must regard beliefs and technics as related aspects of the same mythology. Something of the nature of this conflict has been indicated by Kenneth Burke in his essay on symbolic warfare in the current issue of "The Southern Review." At the present time there is to be noted a peculiarly self-conscious awe in the presence of machinery on the part of younger poets. Such self-consciousness too often takes the form of what Mr. C. Day Lewis calls "adventitious energy" in poetry; but what lies behind the uses of adventitious energy is even more dangerous. It implies (through half-denial) that an actual quarrel exists between poetry and science, and even Mr. Day Lewis is, I think, too willing to admit that poetry was born from magic and *science is the great enemy of magic*.

From here onward we are likely to confuse the specific terms of belief in science with those of belief in poetry; and here at once we embroil ourselves in an old and somewhat tedious controversy. We add to it, moreover, the mistaken notion that the introduction of machine images in poetry is of very recent origin (which is like the assumption that we oppose tradition with the lack of tradition). We are led to forget that Chapman and Dekker used images of sixteenth century war machinery, that Lord Herbert of Cherbury once wrote a memorable poem to his watch. It was their very lack of uneasiness in assimilating the uses of machine imagery that saved them from the charge of appearing adventitious. What we must accept, is the fact that there are as many ways of writing badly about the machine as there are ways of ineptly describing natural phenomena. To imply that there is lasting and deep warfare between poetry and science is to consider work that is properly beneath notice; and to carry that implication to its extreme conclusion is to say that poetry has become increasingly difficult to write ever since the invention of the wheel.

I do not mean to suggest that a renewed discussion of the meaning of meaning will refute those who tend to inflate the necessity of belief in poetry. My suggestion is to measure the distance we have traveled, by revaluating our literary past as it emerges into the present: to re-examine the worth of recent literary revivals in terms of their contribution to the writing of our time: to recover for our time the discipline implicit in the major poetry of John Milton. It is to be understood that such a program must not be too ambitious. And it is also to be hoped that the beliefs as well as the technics of the new poetry will be tested by a criterion as modest and severe as Friedrich Engel's explanation of the new language that came into being with the writing of "Das Kapital": "Every new aspect of a science involves a revolution in the technical terms of that science."



More Goods for More People

IN 1900, not one family in a hundred owned a horse and buggy; today, three out of four have cars. One family in thirteen had a telephone; now, one family in two. In 1900, modern plumbing and central heating were luxuries—less than 500,000 homes had electricity—radio and electric refrigeration were unknown. Today, 21 million homes are wired; 7 million families own electric refrigerators; 22 million have radio receivers.

In 1921, a MAZDA lamp cost 45 cents; it now costs 15 cents. You receive 80 per cent more light for your dollar because of greatly increased lamp efficiency and a lower average electric rate for the home. General Electric research developed these lower-cost lamps, helped devise more economical ways of generating and distributing electricity—to bring better light to more people at less cost.

Today, electricity is vital to industry, for the manufacture of most goods—from bathtubs to textiles, foods to furnaces—to meet the increasing needs and the purses of millions. In this progress, G-E research and engineering have ever been in the forefront. And still, in the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, General Electric scientists continue the search for new knowledge—from which come savings, new industries, increased employment, more goods for more people.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

BOOKS

A Poetic View of the Naturalists

GREEN LAURELS, THE LIVES AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE GREAT NATURALISTS. By Donald Culross Peattie. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

MR. PEATTIE, who is a naturalist of some note and who has earned an enviable reputation as a writer of "singing prose" about nature, has undertaken in this book to give a humanized history of the naturalists' contribution to biology. In fifteen short chapters comprising altogether about 350 pages of large-type text, he traces successively the work of the mediaeval schoolmen and herbalists, the contributions of the early microscopists of the seventeenth century, natural history at the court of Louis XV as exemplified by Buffon and Réaumur, the life and times of the great Linnaeus (three chapters), the precocious evolutionism of Lamarck (two chapters), the work of the relatively little-known wilderness plantmen, birdsmen and natural historians in America of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries (three chapters), the rose-tinted speculations of Goethe, Darwinism (two chapters), and finally the peculiar contribution of Henri Fabre with his remarkable descriptions of the habits of insects.

From this summary enumeration it will be obvious that Mr. Peattie's book does not compete with those intensive popularizations of science which seek to give the reader a rich lode of information in a single volume. Linnaeus, Lamarck and Darwin account for half the book, and the rest of the space is by no means portioned out among the next greatest naturalists, but is rather devoted to those whose work can be presented in an interesting setting. Even so one wonders why Gregor Mendel, whose work is both important and pastorally interesting, was left out of Mr. Peattie's book. Doubtless the explanation is that this is not intended to be a complete and exhaustive work about the history of naturalism, but a book short enough to be written throughout at a high pitch of literary craftsmanship.

For Mr. Peattie's book, even if it does not compete with the more encyclopedic popularizations and text books, has indeed its own remarkable merits. There is not a line which is not dramatically vivid and entertaining. The book can be read like a novel at moments of relaxation when the usual work on science would fag the attention. And holding the attention it does manage to convey ideas which are both true and valuable.

The only exception is the constant harping on the poetic beauties and marvels of Nature and the identification of these beauties with the scientific knowledge of the naturalist. "In Nature," we are told, "nothing is insignificant, nothing ignoble, nothing sinful, nothing repetitious. All the music is great music, all the lines have meaning." And we are also repeatedly told that from the naturalists we receive "a reflection of the immense reality they behold." It cannot be too much emphasized, however, that the esthetic viewpoint on Nature, even though it is so often the origin of our scientific interest in the biological kingdom, is out of place in the scientific picture. To the poetic naturalist Nature may be perfect, but not to the analytic scientist. Helmholtz, for example, delighted in piling up a huge list of imperfections in the eye as an optical

instrument. Doctors find the vermiform appendix a nuisance rather than a blessing.

And yet Mr. Peattie concludes his book with a hymn to the naturalist, whom he identifies with the poetic naturalist, leaving all the analytic science to be carried on by the laboratory biologist. The hymn is all the more puzzling in that he has the naturalist "make a certain amount of submission toward the findings of the laboratory"; yet he is master in his own house, the mansion of the earth, where alone "are sunset glow, green leaf and eyes to see them: here is all we know of reality, all-sufficient to our destiny, our thoughts and passions. There will never be truer interpreters than the naturalists of this beloved, dusty, struggling, fateful and illustrious experiment called life on earth."

The confusion clears up of course if we take this as mere hyperbole, as the poetic license of an author enthusiastic over his subject matter. And with the caution that such passages on the beauty of nature and the vision of the naturalist are to be regarded as more poetry than scientific truth, Mr. Peattie's book can be safely and properly recommended to a wide circle of readers.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Competition Goes West

THE DECLINE OF COMPETITION: A STUDY OF THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY. By Arthur Robert Burns. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$5.

ARTHUR BURNS has called his book the "Decline of Competition." A solid tome from a crusader for fascism or communism might be dismissed as an extravagant flight of wishful thinking. But if an ancient institution which imposed the laws of Nature—and of Nature's god—upon workaday activity has gone astray, it is not at his impious touch. As a spectator only, he has viewed the surging show from the sidelines, snapped a veritable multitude of close-ups, noted departures from correct industrial behavior, and set down an adventurous story subdued to a scholar's prose. If competition is headed West, it is because industrial activities have failed to abide by the rules which the books have set down for them.

It is evident enough—from within these pages and without—that competition is not what it once was. The trim lines of the affair of old had no place for basing points, phantom freight, the patent pool, a price resting upon a handful of "as if's." Its marching argument was not stayed by overhead cost, the open-price file, the tempo of technology, the chameleon antics of the corporation, the lawful evasion of the law. Its balanced order was not disturbed by the "institute" of sugar or steel, the agreement among gentlemen, the Christian respect for the other fellow's market, the great fellowship in commercial faith. In the grand series of close-ups which Arthur Burns has taken, it doesn't resemble its likeness in the picture-books. But is competition actually in eclipse? Or is it coming as well as going? Or is it assuming strange forms? Or is the familiar likeness, after all, only a spurious portrait?

Competition never did look quite like its picture. The authentic portrait is a glorified abstraction of the ways of petty trade. There are, apart from Euclid, many geometries; and there can be as many competitions as variations can be rung on a set of reasonable assumptions. Among small trades the maker of men's shirts, the fashioner of house dresses, and the mendicant of waste paper ply unlike acquisitive arts. The struggle of corner grocers for neighborhood trade and the rivalry of a million small cotton planters in a world market are quite different things. It is the alchemy of method which transmutes

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Harpers

distinctive usages into universal laws, and imposes upon richness of texture a geometrical design.

If competition is entrenched in small enterprise, it has not lost its peculiar domain. The internal combustion engine is as much a symbol of the times as giant power; and, if there is a wicked trend toward the big and bad, there is also a virtuous urge toward the little and the good. The Census Reports have done a fair job at keeping the small fellows alive. The NRA, when it had to choose, usually gave small enterprise preferment over efficiency. The penny razor blade is now decentralizing production into nifty little factories. Almost within a month the major oil companies, tiring of white elephants, have rid themselves of their retail outlets. The chain stores may presently feel the pulverizing blow of the Patman Act. But smallness is no insurance of goodness. Ice is a declining industry; yet its prices have little respect for the costs which make them up, and in widely scattered markets the tolls which consumers must pay are strikingly uniform.

Nor does bigness always take the primrose path toward monopoly. A set of arrangements which no one could have foreseen has allowed different prices to be charged for identical quarts of milk, yet distributors heroically battle for customers. The automobile is produced by colossal concerns; yet the result of a calculation from an elaborate formula is scrapped overnight to better a competitor's price. The oil "octopus" of kerosene was a pigmy compared with the gasoline giants who currently struggle for gallonage. Among them price-change is too dangerous a mechanism to use in an adjustment of demand and supply—as the independents can well testify. A public authority, in a drastic reduction of passenger fares, has just imposed upon the railroads a belated recognition of their competition with motor carriers. Any monogamous student, who is true to his industry, will loudly assert that his lady love is distinctive above all others—and confidentially admit that she is a little queer.

Although his eye is for his own selection, Arthur Burns's book is filled with stuff as real as this. The bother is that it is all seen through a slightly darkened glass of scholarship. Concept and problem are too neatly chiseled for the turbulent world to which they belong. A trade practice—open price filing, patent monopoly, quality competition—is too easily detached from the scheme of arrangements which give individuality to an industry, and is sent across a dozen frontiers to reappear as an abstraction. Our state of ignorance commands that we take time to distinguish industries before we indulge the luxury of integration; yet his urge to generalization, more manifest in line of argument than in conclusion, is not always held in leash. The childish pedantry of monopoly, duopoly, oliopoly does not obtrude; but the author is disposed to set down prevailing practices as way-stations on the broad highway that stretches from "perfect" competition to monopoly. Another person might have suited his manner to the very life of his subject; it is Arthur Burns's method, not his material, which has imposed upon the best book we have yet had on the changing ways of business an unproved thesis.

The ruthless course of events hurries the industrial system toward an unknown future. It is not spinning down the grooves of change; the detail which makes it up is forever being transformed. To assess prevailing arrangements as cases of perfect competition tainted with collusion or streaked with monopoly is to miss their character. Competition is not "perfect"—and prone like theological man to go astray. As receptacles for facts competition and monopoly invite a miscellany of meaning. The organization of an industry is a cluster of usages; its changing elements may be put together in innumer-

able patterns. Its arrangements may invite concentration or diffusion of power—or even put larger questions of control out of human reach; it may distribute discretion over different matters in quite different ways. But an antithesis of competition and monopoly is too simple a formula with which to capture the colorful and dramatic realities of industrial change.

Erring industry has strayed far—as appraised by a perfect competition which reflects the usages of petty trade. But is competition in decline? Who knows? Or is there any such question?

WALTON H. HAMILTON

Star Vehicle

THE OLD MAN'S COMING. By Gösta Gustaf-Janson. Translated from the Swedish by Claude Napier. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

THE impresarios of the late nineteenth century were fond of building their plays as star-vehicles for a personality, planting the opening scenes with rumors of his virtues and vices and, after an appropriate lapse of time, ushering him on the boards with a declamation. Something of the same formula occurs in "The Old Man's Coming," but Gösta Gustaf-Janson has made the fatal error of employing a theatrical device without accepting the restraints upon which it depends for its effectiveness. The novel concerns the mysterious return of the master of a great house after twenty years of absence, and as such is ideally contrived for treatment in the flamboyant genre. The author has been more than a little successful in piecing together the character of his absent protagonist from scraps of information dropped at intervals over the family dinner table, in the servants' quarters, and from the mouths of children. When suspense has been kindled to boiling point, however—which is not particularly far up the thermometric scale—the reader is left to pocket his curiosity while skeins of intrigue are tangled and untangled and suspense gives way to a garden variety of irritation. Not until the concluding eighty pages of this 494-page volume does Charles-Henri de Grévy, "the master of Holinge, the grisly, legendary figure of Kvidanso parish," make his grand entry; and though he appears at the height of a squall, in a volley of snapping tree-trunks and flying tiles, his "coming" does not exact a tithe of its due in goose-flesh.

From certain allusions to communism, fascism, and the All Swedish Nationalist-Socialist Fighting Party (Nazi offshoot in Sweden) it is possible to read between the lines of this novel an abortive allegory of human idealism pitted against individual covetousness and falsity. Certainly it is symbolic that young Bengt paints out a rain spot on his ceiling because it suggests the contours of a Jewish profile, only to discover that at each fresh downpour the spot assumes the same shape and is plainly visible through the paint. That the Old Man himself is, in part at least, saddled to a symbol of selfless world-brotherhood becomes painfully apparent during the closing chapters, at which time he rises to deliver a series of sermons on this general theme and, in spite of earlier generosity to his assembled friends and relatives, is betrayed by them all.

If the intention has been to project such a parable, rather than, as the present reviewer is inclined to believe, to provide the story with a frame of synthetic contemporary reference, Mr. Gustaf-Janson has twice missed his mark. Not only is he guilty of poor showmanship in the handling of a theatrical device, but somewhere among the gothic incrustations of omens, ogres, squalls, and ghouls, the trysts in barns and the confrontations in drawing-rooms, he has lost touch completely with reality.

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Portrait Without an Attitude

THEODORE PARKER: *YANKEE CRUSADER*. By Henry Steele Commager. Little, Brown, and Company. \$3.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER'S fascinating "Theodore Parker: Yankee Crusader" has the virtues and defects of the Gamaliel Bradford school of historical portraiture: it leaves one with a strong impression of the kinetic energy of a remarkable man (which is to say that it succeeds as art), yet it never comes to grips with the uses to which the energy is put (and so it fails as criticism.) Since it avoids all questions of value, it might be called an example of the roarmachine theory of biography: so many degrees registered of intellectual intensity, of moral passion, of querulousness, of Yankee colloquialism, of sarcasm and occasional amiability, but no place on the scale for a judgment on Parker's worth and effectiveness, on the non-conformist New England conscience, on the duties of a Boston Golden Day scholar faced with the relative claims of original research and contemporary demands for popularization, on the method of the Abolitionists, on the institution of slavery itself. The result is a picture in which lineament and limb stand vivid, but connect with no very meaningful historical background, no foreground sloping to the present.

If it is Parker himself that you want, he is here, as Lexington farmer boy, as divinity student, as transcendentalist echo of German idealistic philosophy, as leader of a schism within the schism of Unitarianism, as friend of Fourierists, Brook Farmers, Swedenborgians and Temperance lecturers, as a Universal Reformer in his own right, and, finally, as the great Abolitionist preacher who took the gospel of William Lloyd Garrison into the pulpits and on to the lyceum stages of a hundred towns throughout New England, the Middle Atlantic states, and the Middle West. Mr. Commager has done all that he has set out to do, and done it superlatively well. Parker advising Herndon (and so reaching Lincoln); Parker pronouncing the awful judgment on Daniel Webster for succumbing to State Street and working for the compromise of the Fugitive Slave law; Parker making his own bookshelves; Parker collecting toy bears for his wife; Parker dying in Italy, exhausted at forty-nine, calling piteously for a last year's apple; Parker, the scholar and linguist who never had time to do the learned work which he should have done; Parker, whom women mothered and men abused—all of the attributes and facets of the great preacher and popularizer of the Forties and the Fifties are in Mr. Commager's rippling pages. And Mr. Commager's summary in a final chapter of Parker's personal qualities and quirks is a little masterpiece of distillation.

Yet the net effect is one of disappointment. It is supposedly a good rule never to criticize an author for not doing something which he has deliberately excluded from his plan, yet Mr. Commager's profession of temporary agnosticism in the face of the social forces that moved Parker is unconvincing. Most people go to biography for two things: subject and attitude. And when an author deliberately tries to exclude his attitude one has a right to feel let down and to suspect ulterior motives. If Mr. Commager had passed judgment one way or another on the Abolitionists; if he had speculated on the validity of the doctrine of the Higher Law or the Inner Light, if he had explained precisely wherein Parker traduced Daniel Webster—if, in brief, he had taken a position, he would have been compelled willy nilly to give his book the perspective it now lacks. There is more perspective in the sixteen pages devoted to the anti-Slavery writers in Van Wyck Brooks's forthcoming "The

Flowering of New England" than in Mr. Commager's whole book. The reason is that Mr. Brooks is not afraid to think through to a point of view.

The question facing Mr. Commager is this: If the Abolitionists and the Fire-eaters of the North in the 1850's had not pressed the issue and so increased the blood-pressure of the Southern Fire-eaters, would slavery have been eradicated eventually without war, without the hatred of the Reconstruction and the Bloody Shirt? Many liberal Southerners are fond of saying that Slavery was doomed because it was uneconomic, and that it would have eventually withered away. They therefore regard the Fire-eaters as meddlers who caused a useless conflict. Yet since the Civil War was not fought over the peculiar institution itself, but came as a by-product of two colliding imperialisms, neither of which could be headed, I think the Fire-eaters, Parker included, were the ones who knew in their bones what the future was to bring forth. The South had to grasp for new slave territory, the North had to reach for new free markets at the western railheads. Civilizations don't draw back from their objectives of their own accord. And Parker and Garrison, Herndon and Lincoln, were the agents of the advance of the Northern free-labor civilization.

If Mr. Commager had tried to answer the major question posed by the life of Parker, his book would have had more meaning for the present. For between the situation that faced the generation of Garrison and Wendell Phillips and the situation that faces the generation of John L. Lewis, there is a rough analogy. Now, as before, two imperialisms, running on irresistible momentum, face collision. There is much to be learned from the life of Parker that has contemporary application. One wishes that Mr. Commager had drawn the parallels; one wishes that he had more curiosity about the approximate laws of history. His book is first-rate Gamaliel Bradford stuff; but Gamaliel Bradford was a lesser New Englander, not of the breed of the Parkers and the Emersons, who always sought the generality underlying the particular.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Time and Mind

THE PURITAN PRONOS. STUDIES IN THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF NEW ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Samuel Eliot Morison. New York: University Press. \$3.75.

THE ENCHANTED GLASS. THE ELIZABETHAN MIND IN LITERATURE. By Hardin Craig. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

MR. MORISON and Mr. Craig have undertaken an all but impossible task. The definition of another age in terms of its thought—in terms, say, of the Elizabethan or the Puritan "mind"—is especially difficult if one assumes that the human mind was a different thing then from what it is now. Neither Mr. Morison nor Mr. Craig makes this assumption crudely, yet it must have stood behind the necessity each one of them felt to explain his favorite generation. And it still stands behind a certain strangeness which those generations take on in two books designed instead to make them look and sound familiar.

It is almost true that the more a given time is explained the remoter it grows; whereas the contrary assumption that there is nothing to explain keeps it comfortably close to the point where our imaginations can work at it naturally. This is no less true of our own time, which I have seen made absolutely unrecognizable in books whose charitable purpose was to give us

a sense of being at home in the universe of Marx, Einstein, and Freud. The great question, of course, is whether there is such a thing as the mind of a time. There are always a few good minds which express themselves well, but that can't be it. Then there are thousands of minds which pick up what the others drop; and there are the millions of valuable persons who in the formal sense have no minds at all. It can't be either of those things, either. If it is anything at all it probably is the sum total of beliefs which are so axiomatic to everybody that they are never spoken. But if they are never spoken we have little to go by.

Each of the present authors has had a great deal to go by. Mr. Morison's Puritans, for instance, were devout believers in the word, and made sacrifices soon after their arrival in New England so that they might possess a college, a school system, and a press. They wrote and read a remarkable number of books—many of them sermons, but not as many as we have been in the habit of supposing. They knew the Greek and Roman classics; they kept up with contemporary literature in England, even to the point of allowing the importation of poems by the Earl of Rochester which cannot get through the United States customs today; and Mr. Morison has had the happy thought to peep into the commonplace books of old Harvard students—and find, of all things, pagan love poetry. A larger proportion of New England's population went to college in 1650 than goes now, and for one-fifteenth the cost; and it was not the sole purpose of this Cambridge across the seas to prepare its sons for the ministry. Its purpose was first of all to train young men for a life the intellectual part of which was assumed by every person of authority to be of paramount importance. New England, unlike any other American colony of the century, was an intellectual enterprise, for reasons which Mr. Morison is not the first to state but which he sets forth with more than ordinary lucidity. Partly because his endeavor is to show that seventeenth-century New England is more knowable than we thought, and partly because his method is wherever possible objective—the counting of noses, the naming of documents, and the listing of books in libraries—he comes as near success in his task as any man perhaps may come. Nor is he without caution in his use of the statistical method. In his section on the school system he admits that he does not know how many children were taught to read, and that the number indeed cannot be known. James Truslow Adams once argued for a high illiteracy rate on the basis of a town, Natick, everyone of whose seventy inhabitants was an Indian.

Mr. Craig assures us that it is possible for one to "become an Elizabethan scholar, know one's way about in the age, and in one's feelings and opinions become a reasonably good subject of Queen Elizabeth." In order to help us do this he quotes liberally from Elizabethan treatises on psychology and morality—treatises which Shakespeare for one may have read but which he was too good an artist, Mr. Craig admits, to use in such a way as to let us know whether he had read them. The presence of Shakespeare, indeed, is constantly embarrassing to Mr. Craig, whose explanations of the age would be more useful if they were not rendered virtually unnecessary by the accident of its having produced the most articulate and delightful author of all time. Their usefulness is more obvious in connection with such pedants as Chapman and Jonson; which brings us back to the question whether one man or another is the more representative of his age, and indeed whether any age ever succeeds in representing itself. The circumstance of Shakespeare's supreme intelligibility leads me at least to wonder whether his age was not for all practical and literary purposes

the equivalent of ours. Mr. Craig somewhere belabors such talk as "mystical." But he scarcely escapes the charge of having made the generation of his choice a mystery which he alone, together with a handful of other scholars, may ever penetrate.

MARK VAN DOREN

Linguistic Patriotism

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. Fourth edition corrected, enlarged, and rewritten. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

"**T**HE AMERICAN LANGUAGE" would be too well known to require description at this date if the fourth edition were not, as its author declares, in the main a new work. Here and there a short passage, surviving even from the first edition in 1919, stands like a familiar landmark amid the new text, but the book as a whole has been reconsidered and rewritten studiously. The process in general has necessarily been one of correction and still more of addition and amplification, but where he could Mr. Mencken has also excised and abbreviated. Even so the volume extends to almost 700 pages, with not a flabby or inane one among them—God's plenty about the language of the United States.

Abundance and variety of material, clearly organized and displayed with unflagging zest, is the chief characteristic of the book. It is not, of course, a complete or original treatise on any aspect of the subject, but as a general handbook it occupies the field and will probably continue to do so. The verbal index lists upward of 10,000 words and phrases, to which the subject index adds almost 3,000 entries. The footnotes, a model of conscientious documentation, follow the text step by step.

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PARTY PLATFORMS of 1936 A Comparative Analysis

The four-page supplement in *The Nation* for July 18, comparing six party platforms on the basic issues of the campaign, is on sale separately. Copies may be had by writing to *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, at the following rates, including postage:

Single copies, five cents; quantities of 50 to 100, four cents each; 100 to 200, three cents each; 200 or more copies, two cents each. Payment with order, please.

step and are not the least useful part of the work. In getting together all this material Mr. Mencken enlisted a motley army, including a fair-sized foreign legion of helpers, some of them pressed into service, but many of them volunteers, and all enthusiastic about the cause. No such band of collaborators could have been found when he began his inquiry. Their existence now testifies to the wide influence that his book has exercised.

Among its virtues is that, besides purveying instruction and amusement, it occasionally excites dissent. Mr. Mencken has always been inclined to see the differences between British and American idiom as more sharply delimited and fundamental in character than professional linguists allow. At times he slips into a kind of Yankee purism, and one wishes that Richard Grant White were alive and in his prime to talk back at him. In the earlier editions of his book he scandalized many good men by maintaining that American English was deviating so rapidly from British English that it would in time become almost another language. Now he holds that "the pull of American has become so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it" and that English, "on some not too remote tomorrow," will be "a kind of dialect of American." For the purpose of warming up certain writing Englishmen that ought to do very well, but it will not go down as sober science. Mr. Mencken underestimates the power of British English to assimilate alien materials without affecting its basic Anglicity. In the past it has borrowed wholesale from several languages; it is now importing a good many Americanisms, to its enrichment but not to its transformation. The prosaic likelihood is that the two great dialects will continue to develop along parallel lines, never getting beyond hailing distance and never coinciding. But such ebullient linguistic patriotism is part of the fun. It is a grand book—learned, witty, endlessly entertaining and provocative.

GEORGE GENZMER

FILMS

Marc Connelly, Moving-man

WARNER BROTHERS will be hurt to learn that in "The Green Pastures" (Music Hall) they have not produced a spectacle. The press releases attest to the "120 gigantic settings," "1,000 players," and "lavish scenes" which the studio placed at the disposal of Marc Connelly, but in making his first movie, a literal transcription of his play, Mr. Connelly has achieved the paradox of a non-"colossal" production under the aegis of the Brothers. When one remembers what Max Reinhardt did in and around the Athenian woods and imagines what a DeMille might have done in heaven, one realizes that "The Green Pastures" is (definitely, Mr. Warner) not a spectacle.

Mr. Connelly's preservation of his play is right, not because it avoids the abuses which the movie spectacle has received at the hands of vulgarians, but because no translation other than a literal one was possible. When he originally dramatized the naive or (his own term) "primitive" Negro conception of divine revelation, Mr. Connelly assumed—which was a good assumption for a playwright to make—that the quality of the naivete was (my own term) "staginess." This quality is created in the film by such furniture as wooden clouds and miniature-model landscapes—props which are inescapable in the theatre but unnatural in the cinema, for they deny the camera

its property of moving in *plein air*. But to have indulged in a Miltonian style, to have moved through heaven and earth with the camera-eye, would have been to abandon the stagey quality and the original conception, and Mr. Connelly would have destroyed "The Green Pastures." By transferring his play intact to the screen he has done what he had to do. He has not even been able to serve the function of translator; he has merely acted as moving-man while "The Green Pastures" changed its address from stage to screen, making sure that all the furniture was moved from the first location to the second.

The resultant world created on the screen differs in no respect from that on the stage. It is a world proper to the highly localized subject-matter, with all the paraphernalia suggested by the environment of Mr. Connelly's "primitive Negro"; the fact that this environment is tinged, presumably, more by the theater than the movies, enables Mr. Connelly to avoid the offenses of the superspecial production. Yet the fact that it is not a "spectacle" is not, as it may have seemed when I stated it, a virtue. Whatever the shortcomings of the spectacle school, its representatives at least made motion pictures. Mr. Connelly offends by creating a world improper to the screen. Heaven is a picnic-grounds, but a picnic-grounds built in a studio interior; Cap'n Noah's ark is much too small for the animals we see filing into it; the journey to the Promised Land is like a walk across the studio in comparison to the vast horizons and Red Sea of Mr. DeMille's "Ten Commandments."

There is no moment in the film which was not in the play. I was positive at first that the incident of the daisies was a cinematic inspiration. It occurs when The Lord is walking the earth as a "natchel" man, sorely disappointed in the sinful Cain VI and Zeba, and inquires of a bed of daisies how they are getting on. "We O. K., Lord," they pipe back. The perfection of the moment was so cinematic that I was amazed on consulting the text of the play to find the incident therein.

Although he has done what he had to do, Mr. Connelly cannot expect the person who demands the authentic pleasure of a movie to like "The Green Pastures" on the screen. The "fable" has qualities of humor, action, emotion, speech which such a person and the vast public are certain to enjoy in any narrative medium—book, play, movie, or otherwise. From a viewpoint irrelevant to criticism it is even important that these qualities reach the wide audience which the most successful play has never reached. But in the end nothing is more important than that a film, not something else, appear on the screen.

ROBERT GIROUX

Current Releases

ANNA (Amkino): Soviet Girl meets wrong Soviet boy, a counter-revolutionary; right boy, young party member, gets girl. Little sign of the "classicism" Eisenstein predicted for his native cinema.

SAN FRANCISCO (M-G-M): An excellent technical job which reaffirms W. S. Van Dyke's title of Hollywood master. The earthquake sequence takes up where the silent film, "In Old San Francisco," left off, producing an impact of prolonged physical shock by expert cross-cutting.

MOVING DAY (Disney): Latest Mickey Mouse release in which an erratic piano is the star and Donald Duck's humiliation is complete. Among the best.

I STAND CONDEMNED (London Films): To those who saw Harry Baur's extraordinary performances in "Poil de Carotte" and "Crime et Chatiment" it seems incredible that in his first English movie he should be dull.

Letters to the Editors

CANDIDATE FOR THE HONOR ROLL

Dears Sirs: The June 24 session of the Democratic National Convention was opened with an invocation by a Negro minister, the Reverend L. Marshall Shepard of Philadelphia, whereupon Senator Ellison D. Smith, delegate-at-large from South Carolina, walked out, saying, "I'm through. I'm sick and tired of the whole thing. I'll go home and do some talking." On which the Richmond (Virginia) *Times Dispatch* commented as follows:

Senator Smith has the antebellum attitude which holds that the Negro must always remain a helot, exercising few civil rights, taking no part in the affairs of his government, content to leave all such matters to the white race. The Senator is not aware, apparently, that times have changed in the last three-quarters of a century, that the Negro is a citizen, entitled to the rights of a citizen. If the Negro is able, in the face of the manifold handicaps which beset him, to improve his business, educational, economic, and political status, we say more power to him. We are not quaking at the thought of Negro delegates at Philadelphia, and neither should we feel that Southern civilization has been endangered if a colored pastor asked the Almighty to forgive us our sins, which probably are far too numerous anyway.

I believe you should find out the name of the writer responsible for these civilized lines and consider him for *The Nation* Honor Roll of 1936.

LOUIS ADAMIC

New York, June 26

"HOMEKEEPING HEARTS"

Dear Sirs: I have been reading *The Nation* for a number of years and swearing by it, but your sarcastic remarks in the June 24 issue about Homekeeping Hearts made me tear my hair:

You say the conference of the Associated Countrywomen of the World was "made up pretty exclusively of middle-class and upper-class countrywomen." Thank you! I was able to attend because I live just outside Washington, and I drove my 1928 Ford, full of real farm women, in order that we might hear of the problems and achievements of rural women all over the world.

The American women who attended were largely from home-demonstration clubs. Do you not know that home-dem-

onstration clubs are made up of women who have had no opportunity to escape from the drudgery of farm work in kitchen and field? Farm women from three states in the South chartered a train (day coaches, no Pullmans), and when other women heard of it, there were a hundred more who wanted to get on that train. No other coach could be secured so these hundred rode and slept in the aisles and vestibules. Probably these belonged to the landed gentry of the U. S. A. As to the Canadian and overseas delegates, there were ladies and baronesses, but the ones I came in contact with were the same kind of women as ourselves. One Australian woman was able to come because she had won a prize of several hundred dollars.

Why dwell on the reports of Herr Hitler's delegates when those of other countries were so encouraging? The English women's institutes, which are similar to our home-demonstration clubs, teach the women crafts. The miners' wives and countrywomen are helped to market their products. The demonstrators who help the women are volunteers from the "gentry," and they receive no compensation and are not helped by the government as we are. In a sparsely settled district one woman teaches twenty-seven crafts. In our own Southern Highlands women were making quilts for two cents an hour which were sold by exploiters for \$100 a quilt. These women are being helped to market their own products.

If *The Nation* fails to see that any international group of women of whatever class is a movement toward world peace, I feel inclined to transfer my allegiance to Mr. Hearst.

MARY W. JANES, president
of Oxon Hill Home
Demonstration Club

Oxon Hill, Md., June 23

LEFT-WING BOOKS

Dear Sirs: The enrolment of the Book Union's three-thousandth member marks the permanent establishment in the field of revolutionary literature of a left-wing book club. Ever since the Hemingway school of realism for its own sake was succeeded by such writers as Dos Passos, Caldwell, and Farrell, who held up the mirror with a purpose, a new reading public has been addressed. But whether

because of the prohibitive price of books, the narrow choices of small-town libraries, the yellow journalists, or the high-brow cultural organizations, the fact remains that this new public has not been reached. Long after books in America have ceased to be dedicated exclusively to the upper middle class, they are still owned almost exclusively by them.

To combat this situation and act as intermediary between the public at large and the rapidly increasing number of authors writing on the social, economic, and political problems which concern it, the Book Union was founded. Membership in the Book Union was made possible at \$1 a year, unions and other labor organizations being permitted to join as members. In addition to a regular list, one outstanding book such as "John Reed" is offered each month at a very low price.

Since it was founded in October the Book Union has acted as sponsor to a short but important list of novels, biographies, and books on the U. S. S. R. It was perhaps more than a coincidence that the first selection of the Book Union was "Proletarian Literature in the United States."

MARIAN HART,

Executive Secretary, Book Union
New York, May 25

"FROM GENESIS TO FREUD"

Dear Sirs: As an old reader of *The Nation*, I have on various occasions defended your journal against the accusation that its opinions are not sufficiently based on facts. After reading your recent editorial, *From Genesis to Freud*, it will be harder for me to do so.

In this article you accuse me of wandering "into the boggy fields of opinion, conjecture, and sheer fantasy," but you seem to have taken little trouble to find out what I actually said in my paper before the American Medical Association. I did not attack painless childbirth or the use of analgesics as such; nor did I credit sensational journalists with the invention of labor pains. Furthermore, as you might have suspected from your consultation with a psychoanalyst, I did in no way make the statement upon which your reference to Freud is based. Psychoanalysis was referred to in my paper only in con-

nection with birth trauma of the child.

I agree perfectly with the statement made by your psychoanalyst that, since civilized life "has interfered with the automatic nature of the childbearing process, the least civilization can do for the women in childbirth is to find means to alleviate the agony for which it is largely responsible." I am not unmindful of the progress made in this direction by the use of analgesics, but insist that efforts should also be made to counteract the detrimental influences of civilization by proper prenatal education and suitable obstetrical management. Much can actually be accomplished in this way; and it seems reasonable to hope that, as the process by which childbirth has been distorted becomes better understood, an increasing number of women may be enabled to experience easy, natural childbirth without excessive use of drugs.

GERTRUDE NIELSON, M.D.

Oklahoma City, June 13

[Our source of information for the editorial to which Dr. Nielson takes exception was a special report to the *New York Times* of May 15 by William L. Lawrence. We are informed by the *Times* that to date no one has questioned the accuracy of this report.—Editors *The Nation*.]

PAROLE AND CRIME

Dear Sirs: A recent editorial in *The Nation* deplored the "mass hysteria" shown by the New York daily press in its comments on the Titterton murder. Interpretation of the sad affair as indicating a "failure of the parole system" was branded as dangerous thinking. Unfortunately, the logic of the editorial itself does not seem sufficiently inviolate to justify such an attitude.

Parole and suspended sentencing were instituted to provide the convict with a special incentive to good behavior, which he would not have if he were to be freed only after paying his debt to the community in full. Consequently the system is an instrumentality of justice which must be judged not on theoretical merits but on results. If *The Nation* can prove that there are substantially fewer recidivists among paroled prisoners than among convicts released after serving their terms—without any allowance for difficult social conditions, which hit both groups equally—it will supply the only possible proof of the system's value. And even then a community will never entirely lose sight of the undeniable fact that each specific crime perpetrated by a convict on parole would have been prevented if he

had been safely locked up at the time—while no one can prove as clearly that a regularly released second offender would have been a better person if paroled before his time was up. There is no need to prove that Fiorenza would have been a better person after serving his stretch; he would simply have paid the regular penalty for his offense, without being particularly expected to behave himself afterward, and in any event he would not have been able to commit the murder of Mrs. Titterton. This murder, on the other hand, is incontrovertible proof that parole, in Fiorenza's case, failed to induce the convict to be good. This reasoning cannot be refuted as "inhuman" because parole was never meant to be a feat of humanity—such as prison reform—but a means to a social end.

There is no doubt that, as *The Nation* suggests, there are ways to improve that means. Under ideal parole conditions, even more than now, every crime committed by a paroled prisoner would constitute a clear case of failure of the system to do what it was supposed to. And since it was devised not to alleviate punishment but better to protect society from crime, every such failure is of greater interest to the imperiled public than a good many successes. What aroused the ire of the press in the Titterton instance has become an almost typical pattern—the sequence of minor offense, conviction, parole, major offense, conviction, parole, capital offense. Every case of that pattern will be taken as evidence of a failure of the entire system as practiced. The thinking such a conclusion is based upon may, in the wrong hands, be dangerous—but it certainly isn't loose.

E. B.

New York, June 15

CORRECTION

In an article entitled *Who's Behind the Black Legion* by Paul W. Ward in the June 10, 1936, issue of *The Nation*, it was erroneously stated that Duncan C. McCrea, prosecuting attorney of the County of Wayne, Michigan, was "confessedly" a member of the Black Legion. This statement was based upon press dispatches. In justice to Mr. McCrea *The Nation* wishes to state that it is informed that Mr. McCrea was not a member of the Black Legion at any time and that he had never been active, directly or indirectly, in the said organization. *The Nation* regrets that the statements in Mr. Ward's article with reference to Mr. McCrea were open to misconstruction.—Editors *The Nation*.

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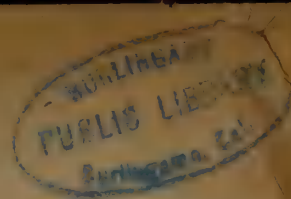
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The Shape of Things

★

THE LESSONS OF THE SPANISH REVOLT ARE discussed in an editorial elsewhere in this issue. There is one sidelight that is worth special attention. That is the way in which the fascist rebellion against the democratic government of a friendly nation has been treated by the press. Ever since the February elections the Havas News Agency has been feeding the French papers with exaggerated tales about Spanish atrocities in order to frighten the middle-class vote away from the French popular front. The Hearst press took up the campaign in America and streamer headlines gave daily reports about the horrible acts of sacrilege perpetrated by the "Marxists." It takes no brilliant guessing to trace the connection between such reports and the Hearst attacks on the "socialist" and "godless" Mr. Roosevelt. Even the *New York Times* printed a front-page story on June 17 about thirty-six churches which were burned within forty-eight hours when actually not a single such incident took place in the whole of Spain during these two days. The reporting of the rebellion itself by the American press was so extreme that if it were not dealing with such tragic material it would be funny. Every morning the Madrid government fell afresh in the pages of the *New York American*. Most of H. R. Knickerbocker's reports which were featured by our yellow press came from the rebel headquarters while the official government dispatches from Madrid were buried on the inside pages and treated as dubious rumors. As soon as a garrison of soldiers declared itself in a state of rebellion, even our respectable newspapers and press associations announced whole provinces as having gone over to the rebels. We have rarely seen a more revealing example of wishful thinking.

★

AT ONE TIME THE STEP-CHILD OF ALL BUT THE most earnest political reformers, the civil service is now finding favor even in the eyes of the patronage boys. So sharp has been recent criticism of the spoils system, that it is doubtful if even the Postmaster General objected to President Roosevelt's recent executive order placing first-, second-, and third-class postmasters under competitive examination. This adds more than 13,000 to the civil-service rolls and removes that many jobs from the paternal partisan hand of Mr. Farley. The Republican National Committee has triumphantly announced, as a result of the President's action, that it was really Governor Landon's promise to remove the Post Office Department from politics

which did the trick. Mr. Roosevelt may have been influenced by a Republican promise; he is even more likely to have been influenced by wide-spread and out-spoken criticism of patronage under the New Deal—some of it evidently deserved. But it is interesting to note that when postmasters were last placed under the civil service, it was by an executive order of Woodrow Wilson (Dem.) and when that order was rescinded it was by order of Warren Harding (Rep.). Moreover Mr. Roosevelt put strong Administration support behind a bill in the last session of Congress which would have provided by statute for competitive examination for these positions, thereby rendering executive orders unnecessary. The bill failed of passage by seven votes. The Democratic members of Congress voted for it three to one; a majority of the Republicans were opposed to it. Anyway, everybody loves the civil service now.

*

THE DEMOCRATS WHO TOOK A WALK WILL reach Detroit by August 7. There they will confer long enough to hearten each other and sing "Gott Strafe Roosevelt." Thus far the group boasts only the names of Ely, Colby, and Reed, but there are hopes of getting the ghost of Al Smith to walk once more. These Democrats will do their walking on a single plank, that of "constitutional government." Unfortunately there is one provision in the Constitution which will frustrate them. It deals with the electoral college.

*

NOT EVEN BAEDEKER IS SAFE FROM NAZI culture. A new edition of the famous guide book has been issued for Olympic visitors, with the tomb of Horst Wessel indicated as one of the important things to see and with the usual glorification of Adolf Hitler and the Nazi ideals. Our correspondent, Mr. Gittler, describes elsewhere in this issue the preparations for the games which are revivifying the buildings of Berlin, not to mention the manners of its inhabitants. Mr. Gittler left before National Laughter Week was proclaimed, during which Berliners were recommended to get their faces and their spirits in good smiling condition to greet the foreign visitors. In Hamburg the same sort of preparations accompanied the World Congress for Leisure and Recreation. *Der Führer* was proclaimed the savior of mankind; Strength Through Joy has been established as the national watchword; and the ideal of "better understanding and mutual respect among peoples" has been fully realized in Germany. (Jewish papers please copy.) It is interesting to note that although the American National Recreation Congress refused to send delegates to the meeting, a group of Americans went as individuals and took part in the festivities as heartily as Propaganda Minister Goebbels himself. Among them was Gustavus Kirby, treasurer of the American Olympics Committee. And when the American Olympic team landed, Avery Brundage, president of the committee, responded to the German greetings by saying: "Berlin has grasped the Olympic ideal as no other city since the days of ancient Greece." With the American officials, the campaign for *Gemütlichkeit* has evidently been a success.

IF DEAN RUSSELL OF TEACHERS COLLEGE spoke for Columbia University when he criticized the unionization of teachers before 600 of them at a summer-session conference the other day, we should very much like to know it. In effect he intimated that it would be quite too bad if teachers abandoned their position as a privileged "professional" class and stepped down into the ranks of organized labor. It might even destroy "democratic" control of education and place it in the hands of the "minority of people that belong to organized labor." This, he said, "would have interesting financial implications," for "a college or a private foundation has slender funds." The implications are clear enough—one of them being that the rich folk who subsidize so many of our educational institutions might withdraw their support if their "democratic" control by way of the purse-strings were challenged by organized teachers demanding better pay. The New York Teachers' Union has answered Dean Russell in a statement signed by its president, Charles J. Hendley, which boldly aligns the teachers where they belong and *are*—with the workers. The school teachers, says Mr. Hendley, "are on the average in a lower economic status than the industrial workers. . . . In the big school systems and in the big colleges they are regimented very much as factory workers are," punching time-clocks, arbitrarily hired and fired, subjected to summary cuts in salary and to the stretch-out system. What is needed for genuine democracy may be further unionization of the sort that Dean Russell fears so much.

*

THE PRESENTATION OF TRIPLETS TO A Russian gypsy tinsmith by a wife who had already borne him four children seems to fall in the category labelled by our esteemed contemporary, the *New Yorker*, "neatest trick of the week." For the triple birth enabled the grateful father to claim and receive the first of the cash awards for large families allowed by the White Russian Republic under the Soviet government's new law designed to promote an increase in the Russian population. Another section of the same law, as Louis Fischer pointed out in his recent articles in *The Nation*, was designed to prevent divorce by the simple means of making it prohibitive. It is working as effectively as Mr. Fischer predicted. According to a recent dispatch, divorces have fallen off 90 per cent in the twenty days since the law was imposed. This means, of course, as Mr. Fischer also explained, that divorce in Russia has become a privilege reserved for the higher-paid categories of Soviet workers. Which is only another way of saying that it is class-legislation. At any rate that is what such discrimination against those in the lower-income brackets is called when it is practiced by bourgeois governments.

*

IN NEW JERSEY WHERE THEY REALLY KNOW how to cope with the relief problem, a three-year-old child died of malnutrition the other day. The family had been subsisting on \$5 every two weeks for five persons, and the little boy had taken to eating the paint off his crib. Accord-

ingly, although the case was recorded on the police blotter as malnutrition, St. Mary's Hospital in Hoboken listed the cause of death as lead poisoning. Meanwhile in Pennsylvania the political battle between a Democratic governor and a Republican legislature continues to block the issuance of relief allowances. After a long struggle over the size of the relief appropriation for the next six months, during which the legislature whittled \$10,000,000 off Governor Earle's requested \$55,000,000, the appropriation bill was finally passed. Relief stopped while the debate was going on; relief marchers laid siege to the capitol and threatened to remain until action was taken. But even the compromise produced only a temporary respite. On July 23 the Senate adjourned for a week, unable to reach an agreement with the House over the means of obtaining the necessary revenue. Bills to raise from \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000 have been passed. The remainder was to have been obtained from increased liquor taxes, but the state liquor administration insists that all such taxes are already earmarked to meet tax-anticipation notes issued in 1935. While the deadlock holds, the unemployed continue to go hungry. Doubtless some irresponsible children will take to eating paint in Pennsylvania also. But as the chambers of commerce of every New Jersey city so aptly put it in reply to a question from the New York Board of Trade: "New Jersey had the courage to meet the relief problem in a sensible manner. . . . It broke the relief trust. . . . There is no starvation in New Jersey."

*

CHINA'S THREATENED CIVIL WAR, BROUGHT so near the bursting point, has fizzled out. Ostensibly anti-Japanese, the Cantonese uprising was really aimed not against Tokyo but against Nanking, for Canton has nursed a smoldering resentment against the central government ever since its establishment after the civil war of 1926-27. There seems little doubt now that the Japanese played upon this feeling and fostered the rebellion with loans, sales of munitions, and military advice. They did it because they wanted to hurry the disunity of China, to draw the focus of attention away from their own activities in the north, and finally to provide a pretext for stepping in and taking Fukien, the Manchuria of the south, which is already the field of Japanese political and economic penetration. It made little difference to Tokyo that the movement was proclaimed (and doubtless believed by many of its participants) to be against Japan. The risk that Chiang might join Canton against them they knew was negligible, but the chance that he might be forced into civil war against Canton was good, and one by which they stood to gain. As it happened they gambled and lost because Chiang did neither. The most slippery ruler of any country in the world today, he managed to avoid fighting either for or against, but brought about the collapse of the whole movement by judicious negotiation. Chiang's victory is for the moment a setback for Japan, but China may find it a boomerang. For Japan is in a hurry. She must strike while Europe is preoccupied. Thus the strengthening of China, brought about by the apparent unification of Canton with Nanking, may precipitate aggressive action from Japan.

IN NORTHERN EUROPE LABOR PARTIES ARE making gains. In the general elections in Finland on July 1 and 2, the Socialist Party won 5 more seats, giving it a total of 83 out of 200. In Sweden the Riksdag will be re-elected in the middle of September. The Socialist Party, which has a paying membership of more than 340,000 out of a population of 6,200,000, lately resigned in favor of an agrarian Cabinet, but the coming elections are expected to restore it to office. At the elections of 1932, the party polled 1,040,689 out of 2,500,769 votes cast. The partial elections to the First Chamber, held in September, 1935, gave labor 102 seats out of 230 in the Lower House, and 65 out of 150 seats in the Upper House. Not less impressive is the progress of the Norwegian Labor Party, which puts the total of its paying membership at 122,000 in a population of 2,850,000. While the party now holds 69 seats out of 150, it hopes—as does the Swedish Socialist Party—to obtain a majority at the next general election, to be held in October. Denmark will hold a partial election to the Landsting in mid-September. Last October the party polled 759,000 out of 1,646,126 votes. This strong Socialist and labor front has borne fruit in the power of the Swedish cooperatives, now being studied, along with those of other Scandinavian countries, by an American commission headed by Jacob Baker, Assistant Works Progress Administrator at Washington. Preliminary reports of the commission's investigations indicate that the powerful co-operatives are actually busting the Swedish trusts. A third of the families of Sweden are members of cooperatives; manufacturing activities now yield to the Swedish societies an income of \$45,000,000. The American cooperative movement, which is growing so fast, may well learn from Scandinavia the lesson of where its economic and political strength lies.

*

ONE OF THE FUNNY THINGS IS THAT WHEN there is a great deal of unemployment everybody begins to talk about how you can never get anyone to do any work. Miss Gertrude Stein is talking about unemployment in the *Saturday Evening Post*. She is talking about unemployment and how when you are having unemployment everybody who is out of work is becoming part of the unemployed. And when you are part of the unemployed you are part of that, and even the Indo-Chinese in Miss Stein's home town which is Paris won't work because they can get ten francs a day as unemployed. Miss Stein is saying that "once unemployment is recognized as unemployment and organized as unemployment nobody starts to work." So we are in unemployment living. We are in unemployment living we are now being having and gosh are we hungry! Maybe if we didn't recognize unemployment and organize unemployment people would just starve as they are or work for five francs a day. Everybody, like Miss Stein, "has to think about the unemployed getting to be that and is there any way to stop them. Everybody has to think about that." And maybe somebody ought to think about what Ben Stolberg calls lunatechnics being organized as lunatechnics and not recognized as lunatechnics and is there any way to stop that.

The Spanish Workers See It Through

THROUGH the fog of conflicting reports from Spain it becomes increasingly clear that the fascist insurrection will not succeed. As we go to press, the left Republican government of Premier Giral is in control of Madrid, the administrative center, Barcelona, the largest industrial city, the cities of the metallurgical area around Bilbao, the whole of southern and central Spain. Navarre, with its Carlist peasantry, is the only district in which the rebels have received any enthusiastic popular support. Of the insurgent leaders General Goded has been captured in Catalonia, General San Jurjo has met death in an airplane crash, General Franco is outside the country, Calvo Sotelo could contribute to the fascist cause only by the dramatic incident of his assassination, and Gil Robles, who was never renowned for his courage, is following the news safely from the other side of the border. But the struggle is not over. The well-organized Moroccan army may yet leave destruction in its path, and the civil strife will probably be long drawn out, but barring military intervention on the part of foreign powers, Spanish democracy seems, for a time at least, safe.

"We are plentifully supplied with money," Colonel de Villaneuva, leader of the Pamplona insurgent column, assured a representative of the Associated Press on July 22. This serves to confirm what observers have suspected from the very start—that the rebel movement was not merely a military coup and that, as usual, money continues to furnish the sinews of fascist terrorism.

Where does the money for the Spanish fascists come from? Foremost among the contributors one must place the Jesuits whose banks line the main business street of Madrid. The Vatican has announced in its official organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, that it is neutral in the struggle. But reports about the activities of priests in Navarre, the most important fascist stronghold, are beginning to trickle through. When the left Republican government struck at the wealth of the clergy, deprived the teaching orders of their functions as educators of the young, and transformed convents and monasteries into public institutions, the church prepared for a counter attack. In October, 1934, during the uprising of the Asturian miners, the bishops blessed the terrifying Moors whom they sent into the northern hills to kill Spanish revolutionaries. Now the clergy are again using the army as a divine scourge to punish the masses whose pent-up rage has expressed itself in the burning of a few churches.

By the side of the bishops stand their natural allies, the great landowners, whom the agrarian reform had ousted from their hunting estates. Many of these grandees had long before the rebellion transferred all their fluid assets to foreign banks and were in a position to pay for arms. No government restrictions on the export of the peseta could impede the secret movement of their capital.

The third group are the Spanish industrialists. Spain

is by no means a highly industrialized country and most of its progress in that respect has taken place since the World War. Nevertheless finance and manufacture play their role in the recent social convulsions. The industrialists have felt themselves threatened by the new tax plans of the government and by the adverse decisions of the labor board of arbitration. They had for weeks been prolonging strikes in order to produce the sense of disorder and anarchy which would cause the nation to cry out for a man on horseback. Against the rising movement of the peasants and the workers the Spanish industrialist is prepared to join hands with his former enemies in the church and nobility—and the hand he offers has money in it.

All three of these groups turned to the soldiers as their crusading representatives. In most European countries there exists an independent military force with a strong tradition of its own such as America has not yet quite developed. Men like Generals Franco and Goded have never made peace with the republic which placed them in an inferior social position, and they have never ceased to dream of the day when General Primo de Rivera was dictator by the grace of Alphonso XIII. There are many precedents in ancient history for discontented generals who, after sulking in the colonies, rebel and march on the capital to seize power. It is one of the weaknesses of the Spanish Republican government that it did not move resolutely to replace the anti-Republican officers.

These are the forces behind the threat of a fascist military dictatorship. The heroism with which that threat has been met will form a record that cannot be paralleled in the annals of the working classes of modern times. The popular front, which had shown signs of serious cleavage, held fast in a way that reveals an underlying unity among the rank and file despite the rifts in the leadership. Socialist and communist youth organizations had achieved a real unity before the revolt and were training themselves to repel just such a fascist attack as took place. At the moment of crisis the government passed out arms to the workers, and it was they who were decisive in crushing the uprisings in Madrid and Barcelona. The Spanish workers know that they are fighting for the cause of democracy everywhere, and they are determined to see it through.

It may be too early to talk of what will follow a government victory. The parallel of the Kerensky regime which was succeeded by a communist capture of power quite naturally comes to mind. But the Spanish experience has not followed the contemporary European examples in other respects and it may not in this respect either. A government which has been able to rally enough strength to check the revolt and which has been broad enough to include diverse progressive and republican elements may prove strong enough to continue in power. But the people must learn that the democratization of the army will be essential in preventing another military coup, and that safety for democracy in Spain lies increasingly in the direction of a worker's state. Meanwhile the picture of all the democratic forces of the country in arms and successfully defending themselves against the military fascism which crushed democracy in Italy, Germany, and Austria will be a dramatic example for popular fronts in days to come.

Cyclone Fence by U. S. Steel

UNITED States Steel was sponsor for an advertisement in the July 27 issue of the magazine *Time* which may be regarded as a follow-up of the half-million-dollar broadside of the American Iron and Steel Institute of July 1. That broadside, since it was a political statement addressed not only to the workers but to the American people, was a verbal study in indirection. It began by indicating that steel's labor force was happily dismembered and its bones scattered in company unions; it ended by saying that "the steel industry will oppose any attempt to compel its employees to join a union or pay tribute for the right to work." The advertisement in *Time* employs instead of words an actual photograph whose import is both chilling and clear. It depicts two company policemen, with faces as hard as the steel they have sold themselves to defend, beating up a group of workingmen armed with sticks and stones. The immediate background is the classic fence that guards a steel mill from the world outside—a close mesh of steel several feet high and topped by strands of barbed wire. Beyond may be seen the outlines of those buildings where workers are not forced to "pay tribute for the right to work" in fiery furnaces but on the contrary are allowed freely to dedicate their skill and strength to creating the profits of the richest industry on earth. Ostensibly the photograph in *Time* advertises United States Steel's famous cyclone fence. In reality it is a brazen threat and a forecast of what will shortly happen in Homestead, Aliquippa, Duquesne, and Weirton if "outsiders" persist in the attempt to organize the steel workers.

On another page of this issue, Benjamin Stolberg in his study of John L. Lewis and the American labor movement, points out that a "social crisis begins when it becomes increasingly obvious to decent men that all the wrong is gathering on one side and all the right on the other." There can be no doubt that a social cyclone impends. There is no doubt either that United States Steel on its side of the fence is gathering all its strength. It is armed with money and guns; Alfred (Open-Shop) Landon is its white-haired boy. By high-paid publicity it is trying to discredit unionism in the eyes of the American public. In the mill towns, with true imperial instinct, it is trying to divide the ranks of its employees by means of "concessions"; in the political field such spokesmen for big industry as the New York *Herald Tribune* are doing their bit to set craft-union die-hards and industrial-union progressives at one another's throats. On the other side of the fence, labor, in its struggle for that mass unity which is its sole weapon, is fighting desperately against time, against the dividing tactics of employers, and especially now against the guerrilla warfare of craft-union leaders whose activities could scarcely please the steel trust more if they were bought and paid for. It is clear to the steel magnates, if not to the craft unionists, that Lewis's industrial unionism is a living force capable of undermining their great power. Hence their

"concessions"—vacations with pay and payment for overtime—which, hollow as they are, have been the direct result of the overwhelming response in the steel mills to John L. Lewis's call to arms.

The battle lines are set. The public already knows in advance in whose fortifications the weapons of violence are stored. If it can also be taught its own best interests it will mass itself solidly on the labor side of the fence.

Eyewash in Kansas

THE Landon acceptance speech will not go down in American history as one of the great utterances of statesmanship. Despite the dutiful round of applause that greeted it in the editorial pages of the anti-Roosevelt newspapers (and that means some four-fifths of the press) it was a dull and inept affair. Radio listeners will attest that it made dreary listening, and in the cold print of the newspapers it makes even drearier reading. Strictly from a campaigning standpoint, the speech must be set down as a failure. It was common knowledge that Governor Landon had a bad radio voice, and whatever coaching he received from the broadcasting-company experts fell on barren soil. After a brave start in the first few paragraphs he fell back on mumbling and swallowing his words. But it was not merely that he lacked the magic of warm utterance or of memorable phrase. He lacked even more fatally something important to say. One got the picture of an insignificant, although sincere, state politician who had been taught how to speak his part, striving valiantly to cope with the demands of a national campaign and bewildered by the confusions of a vast economic system in a time of stress.

Most of the speech must be set down as eyewash for the citizenry. It has nothing to say about the issues on which the future of the nation depends—the nature of a workable social-security program, the techniques of adequate banking and currency control, the types of taxes on which the burden of governmental costs will be laid, public works and housing construction, the control of holding companies, the regulation of security issues, the relation of the government to giant power projects such as the T V A.

We are not calling for detailed statements on these subjects. But the American people have reason to demand at least an expression of general policy and emphasis. That it can be done is indicated by Governor Landon's position on the question of labor organization. He made it abundantly clear that his conception of collective bargaining for labor was that of the National Association of Manufacturers. He defined freedom to bargain as meaning freedom "of interference from any source"—that is, from the efforts of union organizers. Such "freedom" would mean inevitably a clear field for the spread of company unionism.

But if a similar clarity were extended and applied to the other phases of economic policy that we have mentioned it might frighten away the voters for whom the Republican leaders are panting. Hence the eyewash in the form of an appeal to Americanism, national unity, "common sense," "human freedom," and "constitutional gov-

ernment." Hence also the attempt to straddle both lower taxes *and* adequate relief, business freedom *and* the enforcement of the anti-trust laws. We think of demagogues as violent and dynamic personalities, rousing their hearers to a fever pitch. There was nothing either violent or dynamic about Governor Landon. Nevertheless his speech was essentially that of the demagogue, for its appeal was entirely to the catchwords that have become traditional in American life and around which American emotions and prejudices have clustered. Whether it will be successful is quite another matter. Most of the realistic newspaper men in their off-the-record comment agreed that Landon had forfeited his chance of advancing his candidacy by making a clear and forceful statement of policy. Comparing the acceptance speeches of the two major candidates there can be no doubt that in the exchange of punts on the football field of the campaign Governor Landon has lost and President Roosevelt has gained considerable ground.

But Mr. Landon's failure is more than a personal failure. It represents the bankruptcy of Republican stand-patism at a time when vast social and economic changes are going on and when governmental wisdom can lie only in control of those changes and adjustment to them. Governor Landon made it clear that he deplored what he calls "hysteria" and "class hatred" and that he loves all groups and all people. But love is not enough. It will not meet the needs of the relief rolls, nor will it protect the investor from security manipulators, nor will it keep the small business man from being crowded out by the concentrated power of the big corporations, nor will it grant any security to the aged and unemployed, nor will it wipe out slums, nor will it help the workers in the steel industry to organize for collective bargaining, nor will it keep a reactionary majority on the Supreme Court from blocking every effort toward social legislation and control of business. In the absence of any specific methods for implementing their love, Governor Landon and the Republican leaders can leave us only with the conclusion that they are not anxious to have any of these things accomplished.

But the absence of an affirmative policy of control does not mean the absence of forces and influences hammering away at our economic life. In fact, when the government withdraws, as Mr. Landon would have it withdraw, from a vigorous policy of control, it merely surrenders the power to those who have already seized it and it leaves the field open to the naked operation of all the forces at work in a closed capitalist economy. Let us make no mistake in thinking that the Republican leaders really put their faith in "nature's simple plan" and in the economic harmonies which will flow from the removal of governmental control. They, too, are aiming at control of our economic life. But the control they envisage is that of steel masters, oil kings, holding-company wizards, and corporation lawyers. It has become abundantly clear that Governor Landon, whatever may be the degree of his personal benevolence, has not the strength nor the stature to resist the pulls and pressures that these men will exert. An America under the Landon regime would be an America fashioned to their heart's desire. One needs no belief in "class prejudice" to understand that this cannot be the America of the majority.

Hearst and Lydia Pinkham

THE latest exposé of the patent-medicine racket has been given a rousing send-off by Mr. Hearst's *Drug World*. So hysterical have the editors of this trade paper become over the disclosures in "Facts and Frauds in Women's Hygiene" that they have rushed into print with the best unintentional publicity campaign the publishing industry has witnessed for some time. Two days before the book's publication date, *Drug World* sent special delivery letters to all manufacturers whose products it debunks, warning them of the impending blow. Naturally the medicine men hastened to buy the book, and the first printing was exhausted before publication. *Drug World*, however, was not satisfied with direct-mail advertising. Its editors proceeded to give the book wide publicity in their columns, even going so far as to build an editorial campaign upon it. They have urged manufacturers to organize a counter-attack, warning them that they are "in the same desperate position as the Allies occupied in that fated spring of 1918." The Proprietary Association, which favored the amended food-and-drug bill, and the Institute of Medicine Manufacturers, which opposed even this emasculated consumer legislation, have been advised to forget their differences and fight shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. Exclusive statements by presidents of the medicine-men's associations which have been printed in *Drug World* are presumably the first blasts of the counter-attack. Frank Blair, president of the Proprietary Association, is of the opinion that "the claims made for the articles (proprietarys) in the long run must be truthful . . ." while D. E. Austin of the rival association feels "that the time is approaching when all advertising of drug products will be based on sound therapeutics."

Meanwhile, as might have been expected, sales of the book are soaring. This is all to the good, for its authors, Rachel Lynn Palmer and Dr. Sarah K. Greenberg, have done a competent and thorough job of exposing the frauds perpetrated on women who are too modest to discuss "intimate" problems with a doctor. This important subject has barely been touched upon in other consumers' books. Long before the days of Lydia Pinkham, the field of women's hygiene was highly lucrative for the quacks, but in recent years the profits gathered from the exploitation of women's weaknesses have touched new highs. An exposé of the dangerous products and dangerous methods sponsored by "reputable" manufacturers, as well as by others not so respectable, has long been needed and is most welcome now. "Facts and Frauds" is restrained, carefully documented, and convincing. These qualities, added to the debunking of such well advertised products as Zonite, Lysol, Midol, Hexin, to name a few, have probably caused the panic in the editorial offices of *Drug World*. Mr. Hearst has just cause for worry. A large part of the advertising revenue earned by his popular magazines is contributed by the Lydia Pinkham boys.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Wooing the Negro Vote

Washington, July 26

WITH unwonted fairness the front pages of the Ku Klux press on November 4 may scream: "Negroes Reelect Roosevelt President."

There will be several grounds on which to base that assertion if Roosevelt wins by only a narrow margin. Chief among them is the fact that, technically, Negroes hold the balance of power in one or more states that Roosevelt must carry to renew his White House lease. The others involve the Democrats' elaborate and unprecedented efforts to woo the colored gentry away from the G.O.P. and the signs—already visible—that the Negroes are succumbing in large numbers to this political seduction.

It is easy to show why, of all the minority groups in the nation, the one of outstanding political importance at the moment is that one-and-a-half per cent splinter made up of native-born Negroes living in the North. One begins by pointing out that Roosevelt is certain to get at least 230 electoral votes. There is no space here to explain why that is so, but a glance at the list of states and their electoral ratings, coupled with even a modicum of political knowledge, will suffice to show its verity. Roosevelt will need, then, only 36 of the remaining 301 votes and, given the elements necessary to make the finish a tight one, he will have to get those votes from one or more of five northern states. Those states—New York, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Ohio—form a block of 157 electoral votes. All five are normally Republican and, together, they have nearly 1,500,000 potential Negro voters—enough, if they desert the party of Lincoln for the party of the Solid South, to place all of these states in the Democratic column. Pennsylvania's thirty-six votes would be just enough to put Roosevelt across the finish line a winner. And Pennsylvania, where the margin of victory for either Roosevelt or Landon probably will not exceed 100,000 votes, has approximately 285,000 Negroes of voting age, or enough, if they shift, to wipe out the margin of 157,592 votes by which Hoover carried the state in 1932.

The picture is substantially the same in the four other key states with the exception that, unlike Pennsylvania, they plunked for Roosevelt in 1932. In Michigan, where Roosevelt's margin was 131,806, there are 118,000 potential Negro voters, most of whom were still voting for the Great Emancipator and the G.O.P. four years ago, and Michigan has 19 electoral votes. Ohio, where Roosevelt's margin was 74,016, has 206,000 potential Negro voters and 26 electoral votes. Illinois has 230,000 Negroes of voting age and 29 electoral votes. New York, whose capture by Roosevelt would give him 47 electoral votes and certain victory, has 293,000 potential Negro voters. There

are at least four other states in which the vote of the colored brethren is important, and two of them are in the South, but all four seem already to be securely fixed in the Roosevelt column. One of these is Indiana, which has 14 electoral votes and 75,000 Negroes of voting age. Another is Missouri with 15 electoral votes and 152,000 potential Negro voters. The other two are Kentucky and Tennessee, so-called "border" states where for many years in certain sections Negroes have been permitted to vote not only in general elections but also in the far more important primaries.

With the strategical importance of the Negro vote in the campaign demonstrated, the next question is: How will that vote go? There is plenty of evidence of a heavy drift toward Roosevelt. Down in Louisville, which due to the Negro vote had had an almost unbroken string of Republican mayors and Congressmen since the Civil War, the colored people shifted their party affiliations in 1934 and presented the city with a Democratic mayor and a Democratic Congressman. The boss of Memphis also has discovered that they can be made to vote Democratic. In Chicago in 1934 they ousted the Negro Congressman, De Priest, a Republican, and put in his place another Negro, Mitchell, who is a Democrat. The North Carolina Democratic convention a few weeks ago seated a Negro delegate from Raleigh. At Durham in that same solidly Democratic state two Negro magistrates recently were elected, swept into office on their promise to be hard with landlords seeking eviction notices. If further examples of the trend be needed, there are the unprecedentedly heavy votes cast by Negro districts in the recent Democratic primaries in Ohio and Illinois.

Despite all this, the possibilities of error in gauging the drift of the Negro vote are enormous. It is easy to underestimate the grip which Republican machine bosses have upon the 1,500,000 potential Negro voters in the five key states. Only the members of the upper crust of the Negro community are to any appreciable degree political free agents. The rest do not vote; they are voted. Like his white brothers living in similar squalor in the industrial bowels and backwash of cities, the Negro has been notoriously venal, placing his vote at the disposal of whichever machine at the moment can pay the highest price. The G.O.P. will have buying power again this year—bigger buying power, probably, than ever before—and all the factors which should make the Negro want to vote for Roosevelt must be discounted in the light of that fact.

There are, of course, a great many reasons why the Negro, if left to his personal predilections, should want to vote for Roosevelt. They begin with the fact that the Negro masses have never got anything in return for their allegiance to the G.O.P. Such favors as that party has dis-

tributed to Negroes when in power have gone to a few hacks with a coefficient of respect and actual leadership among Negroes about equal to that of Tom Heflin among the Boston Irish. The party has a better record than that of the Democrats on racial issues, but only on paper, and it has done nothing to improve its station in the past year. The agitation for anti-lynching legislation in the last Congress came chiefly from Democrats, and the one Presidential aspirant who ran into a barrage of organized Negro opposition was a Republican, Borah, who was condemned for his stand on anti-lynching legislation. At the party's recent national convention in Cleveland, it compounded all its recent errors with respect to the Negro vote by seating no colored delegates save those in the bought-and-paid-for black-and-tan delegations, which the veteran Perry Howard and the ineffable Tieless Joe Talbert brought up from South Carolina and Mississippi.

There will be time enough between now and November 3, however, for the Republicans to cover up most of those errors with new blandishments and dough. Their current lethargy springs only from a desire to keep their money bags as fat as possible as long as possible. They will spring into action in the black wards on September 1. When they do, it will be to talk not about their errors but about those of the Democrats. Professor Carpenter, the former Buffalo director of the League for Industrial Democracy, who is now a member of the G.O.P. "brain trust," began some weeks ago the preparation of a pamphlet on Senator Joe T. (for "Terror") Robinson, of Arkansas, and the relationship between this Administration leader and the frustration of all attempts to alleviate the plight of white and Negro sharecroppers in the cotton South. In this or similar handbooks for speakers, the G.O.P. will attempt to capitalize on the fact that the AAA's cotton program has pushed the southern Negro deeper into a slavery worse than that from which the Republican Party claims to have freed him in 1862. The Republicans also will seek to make Negro votes out of Roosevelt's silence on racial and civil-liberties issues as well as out of his Administration's failure to use its overwhelming majorities in House and Senate to force through an anti-lynching bill. They may also call attention to the refusal of the Department of Justice to send its G-men after lynchers who have kidnapped Negroes and carried them across state lines, as in the Claude Neal case, even after the Lindbergh law had been amended to make such federal action possible. And if the Republicans do seek to make that point against the Administration, which argued that there was no ransom involved in the Neal case, they can bulwark it by pointing out that there was no hesitancy in sending G-men into the Wendel case, though it also was uncomplicated by ransom demands.

Telling though such thrusts and arguments may be, how can they possibly prevail against the counter-evidence supplied by the Democrats in convention at Philadelphia? How can they possibly outweigh the spectacle put on there by Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, of South Carolina, thunderously bolting the convention because of its courtesies to Negroes? Smith's blustering advertised to millions of Negro voters that one of their race, the Reverend

Marshall Shepard, trusted political lieutenant of Pennsylvania's Governor Earle, had been invited to pray over the convention, that another Negro, Congressman Mitchell, had been allowed to second Roosevelt's nomination.

Coupled with the Smith incident as a vote-maker for Roosevelt is the performance of the Roosevelt-hater, Governor Talmadge, of Georgia, and his allies who with obvious defamatory intent circulated photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt in the company of Negroes. Then there is the case of Mrs. Roosevelt herself who, appalled by conditions at the National Industrial Training School for Girls, recently gave the inmates an outing on the White House lawn and by so doing provided the South Carolina Democratic convention a few weeks later with its chief topic of conversation. Speakers down from Washington were warned by friends on the scene to make no laudatory references to the President's wife; she had just entertained a bunch of "nigger whores" at the White House.

Not the least among the Democrats' assets is the Committee for Industrial Organization, parent to Labor's Non-Partisan League, which is out to line up the labor vote for Roosevelt. The unions which are the backbone of the C.I.O.—the United Mine Workers and the needle-trades groups—are preeminently the unions which draw no color line. There are about 100,000 Negroes in the C.I.O. unions. The U.M.W. alone has about 22,000 of them and by its example in Alabama has broken down the color line that for many years has been impeding unionization in the South. The C.I.O. in its steel, rubber, and automobile drives, has the active support of the National Negro Congress, headed by A. Philip Randolph, president of the Sleeping Car Porters. John P. Davis, national secretary of the congress, who was the pay-off man in the Negro division of the Hoover campaign in 1932, is taking an active part in the steel drive and has recruited for the C.I.O. eight Negro organizers.

And that brings us to the Democrats' chief asset in the campaign—the WPA. If there is anything at the Administration's command that will outweigh the cash the Landon forces are prepared to lay out for the Negro vote, it is the WPA. Unemployment has hit the Negro harder than any other group, and the WPA has given him work. Moreover, it has given him work on terms of equality with the white man. The opportunities for racial discrimination which the FERA offered and local relief machinery still offers have been virtually erased by the WPA's rules and regulations. Despite its flaws and its low standards of relief, the FERA provided thousands of Negroes with more security and a better standard of living than they had ever known before. The fact that this was due chiefly to the abominably low level of their previous existence does not alter the psychological effect. Nor does it detract materially from the fact that the WPA, while throwing back thousands of Negro families to their previous levels, has raised other thousands above the FERA level to a plane heretofore inaccessible to the colored masses. The FERA, it is generally conceded, was responsible for the Democratic gains among Negroes in the 1934 elections. Roosevelt and his aides count upon the WPA to double and treble those gains in 1936.

John L. Lewis: Portrait of a Realist

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

BIG business insists that capital and labor are really partners; which indeed they are. They are partners in revolutionary destiny. As yet, of the two, big business is by far the more active partner. Not that we have reached a revolutionary stage; not by a long shot. Not that big business has assumed the heroic role of the madness which destroys. But it seems to be rehearsing under good Marxian auspices, a lot better than our labor movement. It is mad enough today to precipitate a social crisis as we crawl out of the depression. It is forcing social war *just because* business is improving. Its madness lies in its failure to perceive that at this stage of American history such bourbonism is progressive education in class consciousness for the American worker. It fails to realize that between the Homestead lockout of July 1, 1892, and the Homestead memorial meeting of July 4, 1936, lie two generations of decreasing opportunity and increasing insecurity for the American people; that the frontier has closed and that within this enclosure the contradictions in our economy have been furiously at work.

Social crisis is a strong term. Are we in it? I believe we are. A crisis in capitalism differs from a depression in the business cycle in that the economic facts which cause depressions become a moral and finally unarbitrable issue. A social crisis begins when it becomes increasingly obvious to decent men that all the wrong is gathering on one side and all the right on the other, when the interests of big ownership and the interests of the nation become mutually exclusive. Then big ownership can no longer make concessions, its behavior increases in brutality, and above all, its lies become ever more transparent. Thus, the American Iron and Steel Institute felt itself impelled, through a sort of compulsive class neurosis, to advertise just such an egregious lie. On July 1, 1936, it spread this lie in a full-page advertisement in 375 of our leading newspapers at the cost of half a million dollars.

The lie was in the form of a syllogism. It had two premises and a conclusion. The major premise stated that "the overwhelming majority of the employees in the steel industry recently participated in annual elections under their own representation plan and elected their own representatives for collective bargaining." The minor premise stated that "no employee in the steel industry has to join any organization to get or hold a job." Their conclusion, therefore, was that "the steel industry will oppose any attempt to compel its employees to join a union or pay tribute for the right to work . . . [and] will use its resources to the best of its ability to protect its employees and their families from intimidation, coercion, and violence and to aid them in maintaining collective bargaining free from interference from any source."

In other words, a five-billion-dollar monopoly spent

half a million dollars on a single lie which claims that labor is the enemy of labor; and that the friend of labor, its guardian, indeed its union, is the American Iron and Steel Institute. Marie Antoinette had more sense and decency than Eugene Grace! The Bourbons, unlike the House of Morgan, did not claim that they were the protectors of the *sansculottes*.

But this time, the bluff of the steel masters was called. It was called by John L. Lewis, whose drive and language they understand so well that it was indeed his leadership which frightened them into advertising their lie. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, whose workers have been on strike under Lewis's leader-



Mr. Lewis

ship, made a virtue of sound strategy and permitted him to address the nation on July 6 over N. B. C. on the issue of industrial unionism in general and the steel drive in particular. Mr. Sarnoff permitted Mr. Lewis to speak because it is obviously Lewis and not the American Iron and Steel Institute who speaks for labor and the steel industry. Lewis is chairman of the drive to unionize steel; he is chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization which is back of the drive; and he is president of the United Mine Workers, whose resources are a guaranty that the C. I. O. means business. To call John Lewis an "outside agitator" in American labor makes exactly as much sense as calling President Roosevelt an outside administrator in American government.

Lewis showed in detail how the steel industry has "aided" labor for the past thirty-five years by failing to pay "a bare subsistence wage, not to mention a living

wage, to the great mass of its workers." He showed the whole miserable history of the steel trust. He showed that when the steel industry speaks of "protecting" labor "it means that meetings of steel employees will be disrupted by thugs and hoodlums employed by the steel corporations; that the organizers themselves will be brutally beaten . . ."; and that the industry means to engage in "the unlawful, ruthless tactics of former years." Like Hitler, the Institute will protect its workers through terror. As though to prove how well Lewis knows these tactics, the Bethlehem Steel Company, whose president, Eugene Grace, is also chairman of the American Iron and Steel Institute, has hired, according to press dispatches, during the first ten days of this month 130 deputized gunmen. The entire steel industry is seeing to it that its controlled municipalities are laying in new supplies of tear and vomit gas, of ammunition and other riot material. Spies are being placed in the plants by the hundreds. Fences around these plants are being prepared for electrification. Terror is already reigning in the steel towns. And if in September or later we have civil war in steel, we know now who is preparing for it.

But John Lewis did more than give the lie to the steel outfit. He showed why the only way to organize the workers in a monolithic five-billion-dollar industry is through an equally monolithic unionism and not through craft-separatism. It is because he means to organize the basic industries into industrial unions that he has frightened President William Green and the other "pure-and-simple" labor bureaucrats on the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. into open sabotage. For obviously the amalgamation of the various crafts in one industry into a single union would lose a lot of trade-union leaders their jobs by the sheer elimination of these jobs. And equally obviously, the influx of large numbers of new workers into organized labor would endanger the tenure even of those reactionary job holders who would be left and who have come to look upon their jobs as their private property.

It is for this reason that the bureaucrats on the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. are doing their best to lop off the 1,250,000 workers in the C. I. O., almost 40 per cent of the entire membership of the A. F. of L. At this moment the council has decided to postpone the suspension of these unions on the plea of the Roosevelt Administration, which is desperately trying to prevent a split in labor during the campaign. But they want to suspend these twelve "dual" unions just the same. They mean to misinterpret the constitution of the A. F. of L. in such a way that these suspended unions will have no chance to vote on their own expulsion at the next convention of the federation in October, which requires a two-thirds vote to expel. The Executive Council is trying to kill the drive to organize steel as openly as is the American Iron and Steel Institute. It is the terror of the job holder which made William Green reply to Lewis in the public press in a scab speech. On July 7 Mr. Green issued a statement in which he "sincerely regretted that the C. I. O. thwarted [*sic*] the purposes of the A. F. of L. to inaugurate an organizing campaign in the steel industry behind which the A. F. of L. would have mobilized the united support

of the pooled resources of organized labor." Thwarted when? What purposes?

In 1919 some fifteen crafts fought one another far harder than they fought the steel trust for their "jurisdictional" rights over workers they failed to organize, thereby losing the campaign before they started. In the great textile strike in 1929 in the South, Green promised the workers in the textile industry the "united support of organized labor"—a phrase he loves to mouth—and then managed to produce a mere \$5,000 for the organization drive, the rest being furnished by individual unions without benefit of Mr. Green. When throughout the second half of 1933 Lewis begged Green to organize labor in the basic industries under Section 7-a, Green continuously sabotaged every effort—in rubber, in automobiles, in oil, in steel. When Gerard Swope, then in the government with Green, ironically suggested to him that the only way to organize the workers of the highly mechanized General Electric, of which Mr. Swope is the president, was to organize them on a vertical basis, Mr. Green explained to Mr. Swope why that was impossible. Indeed the complete collapse of Mr. Green in the NRA in face of the danger that labor might be effectively organized under Section 7-a made him the laughing stock of industrialists, government officials, and labor leaders.

And now this man has the gall to accuse John Lewis and the C. I. O. of "thwarting" *his* efforts to organize the steel workers. Does Green remember the conversation he had with Lewis on a cold winter midnight in front of the Cadillac Hotel in New York City, when Lewis plead with him to start an organization campaign in steel? "But, John," our hero of "the pooled resources of organized labor" wailed, "Where will we get the money?" And when Lewis showed him how to get the money to start, enumerated a half dozen international unions which would be glad to help, pledged him an initial hundred thousand dollars from the miners, Green sadly shook his head and walked through the revolving door of the Cadillac Hotel. Green believes in industrial unionism. But he dares not stand up against the Tobins and the Hutchesons and the Whartons and the Wolls on his Executive Council. No wonder Lewis once remarked of him: "I fear his threats as much as I believe his promises."

The difference between William Green and John L. Lewis is an exact measure of the growth and consciousness of organized labor during the depression. Green represents the archaic forces in American labor. Lewis represents its progressive drive. Fifteen years ago Lewis stood exactly where Green stands now, though never as a weakling. Nine years ago Lewis signed the Jacksonville Agreement in the bituminous field. Though it was a victory, it was a Pyrrhic victory. And when he realized that all victories are Pyrrhic unless they are backed by power, he moved to the left—rapidly since 1933—until today he stands at the head of an awakening labor movement.

II

The director of the C. I. O. is John Brophy, one of the truly noble characters in American labor. For years, as president of District 2 of the United Mine Workers and

later, Brophy fought Lewis in the union. He lost. For Lewis had the power and he used it. The fight had been extremely bitter. Brophy represented the progressive forces in the union. His program was essentially the program for which Lewis is fighting now. Today the two men work together.

It was during the NRA that Lewis realized that the mass of American labor can never be organized along craft lines. And in the A. F. of L. convention in San Francisco in 1934, he came out for industrial unionism. It was due to his leadership that the convention authorized the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. to organize industrial unions in the automobile, aluminum, and cement industries, and also ordered the council to multiply the so-called federal trade and labor unions, which are industrial unions in individual plants, whose workers do not fall within the



Mr. Green

claims staked out by the various crafts. But throughout 1935, the Executive Council knifed this mandate and Green even secretly ordered his organizers to lay low on the industrial-union campaign. At the next convention, in Atlantic City in 1935, Lewis pressed the fight, and actually got over one-third of the convention to indorse industrial unionism on principle.

It was during this fight, from 1933 on, that John Lewis changed his whole philosophy of labor. For a struggle for industrial unionism necessarily involves a general progressive program. And so Lewis almost unwittingly found himself at the head of the progressive forces in the last convention, marching in the vanguard of all his former enemies. He forced Matthew Woll to resign from the acting presidency of the reactionary National Civic Federation. He stopped all the "red"-baiting, for now he needed the progressives in the various unions. And he even knocked down in cold blood William Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters, to keep Brother Hutcheson from playing a dirty parliamentary trick in order to keep the discussion of industrial unionism off the floor. In short, he accepted not only industrial unionism, but all the implica-

tions of a militant labor program. And with infinitely more power he found himself precisely where Brophy had been all these years. Out of the 1935 convention grew the Committee for Industrial Organization.

After the convention, Brophy went to Lewis and put himself at his disposal. John Brophy could do that without swallowing his pride, for his worst enemy knows that he would not work for anything in which he does not wholeheartedly believe.

"All right," said Lewis, "you be the director of the C. I. O." And there were no conditions.

I have known Brophy for some fifteen years. I have agreed with his position all that time. I have written a good deal against Lewis, incidentally never doubting his strength, ability, and integrity, but objecting to his dictatorial methods, his ruthless fight against his own progressive wing, his line-up with the rest of the bureaucrats on the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. before the NRA. And so, I, of course, wanted to gossip with John Brophy, not so much on how he felt about Lewis's program which had been his own all these years, but how he felt about Lewis now that he was in such close association with him.

"Naturally," Brophy said, "I would be with Lewis in this fight even if I did not like him; in fact, even if I did not trust him. His mere program is enough for me. But, you know, I am sold on Lewis today. He is simply marvelous to work with. After he put me in this job, he asked me, 'Well, John, who timed this thing right, you or I?' And I had to say, 'I guess *you* did, John.' And that's just it. Lewis has a genius for timing.

"Now the reason Lewis times so well," Brophy continued, "is that he is not moved by theory but by events. *His personality is felt in action.* He is entirely a pragmatist. But he doesn't compromise; he steps in. When he sees a chance he moves, quickly, decisively. He adopts and adapts and discards as the situation dictates, and he is so damned intelligent and fearless it is a pleasure to work with him. When he accepts a position, he accepts it in its entirety, not in bits. He accepts all its furthest implications. And to that degree, he is a good theorist. He understands these implications as a whole. For instance, there came up the problem of choosing my assistants in the C. I. O. I couldn't think of anyone to do the job except Lewis's former worst enemies. Such fellows as Adolph Germer and Powers Hapgood. So I went to him with my list.

"Is it necessary to have these fellows?" asked Lewis.

"Yes," I said, "first because I want people who know all about industrial unionism and secondly, I want people who believe in me personally.

"All right," said Lewis, and approved."

Lewis holds no malice. He has messed up a lot of folks in his day, but that was only opposition.

III

John Lewis did not begin his leadership with any particular set of ideas or with an integrated set of ideals. The speech he made over a national hook-up in answer to the wilful misrepresentations of the American Iron and Steel Institute rang with a moral passion of which he would have been incapable ten years ago. And his testi-

mony before a Senate Committee in 1935 in favor of the thirty-hour week expressed a rounded social attitude of which he had no conception fifteen years ago. Lewis moves purely realistically. His ideas derive entirely from the objective situation. He is quite right when he insists that he is not a revolutionary. He lacks the imagination of the true revolutionary. He is today a militant opportunist in the best sense. When he compromises he does so with reality and not with his own dread of it. He is primarily interested in the next step, but that step he takes clearly, definitely, ruthlessly, and always in the direction in which he wants to go.

John Lewis's people have been miners as far back as any record shows, and the record goes back for some three centuries. His father, Thomas Lewis, came from Wales and settled in Lucas, Iowa, where John was born on February 12, 1880. The father joined the Knights of Labor and worked in the mines. In 1890 he was active as a rank-and-filer in the foundation of the United Mine Workers and almost immediately got himself blacklisted in the entire coal industry for good, so that the Lewis boys had to go into the mines and support the family. In his youth John Lewis drifted into all sorts of mines all over the country—gold, copper, bituminous, anthracite. A start in life under such hard conditions may drive some highly gifted temperaments into an ineffectual idealism. But Lewis never had a touch of Eugene Debs in his makeup. He got toughened in the union local, often to be sure through means which a Debs would have eschewed. Lewis never moved without building and tightening his machine. He never

hesitated to win first and be fair afterwards; or rather in a fight, he is fair to what he wants to achieve rather than to the person of his opponent. The fight with his enemies was often so extremely bitter that for years one heard about John Lewis having "sold out." There never was a word of truth in it. For one thing, he was brought up in the home of a blacklisted miner, and that left a deep mark on his whole psychology; and for another, John Lewis is interested in gathering power, not in selling it.

This does not mean that in the early days he rose to power by being drafted for his political high-mindedness. But he got there just the same. The fact is that in 1917 he became the first vice-president of the United Mine Workers of America. Fortunately for him, Frank Hayes, then president, was seldom sober. And Mr. Lewis was so busy filling his shoes that he could not be bothered sobering him up. Accordingly, in 1919 he became acting president. From the acting presidency to the actual presidency was but a step, for the miners do not elect their officers at the convention but by mail. And Lewis's organization out in the field saw to it that he got the right mail.

In the next article I will show how and what John Lewis learned from his experience as the head of our largest union, from his intimate knowledge of a basic industry, which is deeply affected by national politics and legislation; what he learned during the depression and from the NRA; and why he is today the most significant figure not only in American labor but in American life.

(Mr. Stolberg's second article on John L. Lewis will appear next week.)

Death Takes a Holiday

BY LOUIS F. GITTLER

Berlin, July 9

THREE weeks remain before the opening of the Olympic Games. Berlin is extraordinarily quiet and impatiently expectant. The streets are devoid of Brown Shirts and their leaders. There are no parades. Olympic banners and flags of all nations are flying about in the breeze, and the visitor is inclined to dismiss all anti-German thought and action abroad as insipid and unjust. He sees no Jewish heads being chopped off, or even roundly cudged. His popular conception of the aspect of post-revolution is shattered. The people smile, are polite, and sing with gusto in beer gardens. Board and lodging are good, cheap, and abundant, and no one is swindled by grasping hotel and shop proprietors. Everything is terrifyingly clean, and the visitor likes it all.

But few visitors will realize what the Olympics mean to Germany and to the Nazis. For three-and-one-half years the world has read innumerable books, articles, and other propaganda either for or against the Nazi regime. They have heard reliable speakers denounce the Nazis with all the venom and logical persuasion they could muster. And

when the world comes to Germany to see the Olympic Games in August, it will be coming not merely to witness an international sports event but to pass judgment—no matter how little contemplated—on the practice of a political ideology. This the Nazis are keenly aware of, and the tremendous task of spreading good-will and justification of their own policy has been provided for with that remarkable insight and skill they possess in the arts of propaganda. The technique of influencing foreigners has been carefully perfected by a special committee within the framework of the Propaganda Ministry. This committee has maintained contact with German organizations and party cells in all parts of the world. It has received from these sources invaluable information and advice on the peculiarities of national reaction and the psychological attitudes toward the Third Reich. On the basis of its research and findings the committee has constructed a propaganda plan for the immediate purpose of impressing foreigners in Germany this summer.

The preparations for the Olympiad extend as far back as last summer. At that time public-works projects were

drawn up for the beautifying of the city. This specially concocted "beauty" campaign included the widening of streets, the rebuilding of public squares, the cleaning of all facades in the city by house-owners (failure meant a raising of taxes), construction of new government buildings, renovation of museums, and, most important, the construction of the huge Olympic Village which will later be turned over to the army. Even a subway is being built and is being rushed through double-time in order to be open for "Olympic guests" in August. The whole process is strikingly similar to that of the American provincial family's preparations for the town parson's visit. By order of no other than State Commissar Lippert himself, all bed wash has been ordered off proletarian balconies, no garbage is to be dumped in visible parts, spitting cherry pits or saliva on the sidewalks may be considered a major offense, and apartment house doors may be kept open until ten o'clock. All stray storm troopers have been told to ask questions first before pouring forth their hate in the presence of foreigners. Policemen are uncomfortably polite and prejudiced in favor of foreigners, although all the holy Prussian rules, regulations, and sacraments may have been trampled upon. Waiters, taxi-drivers, porters, bar-girls, and street-walkers are all learning English in groups in various cafés in the Westend. Smiles of greeting are being practiced; political sin is being erased from the conscience; laughter, gaiety, and good cheer are prescribed. The good impression must be maintained.

The *Stürmer* is now to be seen only in sections where no foreigner will wander. Gradually this vicious anti-Semitic paper has disappeared and the street boxes on every corner wherein it was exhibited have received a new coat of paint, hiding slogans calling upon the world to hate the Jews. Songs of wrath and thunder are sung no more and storm troopers, Hitler's bodyguards, Reichswehr conscripts, and labor camp youths are disciplined and respectable. The newspapers are filled with promises of the world's love for the "New Germany." There are interviews with representatives of all nationalities, sweet in sentiment and bubbling with enthusiasm. The German populace are instructed in daily editorials how to behave during the next month, and are warned not to bring their Fatherland to shame. Everywhere are to be seen the five rings of the Olympic flag. The Nazi party organ, the *Angriff*, is even running a serial novel advertised as the "pre-Olympia" novel, and entitled "The Sixth Ring," with Berlin and New York as the scenes of action and an international sporting love affair between an American youth and a German girl as its theme. Women wear brooches, bathing suits, hats, pocketbooks, all adorned with the Olympic emblem, and most males have discarded the inevitable Nazi insignia for the more attractive five rings. Ubiquitous is the Nazi slogan, "I summon the youth of the World," and the largest movie house in town released a film of the same name yesterday. The most important political events of the day have been ignored in the newspapers which devote most of their space to the Olympiad, the Arab discontent in Palestine, and the "riots" and strikes occurring so frequently in France, America, and Belgium.

Coincident with the "last appeal" to the world yesterday by Herr Lewald, President of the German Olympic Committee, was the meeting of the Reich Committee for Foreign Travel, a subsidiary of the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin. The gathering was addressed by State Secretary Funk, the right-hand man of Minister Goebbels, who described the Olympic and its subsequent flow of foreign visitors as calling forth the "fulfillment of a high political mission . . . and as presenting a propaganda opportunity which has never before in the history of the world been equalled." This "propaganda opportunity" will be penetratingly exploited, Herr Funk assures us. Ideas and directions have been thought out by the Special Committee of the Propaganda Ministry. While the

Weimar regime would have been ashamed to show foreigners a wretched, badly-governed, degenerate Germany, it is the aspiration of the National Socialist regime to bring visitors here in the largest possible number. . . . In this we see effective defense measures against the lying reports about Germany rampant abroad. The foreigner who comes to us should see that under our leader, Adolf Hitler, a society has been formed into a united German people. . . . Every German hotelier, every German hotel employee, every servant, taxi-driver, represents the National Socialist state to the foreigner. Therefore, they all have the duty to behave themselves accordingly and not to shame their Fatherland. The foreigners who come to Germany must leave our country consciously aware that Germany is the most hospitable land in the world. . . . In the Olympic year 1936, each German compatriot is a host to the world. Each German compatriot must be conscious of this fact and act accordingly. Foreign travel is an instrument for the regaining of prestige in the eyes of the world. Foreign travel serves the Peace Idea, which Adolf Hitler, our leader, has proclaimed to the world . . . a lofty political mission, it is dependent upon each person what the world thinks about Germany and what the world says about Germany.

As a result of this important speech on Nazi Olympic policy, the *Angriff* published an editorial admonishing its comrade-readers to take notice that the "foreign travel bureau has done all in its power to entice the world to Berlin. Now it is up to you to supplement the German landscape with the amiability of the German people—so that we can effect the best impression possible."

Complete as may be this perversion of Olympic ideals to a huge propaganda network intended for the gullibility of foreigners, the Olympiad serves also a purpose at home. It is the great "economic hope," the great illusion that has been born again and is engulfing the merchants of Berlin and the Reich. Ask any business man how business is and he shrugs, then beams and says: "But when the Olympics come . . . !" A foreign newspaper dealer complains that hardly a foreigner was in Berlin this winter and spring, but, he adds, with a strange light in his eye, "when the Olympics finally come . . . !" For the past two months the Reich Food Ministry has been hoarding eggs and other foods which are not abundant in the Third Reich. Boarding houses, hotels, and most private families have already rationed out their floor space and are hopefully awaiting

"the day." Even real-estate owners and agents assure one another that their ground is more valuable because it lies directly on the route toward the Olympic village. Many new restaurants and night clubs have been opened. If any evils exist in the economic structure, the Olympics will eradicate them. It seems that all the boredom of the Third Reich (even the parades are becoming boring) will find its terminus in the Olympiad. All life palpitates here because a two weeks' sports congress will convene in the

buxom wenches, red-cheeked girls, and genial petty burghers singing in rathskellers and beer gardens. They will have seen order, contentment, clean-shaven storm troopers, labor camp youths, and disciplined Hitler boys. They will have taken part in the Great Farce and will retain vivid impressions of a creative, home-loving, foreigner-loving people, and will spread the gospel of "German peace" to the four corners of the globe. What will be the next step?

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summer. The Nazis have successfully cultivated the people's imagination and whipped it into a state of feverish hope. They have erected complicated information and guide bureaus, printed thousands of pamphlets, brochures, and books, manufactured artistic films glorifying sport, and have spent millions of marks in preparations, so that no inconveniences may be existent which might irritate Olympic guests. The rush toward the capital from the provinces commenced long ago, and the city government has been hard put to it to stem the tide.

In several weeks, the Olympics will be over. One hears stark, disconcerting rumors about what will happen after the bubble bursts. Thousands of foreigners will have returned to their homelands full of Munich beer, *Gemütlichkeit*, visions of pretty Kurfürstendamm women,

The rumors and stories told are disturbing. The Jews fear the consequences most. When the Olympics have failed to restore a shattered German economy, as fail they must, the Nazis are expected to hang all the blame on the Jewish head, and to claim that the "German Olympics" were ruined by Jewish propaganda abroad. There are whispers of confiscation of passports and papers so as to keep the Jews "prisoners" for the dirty work of the next war; of complete economic disfranchisement; of "sporadic" riots and pillaging. In Jewish circles the atmosphere is tense, and many of those who can leave will do so after the closing of the games. There is bitter resentment at the thought that the world may be taken in by the corruption of the Olympic idea to the personal propaganda instrument of the Messrs. Hitler and Goebbels.

Toward a Socialized Medicine

BY JAMES RORTY

VOLUNTARY health insurance, the increase of group practice, the expansion of public medicine as administered by federal, state, and local health departments—these are the chief aspects of the current revolutionary transition toward socialized medicine which is steadily developing. The nature of the lags and obstructions is also clear. Most important of these is the assertion, by the American Medical Association, acting essentially as a trade association of the one-man businesses which the majority of American doctors operate, of an obsolete title to the ownership and control of what should be an essential public service. The inevitable "community of interest" achieved through the indirect financing of A.M.A. activities by medical advertisers is also an important factor: the vested interests of the "little men" of medicine, of the A.M.A. as a commercially financed institution, and of the drug business, tend to coincide and reinforce each other. Together they pound the cork of scarcity economics into the American medicine bottle, which has been filled for us largely by the expenditure of social capital, public and philanthropic, in medical education and research.

Dr. Fishbein calls his cork "ethics," just as the vested interests of the power industry call their cork "liberty." Like the power fight, the struggle to socialize medicine is now in the open, with the arenas increasingly the press and the halls of legislation. And the "lay public," represented chiefly by the progressive physicians, many of whom have been excommunicated by the A.M.A. and by the social workers, public-health workers, sociologists, and economists who have occupied themselves with the problem, becomes now the protagonist of change. It is important, therefore, that laymen learn to see through the "ethical" and other shibboleths; also that they acquaint themselves with what is currently happening in the organization of medical care. The facts are readily available; among the best of the recent compendiums are I. S. Falk's "Security Against Sickness" and the pamphlet, "New Plans of Medical Service," issued by the Julius Rosenwald Fund of Chicago. The following greatly condensed description is based chiefly on these texts, plus a good deal of personal interviewing and correspondence. Today, in addition to the traditional, fee-for-service, sliding-scale practice of the individual doctor, we see developing the following types of medical service:

1. *The privately-owned group-practice unit.* The Mayo clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, is the outstanding example. It operates on a fee-for-service, sliding-scale basis, and on a very high scientific and ethical level which not even the A.M.A. has dared to challenge—in recent years at least. That the Mayo clinic has become a major institution of medical research and discovery, and is conducted primarily in the public interest, is due largely to the genius of the

Mayo brothers. Every similar clinic has similar opportunities, afforded primarily by the large-scale, collective nature of the enterprise. But since control is ordinarily vested in a commercial partnership or corporation, the privately-owned clinic may also veer in the other direction: it may exploit both its employed doctors and its customer-patients, degrade the quality of medical care provided, and make little or no contribution to medical science.

2. *The group-practice unit which applies the periodic or group payment plan.* The Ross-Loos clinic in Los Angeles became perhaps the largest and most successful example of this type when, in 1929, the employees of the Department of Water and Power of Los Angeles sought and arranged for service on a group-payment basis. The medical services provided include house calls, office calls, diagnosis, and medical treatment; also surgical treatment of all kinds either at the clinic or in the hospital. There is no extra charge for eye refractions for subscribers, or for hospitalization. Employed members receive all services and supplies free except certain types of expensive medicines, such as insulin, salvarsan, or eye glasses. Dependents of members may receive all professional services, but are required to pay for their own hospitalization and for any supplies or apparatus used in their treatment, such as x-ray films, medicines, and orthopedic splints. There is also an extra charge to dependents of fifty cents for each office call and \$1 for each home call, and other small charges for special procedures. The costs of services are \$2 per employed person per month for the above benefits. The average extra charges for home calls, hospitalization, medicines, and so on, were sixty-eight cents per family per month during the year 1934, making a total cost of \$2.68 for complete medical, surgical, and hospital care, not including dental service. In the autumn of 1935 there were approximately 20,000 employed subscribers representing more than sixty different groups of persons, constituting, with their families, more than 60,000 persons.

Three points deserve underlining: a. Group practice and group payment as operated by the Ross-Loos Medical group has resulted in giving the subscribing members more than the amount of medical care received by families of similar income in the general population. During the year 1933, there was an average of approximately fifteen office calls per average family of 3.02 persons, representing a subscriber and his dependents. b. The subscribers, whose hospital charges are included in the flat monthly rate use proportionately twice as much hospital care as do their dependents, whose bills must be paid directly. This may be interpreted to mean either that the subscribers tend to over-hospitalize themselves or that they tend for economic reasons to purchase less hospital care for their dependents than they should properly have; the latter inter-

pretation probably comes closer to describing the actual condition. c. Collective representation as practiced by the enrolled groups serves both to reduce the costs of collection for the clinic, and to introduce some degree of control by the consumer of the standards and procedures adopted by the medical owners and managers of the clinic; it is not however, a true cooperative setup, since all residual profits go to the private owners.

3. *The cooperatively owned and managed group practice-group payment unit* which provides its members and their dependents with complete medical and dental service on a flat monthly or annual fee basis. The Farmers Union Cooperative Hospital Association of Elk City, Oklahoma, is an interesting example of this type. It was organized in 1929 by Dr. M. Shadid, who serves as medical director. The persons who join become stockholders in a non-profit cooperative association. A stockholder without dependents pays \$12 per year; with one dependent the rate is \$18; for a whole family, of whatever size, the rate is \$25 per year. Payments must be made quarterly in advance. Participants in the health service benefits are limited to the families of stockholders, each of whom owns one share in the Community Hospital, erected in 1931 with bed capacity for thirty patients. The shares cost \$50 each, payable \$20 down and \$15 a year for the next two years. The resources from shares are used only to pay for hospital land, buildings, and equipment. The stock is not assessable, but stockholders must pay for their shares in full when hospitalization is received. The hospital is managed by a board of five directors elected by the stockholders. The board employs a business manager for the hospital as well as the director of the medical staff. Extra charges to stockholders are made as follows: home calls, \$1.50 plus twenty-five cents per mile one way; x-ray films (other than dental), \$3 for one, \$2 for each additional film. Membership has grown steadily, reaching 800 families in 1934 and 1,200 by the autumn of 1935. The medical and dental staff receives \$12 of each \$25 subscription with \$13 being applied to hospital expenses. Fees from non-member patients go directly to the attending practitioners or to the hospital, respectively. All fees are assessed and collected by the business office of the hospital. Members of the medical staff receive one month's vacation annually, with full pay.

The distinguishing features of the Elk City enterprise are first, its cooperative organization—any financial surpluses are shared by the members; second, its inclusion of dental as well as medical service; third, its application of the insurance principle to average out both the sick and the well and large and small families; fourth, the development and support of a cooperative medical service as a department of the Farmers Union cooperative movement. This movement is well developed in Oklahoma, and derives much of its strength from the highly pertinent historical fact that Oklahoma was homesteaded in the nineties largely by trade-union and socialist workmen who found themselves boycotted following the collapse of the great strikes of that period. Before the war, the Socialists polled as high as thirty per cent of the Oklahoma electorate.

4. *Group hospitalization*, for the purpose of enabling employed persons and their dependents to budget sys-

tematically against the cost of hospital care alone—a limited group-payment plan. In February, 1933, the American Hospital Association officially indorsed group hospitalization as a method of budgeting hospital bills. This is a system of equal and regular payments (by an individual or family, usually in an employed group) into a common fund which will be used in providing hospital service when required. By February, 1936, more than 600 American communities had enrolled more than 300,000 subscribers in such plans, which involved the participation of several hundred hospitals. In New York, the three-cents-a-day plan of Associated Hospital Service had enrolled more than 80,000 subscribers after a year of operation. The annual cost of membership in the group hospitalization plan ranges from \$5 to \$12 per subscriber, depending upon the cost levels of the area, the kind of room accommodation received, the types of sickness covered, and the scope of the services offered. The subscriber may be admitted to any of the "participating" hospitals when necessary, but only under the care of a private physician selected by himself. The subscriber must pay his own physician's fee, but he may receive without charge as much as twenty-one days free care in the hospital, including the use of a semi-private room, nursing service, meals, the operating room, x-ray service, and laboratories. The hospital bill is paid from the central fund, which is administered by a non-profit corporation, the trustees of which may include hospital executives or trustees, representatives of industrial or civic bodies, members of the local medical society, the Community Chest, the health council, or the hospital council.

In 1934 the American College of Surgeons endorsed group hospitalization, but the American Medical Association has tried hard to put the brakes on this development. In October, 1933, the A.M.A.'s Bureau of Medical Economics issued a pamphlet entitled "Group Hospitalization Contracts Are Insurance Contracts," citing the opinions to this effect of the majority of the state insurance commissioners who replied to the A.M.A.'s questionnaire. Compliance with our various and complicated state insurance laws, most of which were written to protect the vested interests of private insurance companies, would tend to slow up and handicap this development, which has obvious advantages for the upper strata of employed workers and salaried people. It also has obvious advantages for the hospital, and Dr. Leland of the A.M.A.'s Bureau of Medical Economics points out quite correctly that the financial distress of the private hospitals since the depression largely accounts for their willingness to embrace group-hospitalization plans. There is also an economic advantage for the doctor, who has ordinarily a somewhat better chance of collecting his own bill if his patients' hospitalization expenses are covered by the payment of a monthly or annual fee. Fees paid to the hospitals are sometimes surprisingly high. For example, the Associated Hospital Service in New York pays \$15 for the first day, \$20 for the first two days, \$23 for the first three days. Thereafter the charge is \$6.50 per day—which would ordinarily be considered a high rate.

5. *Industrial medical services*. In "Security Against

Sickness," I. S. Falk, summarizes this development as follows:

In 1930, about 540,000 gainfully employed persons in the mining and lumber industries of twenty-one states were eligible to more or less complete medical care on a fixed, periodic-payment basis. About one-third of the Class 1 steam railroads have organized insurance plans for the medical care of their employees. And several million more employed persons are members of insurance groups which provide complete or partial medical service for these persons or for them and their dependents. In some places, these industrial medical services are financed entirely by industry; in others, costs are met entirely by the insured persons; but in most, both industry and the employed persons share the costs. . . . The arrangements through which the services are furnished to the insured persons are extremely diverse. In some insurance organizations, a hospital and its outpatient clinics may be owned by the non-profit insurance agency and physicians and other personnel furnish services on a salary basis. In others, the insurance group makes contracts for services to be rendered by local institutions and practitioners. In some, the operating contract may be a guaranty of payment for services rendered to insured persons according to an agreed fees schedule; in others, the contract may guarantee only such costs as exceed specified sums. . . .

It may be estimated that all types of voluntary group payments for medical care through insurance, excepting that which operates under the workmen's-compensation laws, involve at least \$40,000,000 a year. If this is added to the expenditures for medical care under the compensation laws (\$80,000,000) we have in the aggregate about \$120,000,000 (or more) a year spent through insurance plans.

As might be expected in such a diversity of plans, the quality of medical care offered by these industrial medical services runs all the way from excellent to wholly inadequate and even degraded systems set up to exploit workers under the guise of "welfare." Space is lacking to discuss the abuses which have arisen under the workmen's-compensation laws. Similar abuses have developed wherever unscrupulous medical or lay entrepreneurs have undertaken to sell policies to guarantee hospital service or both hospital and medical services. As Falk points out, "Some of these agencies have tended to bring the entire practice into disrepute because they have been patently dishonest schemes and have lately been prosecuted by the public authorities."

6. *Plans sponsored and operated by medical societies.* In June, 1935, the American Medical Society declared "its encouragement to local medical organizations to establish plans for the provision of adequate medical service for all of the people, adjusted to present economic conditions, by voluntary budgeting to meet the costs of illness." For some years previous to that decision several county medical societies in Washington and Oregon had been offering the services of their members to employed persons for an agreed annual payment. Free choice of doctors from among participating groups of from 30 to 300 physicians is provided. An extensive service is offered, covering medical, hospital, and nursing care both for injuries covered by workmen's-compensation acts and for ordinary sickness

not connected with employment. The usual charge to subscribers runs from \$1 to \$2 per month. Special bureaus are set up by the county medical societies. While undoubtedly these systems offer certain benefits to both employed workers and the participating physicians, the demonstrated economies of group practice are largely ignored and unused, and the control is wholly in the hands of the doctors. Many of the medical-society plans, some in their formative state and others now in operation like that of the Medical Society of Wayne County, Michigan, of which Detroit is the chief city, are designed merely to "rationalize," through the setting up of a bureau to collect reduced fees on the installment plan, the administration of medical care to the poor. As Falk points out, "They do not secure the family against a future risk of sickness; they mortgage future earnings to pay for a calamity which has already occurred." The Wayne County plan was started in April, 1935. In the following November the two largest voluntary hospitals in Detroit withdrew from participation in the plan on the ground that patients were permitted to assume obligations beyond their capacity to pay. During the first year, the hospitals reported a default of nearly 50 per cent on the instalment payments of bureau patients. The hospitals alleged that in this way they were still required to provide charity service for "bureau patients," but were not permitted to use the facilities of their own admitting offices or social-service departments.

When reproached for obstructing progress in the organization of medical care, the A.M.A. makes a considerable pother about these medical-society plans, the inadequacy of which is apparent. Meanwhile, it tries earnestly but with less and less success to stamp out the grass fire of group clinics which its own members (they don't remain members very long) are steadily spreading. However, it must be admitted that our medical politicians are among our most effective political lobbyists. Their success in cutting health insurance out of the Security Act may be discounted; it was a temporary victory, and rather likely to backfire. But in Ohio, Illinois, and New York, the A.M.A. has procured the enactment of legislation which, when coupled with its power to excommunicate and otherwise penalize progressive doctors, is likely to delay and handicap the development of voluntary group practice and group-payment schemes considerably. In essence, these laws provide that the majority of the directors of all non-profit hospital service corporations must be at all times directors or trustees of hospitals, and that the schedule of fees must be subject to the approval of the insurance commissioner. It may safely be predicted that this is not the only legislative joker that will explode in the faces of naive laymen and doctors who have been led to suppose that the A.M.A. has had a change of heart.

No, our medical Canute may be described today as wet but resolute. But the tide is certainly rising and neither boycotts nor legislative lobbying will stop it. The prognosis, if a layman may be permitted to use the word, is that the A.M.A. will be subjected to progressive immersion first in voluntary health insurance, then in compulsory health insurance, and ultimately in a fully socialized system of medical care.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THERE are two phases of the Spanish struggle that I wish specially to call attention to. One is the fact that the present round of fighting is only a round, no matter who wins it. The battle will go on until the Spanish workers and peasants have come into their own. If the present régime collapses, which may prove to be the case before these lines go into type, we shall undoubtedly see a terrific reaction with the usual concomitants of bloodshed, wholesale executions, concentration camps, and the like, and the establishment of a military dictatorship. The other is this fresh proof of the danger which comes to any republic from the existence of a large standing army.

Apparently the Spanish government has not had the strength either to put an end to sporadic lawlessness, notably against the Catholic church, or to take drastic measures with the army. When the king was driven out in 1931 thousands of officers were put upon the retired list or dismissed outright, but they have remained in Spain as foci of discontent and of hostility to those in power, and they are doubtless in entire sympathy with the uprising that began in the colonies and crossed over into Spain. It is beyond doubt a terrible situation, with all sorts of dire possibilities, such as the breaking up of the country into several parts. But the fact remains that this revolutionary outburst comes not from communists or other left-wing radicals, or from the land-hungry peasants, or the organized workers, but from the military men sworn to uphold the existing government.

The unrest which has marked these post-war years in Spain is the more striking because Spain was the only western European country to keep out of the World War, during which it prospered greatly. Much of that prosperity, if not all, has now been dissipated, in great measure because of the internal upheavals, but also because of those African colonies which, like Cuba and the Philippines in their day as Spanish possessions, have been such a drain upon the country's finances and manhood. The second article I wrote for *The Nation*, back in 1894, was a description of my visit to Melilla into which the Spanish army had then been driven by Moroccans. I was only ashore a short time, but what I saw of the conditions in the camps prepared me for the incapacity of the Spanish army to put down the insurrection in Cuba in the years 1896 to 1898. I have never forgotten the horrible insanitary conditions, the quality of the food served out to the troops, and the under-sized and pitiful Spanish boys who composed the rank and file and were being sacrificed in a war about the purposes of which they knew nothing. After the World War I met the German aunt of the King of Spain, a former Bavarian princess, who was then visiting with her daughter, the Princess Pilar, in Munich. I asked her about con-

ditions in Spain and expected a rosy response. Her face fell. "I was so happy," said she, "that we kept out of the World War and even gained in prosperity by doing so, but now we are slaughtering our youth again in Africa. I wish I could understand these things, but I cannot. My nephew, the King, tells me that we must fight again in Africa because of our national honor, that we must hold those colonies come what may. I cannot understand it. I cannot understand," she repeated, "why this 'national honor' should make us butcher our youth in Africa and throw away all the money and the advantages that we gained from not going into the World War." Unfortunately it was the nephew who controlled and not this humane and kindly woman, and thousands of Spanish boys perished thereafter as well as thousands of Moroccans.

Certainly the colonies have revenged themselves once more upon the Spanish government. Perhaps the present rulers if they had had time would have decreased the army on African soil and sought to rule in accordance with the socialist spirit of good will and friendliness rather than by force of arms. If this administration in Spain goes down it will be simply due to the enmity among army officers for a new deal which was to have brought some hope and some economic satisfaction to the millions of underpaid and undernourished Spanish peasants and workers who have toiled for many generations for absentee landlords living in the greatest possible luxury in Madrid, or Seville, or abroad.

We have no definite statistics as to how far the redistribution of land has gone during the last twelve months. The very fact that it was under way undoubtedly goaded the reactionaries and the privileged classes to make a final stand against the expropriation of the great estates. If it is correct that the peasants are rising to help the rebellion it must be due to their ignorance of where their hope lies; they are surely forging new chains for themselves. I am afraid it is true that when popular revolutions take place it is absolutely essential to make them thorough. I do not mean by this that republicans and socialists and liberals should resort to violence, to mass murder and the concentration camps, but I do not see why they cannot use their power to grapple effectively with the reactionary elements to the extent of removing every last one from positions of importance, and if necessary using the right to exile. The trouble with the 1931 revolution, like that of 1918 in Germany, was that it stopped half way and did not carry out radical social and economic reforms. The present leftist-Republican Cabinet has only had five months in which to move, but one can do a great deal in five months if one will take a leaf out of the book of dictators and houseclean just as vigorously as they, only humanely.

BROUN'S PAGE

IT WAS a cowboy who called one of his associates a so-and-so. Under pressure by his fellows he agreed to apologize and said, "You're no so-and-so. Oh, no!" Father Coughlin seems to have followed a similar technique in regard to his burnt-toast letter to the White House. It was a somewhat grudging retraction of an epithet at best and now the prelate has taken to the stump again. According to a United Press dispatch from Buffalo: "The Reverend Charles E. Coughlin told 10,000 followers today, 'I have no apologies to offer the gentleman in the White House who lives on the rotten meat of broken promises.'"

But just how good are Coughlin's promises? It took him scarcely more than a week to break the pledge he took to abstain from intemperate speeches. And the President is only one man out of a multitude to whom the reverend ranter owes an explanation. It seems to me, for instance, that he owes a distinct apology to Old Doc Townsend and all the physician's followers. Booming "Priest" Charlie (since the lid seems to be off on the free coinage of epithets) went to Cleveland as one of the feature spellbinders. He certainly not only permitted but persuaded the revolving pensioners that he was heart and soul with them in their cause. His handpicked candidate, William Lemke, flatly announced himself as a convert to the Townsend plan, making only the slight and probably unnoticed reservation that the precise details would have to be ironed out by a congress composed of Union Party members and the Townsendite leaders themselves. When Gomer Smith told the delegates that the good father had previously referred to the Townsend scheme as "economic lunacy" he was shouted down as a prevaricator and a bearer of false tidings.

But in Buffalo, according to the same dispatch, Charlie under some pressure was forced to admit that he still believed the revolving pension plan to be "economic lunacy." His justification for his misrepresentations in Cleveland was simply that he and Dr. Townsend must fight together "to oust the New Deal from office." It may be that Charles E. Coughlin also deceived Gerald L. K. Smith. But even if that is so I would urge no apology upon the gentleman who is temporarily absent from his parish. If the priest can live by taking in the preacher, or vice-versa, I am quite satisfied provided the existence is a meager one.

Father Coughlin has mentioned Landon once or twice and even directed a mild and wholly polite rebuke toward Hearst, but it grows increasingly evident that during such passages Charlie winks the other eye. The radio ranter is most palpably playing politics. He is not sufficiently naïve to believe that Lemke can make a showing for himself. His whole intention in 1936 is to prove his nuisance value. It is entirely probable that Father Coughlin has no liking for Landon, even though he is trying his best to bring about his election. It would not surprise me to be told that

Coughlin regards Townsend as a fool and Smith as a knave. Indeed I am quite ready to believe that he has a certain contempt for his own fuzzy followers and sees them as so much fascist fodder.

Coughlin has one faith and one alone. He has one favorite candidate and no other. He is pushing as rapidly as he can the political fortunes of a single individual. I may be wrong and so I should be reticent in bandying about the name of any good man. The most I am prepared to do is to hint in a sneaking way. My idea is that the proprietor of the Union Party is first and last and all the time for C-r-l-s E. C---hl-n. If any considerable pressure comes from the Vatican I will wager \$10 against an autographed photograph of William Lemke that Coughlin will shed his collar and coat as readily as he did at the Cleveland conclave. Although he pays occasional lip service to the creed and the customs of his church it is merely a coincidence that Coughlin is a priest. He most certainly is not functioning in this campaign as a Catholic. If he were there could hardly be so complete a tie-up between him and the Reverend Mr. Smith, the bullfrog kleagle from Louisiana's mud flats.

Gentle Gerald told a *Herald Tribune* reporter: "There have been rumors lately of a break between Dr. Townsend, Father Coughlin, and me. I want to tell you that after Father Coughlin spoke at the Cleveland convention, I took his hand and said, 'Reverend Coughlin, though we die, we are going on until our people have been freed,' and he replied, 'Though we die.'"

"Now I telephoned this afternoon," he continued, "and told him about these rumors of division of councils and he replied to me, 'Gerald, though we die.' That was enough for me."

And I think it's enough, too. In fact, I think it's too much. To Gerald L. K. Smith he may be "Reverend Coughlin." To Lemke he stand as, "Yes, boss, anything you say." But there is no reason why the average voter should make any allowance for the cloth of either Charlie or Gerald. Their function as clerics is merely an afterthought. In verbal encounters they should be prepared to be treated with the same consideration shown to the President of the United States—and no more. And so I say without any intention of any apology at any time that Booming Charlie is not garbed in holy orders, that he is not in any true sense a cleric of the Catholic church, and that he is solely a fascist faker using whatever means come to his hand to lend dignity and cover to his effort to achieve literal dictatorship in the United States.

What Charles E. Coughlin is really looking for is a large white horse and somebody to give him a boost into the saddle. When he clasped hands and said, "Gerald, though we die," he was moving quite close to one of his objectives. However, it is generally considered the wrong way to approach a horse.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

CHALLENGE TO ECONOMICS

BY LEWIS COREY

CAPITALIST economics has contributed little, if anything, to an understanding of the greatest depression in history. An economist here and there has made illuminating analyses of particular aspects of the problem, but these piecemeal analyses lack an inclusive theoretical and practical synthesis. The challenge of the economic crisis to capitalist economic theory has never been met. Nor is it met in what is perhaps the most pretentious effort to that end, the Brookings Institution's study on "The Distribution of Wealth and Income in Relation to Economic Progress," of which the fourth and final volume is now published.* Brookings brought to the task vast resources and the services of one of the most competent professional economists, Dr. Moulton; and that makes its failure all the more significant.

The problem is the inability of capitalism to use all its available forces of production and consumption. Brookings, therefore, devotes the first two volumes of its study to an investigation of unused productive capacity, and to consumption. According to "America's Capacity to Produce," there was, in the years 1922-29, an average unused capacity to produce goods and services of 22 per cent, and of 20 per cent in the most prosperous year 1929. (It was twice as great in the depression years 1933-34, and still greater in 1932.) According to "America's Capacity to Consume," the majority of our people during all the years of prosperity were living in poverty in the midst of unused capacity and consuming too little because of the lack of effective demand. This in turn involved an increasingly unequal distribution of the national income and the devotion of a constantly larger percentage of that income to investments. None of the Brookings conclusions is new, but the study provides a thorough statistical demonstration, especially of unused capacity. The two volumes are a definite contribution to quantitative economics.

The theoretical shortcomings of the study, however, appear clearly in the third volume, "The Formation of Capital," which attempts to give the "why" of unused capacity and deficient consumption and to provide support for the conclusions and proposals of the final volume. There is much acute criticism of orthodox economics in "The Formation of Capital," and its analysis of the role of commercial banking in the supply of investment capital is important. But it fails completely in its explanation of capitalist inability to use all the available forces of production and consumption.

For Dr. Moulton comes to the simple conclusion that since there exists an unused capacity to produce and un-

fulfilled desires to consume, all that is necessary is to let people consume more and put the unused capacity to use. As simple as all that! But is it possible under the relations of capitalist profit and accumulation? Dr. Moulton answers yes, and argues that periods of active consumption are precisely the periods of active capital formation, or accumulation. But the reverse is equally true: periods of active accumulation are (with rare but significant exceptions) periods of active consumption. The crucial problem is the relation of one to the other. Dr. Moulton insists on the priority of consumption, and concludes that capital-goods industries are not "the pivot around which the economic system moves." The exact opposite is the case, and the reasons may be thus briefly put:

1. Accumulation—the making of profits and their conversion into capital—is the economic law of motion of capitalist production.

2. Profits are converted into productive capital (upon which depend other forms of capital) by means of an increasing output and absorption of capital goods.

3. An increasing output of capital goods makes possible an increase in consumption by creating a strategic consumer purchasing power. Not one penny of the wages and salaries disbursed by capital-goods industries is spent on the output of those industries. They are all (except minor savings) spent on the output of consumers'-goods industries, whose enlarged activity in turn creates new purchasing power and consumption while the profits of that activity are transformed into new capital.

Purchasing power and consumption can increase only through economic expansion, and that expansion, as the history of capitalism makes clear, is determined by accumulation. But, and this is the basic contradiction of capitalist production, accumulation simultaneously limits consumption. Absolute expansion of markets is accompanied by relative limitation of markets, for it is the nature of capitalism to develop the productive forces of society beyond its profitable consuming power. This becomes involved with the existence of an unused capacity to produce—unused because its use is unprofitable—and with the tendency of the rate of profit to fall. The answer is still more accumulation: a still greater output of capital goods either in the form of labor-saving devices to cut costs (and raise profits) in old industries or of equipment for wholly new industries. Hence the increase in capital goods always outstrips the increase in consumers' goods. But this means that more capital and fewer workers are used in production; relative wages fall while capital claims and profits mount and absorb a larger share of the national income, diverting constantly more income to invest-

*"Income and Economic Progress." By Harold G. Moulton. The Brookings Institution. \$2.

ment than to consumption. Relative overproduction of capital becomes absolute, further productive investment is unprofitable, and limited accumulation limits the consumer purchasing power created by an increasing output of capital goods. A crisis of accumulation sets in as the demand for new capital goods begins to decline, economic activity moves downward, and society is thrown into the abyss of depression.

Recovery begins in the revival of demand for capital goods: unpostponable replacements and more efficient equipment to produce at lower costs for restricted markets, or, most important, equipment for new industries. That calls into being a strategic and profitable consumer purchasing power. Revival of consumption-goods industries, independent of capital-goods activity, can call into being only a purchasing power that is unprofitable and destructive of accumulation because its end-product is merely more consumption. This is the brutal mandate of capitalist accumulation: the existing equipment to produce goods and services cannot be more fully used until it is profitable to add to that equipment. If capital cannot accumulate, people cannot consume. Consumption is a by-product of accumulation.

Dr. Moulton's emphasis on consumption involves an abstraction of the existing economic system from its capitalist relations. This appears in his comparison of capitalist accumulation with the primitive production which is (as under socialism on a higher level) directly for use. But the capitalist relations of profit and accumulation develop an antagonism between value and use value: consumption is permissible only if production is profitable. The abstraction, moreover, makes Dr. Moulton consider accumulation as essentially the formation of productive capital; hence "surplus capital," that is, capital that cannot find investment in productive enterprise, becomes the devil of the piece. But that "surplus" is also an accumulation of capital; whether exported or "dissipated," as Dr. Moulton laments, in speculation, it means accumulation in the form of foreign capital claims or speculative profits. To distribute the "surplus" as income to consumers means a deduction from profits (or from earnings of higher salaried employees). Unused capacity may be called into use, but unprofitably, and accumulation and the rate of profit may move disastrously downward. "Surplus capital" is an aggravation of capitalist economic crisis, not its cause—which is accumulation itself.

The defects of Dr. Moulton's theory of accumulation are pitifully revealed in the conclusions and proposals of "Income and Economic Progress." For he offers merely another form of the theory underlying the "policy of high wages" (exploded during the 1920-30's); more consumption is the key to prosperity everlasting, for more consumption means more production, profits, and formation of capital. But Dr. Moulton rejects higher wages as contrary to the needs of profit. He urges "the method of expanding markets through a persistent reduction of prices as efficiency increases," and curiously forgets that this, too, may be contrary to the needs of profit. He laments that the policy of price reduction "has in considerable measure ceased to operate," and writes nos-

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taligally of the 1870-90's when prices fell as efficiency rose. But that prevented neither the existence of unused capacity nor the coming of two catastrophic depressions. Moreover, the period's economic progress was determined by active accumulation resulting from mechanization of old industries and creation of new industries, not by the falling prices, which are to be regarded simply as an expression of the former.

In spite of sharp criticisms of many of its assumptions, Dr. Moulton accepts the logic of price economics which considers price the "regulator" of the productive system. But price must justify itself in terms of making profits and converting them into capital. Hence Dr. Moulton's proposal to abolish unused capacity by the simple method of lowering prices and increasing consumption is all too simple, for it may be unprofitable.

But if Dr. Moulton is right, and price reductions mean higher profits, what becomes of his proposal for more equal distribution of income to abolish unused capacity and prevent cyclical breakdowns? If profits rise, so does the concentration of income: we are back at the beginning, only worse. Dr. Moulton's cure is friendly to the disease.

Doubts, however, assail Dr. Moulton, for he says:

Even if profits should not actually increase, a contribution is nevertheless being made through the expansion of wealth production toward raising the level of material well-being—which is the ultimate purpose of an economic system.

Again Dr. Moulton is guilty of abstracting the existing economic system from its capitalist relations. Where are the businessmen who will sacrifice profits to the material well-being of the people? Moreover, the existence of the system is involved: to release the abundance industry is now capable of creating would endanger profits and capitalism itself. The high development of the productive forces limits capital accumulation and strengthens the downward pressure on the rate of profit. This is the crisis of capitalism: the maturity of its economic development means decline and decay because it limits accumulation.

After his swing from liberal consumption economics to orthodox price economics, the eclectic Dr. Moulton swings to the "ideal" *laissez-faire* economics of the textbooks, and laments the interference of monopoly with the competitive price system—an interference which he considers "an abuse" of capitalism. Yet monopoly is a logical result of the earlier competitive capitalism; it was in the 1870-80's, when Dr. Moulton's prescription of falling prices was working, that monopoly arose to protect profits against the competitive price system.

The Brookings study is essentially unscientific in that it rejects the evolutionary approach by deliberately limiting itself to an "eternal" capitalism. Hence it does not analyze economic forces as they move beyond capitalism. It sees in monopoly, for example, merely a "deviation" instead of an evolutionary transformation, in its economic collectivism, toward the new order of socialism. There is not, moreover, a single reference to Marx, the one economist who offers a scientific answer to the present challenge to economics.

BOOKS

From the Norwegian

A FUGITIVE CROSSES HIS TRACKS. By Aksel Sandemose.

With a Note by Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Eugene Gay-Tifft. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER. By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THE first of these novels is so continually bright as to be eventually dull. It labors with such brilliant success to avoid telling a story that by the four-hundredth page its most forgiving reader will be as ready as the author is to let the promised fable swing free of any further human attention. A Dane is supposed to be speaking, one Espen Arnakke of Jante, who murdered a man seventeen years ago and who begins by saying, "Now I shall tell everything." Such a situation has its obvious merits as material for fiction, but it soon appears that Espen is not to be obvious. Starting off with the credible theory that childhood is not a happy time for anyone, he devotes the majority of his pages to a demonstration of his own youthful misery in Jante, and implies that when we have heard all we shall know why he killed John Wakefield. Not that there is any direct connection between Jante and Wakefield, or between his childhood and the event he cannot forget. No, it is merely that life being what it is, at least for him, he had to beat Wakefield over the head—if that was the way he did him to death, for I think Sandemose is not clear on the point further than to remark how much blood the fellow had in him. There was a girl, it seems, named Eve, and Eve—but it was not jealousy, it was not revenge for Wakefield's having taken Eve away from him. Once he had thought so, but it was not anything as comprehensible as that. It was something indeed quite vast and vague, something as limitless as life itself, and a monologue of more than four hundred pages is necessary to bring order out of time's chaos.

The monologue, to repeat, is frequently very clever. It follows no subject longer than a page or two, and when it jumps to another one it is likely to jump far. It rides symbols like hobby-horses; nothing in Jante or elsewhere is ever quite what we should suppose it to have been, and Sandemose is undoubtedly efficient at finding something else for it to be. There is even a sort of fierceness about the way he sweats in every sentence to be intimate, abrupt, and startling, as if he were setting off firecrackers in our heads. Now and then they do go off, or at any rate this initial paragraph of a certain chapter went off for me—by itself, to be sure, since it had little bearing on the story:

The horse is the most curious creature in the world. It is a great strong wildness lacking arms. Looking upon the horse when I was very young, I was moved to pity for such a huge block of flesh propped up on four posts, in such a way that it could do no more than move itself about. I was most bitterly anxious that the horse should have arms sprouting from its shoulders, and to this day I am still sensitive of this lack. Such a little shaver to have caught the idea of the centaur!

But many of Sandemose's bombs explode in his own hand when they explode at all. Nor do I find that he renders a significant or a convincing account of one man's childhood. This

is partly because his purpose is so palpably to work up a case again Jante as the real murderer of John Wakefield, and partly because he obscures what he has to say with such a mist of tricks. Good novels are duller than this in those places where dullness has its contribution to make; and they are written by persons who have the humility always to be clear.

Sigrid Undset's foreword to "A Fugitive" praises it chiefly as a tract against the modern village, though she adds a phrase about its "genius and weird power." It has of course nothing like the power of even a slight tale like "Gunnar's Daughter," which takes its place among her minor works but shines there with a firm and natural light. As she tells the story of how the lovers, Vigdis and Viga-Ljot, destroyed each other in their pride she seems to be entirely ignorant that there are such things in writing as tricks. This happened, then that; and such and such things were said quite in the order imposed by impartial time. By the end, however, a definite and distinguished tragedy has taken shape and half a dozen persons have lived lives which were both individual and intelligible. How one tells such a story is probably not to be known except by those who can do it; and they do not talk to their readers. Sigrid Undset probably could not enumerate the measures she took to keep her feud from being squalid or her lovers from being pettish. Everything manages to be large in her story, no single word of which escapes from her hysterically or self-consciously. The reason must be that she is a novelist; that she is content to write in the tradition of novelists; and that what she has to say she knows how to say in terms of events which appear to have nothing whatever to do with herself.

MARK VAN DOREN

Blueprints for an Economy

THE MODERN ECONOMY IN ACTION. By Caroline F. Ware and Gardiner C. Means. Harcourt, Brace, and Company. \$1.60.

THE central thesis of this book is that the old, automatic, self-adjusting competitive economy has given place to a new type of economic system, calling for analysis in totally different terms, and posing entirely new problems. Essentially, the impersonal rule of the market has given place to the highly personal rule of the administrator or business executive.

In consequence, instead of the agreeable harmonies of the economic textbooks we have a series of extremely ugly discords. Prices become inflexible, so that declining demand in any industry tends to be met, not by price reductions which expand the consumers' purchasing power, but by a curtailment of production programs. This, of course, means unemployment and further reduction of purchasing power, causing fresh shrinkage in wider and wider markets. Again, the pretty picture of the board of directors of a corporation directing the policy of the business so as to provide good profits for investors by good service to an ever-growing body of consumers looks a bit silly when one considers what are the real relations today between the humble stockholders and the management whose master that stockholder is supposed to be. And as for the smooth flow of saving into constructive capital creation, or the delicate gearing of international trade through a universal self-regulating gold standard—well, such a picture could be convincing today only to one who had never heard of the stock markets and had never attempted to buy, sell, or travel outside his own country.

Gradually, the main lines of this analysis are becoming familiar even to professional economists. It is, therefore, to the authors' proposals for remedies, rather than to their diagnosis,

that the reader will look particularly for original thinking. Here the chief measures proposed are the regulation of monetary policy in the interests of price stabilization (alternative objectives, such as stability of consumers' money income are not discussed); the balancing of savings and investment by a program of public works and of payments to the unemployed, financed by loans; and the control of industrial policy by a mixed bag of measures such as extension of government ownership, or of government control without ownership, together with better representation of labor and consumer interests. To these are appended a rather hazily sketched plan for regulation of international trades, and an all-round scheme of social security. Few progressive economists will quarrel much with this. On two points, however, it does appear that the authors have walked quickly around a major difficulty.

The first relates to their optimism about the usefulness of strengthening the power of labor in industrial government, as a means of converting the present restrictive tendencies into expansionist policies. Of course, it is true that labor, *as a whole*, wants the industrial machine to work at full capacity with maximum employment. But in that respect the interest of labor *as a whole* and of employers *as a whole* are identical. Yet sections of employers are continually promoting restrictive schemes in their own industries. The reason is that in our type of economic system the sum of the parts is never equal to the whole. And this, in the last resort, is true of labor also. Ultimately the interest of every man is against that of his neighbor. Restrictive policies mean to the employer good prices and good profits at the expense of the public, and of all his own actual or potential competitors; and to the employed worker they offer an exactly similar chance—a relatively comfortable berth for himself, again at the expense of the public, and of his own

NOT

for the average reader but likely to be of especial interest to readers of "The Nation"

A novel which has been called "an autobiography of a soul," for it consists of a man's seeking in his own character and the experiences of his youth, for the psychological motives that impelled him to commit a murder. "It is almost as though one has stumbled across, for the first time, James Joyce's 'Ulysses'," says the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. "A most unusual book: sensitive, powerful, a sort of 'Main Street' covering the world . . . done with beauty and meaning," says *Louis Adamic*. "A novel of genuine originality . . . a highly original mind at work," writes *Louis Kronenberger* (in the *New York Times*). \$2.50

A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks

By AKSEL SANDEMOSE

A Borzoi Book published by Alfred A. Knopf

out-of-work comrade. This, which I have elsewhere described as the "centrifugal" force of all capitalist society, may just as likely be aggravated as moderated by the explicit representation of labor interests in the making of industrial policy.

The second point at which fundamental issues appear to be evaded is in the chapter on the necessity of a general economic planning. The dangers of sectional planning, as being likely often to make things worse rather than better, are properly emphasized. But the measures by which it is hoped to make a real general plan effective (that is, a plan which would attempt to estimate consumers' needs on the one hand as against the resources available for satisfying those needs on the other) look weak indeed beside the sectional interests that must be arrayed against anything of the kind. Inevitably, it is to the American farmer's interest to make food scarce and dear, although any general plan would immediately show that a large proportion of the American public do not eat enough to keep themselves well. The only really powerful instrument that our authors suggest for bridging this gulf of interest is payment of subsidies—which, when made general, opens up a truly alarming prospect. The implicit fundamental issue, whether general planning can have any meaning apart from general socialization, is not so much as posed anywhere. When all is said, however, the Means-Ware analysis deserves to find a wide public and if at points the authors have not done more than spur themselves and others to fresh thinking, in view of the difficulty of the task in hand, we still have reason enough to be grateful.

BARBARA WOOTTON

The World in Celluloid

TWO WORLDS. By Lester Cohen. Covici-Friede. \$3.50.

THERE is in this book, as there has been in half a dozen American motion pictures, an almost frightening forevision of what lies in store for the world when Hollywood forsakes love and goes in for life. Mr. Cohen left a scenarist's office in Hollywood, he explains, to seek "the beauty and the wonder of the world." He knew little "of the millions of people on this earth, living in the many countries, languishing or flourishing in the different cultures, civilizations, economic systems."

His search for the world took him completely around it, and ended in the conviction that he had seen two worlds—communism and capitalism. Everything he saw was geared one way or the other, the old lines were gone, and everyone belonged to one or the other of these two worlds. But the racing account he has given of his search, told entirely in the present tense with pace and gusto, states this theme only in its final paragraph. The rest of it is as impersonal, as undeliberate, as entertaining, as the diary of a man who has been on a long roller-coaster ride.

The book is quick and easy reading; it is itself a motion picture. It has the casting director's unerring eye for type. It has fine, unblurred focus on the faces of things and people except, as in a film, when a transition requires the running dissolve with the images made dim and fuzzy. It has sex—in Paris and Cairo, Jericho and Jerusalem, Mr. Cohen investigated the local night life in the purified spirit of good, clean fun to which Mr. Hays has converted the motion-picture industry.

More important, Mr. Cohen writes with the same strange naivete, the same child-like objectivity of the motion pictures. It is reporting so naked that much of it is without meaning. The author tries to be fair by being guileless, and lack of guile, when the world and war and revolution are concerned, can be simulated most easily by lack of knowledge.

So Mr. Cohen asked a pilgrim from Damascus if Egypt administered the Sudan. No, he was told, England did. Well, if the Egyptians ruled the Sudan, would they be any happier? Yes, said the Egyptian, they would. And so it goes. Through the Soviet Union, through Jerusalem and the Near East, through India, China, and Japan, Mr. Cohen traveled with a camera eye. Not once does he stop in his story of the trip to suggest that this is life he is describing, something important to the people who live it and, most of all, to himself. It is a travelogue through ideas and people instead of statues and scenery, but it remains faithful, even to the occasional wisecracks, to the traditions of the travelogue.

Cameramen who are most precise and painstaking with their foregrounds blur what lies behind to sharpen the etched quality of the camera focus. In "Two Worlds" a sort of synthetic history of the world serves to fill in the dimensions which the foreground lacks.

"Ah, once it was Merrie England," Mr. Cohen writes, "and its wenches were Nell and Becky and Moll, and its men raised hell at Runnymede and whacked out a Bill of Rights and be-headed kings and kicked out parliaments and sailed the unknown seas and conquered new domains and made the greatest drama since Greece and the greatest poetry the world has ever known, and in little London town, on the seat of fire and plague, made an octopus-empire, with tentacles flapping out over the globe, holding the far peoples fast and conquering them with fire and the sword and making them dig up and give over the wealth and spice of their land . . .".

It is at least something for a successful writer from Hollywood to have discovered that it is no longer Merrie England. Mr. Cohen did more. He went back to a little town near Minsk and talked to his father's cousins about life in a new society. Everywhere he went, he noticed faces and smells and ideas and, most of all, sounds. Phrases in pidgin English come alive on his pages like faces in a well-directed Hollywood mob scene. It may be asking for the moon to wish that, unlike the motion pictures, he had named the meaning to himself of the things he saw and heard, or hinted that some of them may have bent or changed the camera lens itself.

JOSEPH BARNES

Despair over the Constitution

WHOSE CONSTITUTION? By Henry A. Wallace. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.75.

STORM OVER THE CONSTITUTION. By Irving Brant. With an introduction by Henry A. Wallace. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.

SECRETARY WALLACE'S is a very human book. It exudes warmth and good-will toward all men, and a special sympathy for the small man and the underdog. This sympathy is very genuine and has an engaging quality which captures the reader and carries him along. Common sense also abounds which should have a great appeal to the "general reader" for whom the book is intended. If the book contained nothing else, only praise should be its meed, but unfortunately it has larger pretensions, with the result that its merits are largely offset, if not entirely nullified, by its very grave defects. Mr. Wallace discourses at large on economics, constitutional law, and history, with a Sermon on the Mount thrown in, but the only qualification he brings to the task is that of a preacher. He is neither economist, jurist, nor historian.

The question contained in the title is never answered, or at least not in any meaningful way. And the more important question, what to do about the Constitution, is answered in a

way that cannot but be injurious to the people whose cause Mr. Wallace undertakes to plead. He shows how the Constitution has been interpreted by the Supreme Court to aid in the domination of the people by large aggregations of capital. But this only leads him to the remarkable conclusion that the people cannot, and *ought not*, do anything about it except hope for the appointment of liberal Supreme Court justices by good presidents—surely a disheartening conclusion for those who have been undergoing untold suffering during the last few years. Of course, had Mr. Wallace's conclusions been based on sound facts and logical argumentation the bitter truth would be better than the raising of false hopes. But he reaches his conclusions by way of fallacious arguments based on false premises.

It is impossible here to discuss all the bad economics, jurisprudence, and history stated, or tacitly assumed, in the book. A few examples must suffice. The author's history is quite at fault when he says:

It is true that the commercial classes, under the new constitution, got the jump on the agriculturists in obtaining powers from the government. Interpreted liberally, the clauses that allowed Congress to lay duties and to regulate foreign and interstate commerce were to become the grounds for the protective tariff. Freedom of capital enterprise to expand indefinitely was to be facilitated by the protection of property rights under various provisions, even the interstate commerce clause.

This is almost the exact reverse of historical truth. Such gains as accrued to the "commercial classes" were not due to anything contained in the Constitution itself by way of special protection of property rights, but from the mere fact of the formation of the "more perfect union" which of necessity turned over the regulation of commerce to the national government. Nor is it true that the Constitution contains "various provisions" for the protection of property rights. The only such provision was the clause against "the impairment of obligation of contracts," which was only a curb upon state action and instead of "facilitating" the expansion of capital enterprise, actually hampers it, as I have had occasion to prove elsewhere.

Turning from history to economics one is at a loss to discover Mr. Wallace's views on the basic problems of economics. Like all "moderates," though he has much to say on both sides of every subject, he is really for the *status quo*. There are passages in the book which would lead one to believe that Mr. Wallace thinks there is something about our economic system itself which brings about crises and depressions. But these vague statements are completely offset by his reiterated assertion that our present depression is the result of the World War. It is not Mr. Wallace's bad history, but rather his bad economics that leads him to his counsel of despair. For his hopes are really the result of his despair of doing anything about our political system without upsetting our economic order.

Coming at last to his jurisprudence, the author lays down the law as follows:

Most lawyers and historians believe that the power (of judicial review) is implied in Article III, Section 2 of the Constitution, and that Marshall, in the famous *Marbury* case, did no more than state the irrefutable logic of the implication.

This is as nearly the exact reverse of the true situation as a statement of opinion can ever be said to be. No legal historian of any standing now defends the Marshall doctrine and the best of them have shot it to pieces with their criticisms. Logically untenable when it was made in 1803, since then rendered ridiculous by the course of history, Marshall's thesis that any federal system as such necessarily implies the power of judicial review, has been abandoned for at least fifty years,

and is now resuscitated by Mr. Wallace only in order to justify the conclusion of his book.

Mr. Brant's book contrasts favorably with Mr. Wallace's in all respects except the conclusion which turns out to be the same as the Secretary's and is in even greater contradiction to the material that precedes it. The author is a past-master of his subject and if he had but left out the last few pages I would be ready to throw my cap in the air and shout for joy, for few books have given me such pleasure in recent years. But the lame conclusion, which one comes upon with a gasp of surprise, has a depressing effect. Mr. Brant shows how the Supreme Court, by all kinds of illogical devices and dodges has whittled down the powers granted to the federal government by the framers of the Constitution. In support of this thesis the author has marshalled an array of facts, the ripe fruit of an erudition rare in constitutional scholars and illumined by the play of an intellect even rarer.

This makes the lamentable conclusion of the book little less than tragic. Amendment of the Constitution to enlarge the powers of Congress Mr. Brant rejects as a means of dealing with the situation brought about by the Court's bitter resistance to the changing economic order. His reason is that as long as the Court retains the power to declare laws unconstitutional no amendment as to the powers of other branches of the government would be of any avail. The inevitable conclusion of his rejection of relief by amendment is that there must be sufficient means in the Constitution as it stands to remedy the situation—unless, indeed, we should despair of any remedy. But here Mr. Brant proceeds to accept Mr. Wallace's counsel of despair. His conclusion is based on the alleged fact that in the long run the justices of the Supreme Court correctly represent the views of the Presidents who have appointed

RESORTS

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them. Ergo, let us pray for good Presidents who will appoint good justices. But Jackson was one of our best Presidents and Taney one of our best judges, yet his appointment led to the worst decision ever rendered by the Supreme Court. Mr. Brant has himself shown conclusively in the preceding portion of the book that Presidential appointment is no protection in great emergencies. And it is the emergencies that count if we are to progress peacefully and avoid bloody revolution.

LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Literary Cartoons

PEOPLE ARE FASCINATING. By Sally Benson. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

THE FIVE-MINUTE GIRL AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Hastings Bradley. Appleton-Century. \$2.50.

MOST of the stories in Mrs. Benson's volume have appeared previously in the *New Yorker*. They are brief satirical sketches of the sort of ridiculous women whom Helen Hokinson and her colleagues have made familiar. They form, like the opera, a hybrid genre best described as the literary cartoon. The characters are poor sillies who expose their shallowness, vanity, hypocrisy, and self-deception through their untiring indulgence in hopelessly trivial conversation and gauche attitudes. Pencil portraits of this kind are usually described as witty and sophisticated, written, as the blurb would convince us, with "quiet malice and shrewd venom." But this impression, which escapes revision when the sketches are separated by periodical publication, seems unjust when the collection is read at a sitting.

Read as a group (there are over sixty in this book) they are seen as mechanical reiterations of a clever formula. The wit has become trickery, the sophistication synthetic; the tired reader calls for a caricaturist with a new brush. This is also true of Mrs. Bradley's stories, several of which are concerned with the psychic contact between the dancers on the floor and the privileged pickers on the stag line. In the title story, Judy's life revolves around the question of her popularity at a coming-out party. Her ambition is to be a five-minute girl, who will be tapped by twelve partners every hour. This story, which was included in the O. Henry Memorial Award Book of prize short stories, is a moderately successful portrait of distorted values in debutante circles. But when the theme is reasserted in "Show Window" and when it becomes clear that the life of no character will rise to a higher level of complexity, we are driven to the difficult conclusion that Mrs. Bradley's imaginative life is confined to the skin-deep.

SAMUEL SILLEN

ART

"HOW I envy you the pleasure you have in dashing off those little poems in your spare hours!" said one of the Rothschilds to Heinrich Heine. Doubtless it is to the poet that we are indebted for preserving the remark; it needed Heine's self-consciousness, his love and his anger, to seize the gem and press it into his forehead.

Contemporaries—and peers—of Heine are shown us in profusion at the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition of "Romanticism in Prints," the "small" works which Baron de Rothschild would have thought the artists did in *their* spare time. At the

Museum of Modern Art is a no-less remarkable showing of *éditions de luxe* illustrated by original etchings, lithographs, and wood engravings. If we are occasionally tempted to view our time with discouragement surely there is reason to take heart again at the wealth of talent that is here assembled. It is furthermore significant that publishers and artists are willing to make the venture represented by these costly volumes, and that an American city has created a museum to house the production of these men while they are still living.

It is with new pride that we realize that all the prints here are drawn from the collection of the museum itself—as are the graphic masterpieces of all periods which fill an adjoining gallery. One might have thought it necessary to visit the cabinets of Berlin or Dresden to see those contemporaries of Heine who were also his compatriots (Hitler permitting)—Ludwig Richter, Rethel, Lucas, and Caspar David Friedrich. If they are not of the stature of Heine himself or of the German romanticists of music, it must be a snobbish visitor indeed who would refuse to take delight in their visions of childhood, of rustic scenery, and of lovers. Admitting that the names I have mentioned grow pale beside those of Dürer and Holbein, the same devotion to craftsmanship is here, and with it a specifically German quality, kindly in its very excess of sentiment, which it is well to have recalled to us today.

The English also are represented by an admirable group of men too little known, even in the case of Bonington, whose extraordinary talent needed less than the twenty-seven years of his life to become an influence on the giants of France. And here are members of the landscape school which, if it produced painters of world-fame like Constable and Turner, had a Girtin and a Cozens too, and many another of charming quality, to whom one returns with apologies that the words "minor artist" were ever spoken in a patronizing tone.

But, after all, contact with art demands discrimination between lesser and greater things. When one reaches Delacroix in this exhibition, one understands why Renoir called him the greatest artist of France—and our glorious contemporary was not forgetting Poussin and Watteau. With Géricault, it is nothing less than the thunder of Michelangelo that rumbles again. To have displayed in full the immensity achieved by French romanticism, the museum would have needed to draw on its treasures of Barye and Corot; perhaps it was a conscious reticence which prevented that, perhaps a desire to give the space to such pictures by less-known men as Gigoux, whose "Clair Obscur," you will find captivating.

But find it—which is to say, go to the show: one day when I was there—a hot day, to be sure, but both exhibitions last until September—I was the only visitor in the gallery. That seems to speak ill for New York. Surely we do not want to play the Rothschild, and treat these prints as the pleasant diversions of leisure. Otherwise we shall merit such scorn as that of Degas—so much like Heine in his pitiless search for the right line—who echoed the mocking laugh of the German poet in the remark he made when told that his "Danseuses à la Barre" (now in the Metropolitan) had brought nearly half a million francs at auction. "Yes," he said, "I am the horse that wins the *grand prix*." He was not bitter that the money went to the owner of the horse (he had sold the picture for a tiny fraction of the price, years before). He was not bitter at all. How could he be, after eighty years as an artist? He merely had his little joke about the people who had missed the sport of kings. The Pierpont Morgans, the Altmans, the Havemeyers, all come to see it as that, sooner or later. But the artists—and a few other art-lovers—enjoy it all their lives.

WALTER PACH

Letters to the Editors

FIGHTING THE DROUGHT

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the issue of July 11 on the subject of Drought in the Prairie States is misleading to say the least.

Having lived in Central Nebraska for over fifty years, I realize that the drought of 1934 and the present drought of 1936 are something new. These droughts are greater in extent and are characterized by hot spells of longer duration than those of the late eighties and early nineties.

The proposal of the late Elwood Mead to evacuate a large proportion of arid land farmers and resettle them on land where they could make a living is common sense. As a matter of fact, however, the removal of less than 200,000 families would vacate all of the lands which can strictly be classified as marginal lands, whereas the late droughts cover the states of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, parts of Minnesota and Iowa, a territory affecting some 6,000,000 people. It is obvious that moving out the affected people is not the solution.

For the past fifty years, under the system of rugged individualism, without plan or leadership, the tendency has been to drain off the rainfall. Large areas of sloughs and swamps have been drained. During the road-building period in the past fifteen years, the road-building engineers have looked well to the drainage phase. As a result our rains have been drained off by the quickest possible routes. Histories will show that in other parts of the world men have made deserts by substantially the same processes we have been following. In 1934 the Administration undertook on a small scale the construction of dams on farms. Engineers in charge of this work were generally in agreement that their activities were fruitful and deplored the fact that such work was not more extensive. A right-about-face involving the storage of water at every possible point together with the terracing of land is the solution. If any criticism is due the Administration it is that activity in this line has been too meager.

It may be of interest to you to know that in 1934, fields that were irrigated and had plenty of moisture failed or

partly failed. The devastating agency is not only drought but the heat which destroys plant production if it comes at a critical time of pollenization. If there is any solution to the heat phase it is stored water which serves to cool the air.

M. E. POYER

Grand Island, Neb., July 14

[We have no difference with our correspondent worth quarreling about. We share his view that everything practicable should be done to prevent the catastrophic run-off of rains not only in the arid regions but throughout the country. What we hope for—and fear we will not get in a Presidential year—is just as systematic, continuous, and rational grappling with the problems of the high prairie as we have in the TVA. We do not accept our correspondent's theory that the drought itself is the result of man's action, or that man's action will materially affect the alternation of dry periods and wet. We call his attention to the fact that there is an unprecedented drought also in the Southeastern states, where nothing new is imputable to man's action. What we need is a policy that aims at the best possible adaptation of economic life to a physical situation we cannot materially modify.—Editors *The Nation*.]

THE SOVIET CONSTITUTION

Dear Sirs: *The Nation's* comments, in the issue of June 17, on the new Soviet constitution tempt me to charge its editors with the most heinous crime in the intellectual calendar—they argue undialectically. Translated, that means, in this context, that they ignore considerations of time and space.

For instance, they seem to regret that the new constitution abolishes occupational representation and introduces geographical representation. Occupational representation (voting by factories, offices, and so on), was the basis of the Soviet system. It enabled the workers to predominate in government councils. When the workers were the only loyal class this was essential. But time has canceled this necessity. The presumption of the new constitution is that the whole nation is loyal. I think this is the fact.

The proletariat no longer need to have a monopoly of control to insure against the hostile pressure of the peasants or the indifference and occasional sabotage of the intelligentsia. Why then retain what may yet be required in other countries but has lost its usefulness in the U.S.S.R.? You seem to be worried that the bolsheviks are not taking sufficient care of the revolution.

A second example of time-less thinking is the suggestion that I am guilty of "a most un-Marxian statement" when I declare that the Soviet "government cannot disappear . . . perhaps . . . the party will." To be Marxian is to be realistic. Some day the Soviet government may wither away. But not tomorrow. It is good socialist theory but it is not practical to speak of the disappearance of the Soviet state. One of the ultimate implications of the new democracy, however, is the disappearance of the present Communist Party of the Soviet Union. That does not signify that the government stays on forever. It may die too. But if anything goes first it will be the party. This is nothing to be frightened about. The Soviet Union is not America or France or Spain. It has had its revolution. What is applicable to it is not applicable elsewhere.

Then, finally, you discover a terrible inconsistency in my article on the constitution. "In one place," you write, "Mr. Fischer declares that a dictatorship exists whenever there are several classes; in another he speaks of a bloc of democratic, anti-Fascist states—which includes the U.S.S.R., England, France, and Czecho-Slovakia." The contradiction you see is this—there are several classes in England. Therefore England is a dictatorship. Yet I say England is democratic. It is important here, as elsewhere, for political thinkers to distinguish carefully between two things that bear the same name. In England, the capitalist class dictates. Yet the people enjoy many democratic rights. In France, the capitalist class dictates. But a Socialist cabinet is in office. Its effectiveness is limited, but it has already achieved much. Are the dictatorships of England and France different from the German? Of course they are. The German dictatorship precludes all democratic forms and privileges. The French, British, and Czech

systems do not. That is occasionally reflected in their foreign policies, and it was with reference to foreign policy that I made the statement which *The Nation* misunderstood. The Soviet example is a further illustration that dictatorship and democracy are not mutually exclusive. You, in fact, say in your editorial that the "Soviet system has always contained more genuine democracy than outsiders have realized." Correct. Yet it was a dictatorship. The new constitution narrows the dictatorship and broadens the democracy. That will strengthen the entente with democratic France. Democracy in Russia was not unrelated to the United front in France. A socialist government in France facilitates the rapprochement with socialist Russia. If, in addition, there were a clearer realization in England of the intimate connection between domestic and foreign policies there might result a strong democratic, anti-fascist front which could ensure peace to Europe. That is what I said in my article.

LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, July 10

TERROR IN CALIFORNIA

Dear Sirs: Terror against the striking citrus pickers of Orange County, California, by police vigilantes and 500 deputies ordered by Sheriff Jackson to shoot to kill has been intensified. The growers are becoming frantic at the heroic resistance of the strikers. They are attempting to starve the strikers into submission. There is desperate need of assistance. Funds for strike relief and for the defense committee should be sent in care of the Non-Partisan Labor Defense, Room 321, 124 Sixth Street.

WILLIAM VELARDE, *President*
Federation of Agricultural
Workers Union

Los Angeles, July 16

HARVARD REBELS

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the issue of June 10 on the failure of Harvard University to nominate a candidate for an honorary degree from the Soviet Union fails in quite characteristic fashion to include the possibility that none was available. I should like very much for you to suggest a Russian scientist, now living within the Soviet Union, of equal scientific achievement and academic standing to those on Harvard's list. If Pavlov were alive—but who else?

SAUL WERNER

New York, July 2

Dear Sirs: Your editorial comment in *The Nation* of June 10 intimates that Harvard University has not invited any of the universities or scholars of the Soviet Union to its Tercentenary celebrations. Actually I find that six institutions of learning in the U.S.S.R. were invited to send delegates to Harvard, and, if you so desire, I can furnish you with their names. Professor Pavlov was also invited to receive an honorary degree at Harvard, but unfortunately died in the meantime.

WM. O. FIELD, JR.

New York, July 5

[In our issue of June 10, we noted that Harvard had not seen fit to choose a Soviet scholar as a recipient for any one of the sixty honorary degrees which the University will confer at its tercentenary celebrations. We are glad to have Mr. Field's information that Harvard did invite the Soviet Union to be represented by six delegates, although we believe that the attempt to promote cultural relations between the two countries would have been greatly enhanced if Harvard had taken the further step of including one or more Soviet scientists in its list of those receiving honorary degrees. In the case of Mr. Werner, who apparently believes that there is no Russian worthy of a Harvard degree, the editors are given that rare and pleasant opportunity to educate a reader. We are delighted to comply with Mr. Werner's request that we suggest a deserving Soviet scientist; and in fact we will go farther and suggest seven: A. F. Joffe, physicist; O. Y. Schmidt, who led the far-famed expedition to the Arctic; N. I. Bukharin, sociologist; V. V. Ossinsky, economist; Deborin, philosopher; all members of the Academy, and Professors A. D. Speransky, and A. P. Pinkevitch, physiologist and educator respectively.—Editors *The Nation*.]

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BENJAMIN STOLBERG, one of the country's leading free-lance journalists, contributes to this issue another of his vivid biographical studies of significant Americans. Previous articles portrayed Huey Long and Governor Talmadge, and more recently Mr. Stolberg wrote "The Jew and the World," which evoked a highly controversial response from our readers. With Warren Vinton, Mr. Stolberg is co-author of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal."

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The Shape of Things

*

IN THE MIDST OF CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN AND the ominous rumbles of a general European conflict arising out of it, the amenities of the national campaign go on. Colonel Knox delivered his acceptance speech amidst a fanfare and splendor that no vice-presidential candidate has ever been accorded but while the setting was elaborate the phrases "free enterprise," "regimentation," and "honest government" were slightly frayed. All that the Colonel contributed to the gaiety of the campaign was a soldierly demeanor and military gestures that just escaped being comic. The new experiment of the Democrats in having six governors answer Mr. Landon was no great success: the implication that it took six Democrats to add up to Mr. Landon's stature was unfortunate strategy. But the radio speech of Secretary Ickes more than retrieved the lost ground. It was shrewd, acid, and devastating without once being pitched to the usual campaign tone of a steam calliope. There is no one in the country who is a more authentic "practical progressive" than Mr. Ickes and no one better than he could have been chosen to answer the Landon claim to the same designation. Both men were part of T. R.'s Bull Moose following in 1912; both have been associated with oil, one as an independent operator and the other as a national administrator. Secretary Ickes's revelation of how Governor Landon in 1933 called for a national dictatorship over oil should prove embarrassing to the Republicans in their attempts to dub Mr. Roosevelt a tyrant. It has become increasingly clear that Landon's strategy is to pose as a progressive while allaying all fears that he will do anything to control business. In one respect the Landon speech was completely successful. The Governor made it clear that big business had nothing to fear from him. From now on there should be an unremitting flow of campaign funds into the Republican treasury.

*

IN LABOR UNIONS, AS IN NATIONS, THE reactionary puts up the narrow and technical bars of constitutionalism to hold back the onrushing forces of progress. In the long run constitutionalism is unavailing; at given moments it is an excellent device for confusing and obscuring the real issues. John P. Frey, arch craft-unionist, has been busy proving to the executive council of the American Federation of Labor that the Committee for Industrial Organization (C. I. O.) is a dual body. It is quite possible that Mr. Frey can make a perfect technical

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case for the theory that John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. are acting unconstitutionally by attempting to get more workers into the labor movement, just as lawyers have been able to prove that an elected Congress is acting unconstitutionally when it attempts to preserve democracy by restraining big business. It is very likely that the executive council, dominated by craft unionists, will find for Mr. Frey in the "trial" of the C. I. O. and suspend its component unions. This procedure is in fact the only way in which the craft-union crowd can save its skin. But their victory, like their argument, will be technical. They will have saved merely the craft-union shell of a labor movement whose living body has already moved into the industrial phase of its development.

*

NOTES ON THE OLYMPIC GAMES: THE *Stürmer*, allegedly suppressed anti-Semitic scandal sheet in Germany, has just come out with a special Olympics edition. It contains a picture of a noble-looking German crowned with the Olympic laurels and a brutal, degenerate fellow labelled "Jew" looking on with envy. . . . The *New Yorker* for August 1 depicts the converse on its cover: Blond, blue-eyed Nordics strain furiously toward the finish-line tape which a joyful little Jew has just burst through. . . . Reports from ticket and travel agencies indicate that the sale of tickets to the games has been most disappointing, particularly in the United States where the most tickets, it was hoped, would be sold. . . . Helene Mayer, champion woman fencer, was urged to go to Germany as the final proof that Hitler's Olympics were not really anti-Semitic. But when the question of publicity for athletes came up, Propaganda Minister Goebbels ruled that, in effect, no publicity be given to Miss Mayer's presence on the German team beyond the mere mention of her name. A German sports writer adds that her name has been mentioned only once—when the complete list of the German team was printed. . . . Dr. Joseph Goebbels, who made a speech of welcome to the journalists assembled to report the games, announced several times that they were not to be used for propaganda purposes.

*

AS WE GO TO PRESS TWO BLACK-SKINNED Americans have sent Hitler scurrying under his own Olympic propagandstand. It was obviously not on the official pogrom (*stet*) of the Eleventh Modern Olympic Games that athletes with dark skins should win any prizes. And when two American Negroes placed first and second in the 100-meter dash Hitler couldn't take it. Rather than shake hands with Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe, who are the world's fastest runners, the great leader of Berlin was forced to congratulate two white German champion hammer-throwers in his private headquarters under the stadium. Thus is the sportsmanship of *der schoene adolf* set down, so to speak, in black and white so that those who run, leap, and throw may read. We hope we shall not be accused of race preference if we express the wish that every Olympic event could be won by a Negro. It would at least keep Hitler out of the public view.

THREE RECENT COMMUNICATIONS ABOUT the American Legion seem worth a little editorial attention. The first is from a correspondent who is not a member of the Legion, inclosing the report from the Minnesota *Legionaire* of a speech made before the national convention of the American Education Association by Frank Miles of Iowa, representing National Commander Ray Murphy. Mr. Miles was reported as having come out against compulsory oaths of loyalty for teachers, and also as having declared that the Legion's unalterable opposition to communism did not blind it to the fact that "fascism, nazism, peace-at-any-price pacifism . . . and certain elements of capitalism are operating just as devastatingly as communism." We are glad to see the Legion defending teachers against the super-patriots, and we are also pleased to learn that it is aware, at least officially, of the menace of reactionary movements. Our second letter is from a member of the Legion, complaining that we misrepresented it in commenting on the annual report of the Civil Liberties Union, in our issue of July 18. We said, "The American Legion continued to lead among those agencies engaged in attacking the Bill of Rights." The report said, "Of the forces most active in attacking civil rights the American Legion led the field." And this brings us to the third letter, which comes from the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee and incloses a statement of a case it is fighting in the Indiana courts. The case is that of a solicitor of subscriptions to the *Literary Digest* who was "framed" and railroaded to a five-year prison sentence under Indiana's criminal syndicalism law by a group of legionnaires. Mr. Miles might also have informed the educators that the misguided zeal of irresponsible legionnaires is one of the chief dangers to "Americanism"—if by that slogan the Legion means democracy.

*

NINE TIMES NOW THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF Deputies has passed a woman's suffrage bill, and eight times the Senate has killed it. The argument one hears, abroad at least, against suffrage for French women has always been the stock argument wherever women have demanded the vote—that they don't need it because they already have so much "influence." The French Senate, which is expected to block the measure again, evidently reasons, with true French realism, that influence can be conveniently disregarded where ballots cannot. Two points are worthy of note about the latest suffrage bill in the Chamber: first, that it passed by a vote of 488 to 1, and second, that it was introduced by the nationalist leader, Louis Marin. The dispatch to the *New York Times* reporting the vote added that the parties of the left, which have always been the leading advocates of woman's suffrage, are beginning to be doubtful whether the women's vote might not increase the strength of the right. M. Marin evidently thinks it would. He no doubt remembers that the first Spanish election after women were granted the vote resulted in a rightist victory. But if Spain is to be taken as the criterion, the right can count on *one* victory after women get the vote. And one victory at the polls does not win a war—or a revolution. In Spain the last election

was won by the left; and Spanish women are now fighting beside men in the army of the People's Front. French women have never had the vote, but they have a good, militant revolutionary history. The real danger to the left in France lies in the weakness of its leaders, and not in votes for French women.

*

THE MILITARISTS HAVE JUST HAD A CIVIL setback in Southern Illinois. A few weeks ago it looked as if Carbondale would be the first community in that state outside Chicago to have military training in its high school. The school board, without sounding out townspeople and motivated by the desire to get something for nothing, voted four to one to authorize the War Department to establish an R.O.T.C. unit in the community high school. Opposition arose immediately among parents, church people, and the faculty (including the new president, Roscoe Pulliam) of the Southern Illinois State Normal University, situated in Carbondale. But the local daily newspaper is published by a reserve officer, the promoter of the military course, and the opposition was shut off from getting its case into print. Meanwhile, indorsing resolutions were railroaded through the American Legion, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Lions' Club. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* found out about the suppression, printed the facts and then followed developments as the opposition grew stronger. Moreover it carried several editorials supporting the protesting ministers, parents, and teachers, and pointing out among other things that the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association was on record against military training and that St. Louis had steadfastly rejected proposals to establish R.O.T.C. units in its high schools. This awakened Carbondale to the seriousness of the issue. Not wishing to shoulder the responsibility, the school board agreed to a referendum. The militarists campaigned for about ten days and made every effort to get out the vote at the election, yet the opposition carried the day by 442 to 347. What happened at Carbondale is ample proof that it is not necessary to let the militarists have their dangerous way.

*

OUR UNDERCOVER AGENT AMONG THE seven-year-olds informs us that Shirley Temple in her latest picture turns down spinach. By youthful extremists this is being hailed with joy as the heaviest blow so far struck at what they regard as the Green Terror. To more thoughtful and experienced observers in the older classes, however, it will seem to prove that something should be done to prevent one Hollywood blonde under ten from overthrowing in a brief scene the work of a whole generation of spinach progressives. Others profess to see in it the beginning of a revolt which must ultimately wipe out the vegetable plate with or without poached egg. We refuse to regard it as a fascist plot. We do feel that it proves conclusively that, given the mass circulation of Shirley Temple, the doctrine of spinach in every household will be increasingly difficult to maintain.

More Than Thunder

WHEN a primitive savage wants his enemy to die he takes a strip of the enemy's clothing and stuffs it in a dead snake's throat. He hopes thereby that a real snake will bite the real enemy. This is propitiatory magic, and it has been part of man's wishful techniques since the beginning of history. The presidential campaign has now reached the stage of propitiatory magic. The Republicans want Mr. Roosevelt defeated as much as any primitive savage ever wanted his enemy dead. And so they seek to build up a belief that he is already as good as beaten, hoping that the reality will imitate the picture of it in their minds.

There is no fault to be found with this. It is good propaganda technique as well as good magic, and actually clicks with a certain kind of mind. It is necessary in order to keep campaign contributions flowing into Republican coffers and hearten the party workers. The Democrats resort to the same technique, only they have less need to. It has been assumed for some time now that the coming election would prove to be a Roosevelt landslide: two months ago a man like Senator Vandenburg could not be persuaded to take the Republican nomination. Yet today there are fabulous rumors of a swing of sentiment to Landon and even some Democrats are reported to be worrying about the outcome. Straw votes, especially that of the *Literary Digest* and the American Institute of Public Opinion, have played a considerable part in creating the illusion of coming Republican success. The violent anti-Roosevelt bias of the large majority of newspaper owners has intensified it. But elections are not decided by the statistical genius of the straw-vote entrepreneurs nor by the self-induced eloquence of editorial writers. We have therefore asked our Washington correspondent, Paul Ward, who is admirably equipped for the task by a cynicism about either party, to undertake a matter-of-fact state-by-state analysis of just how the election prospects stand, and to strike a trial balance of the vote in the electoral college.

Mr. Ward's results, published elsewhere in this issue, are impressive in showing that the highly advertised Landon boom is still mainly propitiatory magic. We recommend the article for reading to Republicans and Democrats alike. It is hardheaded and unemotional, and the tabulation by which it prophesies a fairly easy victory for Mr. Roosevelt seems to ring true. We have only one qualification to add to Mr. Ward's analysis. It sums up the present realities, but it does not take account of what may still happen in the three months remaining before the election. It would require a hysteria of first-class proportions to swing into the Landon column all the states that are not clamped down iron-tight for Roosevelt. But the Republican strategists know that their only chance of winning lies in provoking such a hysteria. They know that what it requires are money and newspapers (both of which they have) and a large enough group in the country that may be accessible to a well-fabricated hysteria. Such a group may possibly be found in the lower middle class: it will certainly not be found anywhere else. It was the lower mid-

dle class—the small business-man, independent farmer, small investor, technician, professional man and woman—whose swing away from the Republicans brought Mr. Roosevelt into office in 1932. It is the same class that will decide the coming election.

The campaign techniques thus far have been built round an attempt to enlist and hold the allegiance of this group. Big business is in the bag for Mr. Landon. Labor and the relief rolls are equally in the bag for Mr. Roosevelt. The struggle centers around the groups intermediate between these two on the social scale. Lower middle class people, like any other people, vote and act in terms of their interests and their emotions. They move between the two poles of the desire for improvement and the terror of the unknown. Mr. Roosevelt and his cohorts are making their appeal to one pole in terms of individual security with a higher standard of living. Mr. Landon and his cohorts are making their appeal to the other in terms of continuity with the past and the enormities of drastic change. Mr. Roosevelt has the advantage of dealing with tangible interests and of presenting the accomplished fact of a returning prosperity. Nothing but a first-class and nation-wide anti-Roosevelt hysteria can counteract that advantage and produce the results for which the Republican industrialists hunger.

The outstanding question of the present campaign is whether such a hysteria can be engendered successfully. Several elements are involved. One is the bitter personal attack on Mr. Roosevelt and his family, openly in the newspapers and more dangerously in a whispering campaign. Another is anti-radicalism. Mr. Roosevelt is being accused, as no previous presidential candidate has ever been accused, of being a communist and of having Moscow connections. His attempt to deal more fairly than his predecessors with trade-union organization is used to bolster the charge: even the French strikes and the Spanish civil war are being conscripted into service to indicate what may happen here in the event of a second Roosevelt victory. The Lemke-Coughlin-Gerald Smith third-party movement, which was presumably meant to take radical votes from Mr. Roosevelt, is actually operating to attack his radicalism more virulently than the Republicans themselves dare do. One of the most sinister elements in the whole campaign is the cropping up of anti-Semitism, particularly in the middle western towns, and the attempt to link Mr. Roosevelt with Jewish influences.

There is more than mere campaign thunder in all this. A presidential campaign has been considered traditionally as a sort of sporting proposition, in which two crowds vie for political office, after which the scars of battle are healed. The present campaign, while probably not as close as many of its predecessors, is none the less more bitter. It is not only a struggle for political spoils and power. It mirrors the depth and intensity of the social struggle going on under the surface of our political life. It is part of a social crisis which is world wide in its scope. But the stakes of the conflict are higher here than anywhere else and the energies of American life are vast. To stir up these energies wantonly during a campaign is a grave responsibility for any group to assume.

Drunken Dictators

GANGSTERS know one law—the law of the jungle. That is why Italian planes and Italian pilots have been sent to bomb Spanish loyalist warships for the Spanish rebels. It is the reason for the arrogant German ultimatum to both the government and the rebels, forbidding either to fire on Spanish towns without serving ten hours notice on the German government. It is the reason also for the warlike move of the German destroyer *Deutschland* which steamed back and forth before the harbor of Ceuta in mute warning to Spanish loyalists warships not to bombard the rebels who hold that Moroccan seaport. Hitler and Mussolini know that upon the outcome of the Spanish rebellion hangs the fate of fascism in Western Europe. If unofficial support of the rebels is not sufficient to crush loyalist resistance, their present course may be regarded as an indication that they are prepared to act officially, even if that means a general European war.

The French and British governments know as well as Berlin or Rome what is at stake. But they are—or appear to think they are—unable to act, or even speak out, in the situation with that directness which characterizes fascist tactics. The British government cannot be expected to make any effective protest against fascist aggression *per se*. There are too many fascist sympathizers among the British ruling classes. The only hope, then, of a British demand that fascist governments stop meddling in the Spanish situation, lies in the British fear that the Spanish rebels, if victorious, will allow the Germans a naval base in the Canary Islands and the Italians one in the Balearic Islands, thus increasing the menace to the British Empire communications which has already been created by the Italian conquest of Abyssinia. And even if this fear is thoroughly aroused, that is no earnest that the Baldwin government—whose foreign policy for the past year and a half has been the most vacillating and contemptible in British history—will do anything but temporize while the issue of European war or no European war is decided by events whose course it will not have attempted to influence.

As for the Blum Government, its position is clearly defined in articles by Trotsky and Ravage, elsewhere in this issue. It is a centrist government at a time in history when the center is a vacuum, and it is afraid to move lest it be sucked into the void. Therefore it hesitates to accede to the demand of its leftist supporters, and permit munitions to be sent to the Spanish popular front government. To give the appearance of acting, it sounds out the British and Italian governments concerning an agreement not to permit the shipments of munitions to either side. Meanwhile the rebels are supplied with arms from Italian and other foreign sources.

While the chanceries of London and Paris indulge in telephonic consultations and convince themselves by their much speaking that they are getting something done, the Spanish proletariat is making a heroic stand against the menace of renewed slavery. The Spanish masses are the best educated politically in the Western world. They know as well as the Hitlers and Mussolinis, the Baldwins and

Blums, what is in the balance. If there is one thing more striking than another about this extraordinary war, it is the lack of individual heroes. The hero is the mass—the mass that mobilizes itself, arms itself, feeds itself, and hurls itself against the insurgents in a great, irresistible wave. It has forced the temporizing social-democratic government to give it weapons, having learned two years ago in the Asturias that the only way to fight fascism is to fight it, and that the longer the fight is deferred, the bloodier, the more heart-breaking and destructive it will be. The whole working and farming and professional population of a country does not behave like that, risking even its women and children, unless it has the most urgent reasons—unless it feels that its very existence, collective and individual, is at stake.

This desperate struggle for freedom calls for more than mere passive neutrality on the part of the so-called democratic governments. They should bring to bear upon the fascist governments all the peaceful pressure at their command—and that is tremendous—to make them stop their meddling, official or unofficial, in the Spanish crisis. While London and Paris lose time by seeming to gain it, not only the future of democracy but the peace of Europe lies in jeopardy. The Hitlers and Mussolinis of this world do not wait on consultations. They are drunk with the successes that the democratic governments have permitted them to seize, with no resistance more effective than half-hearted gestures and empty threats. They think they can get away with anything. The democratic powers face a more immediate and threatening danger of war—a danger created by these two irresponsible megalomaniacs—than at any time since August, 1914. And they face it because of their own miserable bungling in the past.

Skeleton in the Closet

THE skeleton in the closet of capitalism is currently on display in Paterson, New Jersey, where some 4,000 owner-operators of so-called "family looms" for weaving silk are on strike not for a living wage but for a living income. The "family loom" appeared in the boom period when ambitious weavers bought machines to get into business independently and thus free themselves from the wage slavery for which the textile industry has been famous from its very inception. The story of the weavers' attempt to maintain themselves as free manufacturers in the face of capitalism in its present advanced stage is both significant and sordid. These workers, according to the excellent account in the *New York Times*, were frankly willing to exploit their wives and children in order to get ahead. For a while it seemed to work. When some of the large silk mills left Paterson to get away from organized labor and local taxes, the family loom with its low production costs remained and became an important factor. But it had already entered the all-consuming maw of capital whose nature it is to accumulate though men, women, and children decay. Some of the large operators did not move. Instead they began selling their looms to

workers on the instalment plan and became brokers, providing the raw material and buying the product of the family looms but taking no responsibility for the mode or conditions of its production. The depression did the rest. Both the loom and the family became mere appendages of the brokers representing capital. The individual family loom took its place with other family looms in the most rickety buildings in Paterson; each loom is inclosed in a chicken wire cage to prevent the mutual stealing induced by competition which is here encountered in its simplest form. In these cages, in order to meet the price of the brokers, whole families duplicated the conditions and hours of work which prevailed in the English textile factories when the extension of the working day was still the most efficient device for increasing production.

The end result of these great labors was inevitable. The weavers not only pauperized themselves but depressed the wages of weavers in other plants. One of the brokers summed it up very succinctly. After invoking the law of supply and demand he said, "The buyers play Paterson against the South and the South against Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania back against Paterson and keep cutting each one down by means of the other." Needless to say, the weavers were unwilling agents in this process which cut down fellow workers' wages, and in the silk strike of last October the family weavers stopped work too in an attempt to get at least the same rate as ordinary hired weavers. But within two weeks the family weavers were forced into the role of strike-breakers because they had bills to pay and because the strike had created a shortage which raised the price the brokers could offer them.

The present strike is another attempt to make the brokers raise prices—an attempt roughly to increase the net income of the family loom from \$6 to \$12 a week! But it turns out that if the strike is won the weavers will be only relatively benefited. The brokers are so strong that for months it was impossible to get the weavers to take action against their exploiters. It took place only after Abraham Brenman, a lawyer who seems to be the impresario for this early-capitalist spectacle, had enlisted the "support" of the landlords who own the rickety buildings and of the machinery companies to whom instalments on looms are due. The support consists in forcing timid weavers to join the strike by threatening to evict them from their cages or to take away the machines which are dedicated to child labor and the endless working day.

The *Times* is journalistically sound in reporting fully this reversion of capitalism to its own infancy. The sinister fact is, however, that the mechanism whose operation in Paterson has finally become so shockingly cruel that it makes page one, is the basic mechanism of the economic system under which all of us live. What is even more shocking is the fact that this mechanism is accepted even by a newspaper correspondent as the operation of a natural law. The brokers, reads the *Times* account, are ready to accept the new prices and then to "let nature in the form of the market reaction take its course." As we write, nature in the form of human rebellion is taking a quite different course in various parts of Europe. The Paterson exhibit indicates why.

Defending the Spanish Republic

BY LUIS ARAQUISTAIN

By cable from Madrid, August 3

IN the present Spanish military rebellion ninety-nine per cent of the officers of the army and navy are involved. The majority of the garrisons in fifty provinces took part in the uprising. But the rebellion became seriously jeopardized and was perhaps definitely checked when two days after it broke out armed people and loyal police forces stormed those Madrid barracks which had revolted, and in Barcelona on the same day took General Goded prisoner, thus freeing the two great cities which control the country's political life. Nevertheless, the rebellion is not yet vanquished. The rebels still control those regions which are politically the most backward in Spain.

The most serious mistake of the rebels was to believe that the proletarians, split into Marxists or Reformists, Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists, and anarchists would not unite in fighting for the Republic. They did unite, taking up arms as one man. The Republican government at first resisted the revolutionary step of arming the workers; it was forced to do so when the great betrayal of army officers made it clear that the working people were the government's main support in its critical hour.

In addition, the proletariat is using the weapon of the general strike in those provinces occupied by the rebels, thus hindering enormously the maneuvering of rebel troops and maintenance of the food supply. On the other hand, in provinces that are loyal or have been reconquered by the government, workers who are not at the battle front work doubly hard in order that the army and the people may eat and fight. All armament factories and the main auxiliary industries, such as iron, steel, and transport, are in government hands. Fascists must rely on war material that was stocked in rebel garrisons. When these supplies run out, the only alternative will be surrender.

The rebel generals also made a mistake about the

soldiers and sailors. Soldiers have refused to fire on loyal forces, and desert as soon as they can. Their support was enlisted with lies. They were told that they were fighting against anarchy and defending the Republic. Once the men discovered the truth and knew the legitimate government had disbanded them, rebel chiefs hesitated to use such unsafe troops. The rebels face another hazard: if their forces leave the towns they now hold in order to advance on Madrid or to reinforce rebels whose positions are weak the workers will rise behind their backs. They will thus be caught between two fires. This means that the majority of the rebel garrisons are merely besieged and that the army is unable to make any move. From all those northern provinces they still hold they have managed to send on to Madrid only small columns mainly composed of rebel officers and fascist civilians, and these are held in check by popular militias in the mountain passes north of the capital. The rebels also planned to bring over from Morocco native troops and men of the foreign legion; but the crews of warships imprisoned or shot their officers, seized the ships, and prevented the transport of those mercenary troops.

Thanks to all these factors, the limited offensive and defensive power of the fascists has been easily checked so far. With every day that passes their capacity for attack and defense decreases owing to the demoralization growing out of early failure and to the increasing scarcity of their munition and food supplies. On the other hand, the new popular army is increasing numerically and in fighting strength. It will take the place of the old royalist army. The Republic unwisely left that army intact. The people have annihilated it.

Two Spains, one feudal, the other proletarian, confront each other. One must annihilate the other. The people are determined to crush their enemies, the military, aristocratic, and clerical oligarchies. They will defend only a democratic republic.



Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries

Drawing by Daumier

In Spain: Christian Charity

Landon Has No Chance

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, August 3

DON'T be taken in by all this talk that Landon has a chance. Presidential elections are always close—especially in the public prints—until the votes are counted. Then they are landslides. They have been landslides eight times out of ten, and the Presidential race this year is not going to be an exception. Mr. Roosevelt will carry at least 31 states and poll at least 286 electoral votes, which is 20 more than he needs, and there is a better-than-even chance that he will poll more than 400 out of a possible 531. I base my prediction not on wishes but on the available evidence. Being certain that whichever major nominee is elected the public will be rooked and that the chief thing in Roosevelt's favor is that he might be a week or two longer than Landon in calling out the troops if Lewis and his boys pushed the steel masters up against the wall, I don't give a damn which one of them wins.

Take first the straw votes. Three of them have been widely publicized—the one put out by Dr. Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion on July 12, the *Literary Digest* poll completed last January, and the initial instalment of the *Farm Journal* poll, published July 20. All three are commercial enterprises run for profit, and the man who hacks at their roots opens himself to a suit for damages. Though all have been represented otherwise, none of the three offers much support to the Landon cause. In the most reliable of them all, the *Digest* poll, nearly 2,000,000 votes were cast, and 62.6 per cent of them were cast in disapproval of the New Deal, which carried only 12 states in this test. But the question on the ballot was so badly phrased as to open the way for many different deductions, and the voters were not given a chance to vote for or against Roosevelt, who unquestionably is more popular than the New Deal.

The other two polls may be quickly dismissed, especially the *Farm Journal* poll. It is taken not by mail but by solicitors, and solicitors are notoriously inclined to lead the voters, especially when they are employed by the type of firm that publishes this magazine. The firm is owned by Joseph N. Pew, Jr., oil man and prominent Liberty Leaguer, who bought the *Farm Journal* out of receivership last October. A 25-cents-a-year magazine claiming a circulation of about 1,250,000, it reads like a campaign pamphlet from the Republican National Committee. Its editor, Arthur H. Jenkins, writing recently to a subscribing farmer who had wanted to be recorded in the poll as voting for Roosevelt, suggested that the farmer subscribe to some other magazine and added that "we expect to do our best to stop Mr. Roosevelt . . ." In the first instalment of the *Farm Journal* poll, Landon got 25,307, or 54.7 per cent of the total. The poll, however, covered only thirty-two states. Most of the solidly Democratic states were missing, and the returns for the states covered came most

heavily from Republican strongholds. From Texas, for example, where there are 501,017 farms, only 155 votes were recorded as against 3,948 from New York where there are only 177,025 farms. Even so, this poll favored Roosevelt. If the ratios of voting sentiment it showed had been applied to the total farm population in each state, the resulting figures would have given Roosevelt 2,637,382 votes, or 53.27 per cent of the total.

He got only 57.3 per cent of the total vote cast in November, 1932, when he defeated Hoover by 7,060,016 votes. And this brings us to a point which illustrates the inadequacy of all these national polls. None of them is large enough to reflect anything but the grossest sort of shift in public sentiment, and none of them to date has even pretended to show a shift big enough to make itself apparent in their minute cross-sections. This is significant when one considers that rarely does a Presidential candidate poll three out of five votes cast in the elections. The average for the winners of the last eleven Presidential elections is 56.1 per cent. The landslides come in the electoral college. On an average 72 per cent of the electoral college vote goes to the winning Presidential candidate; at least, it has in the last nine elections.

The following tabulation tells the story in detail:

Year	Candidate	Party	Per cent Popular Vote	Per cent Electoral Vote
1932.....	Roosevelt	Dem.	57.3.....	88
1928.....	Hoover	Rep.	58.8.....	83
1924.....	Coolidge	Rep.	71.2.....	72
1920.....	Harding	Rep.	65.8.....	76
1916.....	Wilson	Dem.	49.2.....	52
1912.....	Wilson	Dem.	41.8.....	81
1908.....	Taft	Rep.	57.0.....	66
1904.....	Roosevelt	Rep.	62.5.....	70

I may add for the benefit of those who don't believe in figures yet do believe in Dr. Gallup's polls, that the latest gave Roosevelt an edge of 2,000,000 in the popular vote but found Landon a six-vote lead in the electoral college. It achieved this result by giving Landon the benefit of the doubt wherever possible. It conceded to Roosevelt 24 states with a total of 229 electoral votes and to Landon 15 states with a total of 99 votes. Then it proceeded to parcel out 14 doubtful states, giving 11 with a total of 173 votes to Landon and three with a total of 30 votes to Roosevelt. Among the doubtful states it gave to Landon was Montana. Two weeks after the poll was published Montana held its primary elections. New Deal candidates won the Democratic contest. The total vote for both parties was 67 per cent Democratic in the case of the governorship and 74 per cent in that of the senatorship. If the disparity between the poll and the Montana vote holds throughout the poll—and primary returns in other states warrant a belief

that it does—only four states that Gallup concedes to Landon will actually be found in his column in November; Roosevelt will have the remaining 34 and a record-breaking total of 510 electoral votes.

We come now to the evidence supporting a prediction that Roosevelt will win in a walk. Let's begin with the intangibles, including chiefly the fact that no other peacetime administration has had such direct and personal contact with the electorate as this one. More than a million families have successfully turned to the HOLC to avoid foreclosure on their homes. Over 3,000,000 families are dependent on the WPA. Hundreds of millions have been paid out to farmers in AAA benefits. Thousands of farmers, burnt out by drought in 1934 and 1936, have been saved by the RA, the FERA and the FSCC, all New Deal agencies. The great majority of the million or so railroaders in the country publicly swear by Roosevelt, and they have relatives who also vote. There are an additional 3,500,000 workingmen with families whose votes Labor's Non-Partisan League vows it will deliver to Roosevelt. This list of intangibles could be extended indefinitely.

None of these intangibles—save drought-relief, and that only in the case of one state—figured in my calculation that Roosevelt is certain of at least 286 electoral votes. That calculation was based on a tabulation showing how each state has voted since 1900, how it is classified in the various polls, and how the most recent elections in the state came out. Latest available registration-figures also were included, along with the party division of each state's Congressional delegation and such other known facts as were available concerning the counterplay of political forces in each state. An attempt then was made to synthesize all these different factors and weigh each in relation to its influence upon the outcome in November. Thus where polls indicated a pro-Landon shift in sentiment, note was taken of the extent of shift necessary to put that state in the Landon column, and this, in turn, was balanced against the trends shown in registrations or recent elections. Account also had to be taken in many cases of the fact that no appreciable number of voters split their tickets in a national election.

Greatest weight was given to the 1934 Congressional elections, for it is an axiom of American politics that the party winning the Congressional elections between Presidential elections always wins the Presidency two years later. Victory in the Congressional elections means that a party is well on its way to control of state, county, and local machines, and these machines elect our Presidents. It was their control that kept the Republicans in power almost continuously up to 1932. Such victories as the Democrats were able to score in the national field were temporary and failed to blow the G.O.P. out of its actual strongholds. In 1932, out of 1,500 counties west of the Mississippi, 1,454 fell to the Democrats; that means, the majority of the sheriffs, police, tax assessors and collectors, election boards and commissioners in those counties are Democrats. Moreover, far from losing strength in the 1934 Congressional by-election, the Democrats made enormous gains, so that out of the 435 House members in the last Congress 315 were Democrats and only 104

Republicans; in the Senate there were 70 Democrats and only 23 Republicans. To this must be added the fact that at their last elections only nine states elected Republican Governors; that in all recent primaries New Deal candidates have emerged victorious; that the opposition to the anti-Roosevelt proceedings at the recent Townsend convention came wholly from actual candidates for office who openly rated support of the New Deal as more important to their success than support of Townsendism; that the same is true of Coughlin candidates in many sections; that the professional Republicans apparently have no confidence in their 1936 prospects for, except for those seeking reelection, only the most dreadful hacks are entering the jousts against New Dealers; and, finally, that what registration figures are available are not only favorable but markedly so, to Democratic prospects for November.

All these considerations resulted in a tabulation in which 26 states possessing a total of 241 electoral votes had to be conceded to Roosevelt beyond quibble. To this list were added five states which Roosevelt has much better than an even chance of carrying. They brought his total vote up to 286, more than enough to reelect him. The five states so added were Indiana, Iowa, Idaho, Minnesota, and Oregon. All have Democratic Governors. Indiana gave Roosevelt 54 per cent of its popular vote in 1932 and has given thirteen out of its fourteen seats in Congress to Democrats. Its Governor, McNutt, the Hoosier Hitler, is a powerful, magnetic figure who has designs on the Presidency in 1940 and will be working overtime to keep his state in the Democratic column to that end. In Iowa Roosevelt's chances are even better. The state gave him nearly 58 per cent of its popular vote in 1932 and has given seven of its eleven Congressional seats to Democrats. Local polls show a heavy New Deal sentiment, and the Democrats have the best of the local candidates for federal office. The present Governor, Herring, is running for the Senate against "Jeeter Lester" Dickinson, the dogfood boy. Kreschel, another powerful campaigner, is after the Governorship as a Democrat. The Republicans have put up an unknown against a seasoned and popular Democrat campaigner for the Senate seat vacated recently by the death of Senator Murphy. In Idaho another vote-magnet by the name of Ross, now Governor, is out campaigning as a New Dealer for Borah's seat in the Senate. Already three of the state's four Congressional representatives are Democrats, and Borah will be so hard put saving the fourth for himself that he will have no more time than he now has taste for boosting Landon's chances. Minnesota, which has one Democrat and no Republicans in Congress, is counted in the Roosevelt column not only because of the drought but also because of the strong pro-Roosevelt sentiment in the Farmer-Labor forces there and the more or less open alliance between Governor Olson and Roosevelt. That Oregon belongs in the same column is virtually conceded by the Republicans themselves.

Of the other 26 states which the tabulation at issue here puts in the Roosevelt column only a few will excite any question at all. One of these perhaps is California. Registration figures from that state show a 50 per cent increase for the Democrats, a 50 per cent decrease

for the Republicans. The polls also give it to the New Deal and so, privately, do the Republican chieftains. West Virginia may cause argument, merely because the polls give it to the Republicans. The Democrats were heavily in the majority in its primaries and all anti-New Deal candidates got a drubbing. Its eight Congressmen are Democrats.

If Roosevelt carries all thirty-one of the States credited to him in this tabulation he will not have to worry about how many of the others fall into the Landon column. The others are Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont. In many of these Roosevelt has better than a fighting chance. Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, and Kansas alone seem safely Republican at the moment, and only local pride can be counted on to keep Kansas safe. Local polls there show a strong pro-Roosevelt sentiment among the farmers, and Democratic headquarters here claim that since last registration day in Landon's home county, Montgomery, 661 Republicans have shifted to Democratic while only 61 Democrats have gone Republican. In the recent Presidential preference primaries in Illinois, Roosevelt, though unopposed, polled more votes than all the Republican aspirants put together. The state has a Democratic Governor, Horner, who in the primaries bested the Kelly-Nash Democratic machine in Chicago with the result that the two factions will be breaking their necks in November to get out a Roosevelt vote definitely establishing one or the other's claim on federal

patronage. Twenty-one of the state's 27 occupied seats in the last Congress were filled by Democrats. Michigan, with Frank Murphy running for the Governorship, the Republican Couzens pulling for Roosevelt, and its big labor and Negro votes strongly pro-New Deal, ought not to be put definitely out of the Democratic column; nor should Nebraska, where Norris will be boosting the New Deal. Nebraska already has a Democratic Senator and Governor. Four of its House seats went to Democrats in 1934 and only two to Republicans. New York, with Lehman, a greater vote-getter than Roosevelt, heading the state ticket, may also be found in the Democratic pocket when the final votes are counted, despite the defection of Al Smith and his few remaining pals. What happens in Ohio will depend largely on the size of Roosevelt's lead in Cleveland and the extent to which intra-party strife centering around Governor Davey, a Democrat, disrupts the party organization in the state. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, seems well on her way to casting her Presidential vote for a Democrat for the first time. Registration figures, including some showing 100 per cent gains for the Democrats against losses for the Republicans, support that belief, as does the fact that for the first time in the state's history it has a Democratic machine that it not only working smoothly but also working against the Republicans instead of with them. In 1932, when Pennsylvania cast her vote for Hoover, John L. Lewis was supporting the Republican nominee and the state had not yet acquired a Democratic Governor nor given two out of every three of its seats in Congress to the Democracy.

The Education of John L. Lewis

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

DURING the 1920's John Lewis won more victories than any other labor leader. He smashed his opponents within the union, one by one. The miners won every national strike. He settled most of these strikes with victorious agreements; and when that was impossible, he at least held on to his slogan, No Backward Step! Since Lewis became head of the union, it has never agreed to a reduction in wages, to a worsening of conditions, to a formal weakening of its position. And that at a time when the rest of labor was giving way to the company union everywhere. Tough, shrewd, successful, Lewis was known as the Jack Dempsey of American labor.

Yet every victory left the union more exhausted, internally more disrupted, externally more disorganized, numerically dwindling. What the union refused to do nationally, the separate districts had to do. They had to back down on wages and conditions. The coal operators were chiseling on the contracts. Standards were disintegrating. Mines lay idle. The coal market was shrinking. Wildcat over-expansion and monopolistic compression alternated within the industry, and in one monopolistic squeeze after another some 200,000 miners lost their jobs.

The anthracite workers, in the more stabilized sector of the industry, more or less held their own. But the soft-coal field was gradually crumbling into coal dust. Toward the end of the Great Prosperity the union probably had no more than 250,000 members, if that. To be sure, it continued to pay the A. F. of L. a head tax for 400,000 members. But that was a mere gesture upheld by political necessity. The most powerful of all unions could not publicly admit its slow collapse. Besides, the Lewis machine, in its bitter struggles against its own left wings, had to keep its voting strength in the "red"-baiting A. F. of L. conventions. But for all their splendid paper showing the United Mine Workers were remitted their per capita tax in 1928. There just weren't enough dues-paying miners to meet the tax. For the truth was that Mr. Lewis's victories were all Pyrrhic victories. They were won in the clauses of collective bargains and not in the trenches of the mines.

Now John Lewis is by temperament not satisfied with formal victories which turn into informal routs. To Green, Woll, Tobin, and Company a Pyrrhic victory is the only safe victory. They abhor nothing more than a real advance of their separatist craft battalions, whose strategy is con-

fined to "jurisdictional disputes" among themselves. A general advance of labor would tend to unite labor, while they live on its division, as their present fight against Lewis and the C. I. O. clearly indicates. Hence the Greens fear nothing more than labor *power*. All they want is bourgeois *success*. Such success does not interest Lewis. He wants the success of power, not of philistine security and bureaucratic vegetation. And he knows that labor power rests on mass organization. So, naturally, with every new victory John Lewis became more puzzled. Why did the union advance on the map and lose in the coal fields?

This is not to say that throughout the 1920's John Lewis was forever scratching his head and wondering what it was all about. Lewis was always very capable, intelligent, and realistic. Even then he knew the coal industry probably better than anybody else—economically, practically, scientifically—which in sheer scholarship is quite a feat. And being a man of exceptional strength, he is not given to spiritual bewilderment. What I mean is that Lewis, being the sort of man who learns almost altogether from experience, is enlightened by life itself more than by his own imagination. That, indeed, is in a way his limitation, for the greatest leaders learn from both. But be that as it may, the period of the great boom was the period of Lewis's slow enlightenment in the processes of capitalist economy.

One curious reason for the slowness of his progressive growth was that, until the very end of the decade, he was firmly convinced that he himself was the most progressive leader in American labor. Didn't he always invite Rena Mooney to address the miners' conventions for the Mooney-Billings defense fund, and didn't he see to it that she never left empty-handed? Didn't the resolutions committee in every convention, which was always under his thumb, indorse some such radical measure as the thirty-hour week, or the nationalization of the coal industry, or the Plumb Plan? Didn't he always speak his mind about the masters of finance capital? It was because he believed in his own progressivism that he fought the radicals in his own union not only ruthlessly but with real moral passion. He got rid of Frank Farrington, the Illinois "progressive," by proving that Farrington was in the pay of the operators. He got rid of Alex Howat, the Kansas left-winger, an honest but almost illiterate roughneck, by heaving him out of the union for insubordination. And finally he got rid of John Brophy, whom he considered an impractical idealist, by accusing him in 1928 of fomenting "dual unionism."

But in fact Lewis was not a progressive until the very end of the 1920's. He thought he was, partly because he had started his career in local union politics as a rebel and partly because he represented the traditional radicalism of the United Mine Workers. This radicalism was a rough-and-ready labor Jacksonism, nostalgically reminiscent of the Knights of Labor. It was not until the NRA was in full wild swing that Lewis's progressive education was finally completed; that he abandoned this conventional radicalism—which gave scope even to the most reactionary politics—and came out straight for that modern vertical unionism which presents a monolithic front to modern monopoly. Today he no longer believes, as he did in the twenties, that one can fight Wall Street and yet vote the

Republican ticket. He no longer thinks that a Republican President might make him Secretary of Labor, so that he could reform industry and strengthen unionism.

From 1911 to 1917 Lewis was an organizer for the A. F. of L., the personal representative of the late Samuel Gompers during the latter's reactionary period. From that job he went straight to the top of the United Mine Workers. When he became president in 1919, the coal industry was crazily over-expanding. But the suicidal contradictions of this over-expansion, the chaos it was creating in the industry, were hidden by the immediate post-war boom. Lewis was prepared neither by training nor experience to see through the economics of this over-expansion. He saw his duty primarily in strengthening the union so that it might keep pace with the seeming growth of the industry. He did not quite realize that such anarchic growth was bound to wreck both the industry and its workers.

His first great victory—on paper—resulted from the national coal strike of 1919. On November 8, eight days after the strike was called, Judge Anderson of the United States District Court in Indiana issued an injunction which forbade the miners even to think about it. President Wilson threatened military intervention. Lewis called off the strike officially, but somehow not a single miner went back to work. And with this strategy he forced President Wilson to appoint a bituminous-coal commission.

The commission recommended a wage increase of 27 per cent and approximately corresponding increases for common labor, for trappers, and for boys. No change was made in basic hours. The operators had to accept. Of course, the coal industry being what it is, the agreement was filled with the usual exceptional provisions, technical differentials, and other loopholes for sabotage on the part of the operators. Under this agreement the average miner, getting as much work as the industry could offer, earned no more than \$900 to \$1,000 a year, a good deal less than the totally inadequate \$1,600 which the Department of Labor then computed as essential to a standard of minimum health and decency for the American family. Still, the men returned feeling that they had gained something. But the almost immediate wholesale repudiation on the part of the operators created an infinite amount of trouble, especially in Illinois and in Kansas, where the progressive opposition to Lewis flourished because of the anarchy in the industry. Lesser strikes were chronic during this period and the unorganized fields in Kentucky and particularly in West Virginia were constant wounds.

Not all strikes are precipitated by the employers, except in the coal industry. There they always are, because the operators invariably refuse to reenter negotiations at the expiration of a contract. The next strike was in 1922 and it ended with the Tri-State agreement, so-called because it involved Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as the basis for a national settlement. The union officially fought for a thirty-hour week, by which the miners really meant a minimum of thirty hours, for the industry was employing most men from one to three days a week only. Again it won the purely Pyrrhic victory of an eight-hour day, for the over-expansion of the industry had really ruined the work day.

But it also won a 10 per cent wage increase. With slight modifications, this wage scale is in operation today.

After the Tri-State agreement the consequences of the earlier over-expansion of the industry began to tell. Lewis realized that there were "twice too many mines and twice too many miners." It was then that he woke up to the fact that what the industry needed above all was *stabilization*, a conception which he later extended to include the whole of our economy. And he began to advocate, rather vaguely, government regulation of the industry—a tremendous forward step for an A. F. of L. leader. For the A. F. of L. was forever fighting government "interference," an interference which the government since the Civil War—except in the case of the railroads—had never dreamed of offering unless it were in aiding officials to break strikes.

It was as far back as the eve of the strike of 1922 that Lewis came out for government regulation. "Some national authority over the coal industry is necessary, call it what you may," he testified before the Bland committee of the House of Representatives. He came out for "an industrial bill of rights," and suggested a permanent coal commission representing capital, labor, and the ever mythical "public." But it was not until the breakdown of the Jacksonville agreement in 1927 that Lewis began to fight in earnest for government regulation of the coal industry.

The Tri-State agreement was to last till April 1, 1924. On February 19, 1924, the Jacksonville agreement was signed to last until 1927. It was signed between the operators and the miners of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and western Pennsylvania, again as the basis for a national settlement. The old conditions were renewed. This was considered a tremendous victory, because at that time labor was losing all along the line to the company-union movement.

No sooner was the Jacksonville agreement signed than the operators began to chisel at it by all sorts of subterfuges. They started "group" leasing and other such "cooperative" undertakings. The unionized fields became completely disorganized. Toward the end of 1924, 40 per cent of the coal mines in the country were non-union. One year later fully 60 per cent were non-union, mines mainly in Kentucky and West Virginia. The Coolidge Administration, under pressure from Mr. Hoover who was then Secretary of Commerce, allowed the scab operators preferential freight rates so as to kill union production. It was during the period of the Jacksonville agreement that Lewis had most of the trouble with his left wing, which expressed the restlessness of the rank and file. The progressives wanted him to organize Kentucky and West Virginia. Lewis showed that the non-union fields were owned by the same Wall Street interests which owned the union fields, and which manipulated both. And he also claimed that West Virginia could not be organized short of a civil

war. The slightest attempt at organization in those fields was accompanied by murder, evictions, and general terror.

And so once more Lewis returned to agitating for government regulation of the industry. When the Jacksonville agreement broke down in 1927, he submitted a coal-stabilization bill, which became known as the Watson bill because it was finally introduced by Senator Watson of Indiana in 1930. The stress of the depression kept it from consideration. But in January, 1932, it was again introduced, completely revised, by James Davis in the Senate and Clyde Kelley in the House. During these years, from 1927 on, the miners, both nationally and by districts, of course carried on negotiations and signed agreements with the operators. But Lewis's main interest was directed toward the sort of legislative social planning which was eventually enacted in the NIRA.

[Mr. Stolberg's third article will appear next week.]



It Can't Rain Here

BY ALFRED KLAUSLER

Glendive, Montana, July 30

WHEN you live right in the heart of a great news story, you suddenly lose all desire to run with it to the typewriter. For years you wait for the breaks to come, as they do so often to the metropolitan newspapers, and when they are here, all around you, you feel like sitting down and doing nothing.

The latest reports say that a billion dollars worth of economic damage has been done by the drought. In the Northwest the crop loss mounted to \$300,000,000, passed the \$400,000,000 mark some time ago, and is now nearing \$500,000,000. What the amount of damage is in the cattle world is still unknown. Until now farmers have chased their cattle into ditches to eat the spears of quack grass or have managed to rake up straw from last year's threshing. If there is no rain, most of the cattle including the family milch cows will be shipped out.

There has been much cattle shipping already. Go down to the railroad yards at night and watch the long cattle trains slide furtively into the yards. Every car is filled with gaunt looking steers and cows. Some are so weak from lack of food and water they fall to their knees every time the train jolts. Many cars are filled with prostrate cattle. They come from the cattle country of eastern Montana and western North Dakota. Down in the Powder River country the waterholes have long ago dried up; the Mormon crickets ate the last spear of grass; the range is nothing but a brown crinkly mat. Cowhands urge the cattle on for a few more miles to the nearest shipping point. The cattle stagger drunkenly through the dust clouds. Many fall over and die before they reach the yards. In this Powder River country, the heart of the western cattle kingdom, drinking water at filling stations costs five cents a glass.

Take a slow automobile trip from Rugby, North Dakota, to Steele, North Dakota, a straight line of 150 miles which goes right through the heart of the North Dakota drought area. The highway is in excellent shape. It shoots straight from the Canadian border to South Dakota. There are a few turns where the road winds past alkali lakes and sloughs now dried into white patches like old buffalo skulls. Fences torn, buildings unpainted, dust-drifts along the fence lines, fields of stunted Russian thistle, deserted farmyards—as far as the eye can see desolation and waste. Once upon a time this was a proud and prosperous country. There were stately hip-roof barns, gleaming white homes; cottonwood groves sheltered apple orchards on every farm.

There aren't many people left. If there are, you can't find them. Perhaps they are sitting on the shady side of the house staring into the horizon or just sleeping. Perhaps they are in town sitting along the curbs cracking jokes or conducting a serious and scientific discussion as to the

possibility of rain. The last rain, the last good rain, was July 10, 1935. Some farmers have moved out of the country but the majority can't even buy gasoline.

Take the road from Bismarck west through North Dakota into Montana. The fields on either side of the highway are a burnt, dirty yellow. It's like that all over North Dakota but the farther west you get the more desolate the scenery appears. When you hit eastern Montana you think you've hit a bit of hell. It's so hot and damned looking. The black-top road shimmers with grasshoppers. They look like a vast bed of gravel quivering under an earthquake. The heat hits the face, jabs the nostrils, and pinches the skin on the face. As far as the eye can see there is absolutely nothing except Badland buttes, dried pastures, a couple of bones, and ramshackle farmyards. You spend most of your time waiting for rain. You start way back in February counting the days until the first rain. Around Easter the tension increases. When Easter passes without rain you count the days until Decoration Day. After that you don't count any more. You just wait for rain.

The New York Times photographers have taken all kinds of fancy pictures of cattle and people in our drought country. The pictures show human beings sitting by doorsteps, faces screwed up at the sun, eyes shaded—just like the sharecropper pictures from Arkansas. We never dreamed it would come to this. We have always had money and the feeling of prosperity. But the photographers missed the look that comes to the face when suddenly the pump no longer pulls water and you've got a herd of twenty steers, eighteen cows, and six calves bunched around the water tank bellowing for water and at last collapsing into the dried manure of the yard.

It can't rain here. There are black-purple clouds rolling forward, lower, lower. The wind is still hot. The thermometer shows 110 degrees. You pray a little in a half-ashamed manner. But then the wind comes from the west and the clouds are swept away, high up into the sky.

Once there was a rain. It rained last Sunday evening. The same heavy black clouds swept up across the Badland buttes. Skeptically you watched the clouds. They dropped lower. The hot blasts from the west stopped. There was a sudden calm. There were the first heavy warm drops. You held out your hand unbelievably. You chant the litany, it can't rain here. And then comes the sudden swift downpour of water. It covers the ground in sheets. Everyone takes off shoes and stockings to wade in the mud. There is laughter. Now there might be enough feed for the winter.

But the next day the sun is hot and drilling. The unnatural greenness droops. Wells go dry. Waterholes disappear. We count the days until the next rain. Perhaps there will be a rain in September. It may rain for thirty days. That's what happened back in 1908.

Revolutionary Interlude in France

BY LEON TROTSKY

Norway, July 9

WE MUST repeat once again that the serious capitalist press like the *Paris Temps* or the *London Times* has made a much more correct and penetrating evaluation of the meaning of the June events in France and Belgium than has the press of the People's Front. While the Socialist and Communist official organs, tagging behind Blum, talk about the beginning of the "peaceful transformation of the social regime in France," the conservative press insists that in France a revolution has begun and that it will inevitably assume violent forms during the next stages. It would be a mistake to view this prognosis as solely or chiefly intended to frighten the property owners. The representatives of big capital are capable of following the social struggle very realistically. Contrariwise, petty bourgeois politicians readily incline to accept their own desires for reality. Standing between the principal classes, finance capital and the proletariat, the Messrs. "Reformers" propose that both of the opponents accept the middle course which they have greatly labored to elaborate in the General Staff of the People's Front, and which they themselves interpret differently. However, they will shortly have occasion to convince themselves that it is much easier to reconcile class contradictions in leading articles than in governmental activity, especially in the very heat of a social crisis.

In parliament an ironical charge has been hurled against Blum that he carried on negotiations concerning the demands of the strikers with representatives of the "200 families." "And who else was there for me to negotiate with?" wittily replied the Premier. In point of fact, if any negotiations are to be carried on with the bourgeoisie, then it is necessary to choose the real masters, those capable of deciding for themselves and of issuing orders to others. But in that case, it was pointless to have so noisily declared war against them! Within the framework of the bourgeois regime, its laws and mechanics, each one of the "200 families" is incomparably more powerful than the Blum Government. The financial magnates represent the crown of the bourgeois system of France, while the Blum Government, despite all its electoral successes, "crowns" only a brief interlude between the two contending camps.

At the present moment, in the first half of July, it might superficially seem as if everything had more or less returned to normal. As a matter of fact, within the depths of the proletariat, as well as among the summits of the ruling classes, a well-nigh automatic preparation for a new conflict is now going on. The very essence of the matter lies in the fact that the reforms, very meager as they are in substance, upon which the capitalists and the leaders of the labor organizations agreed in June, are not viable, because they are already beyond the powers of declining capitalism,

taken as a whole. The financial oligarchy, which did a swimming business in the very heat of the crisis, could, of course, abide both with the forty-hour week, paid vacations, and so on, but the hundreds of thousands of middle and petty entrepreneurs, upon whom finance capital leans and upon whose shoulders it now is loading the costs of its agreement with Blum, must either submit docilely to ruin or seek, in their turn, to load the costs of social reforms upon the workers and peasants, as consumers.

Blum, to be sure, has more than once expatiated in the Chamber and in the press upon the enticing prospect of a general economic revival and of a rapidly expanding turnover which will make it possible to lower considerably the general productive costs and therefore allow of increased expenditures for labor power without a rise in commodity prices. In point of fact such combined economic processes were frequently to be observed in the past. They mark the entire history of rising capitalism. The only trouble is that Blum is trying to project into the future what has irrevocably receded into the past. Politicians, subject to such an aberration, may call themselves socialists and even communists but they fix their eyes not ahead but behind them, and they are therefore a brake upon progress.

French capitalism with its celebrated "equilibrium" between agriculture and industry entered into the stage of decline later than Italy and Germany but no less irresistibly. This is not a phrase from a revolutionary proclamation, but a statement of incontrovertible fact. The productive forces of France have outgrown the bounds of private property and the boundaries of the state. Governmental intervention on the foundations of a capitalist regime can be of assistance only in shifting the unprofitable expenditures of the decline from one class to another. Which class would that be? When the Socialist Premier has to carry on negotiations about a "more just" distribution of the national income, he is unable, as we have already learned, to find any worthy partners other than the representatives of the "200 families." Holding in their hands all the basic levers of industry, credit, and commerce, the financial magnates shift the costs of the agreement upon the "middle classes," compelling them by reason of this very thing to enter into a struggle with the workers. In this now lies the crux of the situation.

The manufacturers and the merchants present their ledgers to the ministers and say, "We cannot do it." The government, calling to mind old textbooks of political economy, replies, "It is necessary to cut down the costs of production." But this is easier said than done. Moreover, in the given conditions technological improvements would mean increased unemployment, and ultimately a deepening of the crisis. The workers, on their part, are protesting against the fact that the incipient increases in prices

threaten to devour their conquests. The government issues orders to the prefects that they launch a campaign against the high cost of living. But the prefects know from long experience that it is much easier to lower the tone of an oppositionist paper than to lower the price of meat. The wave of mounting prices still lies ahead.

The small manufacturers, tradesmen and, in their wake, the peasants will become more and more disillusioned with the People's Front, from which they expected immediate salvation far more directly and innocently than did the workers. The fundamental political contradiction of the People's Front lies in the fact that the politicians of the Golden Mean at its head, in their fear of "scaring" the middle classes, do not transgress the bounds of the old social regime, that is, the historical blind alley. Meanwhile, the so-called middle classes—not their summits, of course, but the lower ranks—sense the impasse at every step and are not at all afraid of bold decisions, but on the contrary demand them as a riddance from the noose. "Do not expect miracles from us!" the pedants in power keep repeating. But the gist of the matter lies precisely in the fact that without "miracles," without heroic decisions, without a complete overturn in property relations—without the concentration of the banking system, of the basic branches of industry, and of foreign trade in the hands of the state—there is no salvation for the petty bourgeoisie of the city and country. If the "middle classes" in whose name the People's Front was expressly created are unable to find revolutionary audacity from the left, they will seek it on the right. The petty bourgeoisie is gripped by fever and must inevitably toss from side to side. Meanwhile, the big capitalists are confidently watching for such a turn as will make a beginning for fascism not only as a semi-military organization of bourgeois papas' sons with automobiles and airplanes but as a real mass movement in France.

The workers in June exerted colossal pressure upon the ruling classes, but they did not carry it to its conclusion. They evinced their revolutionary might but also their weakness: the lack of a program and of a leadership. All the props of capitalist society and all of its incurable ulcers remain intact. Now the period is unfolding of the preparations for a counter-pressure: repressions against the left agitators, the increasingly envenomed agitation on the part of the right agitators, experimentation with rising prices, mobilizations of manufacturers for mass lockouts. The trade unions of France which on the eve of the strike hardly numbered one million members are now approaching the five million mark. This unprecedented mass influx is indicative of the feelings that inspire the labor masses. There cannot even be talk that they will permit the costs of their own conquests to be loaded upon themselves without a struggle. The ministers and the official leaders are indefatigable in urging the workers to remain seated peacefully and not to hinder the government while it is working over the solution of problems. But inasmuch as the government, in the nature of things, is incapable of solving any problem whatever; inasmuch as the June concessions were gained thanks to the strike and not patient waiting; inasmuch as every new day will expose the bankruptcy of the government in the face of the developing

counter-offensive of capital, these monotonous exhortations will soon lose their potency. The logic of the situation which flows from the June victory, or, rather, to put it more correctly, from the semi-fictitious character of this victory, will compel the workers to accept the challenge, to embark once again upon a struggle. Taking fright at this prospect, the government shifts to the right. Under the direct pressure of the radical allies, but, in the last analysis, upon the demand of the "200 families," the Socialist Minister of Internal Affairs announced in the Senate that no further occupations of factories, stores, and farms by the strikers would be tolerated. A warning of this sort cannot, of course, put a halt to the struggle, but it is capable of making it infinitely more decisive and acute.

An absolutely objective analysis, which proceeds from facts and not desires, thus leads us to the conclusion that a new social conflict is being prepared from two sides, and that it must break out with an almost mechanical inevitability. It is not difficult even at the present time to define in general the nature of this conflict. During all revolutionary periods in history, two successive stages may be established which are closely linked together: first, the "elemental" movement of the masses which catches the opponent off-guard and which extorts serious concessions, or, at any rate, promises; and then the ruling classes, sensing that the foundations of their rule are being threatened, prepare for their revenge. The semi-victorious masses evince impatience. The traditional left leaders, who, like the opponents, were caught unawares by the movement, hope to save the situation by means of conciliatory eloquence, and end by losing their influence. The masses are drawn into a new struggle almost leaderless, without a clear program and without understanding the difficulties ahead. Such a conflict ineluctably arising from the first semi-victory of the masses has often led to their defeat—or semi-defeat. An exception to this rule will hardly be found in the history of revolutions. However, the difference (and it is no slight one) lies in the fact that sometimes the defeat assumes the character of a *rout*: such for example were the June days, in 1848 in France, which put an end to the revolution; in other cases, however, the semi-defeat proves only a *stage toward victory*: such a role, for example, was played by the defeat of the Petrograd workers and soldiers in July, 1917. It was precisely the July defeat that accelerated the rise of the Bolsheviki, who were not only able to estimate correctly the situation without any illusions or embellishments but also did not break away from the masses during the most difficult days of failure, sacrifice, and persecution.

Yes, the conservative press is making a sober analysis of the situation. Finance capital with its auxiliary political and military organs cold-bloodedly prepares for revenge. Among the summits of the People's Front there is nothing except confusion and internal strife. The left newspapers are smothered in moral preachments. The leaders choke with phrases. The ministers vie to show the Bourse that they are mature statesmen. Together, all this implies that the proletariat will be drawn into the impending conflict not only *without* the leadership of its traditional organizations, as was the case in June, but also *against* them. But

there is no generally recognized new leadership in existence as yet. Under such conditions one could hardly count upon immediate victory. An attempt to probe into the future would rather lead one to the following alternative: either June days, 1848, or July days, 1917. In other words: either a rout for many years to come, with the inevitable triumph of fascist reaction, or only a severe lesson in strategy as a result of which the working class will mature, renew its leadership, and prepare the conditions for future victory.

The French proletariat is no novice. It has behind it a great number of epoch-making struggles. True, the new generations have to learn each time from their own experience—but they do not begin from the beginning, nor do they learn everything all over again, but through an abbreviated course, as it were. The great tradition permeates the very marrow of the workers and facilitates the selection of the road. Already in June the anonymous leaders of the awakened class had found methods and forms of struggle

with magnificent revolutionary tact. The molecular process of mass consciousness is not being suspended now for a single hour. All this enables us to conclude that the new layer of the leaders not only will remain true to the masses in the days of the inevitable and, probably, not far distant conflict, but will also be able to lead the inadequately prepared army from the battle without a rout.

It is not true that the revolutionists in France are allegedly interested in precipitating the conflict, or "artificially" provoking it. Only the dumbest police minds are capable of thinking so. Marxist revolutionists see their duty in looking clearly into the face of reality and calling things by their names. To make a timely deduction from the objective situation concerning the perspectives of the second stage is to help the advanced workers not to be caught unawares, and to introduce as much clarity as possible into the consciousness of the struggling masses. In this consists at present the task of a serious political leadership.

The Blum Government—Second Phase

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, July 24.

AFTER barely eight weeks of the *Front Populaire* the enthusiasm which accompanied it into office has made room for a wave of deep discouragement. On the surface nothing untoward has happened. On the contrary. The component parties and groups are if anything more united than ever. The government has acted with vigor and dispatch, driving through both chambers more essential legislation in forty-odd days than its predecessors put on the statute books in an equal number of years. And yet I believe that I am reporting public sentiment faithfully when I say that the people—and particularly those who contributed to the left victory at the polls—are disenchanted. They feel that the government has carried out nearly every article of the *Front Populaire* program without carrying out the spirit; that its zeal came more from a desire to pacify the voters than from conviction; in a word, that the Blum Cabinet, instead of being the fighting government of their dreams, has turned out to be a set of brakes.

According to these critics, one saw this restraining temper of the ministry during the great strike. It stood by the workers loyally no doubt, and excused the occupation of the plants, but somewhat after the fashion of a law-abiding parent seeking to exculpate a too adventurous youngster who had got into a scrape. They do not exactly blame Blum and his colleagues. It is perhaps natural, they admit, that a government friendly and in debt to labor, and as it were responsible for it, should be somewhat irked by a strike movement whose ultimate form and consequences no man could foresee, coming at the very instant when it arrived in office. They also understand how it was that the government, moved by a complex of fears—of possible

disorder, of stoppage in the public services, of famine and confusion, of a rift with the radicals and the middle classes whom they represent, of losing control, of weakening the defenses of the state in so fluid and dangerous an international atmosphere as the present one—exerted itself not to capitalize the magnificent *élan* of the workers and the vast popular enthusiasm behind it, not to ride the wave toward fundamental reforms in the state machine and the national economy, but to hold the movement within bounds. But they note with melancholy that it was a Socialist-led cabinet that responded in this way, and what is more serious, that having adopted this course it continued in it thenceforward as if by some flaw in temperament. Everything the new government has had to do since then has moved in the same halting, timid tempo. Vincent Auriol's approach to the financial problem, his compromising manner with the banks, the purely legalistic procedure in the decrees dissolving the leagues, and Blum's own attitude at Geneva; everything had a ready-made, superficially hearty and fictitious air of boldness, while in reality it was all quite pedestrian and usual, with more than half an eye on the classes that had something to lose by an upheaval.

When people speak of executing articles and neglecting the program, they have in mind specifically the government's failure to purge the administration of its entrenched foes. In North Africa Peyrouton, the fascist son-in-law of the "radical" Malvy, is still pro-consul, as if nothing at all had changed in Paris, though the whole left press, including Blum's own *Populaire*, roused by the riots and provocations and race-feuds down there, have for weeks been clamoring for his removal. Meanwhile in Marseilles and in Paris itself the "dissolved" leagues, paralyzed for a

time by the seeming energy of the new team, have raised their heads again, and demonstrations unpleasantly reminiscent of the violent and bloody riots of January and February, 1934, occur almost daily. How is it to be otherwise when royalists, fascists, and reactionaries of every shade and stripe are left undisturbed in their posts—in police prefectures, in strategic bureaus, and in the very chancelleries of some of the ministers? Symbolically, it is true, Tannery has been removed from the governorship of the bank of France, and Guichard, the notorious Chiappe's lieutenant, no longer directs the municipal police. But it is precisely this symbolism that many of the most devoted friends of the *Front Populaire* find it hard to forgive the *Front Populaire* government. Indeed, it is forever leaning backward lest it be suspected of having revolutionary designs and thereby risk losing the confidence of the financial bigwigs. It has not only kept scrupulously within the constitution; it has hesitated to do a multitude of perfectly legal and indispensable things dictated by self-preservation, which its enemies fully expected it to do and would have respected it for doing. During the campaign, for instance, it was generally known that a number of prefects had improperly used their positions for partisan ends. The *Front Populaire* having won the elections despite their efforts, they were beginning to pack their bags. Everyone of the eighty-nine is today exactly where he was before April 26. So is every legation secretary, colonial administrator, and finance inspector appointed by Laval and his predecessors. Again, the *Action Française* carried on a violent, defamatory, panic-raising, and downright seditious campaign during the first week of the new government. Yet, though Maurras and his publisher had been twice convicted under the preceding administration on charges of incitement to murder, both of them are still at large. Last week Blum's own paper, the *Populaire*, published secret letters of Duke Pozzo di Borgo, La Rocque's former lieutenant, showing clearly that the Croix de Feu, though legally disbanded, are carrying on at the old stand. Has the duke or the count been put behind the bars for evading the law? Not that anyone knows of. And the young toughs arrested for bludgeoning policemen or political opponents are let off with trifling fines or suspended sentences or no penalty whatsoever, exactly as in the days of Chiappe and Guichard.

Sobered citizens who voted for the *Front Populaire* observe with profound discouragement that when the Socialist-led government decided to find a scapegoat for the disturbances of last month, they looked for it not among the royalists or fascists, who were openly alarming public opinion by campaigns of false news, but on the extreme left among the little band of Trotsky's fourth international. It reminds them of the German Social Democrats and Comrade Noske. "Why," they ask, "must left governments everlastingly go out of their way to placate the enemy instead of rendering him harmless as they were elected to do? What is there about socialists and radicals that causes them to become tamed and cowed the instant they take office? Why don't they retain in power at least a fraction of the audacity they exhibit in opposition?"

If ever there was a time and an opportunity for audacity

it was last June. Seldom if ever in French history has a government come to power on such a wave of popular hope and enthusiasm as this one. To the millions who voted for the *Front Populaire* the union of the left forces meant one thing—to liquidate the past, to bury the dream of fascist dictatorship in France once and for all. Then, before the government was formed, came the great strike. It created an atmosphere that called for great and bold deeds. Without being revolutionary in origin, it blazed the trail for revolution. The oligarchy was stunned into a mood for large concessions. People compared the night of June 7 when the capital-labor agreements were signed at the Hotel Matignon to the historic August 4, 1789, when the nobles voluntarily relinquished their feudal privileges. During the following week or ten days there was scarcely any length to which the government could not have gone with the hearty approval of the country. Indeed, Jean Pivert, leader of the left-wing socialists, wrote an article in the *Populaire* captioned "Everything Is Possible." The next day his friend Leon Blum found him a post in the presidency of the Council and got him out of mischief; and the government, painfully mindful of its pledge to operate within the framework of the existing economic order, announced that the occupation of the plants was illegal, and let its historic opportunity pass. For a good while to come the government is condemned to parliamentary log-rolling and compromising for every inch of ground it wins.

I say the government: but in fact all the parties in the *Front Populaire*, including the Communists—I almost said, especially the Communists—were frightened by the bursting of the labor dam and threw themselves into the task of repairing the damage. It was not the radical press but the communist *Humanité* that answered Pivert in an editorial warning that "not everything is possible," and saying why: "We regard as impossible a policy which in the face of the Hitler menace would endanger the security of France for which the *Front Populaire* is responsible." Again, it was Maurice Thorez, the brilliant young leader of the Communists who, though he never questioned "the new legality" of the workers occupying their jobs, exhorted them to "know when to end a strike."

The *Front Populaire* has been at it for two months now and, urged on from beneath, it has opened fire on the vested interests—on the heavy industries, on the banks, on the *grande presse*, on the speculators in wheat, on big business generally. It has declared war, but, alas! it is not conducting hostilities with the utmost valor. Fearful of violating its pledge not to tamper with the capitalist order, it is endeavoring at once to tame the great beast and not to injure him. The enterprise seems at this writing a hopeless one, as Leon Blum was the first to anticipate. French capitalism is showing a hitherto unsuspected flexibility in mobilizing its combative resources. Where fascism has triumphed it has done so only after the militant forces of democracy had first unveiled their batteries in a faint-hearted and futile attempt to preserve both liberty and the existing economic order. Such a triumph is one of the great dangers ahead of the present French regime. But it is not the only one, or in my judgment the principal one.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WELL, well—just look at those railroad earnings for June! It actually begins to appear that a government official knew what was better for our rail-transportation companies than the railroads themselves. What a shame that is when the Eastern railway executives have not only berated the Interstate Commerce Commission for making such a drastic cut in passenger fares, but have actually, with the exception of the recreant Baltimore and Ohio, gone into the courts in the hope of having them overrule the commission's order. How will these railroads look in court if it can be shown that this harsh and mistaken action of the commission has actually resulted in largely increased passenger earnings? Yet passenger earnings must account for much of the 17.5 per cent increase in the gross income of the Class 1 roads for June, 1936, over that of June, 1935. Passenger earnings of the New York Central alone increased no less than \$548,000, or 11.2 per cent, in June in spite of the drastic cuts.

Now I am well aware that even if the order of the commission had not been put into effect, there would have been a marked improvement in passenger earnings in June because of the increasing prosperity of the country. But I cannot believe that there would have been such an extraordinary increase—remember the new business offset the cuts in fares and then added 11.2 per cent more to the income—if the old fares had been maintained. Nor is the case of the Central an exception. Other roads, it is true, have not done quite as well. But here is the Baltimore and Ohio with a gain for June in passenger income of 16.7 per cent, 5 per cent more than its gain for the first six months of this year. Moreover, almost all the other railroads, excepting certain lame ducks or bankrupts, showed handsome increases in both freight and passenger earnings. It is interesting to note that the passenger earnings of the Northern Pacific Railroad for June show an increase of less than 5 per cent. This railroad like the other Western roads lowered its rates some time ago.

If anybody doubts that there has been a marked improvement in traffic since the change took effect let him go to the stations and see for himself or let him talk with any of the conductors he may happen to be traveling with. They will tell him that there have been great gains. They are the happier to say this because, according to my observation, the men in touch with the operating public have been entirely opposed to the policy of the railroad executives. I recall, for example, a talk about a year ago with an official on the New Haven railroad who was closely in touch with the traveling public. He told me that he and others had repeatedly recommended lowering of the fares because they were certain if that were done and the serv-

ice speeded up, the railroad could compete successfully with the private automobile—for example, between New Haven and New York. It is now just as cheap, if not a little cheaper, for a man to take the train to places distant one hundred miles or more from New York as to drive in his car, whereas before the reduction he could make a saving of at least two dollars by using his own conveyance. In addition the passenger saves the strain of driving and gains that much time in which to read if he so desires. It is precisely the private motor car which has chiefly done the damage to the railroads; the bus competition has been far less serious. Yet the railroads have persistently refused to compete with the private automobile.

It is not merely the depression that has hurt the railroads. Far more important has been the dry rot which has permeated so many executive offices. The one idea has been to cut expenses, to lay off trains, and to discharge as many employees as possible. There has been no realization that railroads were in no different situation when hit by the depression than other keenly competitive enterprises with services to sell. The forward-looking executive in other lines cut his prices, sought to give better goods and to minister better to the needs of his customers. The railroads refused to adopt this policy except in a few instances. I know of a case in which the New Haven railroad lost a million pounds of freight a year because it would not undertake to haul and deliver this freight a distance of only ten miles, from one factory to another on the same line, under four or five days. The information comes to me from the head of the manufacturing company, who expressed to me his regret that the railroad's lack of enterprise had compelled him to buy trucks to deliver the goods from one factory to the other, which they easily do in about an hour.

It is hardly surprising that we have had to wait for the government to compel the railroads to act in the matter of passenger rates. The credit, I suppose, chiefly belongs to Joseph B. Eastman, the Coordinator of the roads and head of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Yet we are constantly told that if the government should take over the railroads we should face inevitable disaster. I note that Samuel O. Dunn, editor of *Railway Age*, in a recent address at Cedar Rapids, declared that there is "a spirit of initiative, cooperation, and determination among railway managers and employees that is unequaled in any other industry." Since when? Government ownership, he says, "will be avoided if the public will give the railroads a fair opportunity to regain their earning capacity and credit under private management." Perhaps. But there will have to be vastly better management than we have had in the past or have any reason to expect in the future.

BROUN'S PAGE

ROY HOWARD, the statesman of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, has labored and brought forth a mountainous communication explaining why his papers must refuse to recognize the American Newspaper Guild although they have long had agreements with other A. F. of L. unions in their plants.

Here is the precise language of his message addressed to his employees on the *World-Telegram* and sent in advance to other newspaper owners to guide them in handling "the Guild problem."

"For about half a century this organization has fought for the right of labor to organize, choose its own representatives, and bargain collectively. . . . When the Guild movement first attracted attention, we hailed it both because we believed it was consistent with our principles, and because we thought that collective bargaining on a national scale would improve editorial working conditions and attract and keep better men in the profession. Our position on all these matters remains the same. But the Guild has injected new issues."

If I may have the privilege of interrupting Mr. Howard for a moment I would like to refresh his memory. The Guild was first started in Cleveland but I believe that Mr. Howard first heard of it through me. At the time I asked him, "What is your attitude going to be?"

"What do you mean what's my attitude going to be?" he said. "You're doing a very silly and evil thing in trying to get reporters into a union. Newspapermen don't belong in any kind of organization. That would rob them of their initiative and take the romance and glamour out of the newspaper business. Still I don't have to worry; this Guild will never get to first base. A good newspaperman will always want to go along under his own steam."

"Oh, I know all those arguments, Roy," I said. "I asked you what your attitude would be."

"Do you mean am I going to fire anybody or discriminate against anybody because he joins the Guild?"

"That's what I meant," I said.

"You ought to know me better than that, Heywood," he replied. "Newspapermen have a legal and a moral right to organize if they're foolish enough to do so and I'm not going to fire or push anybody around or get mad at anybody. I don't suppose I've got any right to get mad at you. I should have known what sort of a fellow you were when I hired you—a man who's always going to be interested in any goddam thing but his job."

Later Roy Howard met a Guild committee and said flatly that under no circumstances would he sign any sort of agreement except with his own employees. In all fairness to Mr. Howard I do not know of any case of a *World-Telegram* employee being fired for Guild activity. I think some have been pushed around a little but that may be my imagination. I go into these things at some length because the publishers are creating a fiction that they welcomed the

Guild in the beginning and drew away from it later because it became too rambunctious. It was never welcomed by the publishers. But let Mr. Howard talk again:

"By a recorded vote of 83 to 5, taken at its 1936 convention, the Guild stands finally committed to a policy borrowed from the mechanical trades, the effect of which is that nobody who is not committed by membership to the policies of the Guild can be employed in editorial production. The *Guild Reporter* of June 15, 1936, records further resolutions condemning the two existing political parties, recommending 'independent political action on the part of labor' and 'cooperation (by Guilds and officers) with local and state-wide farmer-labor parties and with other labor groups for the purpose of providing independent political action of labor.'

"The effect of these actions, taken together, is that nobody can write for a newspaper who is not of the Guild, and nobody can be loyal to the Guild who is not committed against both of the political parties of which 90 per cent of our population are members. . . . It is along this line that minority pressure groups have proceeded in Italy, Russia, and Germany with a resultant destruction of free and independent journalism."

Now Roy Howard knows very well that free press under Hitler and under Mussolini was not destroyed by the labor unions. He knows perfectly well that the Guild includes Democrats, Townsendites, Constitutional Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists, Communists, and maybe a few Republicans. The resolution to which Mr. Howard refers spoke of a "lower-case" farmer-labor party. It was the expression of a hope that some day a party might be formed which would undertake as one of its chief objects the protection of the rights of reporters and other workers. If such a party came into being a majority of delegates felt it should be endorsed. A member who thought otherwise would remain in 100 per cent good standing.

Again Mr. Howard is inaccurate in saying that the Guild has asked for a closed shop in which only Guild members can be employed. The Guild would like to get a shop in which the management could hire whomsoever it pleased with the proviso that at the end of a stipulated period that person must become a member of the Guild. The *Evening Post* which has operated under this system for more than a year has made the largest circulation gains of any newspaper in the evening field in New York.

Scripps-Howard editors meet every Presidential year to decide which candidate to support. Editorial employees might very well want to have the same privilege. They might be loath to take political advice from an editor, even though he be a great liberal like Roy Howard, who thinks and talks in terms of "the two existing political parties." We might think of other possibilities and reject Roy Howard's regimentation. Newspaper workers must choose between being gelded or guilded. HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

IT BROADENS THE MIND

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I SAILED on the Holland America line. Forty-eight hours out, or just about the time one usually gets over feeling that one would just as soon not know anyone on *this* boat, I met a Dutch bulb merchant who delighted me. He had spent much time in America and admired us greatly—especially our wit. For the first three years, he said, he did not understand it but was now keenly appreciative. Pressed for examples that had especially delighted him, he gave two. One was the notice posted in a small resort hotel:

We'll keep your car
And watch your baby
But don't ask credit
And we don't mean maybe.

The other was a sign in a fish store: "If it swims we have it." Too bad that the foreigners who write books about us usually do not understand our culture.

In Paris the strike begins suddenly and proceeds with the greatest calm. One wonders what has become of "the red fool fury of the Seine" and, if one is an American, when the strikebreakers will be brought in. A French Communist acquaintance who mistakes my comment on the lack of violence for a reproach assures me earnestly that all revolutions begin thus and that the blood will flow in good time. For the moment at least, it doesn't. Here and there a red flag goes up over some factory building alongside of the tricolor but a municipal body decides that the red flag is not the flag of a foreign power; it is only a symbol susceptible of various interpretations. Sometimes it merely means "Danger." One violent controversy does rage, but it is over the question of whether or not the male and female workers shut up in the factories for the night do or do not form amorous attachments. *Humanité* states indignantly that revolutionary workers are always chaste. La Fouchardière in *L'Oeuvre* hopes that they are not. Looking down from a bridge over the Seine at a life-saving boat one sees a large inscription chalked on the deck: "The crew of this boat is on strike. It is forbidden to throw one's self into the water."

Epitaph for a bad poet published in a Parisian newspaper: "*Les vers se venge.*" Surely that must have been thought of before now.

In a large cafe-restaurant on the left bank there is a very pretty young girl who floats about from group to group and is obviously at home there. "Who do you suppose she is?" asks one American. "I think I saw her on the bill-of-fare," says the other, pointing to an item: "Tarte Maison."

At the Reform Club in London a member points out to me a historic spot. It is a large marble star in the floor of the huge entrance hall. Smoking is forbidden, but there, on his first visit, Arnold Bennett—who had somehow got elected despite the fact that he was not a gentleman—planted himself in the exact center of the hall with a huge cigar in his mouth and his thumbs in his pockets. He was dressed in a checked suit with canary-colored sweater. Old members gathered in excited groups in each of the four corners but nothing was done about it.

From everyone I have talked to in London, no matter what his political opinions, I get the impression that England has been losing her nerve. Many Americans "fear Germany" but they have no conception of the immediacy of that fear as the Englishman feels it, nor do they, as he does, contemplate the possibility of actual conquest in the near future. England has lost the old sense that she is invincible. She had been losing it bit by bit for several years and the collapse of sanctions was the final blow, not only to pride but to self-confidence as well. And the most significant fact is that her people are united in their humiliation in nothing else. Except for the comparatively small group of pure and thorough-going pacifists, no one can put the blame squarely on anyone else. So far as the conservatives are concerned, it was their own government which imposed and then lifted sanctions. And the Liberals who supported them in the beginning hesitate now to say that they would have been willing to fight the war which they cannot categorically deny stiffer sanctions would have brought. It is not a pleasant thing to have one's bluff called. It is no pleasanter to be compelled to wonder whether or not the bluff would have worked if it had been pushed a little further, and to fear that there was not enough to back it up with.

Entomological note: Going up in the hotel elevator my companion brushes something from her sleeve. Unaware of the horrible implications of the Americanism she remarks, "A lady-bug," to the horror of the elevator man, who obviously does not understand how anyone could imply so damning a charge in so casual a manner. He makes a careful examination and exhales a sigh of relief. "Oh, it's only one of them butterflies."

Item in the "Personals" column of the London *Times* for June 30, 1936: "In Memoriam: Ernst Roehm."

Bertrand Russell asked me why Roosevelt hesitates to solve his problems by stuffing the Supreme Court with new judges. Until he told me, I did not know that exactly the

same expedient was resorted to in England at the time of the peace of Utrecht when the king appointed new peers until he had a majority in the House of Lords. Twice since a threat to use the same methods did the trick.

While I was in London Salvadore Dali gave a lecture on surrealism before a large and very fashionable audience. He was dressed in a deep-sea-diver's costume and flanked on each side by wolfhounds. I did not go, though I am very fond of dogs.

Coming back on the Britannic we had the movie about the Dionne babies and life in the lumber camps. It was good, but I could not help thinking that at the very same moment men in lumber camps were probably looking at movies about people who cross the ocean on big liners. The moral of this may occur to me later.

Also on the boat we got wireless news that some hospital assistant in Russia had been sentenced to ten years imprisonment for a fatal mistake in injecting a serum. The thing is understandable enough, but it illustrates the tendency to be brutal toward one type of offender when one is lenient toward another. Are there any arguments against the tendency of society to revenge itself upon law breakers which would not be equally applicable to the new Russian tendency to take revenge on the inefficient? Will this unfortunate gentleman be any more trustworthy after a stay in jail? Or is it, like the execution of Admiral Byng, *pour encourager les autres?*

A Latin epigram translates something like this:

"Marcellus does not seem to be much improved by travel."

"Well, he had himself for company."

Axle Song

BY MARK VAN DOREN

That any thing should be—
Place, time, earth, error—
And a round eye in man to see:
That was the terror.

And a true mind to try
Cube, sphere, deep, short, and long—
That was the burden of the sky's
Hoarse axle song.

Improbable the stoat—
The mouse, toad, worm, wolf, tiger;
Unthinkable the stallion's trot,
Behemoth's swagger.

Unspeakable; yet worse—
Name, look, feel, memory, and number:
Man there with his perverse
Power not to slumber.

Let things created sleep—
Rock, beast, rain, sand, and sliding river.
So growled the earth's revolving heap;
And will forever.

BOOKS

The American Child-Soul

SELECTED POEMS OF VACHEL LINDSAY. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

AFTER reading Edgar Lee Masters's biography of Lindsay, it would be easy to say that the present selection of poems is a document of tragic history. It would seem that the verse collected here has its logical conclusion in suicide; but the actual pity of it lies in its lack of tragic fulfillment, its lack of resolution in phrase and content; one must at last read "pathos" for "tragedy," read "pity" for "grief," and set down more often than not the merits of facility rather than felicity.

It may seem strange to think of Lindsay as a fragmentary poet, to think of him (who, as the dust jacket reminds us, "reached a larger audience than any other modern poet") as inarticulate, at times obscure, essentially misunderstood, incomplete, unfinished. It was his misfortune never to know precisely what he was saying; he was never to draw a clear line between fancy and imagination and was never to recognize his natural confusion in an equal admiration for George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Robert E. Lee, Abraham Lincoln, Whitman, Emerson, Bryan, Altgeld, Johnny Appleseed, and Mary Pickford. He saw in each (perceptively enough) significant reference to a pioneer America; and he saw them all related to a past that was already dying as were "the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring." To sustain his lack of discrimination in the use of word as well as symbol, he clung to the cult of child-worship:

For every soul is a circus,
And every mind is a tent
And every heart is a sawdust ring
Where the circling race is spent.

The images of the mind as a tent, the heart as a sawdust ring are, of course, among the curious fancies that drifted through Lindsay's mind. They are not, however, poetry, and because they are not, defeat their purpose as convincing propaganda for bigger and better circuses to keep alive the child-soul of Lindsay's America.

Mr. Masters's biography furnishes adequate psychiatric explanation as to why Lindsay till his death at fifty-two refused to mature and why his only answer to a hostile world was a retreat into the dreams of adolescence. The case history, however, would be quite unimportant if it did not extend to the relationship of the poet to his work. Yet Lindsay as poet was to exhibit the same behavior; he was to justify his esthetic by the immediate responses of those who heard him read. He became a poet whose art depended upon one-night-stand performances; he was to be seen and heard, not read, or, if read at all, read once, preferably aloud, the reader following each stage direction written on the margin of the page. From here onward the importance of Lindsay's audience emerges. He was to tramp the country making his appeal to the people of America's lower middle class, to farmers' wives, to club women; and in the back of his mind remained the images of his father and mother, the Campbellite church, his high-school teacher. It was to these he spoke, making them uneasy because he was neither business man nor preacher, but perhaps an artist, spelled with a capital A, perhaps someone who sought for beauty with a capital B. He had trained himself to

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listen for the *immediate* response, the quick, loud hand-clap, the laughter, the almost visible thrill of fear to "Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you," and the repetition of the lines would intensify the effect upon a first-night audience. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that it is likely that Lindsay expended more energy in the recitation of his verse than in the writing of it. It was literally a one-man show; Lindsay as dramatist, actor, poet, barker, artist, propagandist for a horse-and-buggy, Campbellite-Swedenborgian, child-like America all in one. It must be remembered that he had written most convincingly of Bryan, the boy orator, the best of all his American heroes, and it was toward Bryan's æsthetic that Lindsay moved. The music of the old-fashioned brass band, the music of the "kallyope" was the kind of music Lindsay attempted to restore (if not preserve) in poetry. He hated jazz as bitterly as Byron resented the popularity of the waltz; he wrote "a curse for the saxophone." The object of his long crusade was to capture the respect, the admiration of Springfield, Illinois, the town where he was born: he made little pen-and-ink sketches of Springfield as the center of the universe; he tried to think of Springfield (and not very successfully) as the ideal city set at the heart of a Swedenborgian democracy. His failure was a pathetic fallacy in verse as well as in philosophy.

To reread Lindsay one must look for fragments of poetry scattered throughout the many poems, the few happy phrases which are likely to remain as catch words of a midwestern pioneer culture: "flower-fed buffalo," "factory windows are always broken," "pitchfork Tillman and sledge-hammer Altgeld," "lean-rat Platt," and with these the Biblical reference in the language of the Bible Belt, "Here comes Jonah and the whale, and the *Sea!*" For the rest one becomes increasingly aware that Lindsay's efforts to revive an American past were ineffectual: "General William Booth [who by the way was not an American] Enters Heaven" remains a successful tour de force; and something of the same strength is to be rediscovered perennially in "The Congo." There is little doubt, I think, that the best of Lindsay's work will remain as museum pieces in any future history of American pioneer culture. These, like the cigar-store Indians of a half century ago, will be unearthed to be forgotten and then unearthed again. Then there will be neither grief nor pity for Lindsay's self-destruction: and for the man as well as the poet there will be something of the same emotion he once felt for Bryan:

Where is that boy . . .

That Homer Bryan who sang from the West?

HORACE GREGORY

The Freudian Technique

TWENTIETH CENTURY PSYCHIATRY. By William A. White. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Lawrence Kubie. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago when the bright young psychiatrists—not to mention the even brighter and younger novelists, poets, and biographers—of America were mouthing his tentative new doctrine as though it were a holy creed, Sigmund Freud viewed his votaries with a slight skepticism. Such idolatrous and uncritical enthusiasm might, he was afraid, hinder rather than help the gradual maturation of his theories in this country. From these two books, both written by early disciples, one may judge how prophetic his skepticism has proved to be.

Psychoanalysis as a literary technique has already been re-

placed by more direct and simple methods, but psychoanalysis as a therapeutic technique remains the most important tool of practicing psychiatrists. And here two outstanding members of that profession give us their personal estimates of how efficient the instrument is. Dr. White, who does not confine himself to Freudianism alone but discusses mental hygiene and the social and philosophical aspects of psychiatry as well, is cautious in his evaluation. Psychoanalysis, he points out, has not yet superseded all other possible methods of dealing with mental disorders. Specifically, it is still of little use to the institutional physicians who must treat the truly malignant psychoses. But when applied to the simpler neuroses—the worries and anxieties and fears and phobias which beset and subconsciously bedevil more normal men and women—it usually produces results. And that, he thinks, is justification enough. Psychoanalysis may not be a science, but it is a highly successful pragmatic technique. "The fact happens to be that patients who are subjected to this procedure do get well."

This statement seems modest and fair enough until one ponders it critically; then doubts arise. How many patients do get well? How well do they become? What is the criterion of their wellness? And who are its judges? Dr. White does not answer these more practical questions in detail, but Dr. Kubie does—definitely, emphatically, and with a superbly naive arrogance. There is not space here to give all of his arguments, but briefly they are these:

Everyone who is correctly analyzed by a properly trained Freudian must get well. If he does not seem to improve, that is because no one except the analyst knew how sick he was in the first place. If he actually does get worse instead of better, that is in no sense the analyst's responsibility but the fault of either the stubborn patient, his interfering family, his unsympathetic friends, or that old bogey-man, his family doctor. Therefore, there are only two possible judges of any single analysis: the physician who performs it and, eventually, the patient who is satisfied with its outcome. No one else—not even another psychiatrist—has the right to evaluate it, for no one else could possibly understand what it was all about.

That being the situation as Dr. Kubie sees it, the conscientious analyst must delegate to himself certain rights of his "patients" which few self-respecting persons would willingly give up. He must, in the first place, "convince" them that they need to be analyzed. Then, when he sees fit, he must advise them to leave their homes, throw up their jobs, change their family doctors, and divorce their wives. And, most important of all, he must persuade each one of them that a good analysis is always worth at least \$3,000, which must be paid at once even though the paying may mean exhausting many years' savings or borrowing against a possible future inheritance.

It is perhaps unfortunate that Dr. Kubie's book should be considered in close relationship to Dr. White's, for the latter makes an idealistic plea to the practicing analyst to look searchingly into his own procedures and "with that rare, unprejudiced, critical ability which is part of the well trained, well balanced scientific mind . . . go forward with his researches unhampered by any other motive than the search for truth." Yet Dr. Kubie as a practicing analyst, and a highly successful one (he is on the staff of both the New York Neurological Institute and the College of Physicians and Surgeons), proves himself far less able to assume the impersonal, disinterested attitude of a scientist than are any of the "faith healers" whom he denounces so righteously. Of that "wishful thinking" about which the Freudians talk so glibly Dr. Kubie's smug justification of the shoddy practices of his craft is one of the most flagrant examples on record.

GRACE ADAMS

A Hamilton of South Africa

GENERAL SMUTS. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Volume I. Little, Brown, and Company. \$3.50.

JAN SMUTS belongs to the fabulous species of "great men" who appear but occasionally and according to no easily recognizable law. Exemplars of the species are commonly supposed to fascinate by their defects as by their virtues, and Miss Millin, interviewing "supporters and opponents" of Smuts in South Africa, found them "equally puzzled by something outside precedent." It becomes clear during the course of this volume, however, that opponents at the Cape outnumber the supporters and have managed during the last twenty years to relegate Smuts to a place of secondary importance. And Miss Millin, though worshipping without false shame, is by no means too hypnotized to overlook the shortcomings of her hero.

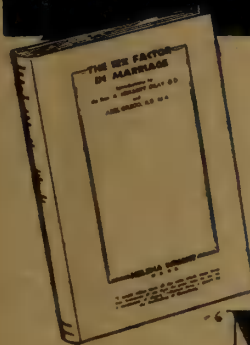
The truth is, perhaps, that Smuts was essentially a religious man nourishing his soul on the Old Testament and recognizing no yardstick but his own Puritan conscience. It was his characteristic belief that "the Greeks were only beautiful youths, but the Jews were always men—strong, unyielding men." He was the first to concede his own lack of taste or humor, and besides making it a point to abstain from drinking, smoking, and card-playing, abhorred dancing and hunting from his youth. More seriously, he had almost no capacity for human contact and felt embarrassed even in the presence of his children: "I am what newspapers would call a distinguished stranger to them." In matters of statesmanship he consulted no one and in the field informed no one of his intentions. When the occasion demanded the use of military force to break a strike or execute a traitor, his simple justification in the face of popular outcry was his "duty." It need hardly be pointed out that such men, while they often may have been outstanding, are never representative of their peoples, and are dangerous to be trusted as leaders.

It is significant that, of all Americans, Smuts seems to admire most Alexander Hamilton, for his own tragedy bears a definite similarity to that of Hamilton. Fired by a vision of South Africa's awakening and seeing the world through the eyes of Cecil Rhodes, he rallied to the cause of his backward people at the news of the Jameson raid. The war subsequently proved the young Cambridge-trained lawyer a military leader of the first rank. Three years after the peace of Vereeniging he went to England and received the fiercely demanded but unhoped for gift: self-government for the Transvaal. Like Hamilton, he then pushed on toward the unification of South Africa, became its first Minister of Finance, and proceeded to run the cabinet of General Botha. When his usefulness there was at an end, he took up the conquest of the German colonies, as thoroughly convinced of the iniquitousness of German imperialism as he was of the righteousness of the British. It brought him no new popularity at the Cape, but in England he was feted as no foreign statesman had been, and invited to sit in Lloyd George's war cabinet. The role he was to play at Versailles—how he was to fall completely under the spell of another "great" American—is too well known for rehearsal here.

The problem of Smut's political career is essentially the problem of leadership and modern imperialism today. As such, Miss Millin's almost too well written biography—the second volume of which has still to be published in this country—should prove of more than incidental contemporary interest.

PETER OLDEN

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—SHERWOOD EDDY, in *The World Tomorrow*.

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Biography and Romance

DANTON, DICTATOR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hermann Wendel. Yale Press. \$3.75.

BEAUMARCHAIS, ADVENTURER IN THE CENTURY OF WOMEN. By Paul Frischauer. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

ARGUMENTS about the right way to write history are no doubt very entertaining for they never seem to stop and the "new" history is regularly rediscovered every twenty-three years. Occasionally, however, one comes across two or three books in rapid succession which, belonging to the same category of history-writing, nevertheless diverge so widely in their effect that all questions of method or fashion sink into irrelevance.

The two volumes under review provide just such an experience. They are both biographies of the newest new kind, with novelistic passages recreated by means of the authors' imagination; they are both about figures closely connected with the French Revolution; and they are both written by German scholars who show considerable erudition. This coincidence makes one feel that a contrast is not unjust, for the two works are alike save in the single respect under consideration: their effect. One work is a plausible biography; the other is mainly fanciful nonsense.

Mr. Wendel's book about Danton is fittingly inscribed to the spirit of Georg Büchner, the neglected German dramatist of the Romantic period whose play about Danton was revealed to the world at large some ten years ago by Max Reinhardt, and whose complete works have been recently issued in English by the Viking Press. In his conception of the pock-marked lawyer who went in for daring, Mr. Wendel owes much to Büchner. For his elaboration of the figure living through day-to-day events of volcanic magnitude he must thank only his own keen sense of political realities. One may be tempted to quarrel with the anachronism of the idea of modern dictatorship, transported backward into French revolutionary times, when telephone, telegraph, newspapers, and radio were unluckily wanting. At the same time, Mr. Wendel possesses a vigorous yet accurate style as well as a decent respect for the facts painfully extracted from the mass of archives by the labors of Hamel, Aulard, and Mathiez. His "effect," in other words, has the right to call itself an interpretation. In the great swinging quarrel between Robespierrists and Dantonists, the author holds his balance creditably. Indeed he breaks down only in the description of Danton's wife, about whom he feels it necessary to produce some very fifth-rate pathos of no authenticity whatsoever.

Mr. Frischauer had in a sense a more difficult task, for Beaumarchais was never a foreground figure. Whether he was "an adventurer in the century of women" or not is hard to tell. I for one have not the remotest idea what the phrase means. The book itself gives no enlightenment on that score, men and women occurring in it in the normal ratio, but—to make up for this obscurity—it is all too clear that Mr. Frischauer's biographical gift should exercise itself solely on the heroes of the Monte Carlo game-room and the figures of the secret service. That aspect of Beaumarchais's career—spying and speculation—has unjustly colored for the author the entire life of his subject. The result is an atmosphere of padded footsteps and secret panels behind which people count heaps of gold. This may also explain perhaps why the book is bound in a sort of leather cunningly worked to imitate cloth. Almost all the general allusions to the events of the times are erroneous

and the later eighteenth century is reduced to the outworn conventionality of petty intrigues. Romanced biography, like veridical history, demands imagination, but the worth of the one as of the other depends upon the quality of that ingredient. In creating out of the blue Mr. Frischauer is below Dumas, and in deviating into absurdity he is beyond Carlyle.

JACQUES BARZUN

Shorter Notices

THANKSGIVING BEFORE NOVEMBER. By Norman Macleod. New York: The Parnassus Press. \$2.

The facts about Mr. Macleod's second book resemble those about his first, "Horizons of Death," published something over a year ago. His talent is positive; his subjects are genuine and deeply felt; and his subjects are enacted in fresh idioms. Each volume contains fifteen or so successful short poems, and in both books the most successful poems are those which combine emotion about people with emotion about landscape. In each, likewise, combinations of statement and image achieve a mood. Beyond the mood, and the uncertain excitements of implication to which the mood is limited, his success has not gone so far. His more ambitious poems—those that struggle to represent the ultimate, the actual—are comparative failures. Mr. Macleod is at that critical stage in the career of talent beyond which most poets never pass. It is the crisis of choice of direction. He has to choose between the infinite drudgery of craft which gives poetry its maximum actuality and what is in the end the worse drudgery of letting the poetic impulse run down—as his worst poems do—in language conceived as a medium of personal expression. Mr. Macleod's most urgent need at present is that of a form external to the form in which his moods find him. In the labor to find form lies the only hope his poetry has for maturity. R. P. BLACKMUR

STRANGE HOUSES. By Cora Jarrett. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

With flyleaf quotations from Pareto, Hawthorne, and Poe, a pretentious "Forward in Praise of the Hypothetical," and enough remarks about Boris Sidis, Morton Prince, and William James to show that Mrs. Jarrett has been reading up on her psychology, one embarks on this Sunday School excursion into the domain of the double personality with a certain degree of hope. But by the time one has been introduced to the bashfully brilliant psychiatrist, Clifford Rearfield, the weakly delicate Vera MacAndrew (who bruises her heart with every lump in her throat), to say nothing of the tycoon, Rodney Breen (whose plutocratic beneficence would flatter even a Liberty Leaguer), one begins to blush at man's awesome goodness. And when one reads of "ladies of station," and comes on gentlemanly dialogue like "Confound you, Rearfield," or "I can't repeat to you what she said. It was sacred," then there is nothing left but to reach for a handkerchief and a bag of sachet. If, however, one has the stamina to suffer Mrs. Jarrett's sentimental snobbery long enough to rouse up a "terrifying sense" of the "essential mysteriousness" of the emotionally askew, then ultimately one may revel in a plot whose studied intricacy would grace a Gothic romance. When "Strange Houses" is presently cut and dramatized—as it doubtless will be—to fit the Hollywood horror mold, then it can be criticized on its proper level. As it is written it can be taken seriously only by those "ladies of breeding" who are fearful (like Mrs. Jarrett) of "it's getting too grim for my light touch."

LEIGH WHITE

CLANSMEN. By Ethel Boileau. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

Dedicated to "all Scots in exile," this novel is written as a reminder of Scotland's great national past and as a tribute to the ancient though sadly declining virtues of the clan spirit. In a prologue which summarizes the history of the Stuart family from 1747 to 1900 Miss Boileau sketches the gradual extinction of the clan as a formal institution. The moral of the tale would appear to be that a fixed difference in social station, instead of being incompatible with ideals of brotherhood, loyalty, and sacrifice, is indeed a condition for these virtues. Alan Stuart is a captain in the army, Hector, his kinsman and servant, a private; Alan rides ponies in India, Hector grooms them; Alan lords it over Ardbreck, Hector is a devoted retainer; Alan marries the girl, and his clansman murders her blackmailer. The supreme gesture is made by Hector when he withholds from his Highland chieftain the knowledge that they are brothers by illegitimacy. To reinforce the moral, several violently unskilful thrusts are made at the Labor Party and the Soviet Union, whose supporters are invariably identified with sex-careless gin-sots. Miss Boileau possesses a tireless talent for commercial success—her "A Gay Family" crowded the best-seller lists—and she has left no secret of popular fiction unmolested. The prologue satisfies a taste for chronicle, the wordy enthusiasm over Scottish mists and tweed engages our travel curiosity, and the political aberrations give a contemporary lift to the sure-fire themes of family conflict, kinsman loyalty, and triumphant love. SAMUEL SILLEN

GREEK LYRIC POETRY: FROM ALCMAN TO SIMONIDES. By C. M. Bowra. Oxford University Press. \$7.50.

Like all good poetry Greek lyric verse of the seventh and sixth centuries was precise in its imagery. Because we have only fragments of it, and because we know so little of the life and thought of the period, its finer allusions escape the uninstructed reader. He requires a guide who is at the same time a literary critic, a philologist, and a historian. Possessing all these qualifications, Mr. Bowra, a fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, is able to throw new light upon many a well-known passage, such as this from Alcman: "No longer, maidens with honey tones and voices of desire, can my limbs carry me. Would, ah would, that I were a kingfisher, who flies with the halcyons over the flower of the waves, having a fearless heart, the holy sea-blue bird." This no longer appears as merely the vague expression of romantic desire for youth and escape when it is pointed out that, according to a piece of ancient bird lore, the male halcyon when old was believed to be carried on the wings of his females, and that the poem was possibly addressed to a chorus of maidens called the Halcyons. It becomes a tissue of ingeniously woven references, each with a specific object. By similar means Mr. Bowra is able to individualize the old poets. Ibycus, for example, emerges as a metaphysical poet who "describes an abstract and subjective situation in metaphors drawn from life," and Simonides appears not as a platitudinous moralizer but as a revolutionary critic of aristocratic values. Of special relevance to current discussions is the treatment of Greek poetry in relation to its social and political background, which determined its two main divisions. Thus choral poetry found its home in Dorian lands, where "the individual was less important than his clan or city"; the monody or personal lyric on the other hand, flourished in Ionia, "where there was no great tradition of communal experience." PHILIP BLAIR RICE

FILMS

The Dove and the Falcon

ELIZABETH Tudor wrote a letter, after Mary Stuart had fled from Scotland, saying that she could not "slay the dove which, pursued by a falcon, has flown to me for help." It was she, of course, not John Knox, who was the falcon and she had every intention of slaying the dove. This powerful figure has become, in "Mary of Scotland" (Music Hall) a petulant harpy. Dudley Nichols—one presumes the scenarist is responsible—has reduced her from history's and Maxwell Anderson's practiced, Machiavellian ruler to the flighty and jealous step-sister of Mary Stuart's Cinderella. Mr. Nichols had the story-teller's right to tamper with history—in detail the film is actually more accurate than the play—but what did he hope to gain by the change? If he intended by reducing Elizabeth's stature to raise Mary's, so that Miss Hepburn could really be the star, he has not done so. Miss Hepburn is the star, all right, but her Mary Stuart reminds one of nothing so much as her Babbie in "The Little Minister"—both are Scottish, in love, and that's all. If Elizabeth's proportions had been retained Mary would have become interesting if only because of what she had to contend with. Her troubles make an unusually long film, but it is typical that the revelation of their source, when the two queens meet at the end, instead of the fine climax it should have been, is, like the characters, feeble.

As an object the film makes an impressive appearance. But good-looking movies are as common as good-looking movie stars in America; both are matters of re-shooting until the best aspect is photographed, and Hollywood still has the best equipment for the job. Excellent technicians are common; sumptuous production, in good taste, like that which Pandro S. Berman has given this picture, is becoming almost as common. What is not common is superior story-telling. "The Informer," a film which lacked the familiar *looks* to such an extent that most people thought it foreign, proved the abilities of director John Ford and scenarist Dudley Nichols as story-tellers, but they have not repeated their performance here.

To the defect of Mr. Nichols which I have suggested is added the further one of undistinguished diction. He has stated that Mr. Anderson's verse was eschewed because it might sound "stilted" on the screen, but the few lines which

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strike the ear with force are those retained from the play. Mr. Ford's chief fault lies in allowing production details—settings, costumes, stars—to submerge the story, and in his dependence on devices which worked in "The Informer," to click mechanically again: the Dublin street-singer sings a Scottish air and this time is altogether phony; the People are represented by portraits of "types" who are decorative and unreal, unlike the Irish citizens. But his talent is nonetheless evident. The first good filmic moment comes when Bothwell's pipers drown out Knox's tirade against Mary with their "own bags of wind": the waves of sound begin far outside the courtyard and gradually swell the frame of the screen as the pipers march in, until Knox's roar has become pantomime. The use of "stage" lighting to achieve fadeouts is quite effective in at least two instances: when Huntly in answer to Darnley's "What shall I do?" tosses a dagger on the table and the room darkens until only the glistening blade is visible; and in the trial scene when Mary, who has stood in defiance of the judges, sinks in defeat on to a stool and lights sink with her.

Miss Hepburn as Mary, like the picture, makes an impressive appearance. The choice of Florence Eldridge as Elizabeth is a piece of casting worthy of the scenarist's concept; she wears a sour look, talks loudly and indistinctly, and when she isn't shaking a fan in someone's face scrutinizes her own in a mirror. Fredric March shows surprising vigor after his recent lethargic performances; Douglas Walton as the effeminate Darnley is catarrhal and embarrassing; and John Carradine, as an Iago-like Rizzo, lurks expertly. The music, in the main sentimentalized versions of simple Scottish airs, compares curiously with the short snatch of harpsichord dance-tune at the Elizabethan court.

ROBERT GIROUX

Current Releases

GYPSIES (Cameo): Battle of wits between a crafty gypsy chief and craftier *kolkhoz* officials. All done in good humor, with delightful acting—especially that of Alexander Granach, a German exile, as Danilo the chief. The photography, like the production, is uneven but such shots as the panoramic views of the gypsy caravan and such scenes as the soliloquy of Yudko (N. Mordvinov) in the wheat field and the duel with whips in the forest, the antics of Senka (P. Sanin) and Granach's performance make it a film decidedly worth seeing.

I WAS A CAPTIVE OF NAZI GERMANY (Globe): The document of Isobel Steele, made with bad actors and worse equipment. Unlikely to persuade anyone who is not already convinced Germany has an oppressive government.

RECORDS

THE readers of this column are, I assume, interested in the music that is sometimes designated as "cultivated"—the word designating the complexity and subtlety both of the tonal construction and of the feeling which is crystalized in the tonal construction. They are interested in this music as it is performed by artists who, in their shaping of the phrase or of the larger structure, reveal qualities of musical taste, sensitiveness, feeling and imagination that are impressive in their own right. And I wish to speak of a type of popular music that has similar claims to interest—a type known as "hot." I will assume that jazz, to most of these readers, means a tune by Geršwin

or Kern or Porter, in a slick performance by one of the well publicized bands like Whiteman's, or a more actively offensive performance by people like Duchin and Green. The popular music I wish to speak of is different—the difference being in the performance; and it deserves attention, not because it is the American equivalent of a Mozart symphony or the material from which such an equivalent will be derived—in other words, not as cultivated music, which it is not, but solely as popular music, and because within the emotional and structural limitations of popular music it exhibits qualities of musical taste, sensitiveness, feeling, and imagination that are impressive.

Consider, for example, a performance of "I Surrender, Dear" by Red Norvo and his Swing Septet on Columbia 2977-D (I give the name of the band only to identify the record; the personnel behind the name may change with each recording session). In this performance there are two statements of a tune that comprises four eight-measure phrases in the pattern *a a b a*. The trombone plays the first two phrases, and plays them quite as the composer wrote them, with only occasional and slight ornamental turns and flourishes that are part of the player's own playing style. The saxophone continues with *b*, and the trombone returns to conclude not with *a*, but with a phrase improvised by the player to fit into *a*'s place, into its harmonic setting and entire context. And here we have a distinguishing characteristic of this type of performance: When Schnabel plays Beethoven, his feeling and taste operate within the limits set by Beethoven's printed directions for performance—directions that specify the pitch and duration of notes and their loudness; and though we hear Beethoven through the mind of Schnabel, nevertheless it is essentially Beethoven that we hear; Schnabel's performance is merely interpretive. But the trombonist we have just heard produced something new; his playing of the last phrase constituted an exercise of the inventive skill and taste of a creative musician; and how considerable these can be, on the musical level on which they operate, one may hear in what follows. Throughout the first statement of the tune one's ear has been caught by exquisite bits of ornamental figuration from the piano; and now, when the trombone has finished, the piano improvises, for the first two phrases of the second statement, a solo of astonishing richness and subtlety of tone and rhythm—after which the clarinet plays a variant of the saxophone's *b*, and the xylophone (Norvo) improvises a new concluding phrase.

The pianist is Teddy Wilson, a Negro, outstanding among players of this type for the richness of his style, his imagination and subtlety, his feeling for rhythm and sense of form—all of which one can hear in other performances by groups under Norvo: "The Night is Blue" and "With All My Heart and Soul" on Columbia 3026-D, and "Blues in E flat" on Columbia 3079-D; in a performance of "Louisiana Fairy Tale" by a band under Taft Jordan on Perfect 16102; and in two performances of "Some Day, Sweetheart" that illustrate another important characteristic of this type of music. In the Norvo performances one notices the extraordinary aliveness of the playing—an aliveness of the instruments in relation to one another, and particularly of the accompanying instruments in relation to the solo instrument of the moment. Important in this connection is the size of the band: it is small enough for the players to think and feel together, to be stimulated and affected by one another in their playing. And so Wilson's playing in the performance of "Some Day, Sweetheart" by Mildred Bailey and her Swing Band on Vocalion 3057 is completely different in feeling and style from his playing in the performance by the Benny Goodman Trio on Victor 25181. There is more to say on the subject; and I will return to it shortly.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

NEWS IN BOSTON

Dear Sirs: Your comment on the publicity given to the decision of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals in the Associated Press case, upholding the order of the National Labor Relations Board, is interesting but inadequate. It can be credited to the wire service that they sent the news out to the press, however inadequately, advising that the act had been upheld and that Watson's reinstatement was a constitutional mandate. You missed the major reflection on the widely acclaimed freedom of the press, however—the fact that most papers gagged the item completely.

Not a single line was printed in any Boston paper concerning the decision. After reading the *New York Times* article, I checked with a former officer of the local Newspaper Guild unit who is now with the A. P. here, and verified the fact that a wire concerning the opinion had been received here and forwarded to all their New England subscribers at 3:40 p.m. Then I called the editors of the local papers—this was Tuesday, p.m.—and asked where I could find a reference to it. Several of them denied that they had received the story, and the rest passed the buck to the night desk. Then I wrote an official letter to each editor calling their attention to the front-page position given to the adverse decision of the Fifth Circuit Court in the Jones and Laughlin case, and the gag rule applied in this instance. Only one paper saw fit to acknowledge my letter. The *Transcript*, always the gentlemen, replied that the wire had been received too late for publication on Monday and that it was no longer news on Tuesday. It is still news to readers of the Boston papers.

A. HOWARD MYERS, Acting Regional Director, First Region, National Labor Relations Board
Squantum, Mass., July 26

ABORTIONS IN THE U.S.A.

Dear Sirs: I have read with great interest *The Nation's* articles on the Soviet abortion law. As a practicing physician of many years' experience in this country, especially among persons in poor circumstances, I have learned what doctors in similar practice usually learn, that

effective contraception is too costly or requires too much effort on the part of the patient to be practiced by the great mass of people. As a result, conception occurs all too frequently. A very large percentage of women, unwilling for economic or other reasons to have a child, attempt to get rid of the pregnancy as speedily as possible.

Depending upon their circumstances, the women will either go to a midwife who in the most dangerous possible technical fashion will perform the abortion for from \$5 to \$10, or if they can afford it, will go to a so-called "private hospital," where the abortion is performed under sterile operating-room conditions with almost complete safety for the pregnant mother, for a fee of from \$100 up.

Whereas 95 per cent and perhaps more of the medical profession will not perform abortions because of the fear of possible legal consequences or for moral or ethical reasons, there is always the remaining 5 per cent available, who will do the abortion for a price. And there are very few of the "ethical" 95 per cent who will not supply their patients, provided sufficient pressure is brought to bear, with the names and fees of one or more abortionists.

Abortions have become so common that a doctor who takes careful histories of his patients and who has their confidence will find that a large proportion of his married women patients have had one or more. Of course the average of abortions is somewhat higher for urban centers than for rural communities. I should estimate that at least 100 and probably more abortions are done annually in this community of 30,000 persons. So far as I know, there are no doctors in our community who now perform abortions, although a prominent physician did them until quite recently. But there are several doctors a few miles away who will perform them for fees of from \$25 to \$100. Incidentally, the ethical 95 per cent will not hesitate to attempt to induce an abortion by medication. And almost any doctor will tell you of cases he knows of, where the patient has died following "careless abortion" and nothing has been done about it. The average doctor unconsciously protects the murderers in his own profession.

I therefore regret very much that Russia has gone a step backward in doing away with abortions. I believe it would be far better if abortions were legalized in America, so that they might be done openly, with proper medical precautions, and by properly trained surgeons, rather than in the unclean, dangerous, furtive, and psychologically dangerous manner in which they are being done today.

A PRACTISING PHYSICIAN
New York State, July 23

CONFLICTING OPINIONS ON JEWS AND ARABS

Dear Sirs: Many years ago Achad Ha'Am the well-known thinker warned Jews of the danger of letting the judgment of their enemies contaminate their own consciousness. It is this contamination that has caused the phenomenon of Jewish self-hatred on which the late Theodor Lessing wrote a whole book and which in its devious manifestations is daily revealed to anyone who knows the Jewish masses.

We find this Jewish self-hatred and self-deprecation and self-torture manifested again in connection with the supposed clash of interests between the Arab and the Jewish populations in Palestine. Again and again I have met Jews, younger Jews and older Jews, who were worried about the Arabs. And these Jews generally thought they belonged to leftist groups or persuasions and had no glimmering of suspicion that their leftist leanings were in part at least Jewish flight and defense mechanisms. If (like *The Nation*, for instance) you worry about the Arabs, it is evident that you are a great lover of mankind and thoroughly objective and so . . . and so . . . here comes an enormous leap, both psychological and historical, the pogromchiks of the future may forget you. Don't fret. They won't. You will be *mitgefangen*, *mitgehangen* and will have nothing to look back on except the fact that you have betrayed Israel.

It has been proved over and over again on strictest scientific grounds and announced and affirmed by Gentile scientists and political leaders in books, in pamphlets, in scientific reports, and on the floor of Parliament in London that the Jewish

resettlement of Palestine has been of undivided benefit to the Arab population; that the Arab standard of living has been immensely improved, that Arab vital statistics have taken an upward turn, that Arabs instead of leaving Palestine have flocked thither to share in the work and health the Jews have brought, that only 625 Arab peasants have ever been displaced from their original holdings and that these 625 received such compensation in money and in land as was heretofore unheard of in the entire Near East, that the amazing credit balance of the present Palestinian government comes out of the pockets of Jewish tax-payers, and that nevertheless in the matter of government subsidies to education, agriculture, all other purposes, the Jewish *Yishub* receives laughable pittances and the Arab population all the rest. Finally: all during the present disorders the Arabs, many of them recent immigrants from the Hauran, have operated with brigandage, highway robbery, knifing from ambush, arson, and wanton destruction. In other words these "revolutionaries" are hoodlums. And nevertheless the Jewish population, 400,000 strong, has not permitted itself to be goaded into a single act of reprisal and has hence shown the first example in all human history of a community that is able to act according to what is supposed to be the Christian and is in fact the Jewish principle.

So far, so good. We have a fool-proof case. And we don't need it. We did not ask to be conquered and dispersed. We did not ask Titus to destroy our city and our Temple. We did not ask Hadrian to seek to exterminate us and to sell our men and women into slavery so that the price of a Jewish slave dropped on the glutted Roman markets below the price of a horse. We did not ask the church of Christ to ally itself with empire, Roman, German, Russian, and to crucify from age to age the brethren and the people of Him whom it acclaimed its Savior. By the expulsions and murders and innumerable martyrdoms we have endured through the centuries, it is our right to demand our ancient homeland as a land of peace and freedom for us of that Christendom whose sin against us is as a cancer eating out its very heart. And we would have that right had we, brutally robbed of experience in both colonization and government, committed ten thousand errors and ten thousand involuntary injustices to the existing Palestinian population. We have not done so. Our hands are clean. The Arab problem, in so far as it has any reality, is the problem of Christendom, of that world of the West which first

drove us into dispersion and then made life up to this very hour intolerable for us there. And if that world does not right this central and symbolic wrong, it will go under in strife and dirt and renewed Pagan barbarism as it is already doing in the once proud and just land of the Germans.

As a matter of cold fact the Arab problem in Palestine is a farce. Arabs live quite contentedly by the side of Frenchmen and Italians and Negroes in North Africa. Even if the French empire were smashed these populations would remain. The empire of the Arabs from Gibraltar to the twin rivers is enormous. But for centuries the Arabs have shown no vestige of political ability. A bi-national British dominion or neutralized state (like Belgium) on both sides of the Jordan would, through the work of Jews, enhance the prestige of the Arabs by virtue of their very collaboration in such a state. Arab civilization, utterly stagnant for centuries, might by the inspiration of our rebirth take on some life once more. But that is not our business either. Only Jewish idealists think that far.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Bennington, Vt., July 5

Dear Sirs: Nobody recognizes more than I the inadequacy of my article in your June 3 issue on the Jews and the Arabs. I have not told the whole truth. . . . I made the statements I did about Arab nationalism after I had been six months in the country studying the temper of the people. But not content with that I took a three-week hiking trip, walking every inch of the way between Afulah and Beisan in the Valley of Esdraelon, then through the Jordan Valley to Tiberias and up to Methulah, the last point on the Syrian frontier in Galilee. I spoke to the fellaheen and Bedouins, to Jewish colonists and merchants. Everywhere I found the same thing: Arrogant confidence among the Jews that they will not only be masters of the land in the future but are already masters now. Among the Arabs I found fear, mortal apprehension of their future among the civilized invaders, hatred, a slumbering desire for revenge, and a burning nationalism. That is the reason I wrote as I did.

There was an arithmetical error in my article. The figure 375,000 for the Jewish population in Palestine is correct, but that is 30 per cent of the total population, not 40 per cent.

ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, July 1

CONTRIBUTORS

LUIS ARAQUISTAIN is editor of *Claridad*, daily journal of the left socialists in Spain, whose trade-union leader is Francisco Largo Caballero.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG'S essay on John L. Lewis will form part of a forthcoming book of biographical essays on outstanding Americans. Two of these, on the late Huey Long and Governor Eugene Talmadge, of Georgia, have appeared in previous issues of *The Nation*.

ALFRED KLAUSLER is a missionary in the drought area, with a parish which covers some 1800 square miles of parched land. He is a graduate of Concordia Seminary, and also studied at Columbia University.

LEON TROTSKY, who needs no introduction to any one, is enabled by his long revolutionary experience and his vast knowledge of revolutionary movements to report the present situation in France from his exile in Norway with as much insight as if he were actually on the ground.

M. E. RAVAGE is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris. He has lived abroad, principally in France, for the past eight years, and has contributed articles on foreign politics to various magazines, both American and English. His article bears out strikingly Trotsky's analysis of recent events in France.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, who has just returned from a trip to England and France, will shortly resume his dramatic criticism.

GRACE ADAMS is the author of several books on psychology—"Your Child Is Normal," "Psychology: Science or Superstition?" and "Don't Be Afraid."

LOUIS LOZOWICK was born in Russia and came to this country at the age of sixteen. His graphic commentaries on the American scene are well known to all amateurs of lithography.

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The Shape of Things

*

HISTORIC OCCASIONS DO NOT COME ALL labeled for a gaping populace to note. But the first national convention of Labor's Non-Partisan League had about it every discernible mark of history-making. It is not only that American labor has massed itself forcefully and articulately behind Mr. Roosevelt. That might turn out to be, after all, merely an extension of labor's traditional policy of rewarding its friends and punishing its enemies. Of greater moment is labor's determination to use events and not be used by them. Progressive labor has forged an instrument in the form of the league, which can be used after 1936 for what Major George Berry called "a new political alignment." In 1936 words have to be hazy, but by 1940 these words can have only one translation—an independent labor party. Mr. Roosevelt's letter to the convention gave an assurance of his own determination to "enlarge the scope of human welfare in our nation" and to achieve "progress through law." But however firm may be the faith of labor leaders in Mr. Roosevelt personally, the Democratic Party is no rock on which American labor can build its church. Mr. Lewis is also for order through law. He wishes "to save our country the agony and the convulsions that come when extremists take hold." But he is for us a more important leader than Mr. Roosevelt, not because we like him any better, but because order through law in America can be based only on united labor action in the construction of a more efficiently functioning economy and a social system that makes more sense.

*

IT LOOKS AS IF GREAT BRITAIN WERE TRYING to outsmart Germany and Italy in dealing with the Spanish rebels. A week ago it appeared that Mussolini stood to achieve his ambition to turn the Mediterranean from a British into an Italian sea in case of rebel success, by obtaining in return for aid to the rebels a base at Ceuta in Morocco, directly across from Gibraltar, and another in the Balearic Islands; and that Germany also would be rewarded by certain concessions in the Spanish colonies. The Italian prospect is especially interesting in view of Mr. Viton's article, in this issue, on the Italian challenge to British power in the Near East. If Il Duce could get bases in Ceuta and the Balearic Islands he could render Gibraltar useless to Britain as a protection to Empire communications, thus practically assuring the success of his Near Eastern ambitions. While unquestionably British

domination of the western Mediterranean would be much safer with a republican or even a communist government in power in Spain, the British government appears to have preferred to outbid—or at least to meet—the secret offers of Italy and Germany to the rebels. For as Miss Brenner shows in her "Who's Who" of the rebellion, Britain's virtual colony, Portugal, is governed by the same interests that are back of Gil Robles. Moreover, considerable British investments in Spanish industry will be endangered by defeat of the fascists. And so a British warship has bottled up Algeciras against the Spanish loyalists, thus protecting the rebels in landing troops from Morocco and greatly improving their chances of victory. If they win, they will be in a position to play Italy, Germany, and Great Britain against one another to suit their own advantage. Thus the British Government seems to have hit upon a rather perilous way to maintain its power in the western Mediterranean. For after a rebel victory it may find itself faced with the alternative of losing that power or fighting Italy and Germany to maintain it.

*

OUR FACETIOUS WISH OF LAST WEEK THAT A Negro might win every event in the Olympics came near being fulfilled in the track and field results. Our "black auxiliaries" brought us most of our victories; they also put several painful knots in the myth of white supremacy and showed up in true Olympian fashion the "sportsmanship" of Berlin. Meanwhile we find in the *Manchester Guardian* the contents of a confidential circular issued to the German rural population on how to behave during the great festival—a circular whose incidental revelations are more interesting than its main instructions which are in a word: Be polite even to Jews. Item: The poorer inhabitants living near main roads were to be enabled "by a collective effort on the part of the community" to cover their houses with cheap paint "which will not last very long but will fully serve the desired purpose." Item: "Gangs of farm laborers . . . must not spend their breakfast or lunch intervals on the edges of the roads. . . . Political prisoners and inmates of concentration camps are in no circumstances to work on the land." The whole Nazi regime, as everyone knows, was covered with a cheap coat of whitewash for the Olympic games. The question is will it stay on long enough to "serve the desired purpose"?

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THE COUGHLIN-LEMKE GROUP HAS MADE itself some unlovely allies in Illinois. The latest accessions to the strength of this highly anomalous party are "Big Bill" Thompson, who, as mayor, stood out for his corruption even in a city like Chicago, and Newton D. Jenkins, one of the more open fascists of the Middle West. Thompson will run for Governor and Jenkins for Senator on Father Coughlin's Union Party ticket. The alliance of Jenkins and Coughlin should occasion no surprise. Incipient anti-Semitism has shown itself in Coughlin's utterances. Jenkins, who ran against Professor Paul Douglas for mayor of Chicago last year, was exposed by Douglas as a fascist; he is one of the really dangerous men of the

Middle West. It is not clear whether Thompson's affiliation with the anti-Roosevelt group will prove an aid or a boomerang to the Landonites. He has been thoroughly discredited with most of the electorate, yet he may garner some votes because of his pro-German stand during the war and his later one-man crusade against the menace of King George. He is adept at gathering votes from the underworld whose many gunmen, gin-house proprietors, and dive-keepers recall with nostalgia the halcyon days of the Thompson-Hearst administration. Thompson has been a regular machine Republican, but it is doubtful whether the Republicans will touch him openly with a long pole now. The total effect of his candidacy may be to draw away votes from the Landon to the Lemke ticket.

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THE REWARDS OF PROGRESSIVISM ARE NOT solely those of the gallant conscience. The recent Democratic primaries show that progressive action by Congressmen may pay substantial dividends in the form of a return to Congress. One proof is Maury Maverick's notable victory in Texas. A session of Congress without Maverick would have been desolate indeed. Another proof is what has happened with those who favored a strong food-and-drug bill in the last session. The drug manufacturers' lobby threatened rather openly that any Congressman who opposed them would rue it. Nevertheless, the two heroes of the late food-and-drug war, Representatives Rayburn and Chapman, won the Democratic primaries, which in the South amounts to winning the election. Mr. Rayburn of Texas, despite the combined opposition of the food-and-drug and utilities crowds, came through with a vote of three to one. Mr. Chapman of Kentucky, running against two competitors, received more than two-thirds of the entire vote cast. The results may mean that there was active work on their behalf by women's organizations or simply that consumers are waking up. Congressmen usually complain that they never hear from consumers but only from industry. They have now heard from consumers in the most effective way possible. We shall wait anxiously to see what the consumers will do against candidates such as Representative Kenny of New Jersey, who played such a large part in the final defeat of the bill after professing to support it. There are rumors that the women are going out after him. If they do he may learn that it is smart to be decent.

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RARELY DO WE FIND OURSELVES IN SUCH complete sympathy with a minister of the gospel as we do with the Reverend Dr. Frederic S. Fleming. When the pastor of Trinity Church, in New York, comes out for a moratorium on preaching, we are with him 100 per cent. "Why," asks Dr. Fleming, "cannot a Christian be permitted to go to church to worship his God, without always being assailed by a barrage from the pulpit? . . . For the most part sermons today are a very poor edition of 'topical' homiletics, a brand of religious pep-talks, sailing forth for a transitory popularity under the guise of being inspirational. Truly the miracle of the church is the patience of the laity." To all of which we respond in traditional

revivalist fashion and with traditional revivalist fervor, "Amen!" We should even like a more inclusive moratorium, which should extend to political oratory, and to all other kinds indulged in by people who prefer talking to thinking—and that would include 99 out of every 100 orators who now assail our ears from platforms and broadcasting studios all over the land. Such a moratorium would not only be good for harassed nerves; it might also help to cure the American public of its taste for senseless chatter, which ranks number one in the list of dangerous narcotics, with an appalling number of helpless addicts.

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IT WAS LINCOLN STEFFENS'S DISTINCTION that he exercised great moral force without being a moralist. His muckraking articles on "The Shame of the Cities" stirred up an immense wave of righteousness by which Steffens himself was not engulfed. His muckraking researches taught him that you cannot moralize corruption or injustice out of existence. He found that city bosses like Richard Croker were more "honest"—that is, a far more integral part of the social fabric—than were the reformers who sought to clean up municipal politics. The problem became clearly one of changing the fabric itself. But although this logic should have led Steffens to stress the operation of impersonal forces in history and to work within them, his forte and his direction were always toward the personal. He had an amazing capacity for persuading people, from business leaders to revolutionists. His mind, always restless and active, broadened out in time from municipal politics to world affairs. But even there it was personal strength and leadership that his eye was always peeled for, and he admired people as diverse in their philosophy as Mussolini and Stalin. He was one of the most thoroughgoing pragmatists in American life, and he shared both the sharp American tang and the confusion that pragmatism has brought with it.

A. F. of L. into C. I. O.

THE parturition of the new American industrial labor movement from the hard but brittle shell of craft unionism has taken place. By dint of prodigious pecking, the old hens of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, John P. Frey, Arthur Wharton, William Green, et al., have succeeded in getting rid of ten of the twelve unions comprising the Committee for Industrial Unionism which have been boring from within since November of last year and disturbing no end the peace of the comfortable craft-union nest.

To the very end Mr. Green insisted that industrial unionism was not the issue. "How," queried Mr. Green querulously, "can industrial unionism versus craft unionism be the issue when the federation has never taken a position in favor of one as against the other?" The Executive Council, he said, favored both kinds. But how about the local of the aluminum workers, a federal union directly controlled by the Executive Council, which was threatened with revocation of its charter if it did not stop

advocating industrial unionism, though ever so mildly, in its news sheet? The council maintained further that the issue was dual unionism, and Mr. Frey, in his arraignment of the C. I. O., charged among other crimes that C. I. O. enthusiasts had even "gone so far as to endeavor to set up dual central labor bodies." But what of the experience of a central labor council in the Allegheny Valley which in a regularly held election chose as its officials members whose sympathies lay with industrial unionism? In this instance the displaced officials, craft-union diehards, not only refused to deliver the seal and the charter of the labor council to its duly elected new officers but sent the seal back to the executive board of the A. F. of L. and turned over the charter to the diehard boss of the district.

This brings us to the other main complaint of Mr. Green, periodically issued, that the C. I. O. was trying to substitute minority for majority rule. To anyone acquainted with the hand-picked nature of the "majority" which has ruled the destinies of the A. F. of L. in the past the insincerity of this charge need not be pointed out. But even the man from Mars could see that the latest action of the Executive Council was deliberately intended to thwart majority rule. Last October it became clear that industrial unionism had made amazing inroads even into the carefully controlled ranks of the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor. To suspend 40 per cent of the membership of the federation three months before the next annual convention is obviously the desperate device of a minority which sees its control disappearing.

So much for the dishonest constitutional farce staged by the Executive Council in Washington. Its effect in stirring up discord in the trade unions of the nation is not to be minimized. This discord will be bitter and long drawn out. But for the very reason that the main body of American labor is only now in process of being enrolled in trade unions and that the job will be accomplished, if it is accomplished, by the industrial union group, the future lies with the C. I. O. That being so, the economic and political directives of this committee, both present and future, become important to everyone concerned with the future of American society. And their importance becomes immediate and pressing in view of the speed with which the industrial union movement has developed so far. It is less than three years since industrial unionism took its place as a primary issue in the labor movement. Today it is a primary public issue and by virtue of the terrific drive which lies behind the industrial idea, labor as labor and not as a mere body of voters has become an important factor in a Presidential campaign.

This year John L. Lewis and his followers are wholeheartedly supporting Roosevelt for reasons which seem to us practical. Paul Ward in last week's *Nation* expressed the opinion that the only difference between Roosevelt and Landon in labor matters would be that Roosevelt would hesitate two weeks longer before calling out the troops. For the long run, Mr. Ward's opinion is incontestably right; for the short run, two weeks—figuratively speaking—may be crucial. For the duration of this campaign, then, labor would seem to be justified in supporting Roosevelt if only to keep Landon out.

But what of the future? In the early days of the campaign Mr. Lewis, Mr. Hillman, and the others were careful to distinguish between Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party. They also expressly set a limit to their advocacy of Mr. Roosevelt by saying that their commitment extended only to this campaign. In New York the first distinction has been technically maintained; labor supporting Roosevelt is being organized into the American Labor Party. The second limitation has not been expressly disavowed; it has certainly become dulled through not being repeatedly gone over. The danger is that the Democratic Party and Mr. Roosevelt, who know their way around, will by means of sweet political favors entangle the new labor movement. There is already talk of Cabinet appointments in return for labor support. We need hardly remind ourselves of the regularity with which such labor "triumphs" have turned into betrayals. Needless to say, every legislative device that will strengthen labor must be used. But workers and leaders must not forget the lesson of Section 7-a and depend upon the government, in any sense, for help in organizing its forces. Nothing, of course, could be calculated so thoroughly to sap the strength of a growing labor movement and to make it helpless at that moment when Mr. Roosevelt, both as the representative of the owning classes and as leader of the Democratic Party, must not only cease supporting but actually combat a labor movement grown strong enough to offer a genuine challenge to the power of the economic royalists, who for all Mr. Roosevelt's campaign eloquence are not royalists at all but his own bourgeois classmates.

It is clear what the most important single job of the next few years will be: the workers and farmers, that is the majority of Americans, must be taught where (and how) their enemies lie; they must learn the extent of their own collective power and how to use it; above all they must learn to recognize the moment when that power must be used. Finally they must learn to push their leaders as well as being led by them. Just as Mr. Lewis must know how to use the favor of a President and yet retain his own power, so the workers must know how to use the great ability of Mr. Lewis without yielding him too much control—this with due respect to the fact that Mr. Lewis's growth in political and social sagacity is one of the most heartening events of recent American history.

In this process, organization is of course the first step; and the industrial form of organization is a fundamentally radical and radicalizing form. Already the industrial movement has thrown up a corps of rank and file leaders who are amazingly clear-headed and wary and who think in terms of labor as a political entity. Needless to say, they occupy the key positions. As for those so-called intellectuals and social idealists who find themselves outside the labor movement proper, their obligation is obvious. They must first of all educate themselves in the realities of the democracy they wish to save. They must think clearly and speak honestly, and, when they can, act vigorously if they hope to influence the development of a strong radical labor movement and thus produce in fact what now exists only in theory—a government by the majority of the American people.

Moe Annenberg and the Fourth Estate

THE sale of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, one of America's oldest papers, to Moses L. ("Moe") Annenberg for \$15,000,000 is a matter of first-class journalistic interest. In the past Annenberg has often acted as the "dummy" for Hearst in the acquisition of newspapers where the Hearst influence was to be kept surreptitious. If it turns out in this case that Annenberg is the sole owner of the *Inquirer*, as he claims to be, it will be very surprising. Hearst has been known for some time as desirous of getting the property and only on the basis of the conjecture that he is the real owner does the transfer of the *Inquirer* have any meaning. First of all, he has been aching to get even with J. David Stern, publisher of the New York *Post* and the Philadelphia *Record*, who alone among newspaper proprietors has dared to criticize him openly. New Deal Senator Guffey and Governor Earle of Pennsylvania are reported to have an interest in Stern's papers and Stern and his associates stand high in the councils of the New Deal, while Hearst and his friends are running the Republican Party. Moreover, Pennsylvania is a crucial state in the present campaign and will continue to be so in the next four years, not only because of the industrial crises centering around steel and coal, but also because of Earle's possible Democratic Presidential candidacy in 1940. The ownership of a leading paper of Philadelphia becomes, therefore, a matter of national concern.

In 1900 Moe Annenberg was learning the use of the pistol in the basement of Hearst's Chicago *American* plant, the better to equip his employer in the task of "muscling in" on the existing Chicago newspapers. As a gunman, so efficaciously did he build up circulation for Mr. Hearst that he was rewarded for his services by being made circulation manager of Hearst's *Examiner*, while his brother, Max, who had also belonged to the gang, was given the same position on the *American*. In 1910 Max and Moe and their henchmen were lured away in a body by the Chicago *Tribune* for which they obligingly entered on a three years street warfare with the new gun-crew Hearst had perforce hired to take their places. In later years, hostilities forgotten, Moe reentered the Hearst fold, acting as dummy in the purchase of the nucleus of Milwaukee papers that became Hearst's *Wisconsin News*, and becoming general circulation manager and member of the executive council for Hearst in New York. Meanwhile on his own he founded the General News Bureau, a service relaying racing quotations and results to gamblers, bookies, and poolrooms, bought up most of the racing and gambling papers in New York and miscellaneous mystery and sex pulp-magazines elsewhere.

In this perhaps not wholly orthodox career as a member of the Fourth Estate, the purchase of a metropolitan newspaper has been the latest step. Fifteen million dollars is a lot of money for Moe, even though the racing business has been profitable, and at this time, too, it is a lot of money for

Hearst. The Mellons of Pittsburgh are Hearst's main supporters in the Republican Party. The Liberty League crowd has recently become very friendly with him, too. Either of these two sources would be able to put up the price for a big paper. Time alone will disclose the facts, but in view of the political issues at stake it is necessary to assume

provisionally that the *Inquirer* under its new ownership is actively backed by Hearst, the Mellons, and the Liberty League. If Hearst is in control the paper will soon enough show its real ownership by its strident reactionary tone. If Moe alone owns it, the *Inquirer* can be trusted to be no worse than the *Chicago Tribune*. And that is bad enough.

Catalonia in Revolution

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

Barcelona, August 10

A STRANGER dropping into Barcelona today might jump to the conclusion that the city was celebrating a great national holiday. The whole population is in the streets. Cafes and restaurants are jammed. Nearly every building carries the nine-barred Catalan flag with the red, yellow, and purple of the Spanish national emblem. Airplanes drop leaflets on the crowd.

The illusion of carefree merrymaking is quickly dispelled when one observes knots of men on practically every corner with rifles strapped to their shoulders. Even some of the young men promenading with their sweethearts on the Rambla carry guns ready for instant action. Cars and trucks filled with armed men and plastered over with the insignia of the powerful trade unions—the *Confederación Nacional de Trabajadores* and the *Unión General de Trabajadores*—drive noisily through the streets at high speed, their red flags flying proudly. Barricades manned by armed workers may still be found. Nearly all luxurious hotels have been taken over by the trade unions and at least one is housing families of the volunteers attacking Saragossa.

That the workers are the actual masters of Catalonia today can scarcely be disputed. Although the civil government remains in the hands of the moderate left Republicans, the actual power is exercised by the Anti-Fascist Military Committee, composed of representatives of the leading political parties and trade unions. The Anarcho-Syndicalists of the C. N. T. and F. A. I. (*Federación Anarquista Ibérica*) control five of the fifteen members of the committee. The socialist trade union and Marxist parties have five, leaving only five in the hands of the moderate left groups. Even this fails to present a fair picture of the distribution of power. The C. N. T., with tens of thousands of armed workers, gained tremendously in prestige and strength as a result of the suppression of the military uprising of July 19, when workers went barehanded into the streets and literally snatched weapons from the hands of fascists. It can confiscate cars and hotels, and commandeer supplies from private business houses without challenge from the bourgeois parties. For the moment at least, none would dare try to disarm its members. Much the same is true of the Marxists. Andres Nin, leader of the P. O. U. M. (*Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista*), pointed out to me that the police feel it necessary to ask permission before

allowing their detachments to pass the party headquarters.

Most foreign business men have long since left, confident that only chaos will result if the workingmen are allowed to rule. While civil war naturally carries a certain danger with it, Barcelona is in no danger and the fears of the foreign colony appear unjustified. No one denies that excesses occurred in the first flush of victory, but they were speedily terminated by the military committee.

It is true that if one judges by externals, the situation has all the earmarks of a proletarian revolution. Actually, however, the probability of an uprising is remote. Spain is having its February, not its October revolution, and Catalonia must be considered in relation to the country as a whole. The power is in the hands of the workers, but the basic structure of capitalism remains unchanged. And the leaders of all radical parties appear to agree that the moment is most inopportune for a drive toward fundamental change. The anarchists of F. A. I. and C. N. T. are violently opposed to capitalism but lack a positive program. The Communists and Socialists, relatively weak in Catalonia, are committed to comparatively mild reforms, hoping thereby to obtain the broadest possible support against the powerful reaction. Even the radical P. O. U. M., which is rapidly gaining strength in Catalonia, recognizes that much further preparation is necessary before there can be a successful proletarian revolution in Spain.

For the moment, therefore, radicals of all shades are concentrating their efforts upon a limited program of reform. Already the Catalan workers have obtained a 25 per cent reduction in rents, a 40-hour week, and a 15 per cent increase in wages for those earning less than \$70 a month. A start has also been made toward dividing estates among the peasants. In addition the P. O. U. M. is demanding a 36-hour week, unemployment relief, immediate dissolution of the army and its replacement by a civil guard with elected officers. It also urges speedy trial of the leaders of the revolt and confiscation of the property of the church and all reactionary enemies. This last was partly carried out in a decree issued yesterday by the Catalan government. Although itself without a specific program, the C. N. T. is cooperating in most of these demands.

There remains the possibility that a revolutionary crisis will be precipitated more quickly than any one desires. Having tasted power, the workers will never again be

patient with a government as weak and dilatory as the Republicans have been during their first thirty months in power. It goes without saying that strong measures must be taken to prevent further uprisings of the reactionaries and to date Madrid has been criminally dilatory in this respect—a fact recognized by both Socialists and Communists. Madrid cannot move too fast and still hold the northern

provinces, but it must adopt positive reform policies if it is to avoid serious difficulties in Catalonia. Neither the anarchists nor the P. O. U. M. are members of the popular front. Both have a tradition of intransigence and both are heavily armed, yet both can be won to at least passive support of a government which actually gives promise of bringing Spain into the twentieth century.

Who's Who in Spain

BY ANITA BRENNER

THE struggle in Spain must be regarded in three ways: It is a major battle in the revolutionary march of the world; it is a deadly game of international politics; it is the climax of modern Spanish history. The decisive factors in each, however, are all facets of one thing, class war. Its outcome in Spain must affect the fate of millions in every country.

In the press, this fact of class war, and its international character, is hidden behind an opaque screen of ignorance, misunderstanding, and downright lying. The Spanish people are gratuitously insulted every day in most of our newspapers. *Time*, for example, calls the women peasants and workers who are defending with their lives everything that life means to them, "flat-footed mobsters." Smug critics reprove them for shedding blood in their battle against reactionaries who actually talk of "extinguishing the proletariat." Hearst's Knickerbocker hits a new low in procuring atrocity stories to discredit the popular militia. As part of that process the Spanish people's army is made to appear as a great, formless, dangerous mob. The organizations conducting the defense are blurred; their disciplines and doctrines are lumped so as to make mob, Socialist, Communist, anarchist, massacre, all read as one word.

The following guide to the forces operating in Spain is necessarily brief. The numbers are approximate but are based on pre-revolution organizational statistics, and on first-hand, constant, and careful observation of the Spanish republic and revolution.

Who Are the Fascists?

The big names on the rebel side are: Francisco Franco, Emilio Mola, Queipo del Llano, in the military field; Gil Robles, Juan March, Francisco Cambó, civilians. Franco and Mola were both "made" in the Primo de Rivera period, and were among his fascist pretorian guard. Franco is known especially as the organizer of the Spanish Foreign Legion and Riffian forces, both recruited from adventurers and mercenaries who fight as much for the promise of loot as for wages. Their behavior in the Asturias, where they burned, looted, and raped like medieval barbaric invaders, was a part of the original bargain with them, but this fact was hushed by the Lerroux-Gil Robles Government. This time they have been promised, we can be quite sure, all Spain as their oyster.

Mola was the organizer and head of the police and spy system under Primo de Rivera. It operated on terrorist principles, as described in Mola's own memoirs, and embraced all classes. Like most Spanish generals, including also Queipo del Llano, Mola has always been closely sympathetic to the junker-militarists of Germany, and to the Nazis. By advice of Gil Robles and certain foreign diplomats Mola, Franco, and the others are now trying hard to disguise themselves as republicans.

Gil Robles, head of the Catholic *Acción Popular*, is actually the front for Angel Herrera, editor of *El Debate*, a clerical paper that most Spaniards identify with the Jesuit order. Gil Robles has been groomed as a Dollfuss since 1933. At that time he was making trips to review Nazi concentrations and his paper was whooping it up for Hitler. In an interview with this writer, he left no doubt about his political philosophy: he outlined the kind of clerico-fascism that rules Austria and Portugal, and he definitely repudiated democracy. Later, as a political maneuver, he and some of his allies were "converted" to republicanism, intending by that device to carry out their original fascist scheme.

The money and most of the brains in the rebel outfit come through Herrera-Gil Robles, which is to say the church in combination with big industrial capital. Through young Primo de Rivera and the generals they link up with the gangster and *señorito* bands who openly call themselves fascists. Just before the revolt broke they had all come together under a single *Fuehrer*, the monarchist Calvo Sotelo, who had made many an openly fascist speech in parliament and who was also linked to the other big-money interests—Romanones, March, Cambó. The concentration of leadership was a signal that plans were ripe; and the murder of Calvo Sotelo necessarily moved ahead the date for the putsch.

The Spanish money sources of the rebels are the monarchist Count Romanones, owner of land and mines whose possessions in Morocco helped to provoke the Riffian war; Juan March, boss of Mallorca and tobacco "importer," who has always bought ministers and newspapers in order to keep his tax-debts unrecorded. He was tried and convicted under the first republican regime as a common felon, but "escaped" immediately after the Lerroux-Gil Robles Cabinet came into power. Cambó is a financial and electric-power magnate, a Catalan who was likewise iden-

tified with the Primo de Rivera regime. He too is a fascist. He has connections with French and Belgian capital and also with church money, and is so close a friend of certain bishops that he can always arrange interviews with them. Outside Spain the Gil Robles crowd connects with the Vatican and Mussolini on the one hand, and on the other, deviously, with British interests, whose virtual colony, Portugal, is governed, through Salazar, by the people who run the Gil Robles machine. That is why Lisbon is the Riga of this civil war while Gibraltar is its Warsaw. The Nazi link is made most naturally through the generals.

The proportion of the population represented on the fascist side is probably three or four million out of the total twenty-four. This includes probably 95 per cent of the priests, monks, friars, and nuns. The number actually fighting in the fascist ranks is at most 50,000. They are: the Foreign Legion (hired mercenaries of all nationalities); the Moroccan troops (Moors, Berbers, Riffians) recruited around the original corps organized by Franco with the promise of very high wages and very rich loot; most of the high-ranking officers of the regular Spanish army, which is to say almost the only permanent military force in Spain outside of the police, since the army itself is a draft civilian force serving from two to three years. These officers are nearly all sons of wealthy or aristocratic families. They have boundless arrogance, incompetence, and greed; Primo de Rivera was their messiah, and the Moroccan massacre in the early 'twenties their field-day.

The civilian irregulars attached to the fascist machine are recruited from the top and the dregs of Spanish society. From the top come the *señoritos*, young sons of landowners mostly, whose hero is Primo de Rivera. From the dregs come the hired *pistoleros*, who were organized at the time of Primo the elder into terrorist-strikebreaking gangs known as *Sindicatos Blancos*. Before that they were paid by a certain Baron Koenig, on behalf of the German army, to interfere with shipments for France during the World War. The peasant element is drawn mainly from the north, the only part of Spain where there is any considerable number of small, prosperous farmers. They are conservative, devoutly Catholic, and linked to the large landowners, especially the wheat growers, through financing and market organizations, particularly the Catholic farmers' cooperatives. The religious factor weighs very strongly with them; they are the descendants of the Carlists, who fought last century for Don Carlos and absolutism against Isabella and liberalism, considering it another holy war like the counter-Reformation. Their armies of twelve- and thirteen-year-olds were famous for their ferocity. One still hears in Catalonia talk of their raids as if they were recent horrors.

A section of this traditionally Carlist element, the Basque nationalists, however, is fighting on the other side, to the bitter amazement of the fascists. This is one of the surprises, like the republicanism of the Civil Guards.

That is the extent of the fascist machine. Who are its outside allies? They are, first, foreign ships that get in the way of the Spanish navy and block the Spanish forts, issuing warnings. At the time of the First Republic several English ships did the same thing—they also landed men

and successfully suppressed the Spanish Commune. Second, there are the planes and aviators coming from Nazi, Italian, and British companies. Third, the officers lent, presumably by these same companies, to give assistance and advice. Fourth, the financiers who see to it that arms and supplies get through, in "neutral" ships through "neutral" ports. Fifth, the diplomats of "neutrals" who recognize the insurgents on the same level as the government itself, negotiating with them and giving them sympathy and advice, while at the same time bringing pressure to bear on Madrid to pay for lives and property obviously exposed in zones of war, and not to be guaranteed by anybody. Last, but not least, there are the press, the radio, and the photographers.

The Left

The Popular Front in Spain is scarcely more than a political fiction. Its pact was drawn up by the Republican Azaña and the Socialist Prieto and the object was to get united labor support behind a bourgeois regime—to try the 1930-33 experiment again. But Spain had already reached that critical point at which there must be either revolution or fascism. The pact itself contains the dynamics of class-war. It has two kinds of signers: those who propose a bourgeois program and specifically state that they oppose any radical economic measures such as nationalization of land, banks, and the like; and those who dissociate themselves, stating that they will continue to support the programs and doctrines of their several organizations. The conflict between these two forces in the Popular Front, and the distribution of strength among them, is the most important internal factor to be considered in deciding what is happening and what is likely to happen in Spain. Starting from Right to Left, the components of the Popular Front are as follows:

1. The Martinez Barrio republicans. They represent the small shopkeeper and fairly solid middle class, urban and rural. This class is not very numerous in Spain. It is only weakly sympathetic to labor, but very antagonistic to the military and the church which both represent for it a terrific tax-burden. Numerically it represents about a fourth of the Popular Front strength.

2. The Azaña republicans. Numerically, or rather organizationally, they hardly exist. The Azaña strength is to be found chiefly among the right-wing Socialists; he is their man, for the reason that he is the most left republican in Spain and at the same time the most uncompromisingly bourgeois. Under him, the program is revolution up to the limit of democratic bourgeois revolution—not an inch further, as he himself said. This was and is exactly what the right-wing Socialists want. This part of the Socialist Party and its trade-union organization, the U.G.T., is mainly the bureaucracy, which means they control the party and union machinery but have lost mass-support—so much so that Prieto, their head, was stoned by a Socialist audience not long before the civil war began.

3. The Catalan Ezquerra. They correspond, in Catalonia, to the Martinez Barrio-Azaña right Socialists of the rest of Spain. This is the governing party in Catalonia, extremely heterogenous, highly demagogic, and supported

by perhaps a fourth or a third of the Catalans. Their main strength is among the *rabassaires*, the small farmers and sharecroppers who make up the bulk of the rural population. They are as much concerned with braking the revolution as with fighting fascists.

These are the principal republican forces. They lead about six million people; their militia totals about 100,000. Their greatest military strength is in the aviation corps and the Civil Guard, in parts of the Assault Guard and in the rank-and-file army. Their greatest weakness is that they are scattered, wavering, and disorganized, because of the internal contradictions of their own position.

Organizationally the Popular Front rests therefore on labor support which is given with a great many reservations. Radical labor is beyond question the strongest force in Spain. It numbers probably about fifteen million. It can mobilize two or three million trade-union members at least, and this force is distributed as follows:

1. *Unión General de Trabajadores*. (U.G.T.) This is the Socialist trade-union organization, whose membership is over a million. It controls probably about half again or twice as many people, both urban and rural workers. Its leadership is centrist and right, its mass feeling is chiefly left. The contradiction is due to the fact that its workers within the past few years have moved left so rapidly that they have not changed their bureaucracies at the same pace as their opinions. Most of them follow Francisco Largo Caballero, and a minority still farther left follows other frankly bolshevist leaders. Largo Caballero himself blows right, blows left, in the last few months mostly left because he was riding the mass-feeling. Beginning with him and going leftwards, the Socialist trade unions, the Socialist Party and particularly the Socialist youth are revolutionary, do not endorse the Popular Front pact as their own program, and embrace the idea that a workers' revolution, now, is the only genuine defense against fascism. It is to be remembered always, that the U.G.T. and the Socialist Party are highly disciplined, extremely well organized groups. They dominate Madrid and most of the center and south of Spain, as well as the larger cities and towns outside of Catalonia. Their headquarters, the *Casa del Pueblo*, was during the first period of the republic and is now again the real seat of political power in these regions. They dominate the railways, utilities, and big industries (outside of Catalonia) and are very strong among the sailors, both in the navy and the merchant marine. Their influence among the soldiers, who are mostly workers and peasants serving their military terms, is very important. What they are likely to do in power can perhaps be imagined from their behavior in the Asturias. In that uprising workers' committees, in which Socialists were most numerous, took the region over and ran it so efficiently and quietly that not a single industry stopped, there was no looting or disorder, and food and emergency services all went on as usual. The disorder, the horror, occurred when they had lost and the repression began.

2. *Confederación Nacional de Trabajadores*. (C.N.T.) This is the other big trade-union organization of Spain, controlling approximately half a million to a million, in Catalonia, the north, and some in Andalusia. Its head-

quarters used to be Barcelona, but is now Saragossa because its main strength shifted in that direction. This organization is anarcho-sindicalist, controlled from within by the F.A.I. (*Federación Anarquista Ibérica*). It owes its strength chiefly to the reformist history of the Socialists, and has until recently included practically all the most militant workers of Spain. At the same time, due to its very loose type of organization and its glorification of "direct action" and individual action, it has always been very easy for gangsters and provocateurs to operate within it. It has been torn for some time between the idea of uniting with other labor groups and hatred of the Socialists, but it did unite in Asturias and is now a fully militant part of the defense committees. Its outstanding leaders are Garcia Oliver and Durruti.

3. Communist Party. It gives its membership sometimes as 50,000, sometimes as 100,000. It has now merged its trade-union and youth organizations with the Socialists, and it is therefore difficult to estimate its approximate strength. Politically, it stands closest to the Prieto position, fully endorsing the Popular Front pact and program and backing Azaña. Its rank-and-file members are at the same time highly militant and capable of taking a prominent part in establishing a workers' government. In the Asturias they forced the party into the Workers' Alliance that conducted the 1934 uprising, though until six days before, the party line had been against these councils.

4. Catalonia. The picture in Catalonia is pretty much *sui generis*. The Socialist and Communist parties have virtually no strength there. The most coherent and strongest political group, in labor ranks, is the *Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista*, led by Andres Nin and Joaquin Maurin. The P. O. U. M. is important because it is beginning to play a part almost exactly like that played by the Bolsheviks in 1917. It was organized about three years ago as a merger between the Trotskyites and the Communist Right (Maurin) but has since been attacked by Trotsky for not joining the Socialist Party. In Catalonia, it is now the guiding political voice. Its policies and slogans have been the chief theoretical influence in the leftward moves of the Socialists. It launched the Workers' Alliances that directed Asturias and are now the vehicles of defense and government throughout most of Spain. At the time of the Popular Front pact it warned that the republicans would not dismantle and defeat the fascist movement. Its program, workers' front as against Popular Front, is what is crystallizing in the committees of defense. In Catalonia it has become a dominant voice because, while active in the defense, it has put forward certain demands at the same time—wages, hours, etc.—and got them. It is also the moving force behind the nationalization of banks and plants and has now pushed the situation to such a point that the Catalan government is hardly more than a rubber-stamp for the workers' committee, where this group gives most of the cues. Its program begins to echo in the rest of Spain, more because of the program itself and its success in Barcelona than through the party strength.

The relation between the workers' committee of Catalonia and the Catalan government is the most clear-cut illustration of something that is happening everywhere

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else in Spain. It is sharpest in Barcelona because there it is conscious and militant and deliberate, but it is a fact everywhere, even where the labor leaders labor hardest to keep the workers' committees coupled to the republicans. The fact is simply this: Spain is being defended by worker and peasant committees "sanctioned" by a republican front. Except where the rebels are in power, the government is the same combination of real power in the workers' committee, rubber-stamped by the Republicans. With the Asturias as precedent, we can be quite sure that an astonishing story will be told of how these committees organize and control the food-supply, prevent

irresponsible violence, and maintain essential services.

These workers' and peasants' committees are at the center of the Spanish resistance to fascism. They are responsible and disciplined. They know their own strength. Knowing they represent the great majority of the people, they know that the future belongs to them—so they guard and conserve as much as they can. While the fascists announce that they will take Madrid, "reconquer" Spain, "whatever the cost," the Workers' Alliances say over and over again, "Let us be careful; let us not shoot until we have to, let us destroy as little as possible. Tomorrow Spain will be ours; and it is we who will have to rebuild."

The Education of John L. Lewis. III

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

AUGUST 4 was a momentous day in American history. On that day fourteen members of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. voted thirteen to one to break up organized labor rather than endanger their control of it. Mad and stupefied with fear for their vested interest, they voted to suspend, which really means to expel, the Committee for Industrial Organization, unless the committee disband within a month. John Lewis immediately announced that the committee will go on. Thus the council threw out 40 per cent of the A. F. of L. membership—1,250,000 workers—as a starter. For needless to say the A. F. of L. will have to go on cutting itself away from the main stream of American labor. It split wide open every state federation of labor, every city trades and labor council, every national union down to its smallest local. And the drift will inevitably be away from Green toward John Lewis. It is that now. The vast majority of the labor bodies which have voted on the issue have voted in favor of the C.I.O. That does not mean that the struggle will not be bitter and prolonged.

The council of course voted illegally. It acted as judge and jury; one of its henchmen was the prosecutor; and since the task it had set itself was unconstitutional, the defendants refused to be party to the farce. For the constitution of the A. F. of L. expressly provides that only its annual conventions can suspend or expel constituent unions, and then only by a two-thirds majority. Green knows that the council acted illegally, in order that the suspended unions might be excluded from the convention three months hence and thus be prevented from voting on the issue. Besides the Old Guard did not really vote on any of the issues they pretended to vote on, such as dual unionism and "insurrection." "Not industrial but dual unionism is the issue," Green repeated frantically. That is untrue, and he knows it. To be sure, industrial unionism is ultimately bound to displace craft-separatism; and to that degree the C. I. O. is dual unionist. It represents the living, organic forces of our working class against the dead hand of Gompers, Green, Woll, and Company. But

this duality was forced by the intransigence of the A. F. of L. oligarchy. In this fight the only issue was and is industrial unionism. The only "insurrection" the Executive Council faced was the rebellion of American labor against the racket of the Old Guard which would keep it divided for the sake of their own jobs.

From now on the Executive Council will be forced to play ever more and more the tragic role of strike-breaker. It will probably issue charters to quack paper organizations, such as the Progressive Miners in Illinois, to organize fake unions in steel, in clothing, oil, textile, rubber, and in all the other trades which are part of the C. I. O. By their vote the A. F. of L. bureaucrats have made the A. F. of L. a force only for dual unionism, both in intention and in effect. The authentic unions will be in the C. I. O., for American labor cannot live without reforming itself into industrial unionism.

Men do not betray a social movement, which in their youth they had entered with some ideals, without giving reasons. And the reasons at this farcical trial which dismembered the A. F. of L. were given by John P. Frey, who acted both as complainant and prosecutor. Frey is known as "the scholar" among the labor bureaucrats. He is as much of a scholar as a Kentucky colonel is a military expert. Incapable of the least theoretical conception, pompous, verbose, empty, and reactionary beyond belief, he was for many years the scholastic stooge for the late Sam Gompers. His "scholarship" consists in pedantic devotion to pure and simple trade unionism. Now he is the spiritual medium for Gompers's ghost. He hates Lewis with poisonous vindictiveness, which is characteristic of the Old Guard, for Lewis is the first powerful leader who has seriously endangered their sinecures. Frey is the chairman of the Metal Trades Department in the A. F. of L., one of half a dozen bureaus whose sole function it has been for years to mediate away any amalgamating tendencies in the metal trades.

Frey is the theoretical executor of Gompers's "philosophy of labor," which was that labor should have no phi-

losophy at all. This ideological gem Gompers bequeathed to the A. F. of L. oligarchy, and ever since his death these doctors of "jurisdictional disputes" among the craft unions have cherished this heritage, untarnished and undimmed by a new idea. A new idea is heretical to the doctrine that simple-mindedness is the best policy for a labor movement.

Now the reason for this worship of pure and simple trade unionism is equally pure and simple. No one in American life is more devoutly petty middle class than the typical labor bureaucrat. His union is to him his business enterprise; and since he is a strict craft unionist, it is small business enterprise. Indeed, it is called business-unionism. He has, or tries to have, a corner on the market of a skilled trade. He controls, if he can, this market through union recognition. And he sells the labor in which he deals at the highest possible price through collective bargaining. He has two customers: he sells labor power to the boss and he sells protection from the boss to his membership. And since of his two customers the employer is the stronger, the protection he sells is necessarily limited. It is "pure and simple" labor-barter.

It is this conception of labor that the Greens and Freys and Wolls are fighting for. They have no philosophy of labor for precisely the same reason that the corner grocer has no philosophy of big business enterprise. The corner grocer hates the A. and P. for exactly the same reason that the craft-union bureaucrat hates the industrial union. For the industrial union is a trust of all the workers in each industry, which can protect their human rights and guide them in their daily struggles infinitely more effectively than the craft union. Also, like the corner grocer, the craft-union bureaucrat is against all government "interference." But with a difference. While the corner grocer yells for government protection from Big Business, the A. F. of L. wants no government interference in any form. It is all for what it chooses to call the "economic action" of organized labor. And next to his dread of industrial unionism the craft-union leader's greatest fear is of social legislation. For nothing shows up the social ineffectiveness of the old-line labor leader as glaringly as labor legislation. For this reason the A. F. of L. has maintained in Washington and in the various state capitals legislative agents whose sole function it has been to prevent labor legislation. There is not a single law for the protection of labor, including even the various workmen's-compensation acts, which the A. F. of L. has not fought tooth and nail, at least in the beginning. Social legislation, no matter how ineffective, leads to mass enlightenment. In conjunction with government regulation of industry, it points toward social planning, no matter how contradictory such planning may be under capitalist institutions. All of which brings out the futility of craft separatism and the parasitic nature of its leadership. No wonder, then, that the labor oligarchy hates Lewis with a venom which defies description. "I would rather see the whole labor movement go under and myself in hell, than have that — get away with it," raged Arthur Wharton, president of the machinists and vice president of the A. F. of L.; and he applied the same epithet to me when I expressed myself for

Lewis. The bureaucrats feel about Lewis as the Hungarian fascists feel about Count Karolyi or as our so-called upper classes feel about Roosevelt. They feel that Lewis was one of them and then betrayed them. He is for social legislation; he is for government "interference" in industry; he is for industrial unionism. He is against everything that is dear to their hearts.

II

In last week's *Nation* I tried to trace the growth in the leadership of John Lewis throughout the 1920's; how he gradually came to realize that in an anarchic industry even victorious strikes accomplish little, if anything; and how he therefore came to believe in the stabilization of the coal industry through government regulation. In the rest of this article I will try to show how he developed further, forced toward an ever more progressive attitude by circumstances and his gift of realism. He finally came to believe that not only coal but the whole of industry must be stabilized; that such stabilization cannot be accomplished by industry voluntarily without deteriorating into mere monopolistic price-fixing; that government regulation of industry breaks down without a powerful labor movement to back it; and that labor cannot acquire significant power, with which to face finance-capital, without reforming itself into industrial unionism.

The Davis-Kelley bill, introduced in both houses in 1932, already clearly revealed this point of view. It was designed to stabilize coal production. It guaranteed to labor the right to organize in authentic as against company unions; and it made it mandatory on the government to license and impose minimal conditions on interstate coal corporations. Needless to say, the Hoover Administration got the bill shelved.

It was during the last year of the disastrous Hoover regime that Lewis concluded that what was wrong with coal was wrong with all industry. And on February 17, 1933, he appeared before the Senate Committee on Finance advocating a program of industrial stabilization for our entire productive mechanism. He came out for the suspension of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, but also for iron-clad guaranties to labor. In essence these proposals, together with the ideas which grew out of the discussion of the Davis-Kelley bill, resulted in the formulation of the NIRA. The whole conception of the NIRA was originally worked out by John L. Lewis with the able assistance of W. Jett Lauck, who for years has been acting as his economic advisor. Soon after President Roosevelt assumed office, he asked Raymond Moley and James P. Warburg to get together responsible spokesmen of labor, finance, and industry for the purpose of developing some such recovery legislation as the NIRA. The recommendations of John Lewis before the Senate Committee on Finance were adopted in essence. The licensing feature which Lewis had advocated in the Davis-Kelley bill became, under the NIRA, a congeries of codes of fair competition. The labor guaranties of the Davis-Kelley bill became the famous Section 7-a. Later on, Lewis wrote what became known as the Guffey-Snyder bill for the stabilization of the coal industry. This bill definitely recognized coal as an industry af-

fected with a national public interest. It established a National Bituminous Coal Commission with real powers of regulation over both price-fixing and the allotment of production. And it established a Coal Labor Board to settle disputes between the operators and the United Mine Workers. Both the NIRA and the Guffey-Snyder bill were finally declared unconstitutional. And when they were, Lewis decided that it was time for labor to organize not only its industrial but also its political strength.

III

When the NIRA became law in June, 1933, John Lewis, William Green, Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and George L. Berry of the Printing Pressmen were appointed as the labor members of the Recovery Administration. Lewis immediately stepped into the opening and began a drive to organize the unorganized workers. In his own industry he did wonders. Between June and November, 1933, he almost doubled his membership. In fact, he organized the coal industry 98 per cent. By November he had over 400,000 dues-paying members. He pushed and fought and called a series of brilliantly executed strikes, and finally he had even Kentucky and West Virginia in the bag. Even the coal diggers in the so-called captive mines, which supply the steel industry directly and are owned by United States Steel, joined the union. Much of the same militant tactics proved effective in other industrial and semi-industrial unions, especially in the needle trades.

The old-line craft unions, on the other hand, broke down the moment the NRA started. Jurisdictional disputes broke out like a rash all over the country. Green quickly accepted General Johnson's special interpretation of Section 7-a for the automobile industry, which practically nullified labor's right to organize. In some instances, various crafts, for reasons of jurisdictional disputes, scabbed on one another in strikes. Green rushed about Washington, without the least idea what it was all about, worried only lest some workers be misled into industrial unionism. Indeed he sabotaged all organizing efforts, issuing under-cover orders to his organizers to slow down. Under such circumstances it was obviously impossible for labor, even though it had the law on its side, to oppose the Weirs and the Sloans and the other great industrialists, who insisted that Section 7-a permitted the organization of company unions, though the law expressly forbade it.

It was then that John Lewis determined that craft separatism must go. He came to feel that no amount of government regulation could really stabilize industry, except as a price-fixing mechanism, without a strong labor-movement. It is for this reason that he took up the fight for industrial unionism in the A. F. of L. conventions in San Francisco and Atlantic City; that he organized the C. I. O.; that he is now tackling with real militancy the problem of organizing the basic industries; that he is the leader of a new labor movement worth fighting for.

IV

Pure and simple trade unionism has no philosophy of labor, of society, of government, of politics. It has no

social strategy because it believes only in immediate tactics. It lives from hand to mouth. It wants union recognition so that it may fight for more wages, fewer hours, and better conditions on the job itself. Beyond that, it wants nothing. Hence the A. F. of L. was always politically "non-partisan." It "punished its enemies and rewarded its friends." The idea of labor-partisanship is to the old-line craft unionist almost revolutionary. Even in 1924, when Gompers had to endorse the elder La Follette as against the strike-breaking Coolidge and the Morgan lawyer John W. Davis, he reiterated time and again that La Follette was labor's "non-partisan" choice. Labor-partisanship might lead to a labor party, and nothing could be more painful to the petty middle-class soul of the standard labor-faker.

Industrial unionism is not merely another structural organization of labor. It presupposes a conception of society as a whole. It believes in the stabilization of industry, for example. It welcomes the idea of social legislation and social security. It has an intense interest in government regulation and the nature of the state. In short, industrial unionism cannot function without a progressive attitude on life, for every reactionary force threatens its advance. Hence industrial unionism inevitably leads to political action.

Through the 1920's Lewis was a Republican. Today he is a Democrat. But he is not a Democrat in the sense of having merely shifted from one old party to another. He has committed his union not so much for Roosevelt as against Landon, Hearst, the Liberty League, and all the other reactionary forces that the Republicans represent in this campaign. He has formed Labor's Non-Partisan League for Roosevelt not for reasons of non-partisanship in the old craft-union sense, nor as part of the Democratic Party. He is leading in the political awakening of our conservative labor masses, who have never before formed a labor bloc. And his Non-Partisan League is intended to survive the national election. Lewis owes no personal loyalty to Roosevelt. He is above all for labor, and the drive for industrial unionism makes it of paramount importance that Landon, who represents Big Industry and nothing else, be defeated. But should Roosevelt, in case he is re-elected, move to the right, as he probably will, there is every reason to expect that Lewis will be the leader in the formation of a labor party, which for once will have a real chance to play a role in our national life. For there is little doubt that the La Follettes, Olson, and other progressive leaders would gladly join a real farmer-labor party.

Today John Lewis knows that only industrial unionism can create a united and militant labor movement. And there is little doubt that the very drive for industrial unionism will show him that labor needs a political party in order to go forward. It seems to me that in the second half of this decade the most significant leader in American society will be John Lewis—unless we get fascism. And that "unless" is the main reason why American labor must learn and move very fast.

(This is the last of three consecutive articles by Mr. Stolberg on John L. Lewis.)

Resettlement by Trailer

BY ERNESTINE EVANS

A YEAR ago, a trailer was a trailer, cluttering up the roadway, a trailer and nothing more; something the British called "a caravan," pleasant for Dorothy and Sinclair to have taken their honeymoon in. Mr. B——, I knew, now a prominent New Dealer, had bought one once and paid a six months round of visits to his cottage friends in a spell of leisured unemployment.

Motor-boat life I really knew something about and liked. Trailers seemed a dusty substitute, with the water left out. Wrong. Trailers are no longer a casual phenomenon, something to be tripped over. They meet you from every direction. The trailer industry is the fastest growing industry in the country. It has moved into mass production. It is the liveliest of the new handicraft operations. Half the trailers I have seen were made in the backyards and basements of the mechanics who have since moved into them. The trailer warrants a monthly department in that estimable journal, the *Auto-Body Builder and Painter*; it figures increasingly in applications for patent-rights; it rates a monthly of its own, *Trailer Travel*, published in Chicago. It is potentially what can be hitched to every one of the country's 33,000,000 motor cars, and what has already been hitched to a quarter of a million of them.

This morning I found a Covered Wagon (a standard make) parked in front of my apartment in down-town Manhattan; the other day the *Times* carried two columns about the six-ton trailer the New York Park Department bought to take a horticultural exhibit to the slum children in city playgrounds. And potentially, it is in trailers that a great many slum-families may escape from the tenements to wider, opener, cheaper spaces. It is this potentiality that strikes the imagination!

About three months ago March of Time set out to do a housing film. Last week they released a film on the trailer industry for the simple reason that all that isn't too expensive and too imaginary in prefabrication is being used here—the new materials, the patent heating units, the slick designs for use of space, drawn from the long history of ship-building, from the new railroad-trains, from airplane-construction. And so far, trailer-landlords are few and trailer-evictions even fewer. See March of Time.

I became "trailer-conscious" one day last July, after a completely addled bout with the files of Subsistence Homesteads which were being turned over to the Management Division of the Resettlement Administration. I didn't like the cost of the homesteads. There seemed to me no mass solution of either the problem of stranded populations or of decentralizing industry in building an earthly paradise for two hundred miners in a county where more than ten thousand were on the relief rolls. I didn't like the selection of "homesteaders," since called clients

and occupants, from among those who were judged aseptic, not "trouble makers" and sure to pay rent (which left out those with casual wages, meaning most of the badly housed). It was Christian, of course, to build fine homes for the experimental handful of stranded unemployed. But like a Republican taxpayer, I sniffed at the cost of seducing a vacuum-cleaner assembly-plant into the highlands of West Virginia, when the transport of Mahomets to some other mountain seemed cheaper and more feasible generally.

It was at this point that I read a letter complaining of Subsistence Homesteads in the columns of the *New Republic*. It was from a man in Michigan, who thought a fraction of the government money going for timber, cinder-block, stone and brick houses, ought to be spent on experiments in prefabrication, in studying the thousand new building materials that chemistry and mass production have brought almost, not quite, to our doors. Almost, but not quite . . . the old-line craft building trades, the landlords, the banks, and our own sluggishness are all bunkers between.

Meanwhile million after million dollars went out in Resettlement housing projects. Not one cent for trailers. Or for mobile housing, as it was now called in those endless letters that went back and forth between Mr. Corwin Willson, of Flint, Michigan, and about fifty people who were interested in housing. I disagreed with him pretty constantly. He makes a very good case for the fact that the human race lived for thousands of years following the seasons and the food supply. I cared very little for the news that the Scythians had mud-houses on wheels, and that the letter B derives from the ground floor plan of their dwellings. I have rolled too much myself to admire rolling stones for their polished mosslessness. I yearned for the stable roof, and the tended oak.

What I did like about the Willson correspondence was the persistent, enthusiastic, violent insistence that the housing problem in this country is a housing problem of the bottom layer. The rest of the population will find a way, if only the whole attention of every housing schemer and benefactor is laid on the people who make less than \$1,200 a year. If one thinks in terms of an industrial population subject to cyclic unemployment, and abandonment; in terms of tenants on other men's land; and in terms of the 33,000,000 automobiles which are the outstanding characteristic of America today, movable houses seem inevitable.

They could be cheaper, cheaper than anything yet dreamed of. It is the "used trailer" market which will follow mass production that will make escape from bad shelter possible to millions. A sharecropper who could move his twenty-five-dollar bunk-house, as ample in di-

mensions as many of the landlords' cabins, is another fellow than the one who fights wage scales and eviction today. The stranded population that can be moved, floor, roof, walls and all, to another job, or at worst to the place where the vegetables are cheap, isn't stranded.

The picture is cheerful; and it is also a little appalling. A whole nation on the move, after the job, after the sun!

The very rich, the Brooklyn bourgeoisie, the criminal classes have long been on the move, taking Palm Beach and Miami in their stride. And how pleasant the sun is at Sarasota! Last winter eleven hundred trailers, house-cars,

retreat from the drought something other than the nightmare of miserable refugeeing it has been to thousands of families.

Why the government in general, and the Resettlement Administration in particular, has been so slow to experiment with trailer-houses I do not know. There are 150,000 migratory workers on the West Coast, the stoop-labor that bends over the lettuce and the peas, and reaches for the oranges. They live wretchedly. True, Resettlement has built two camps for them with community utilities. But when so many of the workers themselves were desperately trying to house themselves in makeshift trailers, got to-



call them what you will, were anchored on lots at four dollars rental per month in Sarasota's municipal trailer park, equipped with electric light, telephone, plumbing, a community laundry, a social room and dance building, and a handy canteen. Late in the season when I visited the park, two hundred cars were still parked there. Most of the trailer-owners were past middle age, with savings or pensions. But it cost few of them more than fifty dollars a month for two people to live, in the sun. The wife of a retired member of the Detroit Fire Department described to me how she had four children, all married, and a fair sized house in the city. "We went one summer to Mackinaw in a trailer. For my asthma. We liked it so well, I gave our house to my daughter and got free. That was four years ago."

"And got free"—that is the burden of the trailer dweller's song. Free of the city, free of the rents, free of the taxes, free of the cold, or the heat, or the rain. And a plentiful supply of trailers might have made the great

gether from materials found on the Marysville dump, badly constructed and often too heavy for their ancient tin lizzies to haul, it seems a pity that neither Rural Resettlement nor Special Skills divisions of RA have actually put on the payroll an instructor to help these people use new materials, or master the tricks of coupling, water-proofing, and so on. Oil painters, mural painters, weavers, instructors in the dulcimer and the piccolo, have been worthy of public recompense, photographers have taken pictures of the misery, snaps of the sheep-herders' wagons, but no mechanic has been hired to tutor the handwrought rolling-house builders; and no housing projects of trailers has been invested in.

They will be, of course. Trailers are part of the boom (temporary or otherwise).

I have made notes on the young married couples (a new trend away from the old with pensions) who have made their own colony on a Chicago lot, and started what might have been slum-housekeeping, as a great adventure. I file

the candid camera-shots of houses, government-built and otherwise, floating off down rivers that flood every year. Don't tell me lots of those farmers might not have liked being experimented on in Kozy-coaches, Aerocars, or Nomads. Three mobile dental clinics serve the Indian Reservations, the Coast-guard and Light-house service. Take dentists off the relief rolls, and send them to rural counties where the food is cheap, in the same blithe fashion. "Miss Couch complains of Floating Democrats," a headline reads. But it did not record my hasty vision of something the New Deal might have done to resettle voters in doubtful states. Ah, if Passamaquoddy had only spent more money on snug little Aladdins (made in Bay

City), or Royal Coaches (made in Sturgis)! Bartow, Florida, has a municipal camp that turned in a profit of \$400 to the town treasury. Has Kansas or Landon done better than that? Rural Electrification has daily inquiries on utilities-couplings for towns in the woods. Kropotkin's "Fields, Farms, and Factories" has always been my favorite book on subsistence homes, but I see now that only on wheels can the old life stand still, old craftsmen swing around to the garden spots.

The trailers are coming! But in passing I also observe that the latest Russian film celebrates the taming of the gypsies, all, so they say, happily nailed down on the big kolkhozes. It is round and round in both directions.

Italy Challenges Britain

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, July 8

THE most important aspect of Il Duce's recent *coup de théâtre* in Ethiopia is that, without firing a single round of ammunition, he defeated the greatest imperial and naval power of the world. At least, such is the view of the colonial peoples. An important Egyptian diplomat said to me a few weeks ago: "Mussolini's genius consists not in recasting Italy, not even in defeating Ethiopia, but in the fact that he is not taken in by tradition. English supremacy has been a tradition for centuries: we all believed in it. Then came Mussolini and with one stroke dispelled the illusion. He has taught us much." A statistical analysis of the Arabic press of the last eight months, I doubt not, would show that the greatest number of articles were written on The Decline and Fall of the British Empire. Even in the Zionist movement a very important group is already turning to Mussolini.

If only to recapture lost prestige in its colonial possessions England must win a war. But that is not the sole reason. The conquest of Ethiopia has only whetted Mussolini's appetite. Both to England and to Italy control of the Mediterranean is important more as a means than as an end in itself. A member of the Supreme Arab Strike Committee said to me a few days before he was incarcerated in the Sarafand concentration camp: "India will be liberated right here." Then after a few minutes reflection he added, "Or be enslaved by a new master—if the new master succeeds in his efforts to enslave us."

The Mediterranean has again become what it was in the Middle Ages, the center of the world. Developments in air transportation since the World War have greatly enhanced its importance. The air route from France and England to the Far East and India is over the Mediterranean; within the next few months there will be a parallel Italian route. Those observers of the international drama who behold it from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean are convinced that much that happens on the main stage cannot be understood without knowledge of

what is happening in this side-show. The hand-shaking between England and Italy in Geneva should deceive nobody. England's readiness to abolish sanctions is due to the very same reason which prompted Sir Samuel Hoare to accept the Laval compromise months ago—to wit, stoic acceptance of an unpleasant solution which was the inevitable result of the run-down state of the imperial defenses. But English imperialism, which is said to be "satiated," will fight to maintain its bulk. Meanwhile Italian fascism is lean and hungry. The paths of the two have crossed again in Geneva, and at Lake Tsana; they have tipped their hats to one another—and gone their ways to prepare for *Der Tag*.

For the last two years Italy has been making extensive preparations in the Arab world for the inevitable struggle for power. A huge net of Italian schools extends from Tripoli to the border of Turkey and from the Mediterranean to the Arabian Sea; it has been woven by Mussolini's agents, often in cooperation with the Vatican. Their pupils are taught that Mussolini is the savior of the world, and their ideas cannot be distinguished from those of the Italian fascist youth whose uniforms they wear. Every year a few thousand Arab boys are taken to Italy for two months military training. The innumerable Italian hospitals in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and especially the one in Amman, the capital of Trans-Jordania, are active centers of propaganda. The doctors, Italian or Italian-trained, speak to the patients not only about their illnesses, but about matters not usually falling within the province of medical practice.

Although neither Italian money nor Italian agents are factors in the present disturbances in Palestine—of this I am reasonably certain—that, no doubt, is due to the obvious fact that there is enough fuel to keep the Palestine pot boiling without Italy's bothering to add more. A relentless pro-Italian campaign is of course still being carried on. Last week, Arabs tell me, the Arabic-speaking news-announcer at Bari, in announcing that Arabic has

been made one of the official languages of Ethiopia, waxed eloquent over the traditional friendship of "Moslem Italy" for the Arabs. But Italy is not fomenting trouble now as it did last winter. Then, Caro, the young secretary of the consulate in Jerusalem, paid good pounds to many an Arab for doing a bit of stirring up in the villages; and when an illegal shipment of some \$150,000 worth of ammunition was likely to cause an Arab riot, the Bari news announcer was more inciting than the Arabic press itself.

It is in Egypt, however, that Italy has been particularly active. Most of the violently anti-British Egyptian papers are either owned by Italians or heavily subsidized, and there is indisputable proof that not only did Italy amply finance the last riots in Cairo, but that many of the most violent anti-British agitators receive regular pay from the Italian consulate. Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian premier, recently informed Parliament that a powerful youth organization now calling for a resumption of violence exists by virtue of Italian funds. The chairman of the Arab delegation in Geneva, Sakhil Arslon, admits receiving money from Mussolini, and has publicly promised to continue using Italian funds because every enemy of England is *ipso facto* a friend of the Arabs.

Italian propagandists are using both the mails and the air. Tens of thousands of Arabs have received post cards from the *Ente Italiano Audizioni Radiofoniche* in Rome informing them that "The daily transmission for the Near and Far East is heard in Palestine from 4 to 5.30 p.m." The postmen deliver tons of printed matter in half a dozen languages to innumerable Arab households. During the Ethiopian war most of the propaganda was aimed at whitewashing Italy and exposing England's hypocrisy; since the end of the war Mussolini has been wooing the Arabs by telling them how much he loves them and how ready he is to help them. To eradicate the bitter memories of its terror in Libya, during which the nationalist leader Omar al-Mukhtar was executed, Rome is now sending gratis two Arabic journals from Libya to thousands of Arab households. The last issue of the *Illustrated Libya* opens with an editorial about a school for higher Moslem learning built by Balbo. "The opening of the school," the propagandist writes in wretched Arabic, "shows that the policy of the Fascist Government is not only to respect the religion of its Moslem citizens, but to provide for them every means for scholarship. And this policy is followed by the Fascist Government not only in Libya, but in all its colonial possessions." The issue, excellently illustrated, contains articles on The Flourishing Cities of Libya Under Fascism, Italy and the Education of Libyan Women, Mussolini's Rome, Italy and Islam, and the like. The other Arabic publication, the *Barca Post*, does no worse. The whole first page of the last issue to reach Palestine is taken up with a speech by Mussolini; on the second page is an impartial account of the Ethiopian war; the third page is graced with a photo of a Libyan orphanage which carries the inscription, Deeds of Civilization in Libya; on the fourth is a speech by Grandi and the picture of A Mosque in Libya Built by the Fascist Government.

Even the Vatican has harnessed itself to Mussolini's war chariot. The Pope's Italian representatives here have been so faithful to the Palazzo Chigi that an open split has developed between the Italian dignitaries and the French missionaries who watch with misgiving this subservience of the church to the state. In the Holy City, for example, the Italian Patriarch has threatened with ex-communication every Catholic daring to enter the Y.M.C.A., because in his opinion it is a Protestant missionary organization, and an English propaganda institution to boot. But this edict does not prevent the French head of the local Franciscan College from continuing to be, secretly of course, on the best terms with the Y.M.C.A. Even more glaring has been the conflict at Amman, where La Raux, the representative of the Society of Jesus, openly accused the papal representative, Gini, of being an agent of Mussolini's foreign office and of carrying on pro-Italian propaganda in the schools. Gini retaliated, and there was a merry fight over the accusation.

Italy is preparing for the conflict in the Near East in more direct ways, too. When there was talk a few months ago of England's readiness to steam out of the Mediterranean if Italy would reduce her Libyan forces, she agreed to reduce her garrison from three to two divisions. Then the matter was dropped. Now it turns out that Italy's Libyan forces, far from having been reduced, have been increased by three divisions and now number no less than 100,000 men. Even more important is its fortification of Pantelleria Island. Lying about seventy miles south of Sciacca, Sicily, and a stone's throw from the coast of Tunis, Pantelleria divides the Mediterranean in two and dominates it. All ships to the eastern Mediterranean have to pass this island within convenient firing distance, and Malta is only 130 miles away. The defenses of Rhodes are also being rebuilt.

The rapid and decisive victory of the Fascist legions in Ethiopia has rudely awakened England to the seriousness of the situation. When I arrived in Alexandria early in October, last year, every British officer I met told me that I was exaggerating the Italian menace. Even as late as January a high British officer in Cairo told me, "Before they have a chance to reach Lake Tsana—which they never will—we will be in Rome." Hastily concocted military plans and a sudden anxiety to win the friendship of the Arabs has now displaced this light-headed, genuinely British optimism.

The last few months have seen a complete change in England's naval policy. Instead of being kept at Gibraltar, the navy is now being concentrated within the Mediterranean. It is divided into two distinct fleets. One is kept in Alexandria to protect the water route to India and Egypt. The other is being concentrated at Haifa to defend the ends of the Iraq oil-pipe line and the new Far Eastern air route over Palestine which displaces the old route over defenseless Malta. The harbor of Haifa will soon be enlarged to accommodate at least twelve men-of-war and an equal number of merchant vessels, and plans have been drawn up for building an oil refinery to provide fuel for the navy.

Land defenses are also being hastily strengthened. During a trip into the interior of Egypt, I encountered everywhere, but especially along the coast of the Red Sea, reconnaissance planes and newly formed military stations. Heavy artillery and anti-aircraft guns are being posted on the mountains around Sollum; Nersa Matruh is being fortified, and everywhere new military roads are in process of construction. A new desert highway is being built between Alexandria and Cairo, to pass through the center of the Egyptian chemical industry, Wadi Natrum. Between 1,200 and 1,500 fighting planes have recently arrived; the British garrison is being augmented almost every week, and new regiments of native troops are being raised. A huge airdrome is in process of construction outside of Haifa, and smaller ones near Gaza, Jerusalem, and other strategic points. The Carmel Mountain, towering majestically above the important harbor of Haifa, will soon be a ridge of concrete artillery bases. Recalling the difficulties they had here during the World War because of the absence of good means of communication, the British are speedily building roads and telephone lines. Work will soon start on a Haifa-Bagdad road and another to Akaba, the all-important port on the Red Sea. At the end of last winter Jerusalem was for the first time linked with Bagdad by a telephone line which in the near future will be extended along the Red Sea to Arabia Saudia.

While strengthening the defenses of the countries without national military machines, Britain is at the same time encouraging the so-called independent Arab states to build up their defenses. None too eager in the past to see a strong Egyptian army, it has now of necessity abandoned this prejudice. The Egyptian press is carrying on a government-inspired campaign to induce the fellaheen to join the British-equipped, British-officered army; and it offers to those unable to join the sound advice that they invest their last two pounds in good, solid gas masks. At the urgent request of the British Residency, the Iraq Government has decided to substitute a conscript army for its professional force of 3,000; and six airplanes with a large supply of all sorts of guns have been placed at its disposal—as well as British officers.

In order to counteract Italian propaganda and to win for the coming war some of the Arab support she had in the last, England is now trying to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with the Arabs. Although her post-war policy was to Balkanize the Near East, she now sees that a pan-Arab federation would serve as a solid front against Italy. A federated Arabia will eliminate the inter-tribal wars which Britain has viewed complacently till now and thus prevent Italy from gaining a foothold on this side of the Mediterranean by championing one Arab state against the other. And internal peace will leave the Arab rulers free to yoke their military horses to the British war chariot.

The concessions to Arab nationalist movements implied in this policy are evident everywhere. In Egypt there is every indication that the price of "neutrality" and freedom of military action will be a final renunciation of the Capitulations and an almost entire cessation of interference in Egyptian internal affairs. In Iraq the last ves-

tiges of British authority in civil administrations are disappearing. In Trans-Jordania Britain has at last conceded the demands of the nationalists that the Zionists be kept out and has announced a law prohibiting the sale of land to Jews. The promulgation of that law will be not only a conciliatory gesture toward Trans-Jordanian nationalists but a manifesto of its new policy for the whole Arab world.

In Palestine, however the situation is not so simple. While most of the high officials in the Palestine administration and the people in the Colonial Office in London favor a clear Arab policy, here, too, public pressure and Zionist control of Parliament have forced them to go slow. Nevertheless the last six months have seen even here a change of policy which would have been more pronounced had the strike not interrupted it. The first gesture was a new land law which will make further acquisitions of land by the Zionists almost impossible. There can be no doubt that the Royal Commission will make even more significant concessions to the Arabs. Considerations of empire demand it although the Zionists argue that they are more reliable servants than the Arabs.

In carrying out this pan-Arab policy many conflicts, most of which Britain herself has created during eighteen years of divide-and-rule policy, must be removed. Boundary disputes among various states, which England has kept going for years, are speedily being settled; British agents like St. John Philby, Cox, Oliver, Peek Pasha, and Sir Andrew Ryan are again criss-crossing the deserts, handing out promises right and left. Where necessary, even British commercial and political interests are being sacrificed. In order to get Ibn Saud, the mighty Wahabi Lord of Arabia Saudia, to come to terms with Iraq, the British government has relinquished its claims on his valuable al-Hasa oil-fields, and many of the Persian Gulf Emirites, whose theoretical independence England jealously guarded for almost a century, will soon be handed over to him. A treaty between Arabia Saudia and Iraq was signed on April 1, and a few weeks ago another one was negotiated between Arabia Saudia and Egypt. Right now negotiations are in full swing for a more sweeping Four-Power Pact to include Iraq, Trans-Jordania, Yemen and Arabia Saudia. British agents are working in Teheran, Iran, and Istambul to draw these two important Mediterranean powers more effectively into the British orbit by inducing them to sign a non-aggression mutual-assistance pact with the signatories of the Four-Power Pact. With the conclusion of these alliances Italy will be more completely encircled in her own sea than ever Germany was on land. But while the unification of the Arab world will undoubtedly make Il Duce think twice before launching a *coup de théâtre* here, one wonders whether in her haste to ward off the Italian menace England is not creating a vastly greater menace. United Arabistan may turn a mighty sword against British as well as Italian imperialism. The feeling among the Arab masses is that all imperialisms are essentially alike, however different their outward appearance. England will some day be told with hot lead that she is not wanted here, and that day, I am convinced, is not so far away.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THERE is something extremely humorous, as well as entirely satisfactory, in the way that Negro Americans are carrying off all the honors in Berlin—up to the time this is written. Already it is clear that if the United States triumphs at the end of the games it will be because of the representatives of those Americans who in many states of the Union are disfranchised; who are segregated and discriminated against in many parts, and in all cities, of the Union. Their triumph is highly amusing because it has taken place in the presence of Adolf Hitler, the leader of spurious Aryanism, so that that noble champion of sports and of humanity was compelled to congratulate the German winners in his private room at the stadium in order not to have to shake hands with any of the dark victors from the United States. There are so many of these that a European wit is quoted as saying that he hopes there will be a couple of white men and girls on the American team in 1940.

Well, even at home these triumphs of the colored men ought to have their good effect. Nearly all of them are or have been university students; they have shown stamina, courage, good manners, self-control, loyalty to the team, and in the reports of the drinking that took place on the Manhattan on the voyage over there has been no intimation that any of the colored men were among the offenders, of whom Mrs. Jarrett was singled out for such exemplary punishment. As for their not being received by Adolf Hitler, I agree with Richards Vidmer of the *Herald Tribune* that it isn't at all likely they will be "either perturbed or petulant." I should think they would be rather relieved not to have to take the blood-stained paw of that monster to whose everlasting discredit is to be set down the killing of over 1,250 people in that single night of the blood-purge of June 30, 1934. But if he were the most estimable character, these colored gentlemen would still be above and beyond feeling hurt. We Americans have trained them too well for that with our own discrimination, our own slights, our own insults, which do not even spare their women, which often poison their childhood and youth, precisely as the Jewish children in Germany are tortured to their very souls by being told in their schools that they are inferior beasts, mere contact with whom is leprous. No; the colored gentlemen who represent the United States in Berlin will not come back with any heartaches or swelled heads, but with the solid satisfaction of having contributed to the national victory, if victory it should turn out to be. And if it should appear that that victory alone prevented the Germans from walking off with all the honors, the gods on the heavenly Olympus would certainly shake with Homeric laughter.

Perhaps the news of the victory may shame our Con-

gress into passing that anti-lynching bill which it is allowing the Southerners to defeat year in and year out. Perhaps it will enable the President to receive and honor the colored victors in the White House where Mrs. Roosevelt recently did an extremely generous and fine thing in receiving the inmates of a Negro girl reformatory. Perhaps the government itself might undertake to abandon some of those discriminations against Negro civil servants for which the special dishonor belonged to William G. McAdoo and Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps the army might feel as if it could let down its caste bars and give a really square deal to the colored Americans. Perhaps West Point with its 1,800 cadets might find room for more than one Negro student and not subject those admitted to the brutal ostracism which has made life at West Point for Negroes who endured the ordeal call for greater strength, moral and physical, than was ever displayed at an Olympic.

One thing I must record with great satisfaction. In the South the reaction to these Negro successes will be far more generous and friendly than would have been the case a few years ago. I have seen some superb editorials from Southern editors' pens ridiculing or denouncing that Senator from South Carolina who walked out of the Philadelphia convention of the Democratic Party because a Negro clergyman pronounced the blessing. The foremost of these commentators was a Richmond editor, and a reader of *The Nation* has written in to urge that *The Nation* ascertain his name and put him on its Honor Roll for 1936. I think it should be done, but there will be a number of the newer generation of Southern journalists who will be ready to welcome these Negroes and publicly honor them, as, for example, that admirable son of Josephus Daniels, Jonathan Daniels, who now conducts the Raleigh (North Carolina) *News and Observer*. I do not wish to be unduly optimistic, especially as long as lynching continues, but I think we have gone a long distance from the days when the whole South roared in outrage because Theodore Roosevelt invited the most distinguished Negro of his time, Booker T. Washington, to luncheon at the White House. Indeed, we have gone far from that spirit which led some Southerners of the basest type to kill Negro soldiers returning from France in order to "teach them their place" because they had been associating so freely with Frenchmen—and women.

There is nothing more wonderful in all the United States than the patient endurance of wrong, injustice, and oppression by the Negroes—too patient by far. But in spite of it they are steadily coming to the front with their great singers, great actors, writers, and poets. And now they win the greatest honors at the Olympics—to share them with us white Americans!

BROUN'S PAGE

PERSONS who commute from Stamford, Connecticut, would do well to watch out for a large ambling man, somewhat resembling the late Gilbert K. Chesterton, who may attempt to engage them in conversation. He operates in the club car of the 10.48 every morning except Sunday. He engaged my attention by saying that it looked like rain in spite of the heavy storm of the night before. Then he leaned forward and with very considerable emotion said, "Have a cigar!"

Before I could inform him that I never smoke he started to talk in a low and hurried voice. "My experience of last night," he began, "was so harrowing and dreadful that I must tell someone. Please bear with me. I will be brief. I must be brief. I was invited to spend a week-end with a business friend of mine named Bruce. Just before dinner we began playing contract. My partner was a man named Samuel Jabey. I had never seen him before. I will never see him again. His appearance need not concern us, although he was a little under average stature and had reddish hair. It was his conduct which was curious. As the thunder storm swept closer and closer he grew visibly excited. It was not fright but an eagerness. He kept shifting around like a small boy waiting for the curtain to go up on a burlesque show. Once Bruce spoke to him and said, 'Please, Sam, let's skip the usual performance.' My partner paid no attention and when a bolt struck near the house Jabey suddenly leaped to his feet and ran into a closet at the end of the room. He came out with a heavy, steel-shafted, mashie niblick. He held it over his head as if it had been an umbrella and darted out the front door.

"The fourth at bridge, an old gentleman named Col. Heineke, seemed to take everything in his stride and kept his seat. He was smoking a pipe. My host said, 'Howard, I owe you a thousand apologies but Sam is perfectly all right except when it storms. We can continue the game as soon as the storm abates and he comes back.'

"'What's it all about?' I asked. 'I blame it on Dr. House,' he answered. 'Sam Jabey went to him as a nerve patient and House questioned him and found that Sam was violently afraid of thunder storms and had a deep dislike of his elder brother Louis, the stock broker. Try as he would Dr. House couldn't get Sam to admit that there was any association in his mind between Louis and lightning or the other way around. So the doctor decided to cure Sam of his fear of thunder storms. At his suggestion Sam Jabey took out one of those trick policies with Lloyd's. It only cost \$500 and in the event that Sam is killed by lightning his estate is to receive half a million dollars. In other words, Lloyd's is betting a thousand to one on Sam against any bolt from the blue. In spite of the house percentage the thing worked well enough in the beginning. Instead of cowering under a bed Sam would josh back and forth while a storm was in progress. 'Come and get me,' he used to cry out, 'it will cost you half a million.'

"'It was a little hysterical,' admitted Bruce, 'but not painfully so. His present behavior did not begin until the winter of 1930 when his brother Louis went bankrupt and his sister Mathilde died suddenly. I forgot to tell you that Sam loved his Mathilde as devotedly as he hated Louis.

"'And with the death of his sister Sam's mind became possessed with a fantastic sort of vengeance which he wants to wreak on his bankrupt brother. He made out a new will. Jabey's entire life for the last six years has been devoted to the effort to get struck by lightning in order to get half a million dollars and not leave it to Louis. He has named the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I forget what it was that they quarreled about in the first place. I have a vague impression that it was a little slam in clubs.'

"As we were talking, a car drew up at the door with a screeching of brakes. Without knocking, a sturdy man, though temporarily white as a sheet, flung himself in and shouted, 'One of your guests, a certain Samuel Jabey, has just been struck dead. I thought you would want to know.'

"Bruce whistled, in horror not elation, and said, 'Killed by lightning just as he had hoped.'

"'No,' answered the man at the door, 'he stepped in front of the Ajax truck as it was coming around a curve on a hurry call. He tripped over a golf club he was carrying.'

"'The Ajax truck?' Bruce asked in some bewilderment.

"'You know,' said the man, 'Al Graham's truck—the fellow that's got the Ajax lightning rod agency here and in Darien and Greenwich, for that matter. And I think they've just given him South Norwalk.'

"'Strange wasn't it?' said my companion in the club car—the large man who looked something like the late Gilbert K. Chesterton.

"'I should say it was strange,' I told him. 'It sounds exactly like one of those short shorts in *Collier's*.'

The big man gave me a mean look and walked right out of the club car, although we had only reached Portchester. I was startled by his abrupt departure and noticed that I still clutched in my hand a small black cigar. The Pullman conductor came by. "Do you smoke?" I asked him.

"Not that kind," he said smiling. "I see you've been talking to Howard Brown Campbell."

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Campbell rides on this train from Stamford every morning except Sunday. He used to be a columnist, but now he has a job writing a short short story a day for one of the newspapers. He makes it a practice to engage some passenger in conversation and try out his plot. If it goes he has no further worry except to set it down on paper once he gets to his office. But if his fellow passenger seems skeptical then there's the rub. Brown realizes that his daily contribution is no good and that he must make up another story. How was he today?"

"Not up to his usual standard," I told the conductor.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE AMERICA OF JOHN DOS PASSOS

BY MAX LERNER

ONE'S impulse is to write about John Dos Passos as he has himself in his novel-trilogy written about other Americans who have been etched on our consciousness. That is to say, to write a prose-poem telling of those early impressionable days when he was carted around the world in the shelter of a well-to-do family, his dawdling at Harvard, his "one man's initiation" into the disenchantment of the war, his attempt to apply a novelist's scalpel to murder on an organized scale in "Three Soldiers" and to the entire anatomy of a diseased social system in the more firmly wrought novels that have followed. One would set down the contradictions of a sensitive (almost shy) personality, an acid intelligence, and a gusto for life which scoops up experience with both hands. Failing a prose-poem it is none the less worth saying that with "The Big Money"* Dos Passos emerges the most considerable and serious of our American writers.

His talent is expansive rather than concentrated. There is little of the creative frenzy about him. There is no tone of philosophic brooding about his books, and few of the flashing insights by which Malraux, for example, can distill a lifetime into a phrase. But there is a massiveness about Dos Passos' work, as about that of Dreiser or Lewis, that places it squarely in the path of our attention.

His aim has been to capture in three novels the whole spirit and movement of American life from the beginning of the century to the end of the boom period of the twenties. There is a central group of characters that runs through the whole trilogy. There are interlacing individual lives and destinies, but the central theme and destiny belong to America itself. The first book, "The 42d Parallel," shows America in a mood of nascent strength and recklessness, with business enterprise finding itself and expanding into new domains, with labor going through the adolescent crudeness of its I. W. W. phase on the one hand and its dreams of capital-labor cooperation on the other, with the whole complex of American life rushing into the World War. The second book, "1919," deals not with the war itself but with the fringes of it, for the author's concern is not with what happened to the cannon-fodder, but with the war as a phase of our culture. It is a study in individual rootlessness and group hysteria, and it is only at the end of the book that the magnificent lyric on the Unknown Soldier hurtles us back ironically into a consciousness of what price we had paid as a culture for the dalliance of our Eleanor Stoddards and our J. Ward Moorehouses and our Eveline Hutchinses in Paris. The

last book, "The Big Money," deals with the sequel of the war in the period of boom capitalism in the twenties. It is the era of stock speculation, mushroom real estate values, advertising and marketing, paradise on the instalment plan, the flowering of junior vice-presidents. Dos Passos has caught unforgettably the flow of American life at its high point—just before the Ice Age of the depression set in. The three books together form as complete a record as we have in fiction of the crest of American capitalist culture. If America is ever destroyed by war or overwhelmed by fascist barbarism, later generations may dig up these books and read what manner of lives we led.

Dos Passos, as is well known, is not an anatomist of the individual but a historian of the collective mentality. What he seeks to build up always is the climate of opinion—the milieu of emotion, aspiration, and shibboleth in which individuals move. This is what gives unity to each of the books. In "The Big Money" the dominating mood is the feverish desire to be where the sluices of wealth are running free and strong. The principal characters—Charley Anderson, Mary French, Margo Dowling, and Richard Ellsworth Savage—are either possessed by this desire or have to reckon with it. Charley Anderson will be remembered as the western boy whose mother ran a railroad boarding house and who had roughed it about a good deal before going to war. He comes back restless but determined to get at the big money, turns his mechanical sense to aviation, grows wealthy, marries a banker's daughter. But although he boasts of being mechanically "the boy with the knowhow," the boys at the pecuniary end outsmart him; he is stripped of most of his money, and the only love and pleasure he gets are what he buys. His tragedy is the tragedy of the technician in a money age, and of fine impulses in a shoddy culture. In fact the whole character may be regarded as a footnote to Veblen's "The Engineers and the Price System." Dick Savage does, on the surface at least, a good deal better. Harvard-bred, he comes back from a soft berth behind the lines in France to become J. Ward Moorehouse's right-hand man in the publicity racket. He is cruelly drawn. His life, no less than Charley Anderson's, is stripped of any real satisfactions—a sacrifice to the Moloch of the big money. But while Charley Anderson in going to his ruin adds something at least to the industrial arts, Savage adds nothing except marvelous ideas for getting Bingham's Patent Medicines across to the country.

There is a similar contrast between Mary French and Margo Dowling. Mary, after a middle-class girlhood in Colorado, wanders into social work, meets up with some

*"The Big Money." By John Dos Passos. Harcourt Brace, and Company. \$2.50.

steel strikers, falls in love with a succession of radicals and near-radicals, and learns that love can be just as frustrate on the fringes of the revolutionary movement as anywhere else. But despite the frustration she does throw her energies into organizing work which may some day have meaning for America. Margo Dowling on the other hand throws hers into building the illusion of glamour on the screen. She is the ruthless career girl on whom the boom decade smiles most kindly. She learns how to sleep her way to success, and her path carries her to Charley Anderson's arms, to the Miami land boom, and finally across the country to Hollywood where her smooth heartless face makes her exactly the person for director Sam Margolies to exalt to stardom.

To portray the collective mood and the mass culture requires technical innovation in the novel. To my knowledge Dos Passos has never formulated a theory about it, as Jules Romains has done with his *unanimisme*. But it is clear that he has in the realm of the novel-form what H. G. Wells has called in another connection the "skepticism of the instrument." He has played havoc with spelling and his punctuation has given the traditionalists among the critics some acute distress. More important, he has selected out of the stream of American living speech a new American language which for its vitality and usability should delight Mr. Mencken. Most important, he has contrived a film technique for giving perspectives, close-ups, rapid sequences difficult for the orthodox narrative.

The problem was this. Here are people neither sensitive nor complex, living a good part of their lives not far from the level of animal behavior. Here is a culture shot through with complex currents and cross-currents of influence which touch the lives and destinies of even the simplest people. Experience is no longer the tidy unity it was once believed. How can the author catch up the splintered fragments of experience and hold them up to view while at the same time getting something like a total effect? The answer was a fourfold technique. The *narrative* of individual fictional lives is told in an unadorned hard-surfaced manner—a modern picaresque that gives the barest details of overt behavior. The *newsreel*, made up of newspaper headlines, speeches, popular songs, tries to depict the mass consciousness and furnishes a backdrop against which the individual lives are enacted. The *biography* deals with historical Americans who summed up and expressed in their lives the main forces of their day. Finally, the *camera eye* turns the searchlight of the author's own intense brooding gaze at the set of events being discussed: it is a chaotic flow of consciousness, strangely subjective and lyrical amidst the expanse of objectivity elsewhere in the book, warm and intimate with the remembered rush of personal incident. Mechanically used, these four devices may merely make the problem of communication so much more complex. Skilfully interwoven they may go to form a unity that does not simplify, and hence falsify, the reality. There is a good deal of both—mechanical and skilful—in the trilogy. But in the last book Dos Passos has written with a passion that welds his material together as never before. The improved cunning of his hand is governed by a real heat of the brain. This

book is therefore easily the best of the whole series.

The America of John Dos Passos that is presented in these pages is not a lovely America. How could it be? Dos Passos is one of the few novelists writing today who are truly literate. He knows things. He knows the force of institutions and mass ideas, he knows by what impulses people are moved, he knows what things are first things in a social system and what things are derivative, he knows the ways and the speech of common people. He is part of the America that he depicts, and he bestows upon the portrait that desperate tenderness that can only flow from love and solicitude turned into satire. His social analysis owes much to Marx, but essentially he is the Veblen of American fiction, sharing Veblen's rebelliousness, his restless questing mind, his hatred of the standardized middle class culture and of the leisure class aesthetic, his insight into American traits, his divided feeling about the underlying population. But beyond social analysis he has the qualities of the great novelist—tenderness, humanity, fertility. He is never at a loss to people his world, and already his world has come to have an existence of its own in the reader's mind, apart from the America it depicts.

One thing is certain—he will keep moving. His social beliefs are still fluid, his sense for innovation still has a sharp edge. But what will carry him farthest is his belief in American life. A sentence from one of his *Camera Eyes* (46) contains affirmation as well as irony: "I go home after a drink and a hot meal and . . . ponder the course of history and what leverage might pry the owners loose from power and bring back (I too Walt Whitman) our storybook democracy."

BOOKS

Prelude to Marxism

FROM HEGEL TO MARX. By Sidney Hook. A John Day Book. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$4.

PROFESSOR HOOK has already won for himself a notable place as one of the three or four outstanding Marxist authorities of the time. This volume will add much to an already distinguished reputation. It is not merely that it unravels, with a sure command of the sources, the history of a complicated intellectual evolution. It is, even more, that it enables us to understand the pattern of events and ideas out of which the full Marxian doctrine emerged. We can never understand so well the import of a doctrine as when it is set in its full historical perspective. That Professor Hook has done with an enviable learning and (granted the difficulties of the theme) a remarkable clarity. At long last, the Anglo-American public has a book on the prelude to Marxism which deserves to rank with the best continental studies of the subject.

Professor Hook begins with a summary of the Hegelian doctrine which could hardly be bettered. There he passes in review the revolt against the master in which men like Strauss, Bauer, Ruge, Stirner, and Feuerbach were the protagonists. The value of his analysis is twofold. On the one hand, it enables us to see how the general environment of the time expressed, in all the

varied realms of knowledge, its protest against doctrines which were the expression of an outworn political system; Professor Hook makes us see the unity of social and ideological forces in an admirable way. On the other hand, he has the great merit of making clear just how those forces led up to the shaping of the Marxian doctrine as their culmination. We recognize, in all its fullness, the ancestry of the idea. We see Marxism emerging, not only as a body of doctrine, but, as it were, a fighting method of which the purpose is to change the world as well as to interpret it. Theology, metaphysics, anthropology, history—all of them make their contribution.

The quality, I think, which distinguishes Marx from all his predecessors lies, above all, in his ability to recognize and unify the social implications of this very diverse material. He recognized what his predecessors only partially saw, that the purpose of interpretation is action, that ideas are instruments whereby man is made—or better, makes himself—the master of his destiny. That is the fundamental distinction between him and the left Hegelians. At some point they all shrank from taking that further step which transforms the word into the deed. Sometimes the cause of this limitation was, as with Bruno Bauer, largely the outcome of a defect of character. Sometimes, as with Strauss, it was born of a vision narrowed by the confinement of the material with which it dealt. Sometimes, as with Feuerbach, so much the greatest of those to whom Hegel gave birth, we have the perfect type of the intellectual sans phrase, who can analyze, but is unable to act. The outstanding eminence of Marx is that his learning was never learning merely; in the Socratic sense, it gave birth to an insight which compelled to a philosophy of life.

That is why, I think, the movement of which he was so magistrally the embodiment is rightly called by his name. What it was, it could hardly have been without these forerunners; what it was, also, it could not have been unless he had brought to its unification his formidable insight into the nature of social forces. He did what none of his predecessors seemed able to do: he transformed a body of scattered insights into a movement which was able to change the world because it understood that change is the proper outcome of understanding.

The reader of Professor Hook's illuminating survey will see this difference clearly if he reads the admirable commentary here given us of the famous theses on Feuerbach. They will, I think, lead him to a conclusion of great significance for our own time. For we too live in one of those epochs of critical transition not dissimilar to the generation after the close of the Napoleonic wars. Then, as now, changes in the relations of production were creating the need for vital adjustments in social values. Then, as now also, men were seeking liberation from an environment which seemed to all ardent spirits destructive of the hopes to which they felt entitled. Then, as now, the tactic of reaction was either wholesale repression or the concession of minor changes which left unchanged the fundamental pattern. The problem for the young Hegelians, as it is the problem for ourselves, was the discovery of a philosophy which brought theory and practice into an organic and creative relation. The outstanding value of Professor Hook's book is its careful and scholarly picture of how Marx achieved this nearly a century ago.

So far, at least, that task remains to be accomplished for ourselves. There is a confusion of cries on the battlefield. There is, as yet, no rallying point which gives unity of direction to the movement for a new synthesis. Our metaphysics is a monumental chaos; the social sciences have been betrayed into a passion for reconstructing normative principles. Religion has lost its confidence in theology and takes refuge, as in all epochs of

fundamental crisis, in an anarchistic individualism built upon the validity of personal experience which refuses reason the opportunity of analysis. What is badly needed is a survey of the whole character of our age in terms of an explanation of the breakdown in its *Weltanschauung*. Unless we can attain this quickly we are, I believe, certain to witness the triumph of fascism all over the world. For the cause of that triumph lies always in the failure of those who feel the need to transform the world to produce a philosophy which gives their plea for action its full intellectual program. Professor Hook has here remarkably shown how the German movement performed the task a hundred years ago. An analysis of contemporary England and America in these terms would, I suggest, have lessons of abundant significance for ourselves. HAROLD J. LASKI

Spain in Revolt

THE OLIVE FIELD. By Ralph Bates. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

THE inhabitants of Los Olivares, in Andalusia, were mostly workers in the olive groves of Don Fadrique, or tenants farming small plots of arid land on his estate. Though among them were anarchists and socialists, and a communist or two, the people as a whole were an unambitious group, content to live from fiesta to fiesta under the ministrations of the priests of San Andrés—provided, of course, the land was fruitful enough, and the feudal economy stable enough, to sustain their customary way of life. This was in 1932.

But among the younger *oliveros*—many of whom had but recently been forced back on the land with the closing of the Puente Nuevo factories—there was a growing suspicion of the motives of the church, and of the connection between Father Soriano and Indalecio Argote, Don Fadrique's hated *mayordomo*. Old Father Martinez, of course, was harmless: he believed that the mule, ploughing shallow furrows, was the ruin of all Spain. But Soriano was less complacent: he spent his time delivering prolix sermons so subtle and intractable as to arouse resentment even among the pious; and when it was later found that he had conspired with Argote to have all workers fired who were suspected of political action, he earned the hatred of everyone.

During Holy Week the Passion of Christ was celebrated as if the church were still in favor, and disaster followed: the holy images were smashed and there was fighting in the streets, brought to an end finally by the appearance of the Civil Guard and the shooting of several citizens. Then a drought set in, endangering the olives and the tenants' crops. Caro and Mudarra, both anarchists, plotted to dynamite Don Fadrique's dam, but failed. A violent hailstorm added to the ruin of the crops, and when the workers were refused a wage increase they overran the olive fields in desperation, seizing Don Fadrique's fruit for themselves. But the Civil Guard arrived and its massacre of striking workers was enough to stun Los Olivares into passive acceptance of its doom. Meanwhile the Lerroux-Gil Robles reactionaries had gained control and Mudarra was imprisoned. Joaquín Caro, in disillusionment, migrated with his family to the mines of Asturias. Later he joined the communists and fought in the abortive miners' revolt of October, 1934. But the bloodshed then achieved one end: another leftward swing resulting in the Azaña government and the current phase of Spain's revolution.

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less than fifty-one characters, and to have done this with even partial success, as Mr. Bates has done, is an achievement deserving wholehearted praise. Though according to the publishers English critics have likened the book to Tolstoy's "War And Peace," such a comparison is patently absurd. "The Olive Field" is a novel on a vastly different and smaller scale; it is neither profound nor philosophical; it is a tactical narrative of the attempts of the Spanish people to create order out of economic chaos, and to attain the individual security which Spain has lacked for centuries.

If the traditional Spaniards in the book—Don Fadrique, the priests, Argote—seem more credible than the revolutionary protagonists, it is not, I think, so much the author's fault as it is the effect of the blurring of moral values incident to any revolution. In both Mudarra and Caro there is a psychological stoppage of the peasant spirit; substituted for all that is traditionally Spanish in them is an obsessive mental drive compounded of fear and political method.

Though Mr. Bates's style occasionally lacks discrimination, and though his treatment of human masses is at times confusing, he has so skilfully superimposed his multiple plot on the setting of continuous events that, in retrospect, his faults seem not seriously to have marred his book's chief effect. For essentially "The Olive Field" is not a novel at all but a synthesis of Spain in revolt, a panorama of a people set in motion.

LEIGH WHITE

The Changing Drama

PLAYS OF CHANGING IRELAND. Edited by Curtis Canfield. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS FROM NINE COUNTRIES. Edited by Percival Wilde. Little, Brown, and Company. \$2.75.

"EVERY theater, no matter how advanced or modern it may be or how lofty its ideal in the matter of spreading light over the Art of the Theater, must at some time face the Scylla of preciosity and intellectual pretentiousness or the Charybdis of commercially successful mediocrity." With this heavy sentence Mr. Canfield introduces one of the liveliest of the plays he reprints, George Shiels's "New Gossoon." The only thing to do with an editor who writes such no-English as this is to skim rapidly over his introductions, noting the facts they contain and ignoring their wordy generalizations about Realism, Expressionism, and all the other capitalized categories dear to academic vocabularies, and enjoy the plays themselves.

For they are enjoyable, both for their matter and their manner, and for the way they point up differences between Yeats's generation and the younger Dublin group. Unfortunately, O'Casey, the chief Irish genius of the post-war period, is unrepresented—for some reason his masterpiece, "The Silver Tassie," could not be included—but in spite of this omission the collection is significant in its proof of the way the peculiar isolation of older Irish drama is breaking down under the pressure of international modern tendencies. In particular, Mary Manning's "Youth's the Season" and Rutherford Mayne's "Bridge Head" indicate very clearly that Dublin is showing the same signs of decadence and rebirth that we note in America and elsewhere. Miss Manning's unhappy young Bohemians might as well be living in London or New York as in Dublin; Mr. Mayne's self-sacrificing engineers, serving the state for the sake of a future they will never see, might as well be Russians building a Five-Year Plan or Americans in the Tennessee Valley. Local atmosphere and quaint Irish color are far less notice-

able here than in the work of Yeats, Synge, and Lennox Robinson, for they are almost entirely subordinated to the central themes of decay and resurrection in the modern world.

In Mr. Wilde's collection the contemporary chaos is still more evident, for Mr. Wilde is the bolder and more catholic in taste of the two editors and has a wider field to glean. Formerly an admirer of the vaudeville and of French boulevard drama, he has come to see that today's pioneer playwriting is being done in a very different style and on entirely new themes. He therefore includes in his varied bill of fare from nine countries, Paul Green's brave and terrible "Hymn to the Rising Sun" and Clifford Odets's no less terrible "Till the Day I Die," both tragic invectives against twentieth-century brutality, and two ironic forecasts of what the next war will bring us to—his own fantastic "World Without End" and "The Next War," by Hans Gross, a German. He presents several writers hitherto almost unknown in the United States: the grim Scotch proletarian, Joe Corrie; the Austrian poet, Lernet Holenia; the popular though insignificant Hungarian, Attila von Orbók. And he includes two very representative sentimental trifles from England, one by John Drinkwater and one by Phillip Johnson, which, like Henri Duvernois's "Bronze Lady," prove that pre-war dramatic fashions still interest some large audiences. Evreinov's psychological grotesque, "The Corridors of the Soul," apparently Mr. Wilde's own favorite among these plays, he offers in a new translation from Coskor's German version which is fuller and more entertaining than the English edition published in the twenties.

The range and variety of theme and style in these nine short plays make Mr. Wilde's volume fairly representative of the contemporary theater in Europe and America. The editor's introductions, too, are informative and acute, especially his essay on The Drama and the Nazis, written with more intense feeling and therefore more freely than some of the other prefaces in which his rather formal standards for good technique are shown to be not quite abreast of recent theories and practice. Yet he everywhere gives proof of wide and first-hand knowledge of his art and of an open mind for the experiments of younger men, qualities which mark his editorial work as superior to that of most anthologists.

WINIFRED SMITH

Paris, 1848

SUMMER WILL SHOW. Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

TO those impatient Marxist critics who assess the value of a revolutionary novel in terms of its potential agitational effect upon the behavior of a steel worker, Sylvia Townsend Warner's new novel will be of small concern. Remote in time and geography from American industrial struggles, exquisitely, subtly, and intellectually wrought, "Summer Will Show" could hardly, by direct stimulation, influence the course of a single Ohio worker's life. Yet to those other Marxists who believe that the power of their revolution can be determined in part by the quality of the minds it attracts to itself, Miss Warner's tale of Paris and 1848 will be at the very least heartening.

In this novel it is Miss Warner's purpose simply to exhibit with what irresolute but energetic steps an English lady of the Victorian period walked toward the revolution. Sophia Willoughby is a country gentlewoman of birth, means, intelligence, force, and practicality. Not in her marriage to a conventional, dependent, amiable, rakish husband, nor in her two conventional young children, nor in the management of her conventional estate, can she find adequate food for her capacities.

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

by C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London England.

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With the death of her children, Sophia, hitherto no more than restive, begins to flounder actively toward fulfillment. Catching first at the most obvious straw, she takes herself off to Paris to ask of her estranged husband the cold favor of another child.

On this purely domestic errand, she meets the barricades. Through her husband's mistress, a Jewish *disense* and romantic revolutionary, she is precipitated into political activity. In the beginning, she merely gyrates about the whirlpool of insurrection, touching much that is meretricious, much that is sincere but misdirected. Confused and vacillant, Sophia nevertheless works, singing on street corners, distributing leaflets, scavenging scrap metal for bullets; works because she loves the Jewess, and because it is her nature to be efficient. Out of the defeat of the Paris Communists, Sophia salvages no shred of her personal life: she loses her husband, her money, her family connections; even the rebellious Jewess she forfeits on the barricades. The novel ends with the Englishwoman, physically beaten, shabby, sitting in the disordered apartment of her dead friend, opening, for the first time, the leaflets she has circulated, discovering the *Communist Manifesto*.

As the dénouement of "Summer Will Show," where elegance burns into fervor, seems to me the most triumphal single moment in revolutionary fiction, so the whole elaborate, fine-spun novel seems the most skilful, the most surefooted, sensitive, witty piece of prose yet to have been colored by left-wing ideology. There are times when Miss Warner verges on preciosity, when the skins of her two women seem too emphatically thin, and the balance of their hairtrigger relationship unnecessarily delicate. The faults of the book are, however, trifling. The book is important, first because it makes clear that Miss Warner, always a competent novelist, has graduated at last

from her preoccupation with the picturesque aspects of life to a consideration of its serious emotional and ethical values; second, because it indicates, by implication at any rate, that the left wing has been able to recruit from bourgeois literature a more highly trained, more cerebral fiction writer than it has previously had in its reserve corps.

MARY MCCARTHY

The Rest of William Morris

WILLIAM MORRIS: ARTIST, WRITER, SOCIALIST. By May Morris. Volume I: *THE ART OF WILLIAM MORRIS; MORRIS AS A WRITER*. Volume II: *MORRIS AS A SOCIALIST; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM MORRIS AS I KNEW HIM*. By Bernard Shaw. Oxford University Press. 52s. 6d.

THESE two volumes are supplementary to the twenty-four in which May Morris collected her father's works between 1910 and 1915, and add to that impressive monument all the chips and stone-dust which she considered worthy of being swept into view. The thirteen hundred large pages here restore to print an astonishing variety of things: reviews, prefaces to other people's books, articles, communications to editors, addresses at annual meetings of æsthetic and socialist societies, and papers on the restoration of ancient buildings. They publish for the first time a number of poems, stories, and sketches. They preserve the opinions of those who knew Morris, including chiefly Bernard Shaw. The various long introductions by the editor place on permanent record a great deal of information which only a member of Morris's family could have had concerning his habits of work and his character at home. And at the end there is an index, none too full it may be remarked, to the twenty-six volumes from which the great Victorian virtuoso now looks at us full-length, daring us to pass a final judgment upon his wisdom, his art, and his eventual usefulness in some society which may or may not turn out to be the thing he wanted society to be.

The man is obviously still alive, though he was buried in Kelmscott Churchyard forty years ago and though the habit has grown on us meanwhile of dismissing him as a sentimental medievalist who dispersed his energy among too many forms of art. It would therefore be absurd to take his dare. For one thing, what are we to make of the fact that Cunninghame Graham said of him: "Never to have known the man is to lose half of him"? Is this true, or is Shaw right when he insists at the close of his incomparable memoir: "With such wisdom as my years have left me I note that as he has drawn further and further away from the hurly-burly of our personal contacts into the impersonal perspective of history he towers greater and greater above the horizon beneath which his best advertised contemporaries have disappeared"? There could never have been any doubt that Morris was a personality of huge strength and charm, a happy man both in his birth and in his work, a force indeed still far from spent. And it has been the easier thing to suppose Cunninghame Graham correct; the furniture-designer, the painter of wallpapers, the weaver of tapestries, the practitioner in stained glass, the poet, the translator, the romancer, the socialist—all of these together were amazing, but was any of them first-rate? Shaw's answer is perhaps extravagant, yet total deafness to it at the moment would be stupid. He declares Morris to have been "quite simple and quite right" in his socialism, and prophesies that the Russians will presently discard as he did the "intellectual trifling" of Marx's dialectic. He insists that Morris was "a very great lit-



NOT

for the average reader but likely to be of especial interest to readers of "The Nation"

A novel which has been called "an autobiography of a soul," for it consists of a man's seeking in his own character and the experiences of his youth, for the psychological motives that impelled him to commit a murder. "It is almost as though one has stumbled across, for the first time, James Joyce's 'Ulysses'," says the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. "A most unusual book: sensitive, powerful, a sort of 'Main Street' covering the world . . . done with beauty and meaning," says *Louis Adamic*. "A novel of genuine originality . . . a highly original mind at work," writes *Louis Kronenberger* (in the *New York Times*). \$2.50

A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks

By AKSEL SANDEMOSE

 A Borzoi Book published by Alfred A. Knopf 

erary artist"; his lectures survive as "the best books in the Bible of Socialism," he produced in "Sigurd the Volsung," "the greatest epic since Homer," and his "Odyssey" is "a nobler translation than the tale is worth." Shaw, in other words, goes to the works themselves and claims for them an absolute value having nothing to do with their value as reminders of the essence which was Morris in the flesh. Will a generation which never knew "Topsy" have as much to say for what he left behind him? The answer is difficult.

Such a generation, for instance, may set less store than ours does by tightness in poetry. The poetry of Morris was as loose as the wind, so that even its admirers admit being unable to find evidence of its virtue in separate lines or phrases. They find abundant evidence in the poems as wholes; nor do they think less of Morris because poetry came out of him with so little labor. His daughter testifies that certain of his manuscripts show the effort if not the agony of revision, yet it must be true that most of his verses took shape as his first ones did at Oxford, in 1855, when Burne-Jones exclaimed over their excellence and Morris replied: "If this is poetry, it is very easy to write." It is conceivable that his facility may some day be forgiven him, just as his versatility in several other arts has long ago been forgiven him by those who treasure his designs and observe that much of what he did has been absorbed into the decorative procedures of Europe and America today. His daughter's account of him as a decorative artist is as a matter of fact impressive; his touch was firm and human, and half a century of time does not seem to have dimmed the figure of his imagination which he painted in a dozen mediums. As for his thinking about society, it may very well be as exhaustive as it was simple. All he desired was that the world cease to be unnecessarily ugly and that its inhabitants be given the opportunity to enjoy their labor—not only the fruits of it but the thing itself. He never lost sight of those two principles, and never bothered to complicate them with intellectual operations which he supposed to be superfluous. It remains desirable that they be kept in sight.

MARK VAN DOREN

Shorter Notices

CODICES LATINI ANTIQUIORES, A PALEOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO LATIN MANUSCRIPTS PRIOR TO THE NINTH CENTURY. Part II. Edited by E. A. Lowe. Oxford University Press. \$20.

IN THE second instalment of Dr. Lowe's *magnum opus* the scene of action shifts from the Vatican City to Great Britain and Ireland, in whose libraries the editor has for years been thoroughly at home. Although the same completeness, acumen, and ability to present much in little space are everywhere apparent, this reviewer must express again his regret that the manuscripts, with their facsimiles, are not arranged in chronological order. It would have been easy to arrange the items according to their kinds and their periods, with an index of manuscripts at the end. In this way the work would have been far more valuable as a "paleographical guide," stimulating the reader to compare, to distinguish, and to discover. The interest of the book is, however, by no means limited to paleography—or paleography in the old-fashioned sense. Not only are the constituents of a script nowadays discussed, but its history and its connection with the larger history of the times as well. Dr. Lowe, always modest, would be the first to admit that the final word has not yet been uttered, for instance, on the origin of the Irish script or of the essential differences between it and

early English; doubtless the researches of Professor C. H. Bee-son will throw further light on these and other problems of moment. Such details are admittedly controversial, but one of the virtues of Dr. Lowe's work is that it stimulates controversy.

E. K. RAND

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICS. By Max Planck. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

THIS book can in no sense be called a philosophy of physics. It consists of Max Planck's ideas on religion, teaching, philosophy, and God. It is distressing to realize that a man of such intellect can come to advocate a German physics. His own presentation of the difficulty of the specialist's spreading his views beyond his field should have been applied at its source. "This deserves all the more emphasis because every expert tends to exaggerate the importance of his special field in proportion to the length of time spent on it and to the difficulties encountered. And once he has discovered the solution of a problem, he tends to exaggerate its scope and to apply the solution to cases of a totally different nature." There are no views presented in this book which have not been presented elsewhere, and with greater clarity.

HUGH H. DARBY

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Letters to the Editors

FROM PARCHED LANDS

Dear Sirs: I do not approve of your comments on the drought in your issue of July 11. You are too far east to be conversant with history and conditions here. I came in 'sixty-nine at seven years of age. Long years ago I realized that this was a semi-arid region. I am a devoted lover of trees, shrubs, and flowers.

The first pioneers told of a drought in the early 'sixties when the *native grasses* failed to produce *hay*! Settlers in the Big Sioux, a lovely, fertile valley, had to go five and six miles to the west to the "sloughs," by which I grew up, to mow the coarse, saw-tooth-edged grass, "and," added a woman who heard the story told, "they could not tell in the morning where they left off the previous day." In 'sixty-nine and 'seventy that grass was way over the heads of us children, as we went after the cattle; we had to listen for them, could not see them.

Plenty of rain in the 'seventies. About 1875-76 wheat grew in shocks, rotted in stacks. Roads ran twin brooklets in the "slough" lands (low ground in valley of the Missouri River). Settlers pulled up stakes and went on to Oregon and Washington Territory. The winter of 1880-81 was the "winter of the big snow"; the spring of 'eighty-one was the "spring of the big flood"—the little city of Vermillion, at the foot of the table-land, washed out in one night. It grew drier through the 'eighties. In 'ninety-four came a great drought. The Brule Creek near my home went dry that year; I do not recall that occurring again 'till 1925-26. The latter year went *we* after August; drowned out southern and southeast Iowa, flooded coal mines, laid hay meadows flat in mud, overflowed sidewalks. About twenty years or more ago the Big Sioux overflowed fifteen consecutive years in the spring.

In the late 'nineties waves of settlers flowed into the state only to be burned out and "go back east and live with the wife's folks," leaving their all behind in the shape of good buildings on the abandoned farms.

On the whole, the years have been wet or dry, with the hot dry spells every summer. But never such a succession of hot, dry years as the first half of the 'thirties, up to the present phenomenal spell of weather. Remember, this drought began in the *southeast*, and extends from the

Rockies to the Atlantic seaboard, more or less.

People must have land to live. In my youth the frontier vanished; the arable wild land was all taken. We must restore what we have wasted. We must terrace, dam, and conserve, that men may live. A man familiar with the "west-river country" in this state figures that a wheat crop one year in three is worth two or three times the value of an annual grass crop in the same period of time.

Why this unearthly, unprecedented, hot, dry weather over all the land? Residents of the Atlantic states, which have been populated for two centuries or more, ought to be able to throw some light on the situation. We are new out here. The sloughs, creeks, and water holes are dried up. We have ditched and drained, but our corn usually stands twelve feet tall, and normally gives fifty to sixty bushels to the acre. Just now my ten-acre alfalfa is ready for a second cutting that we think will equal the first, which gave at least fifteen tons of hay.

It seems to me the physical world is in revolution as well as the world of men.

ALICE A. TOLLEFSON

Elk Point, South Dakota, July 14, 1936

WHAT MAN HAS WROUGHT

Dear Sirs: I was struck by a sentence in your comment on a letter from M. E. Poyer in your issue of August 1. The sentence is as follows:

We call his attention to the fact that there is an unprecedented drought also in the Southeastern states *where nothing new is imputable to man's action* [Italics mine.]

I take it that sentence is intended, in view of what M. E. Poyer states, to mean that the same human insanity that stripped the West of its natural water holdings did not affect the Southeast.

I suggest that you stand on the banks of the Warrior, Alabama, Flint, Chatahoogie, and Savannah rivers and note the color of them all and then get some old person who knew those rivers sixty years ago, to tell you what was their color then. Sixty years ago, aye fifty, those rivers ran colored only by decayed and

decaying timbers, leaves and vegetation, clear in great part and appearing black except on closer view. Today those same rivers are red in color and carrying the soil of Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, and western Mississippi to the sea.

Gone are the great forests which covered the hills, while for mile on mile the bare red earth, full of gullies and baked to a cinder, holds no water for any length of time. Great hills stick out bare of the red soil that once covered them, even after the timber was cut, mere piles of sand which are also finding their way, blown by every gale, toward the lowlands, covering the good soil there.

Man, and man alone, is responsible for it all.

OWEN KEEFE

St. Louis, July 30

"THE JEWS OF GERMANY"

Dear Sirs: In reviewing my work, "The Jews of Germany: A Story of Sixteen Centuries," Mr. James Waterman Wise registered two complaints with which I am loath to quarrel, for apparently he means well by the book and its philosophy; but in order to advance his own points he has, I think, belittled and misrepresented mine.

His first complaint is that while I have "repeatedly" shown the economic basis of anti-Semitism, I have done so "at times with insufficient explicitness." Thumbing the book I estimate that I have devoted well over one-third of its 425 pages to the economic background of German and Jewish history—a greater proportion, as far as I know, than has ever been given to economics in any general history of Jewry or a portion of Jewry. It would have been fairer of Mr. Wise to state in what period and connection my economics were insufficient.

Secondly, he complains that my closing chapters "fall short in stating the wider implications of German Jewry's fate"—meaning that I merely "whispered in dulcet tones" the important fact that anti-Semitism is a menace not only to its victims but to its exponents.

I gave over twenty pages to stating precisely this point—for example, at the beginning of my account of the Aryan myth (p. 290); in discussing the use made of Aryanism to drug the middle

classes (pp. 329-331); in my analysis of the Nazi platform (pp. 326 and 367); in describing the Nazi seizure of power (pp. 397-98), the boycott of April 1, 1933 (p. 399), the method employed to put over the Nuremberg Laws and their concealed joker (pp. 403-06), and the terror after the burning of the Reichstag (p. 395).

In the course of stating these wider implications I called—and gave detailed reasons for calling—anti-Semitism “a racial cloak thrown over the class struggle.” The Jew, I expressly declared, was not only a scapegoat, but “more insidious and ruinous to his oppressors, he is used as a blind. Even as the pack hunts him with hue and cry, it is they who are stripped of their rights and strength.”

I can't argue whether my expressions, *racial cloak* and *blind*, and many other similar ones which I used, are more “dulcet” than Mr. Wise's term *smoke screen*; but the fact that they did not catch his ear only proves that no reader or reviewer is so deaf as the man who can hear nothing but the boom of his own voice.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Monsey, New York, July 10

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lowenthal has insufficiently analyzed the criticisms to which he objects in my review. He answers the first by pointing with pride to the amount of space—“well over one-third of its 425 pages”—devoted by him to the economic background of German anti-Semitism. What I criticized, however, was the lack not of *extensiveness* but of *explicitness* in this connection. Moreover, the very fact that Mr. Lowenthal totals a certain number of pages “given to economics,” rather than recognizes the functional necessity of economic interpretation throughout, proves my contention.

Again, in regretting Mr. Lowenthal's failure to state “the wider implications of Germany Jewry's fate,” I meant and mean the implications of *action which can prevent its repetition elsewhere*. His analysis, while correct, was undynamic. Yet, if the tragic story of the Jews of Germany has any value beyond the memorial, it is as object-lesson in the necessity of militant and united struggle against reaction. Concerning a danger imminent as I hold fascism to be, understanding which does not insistently lead to action, degenerates into folly.

As to the “boom of [my] own voice” which the author charges has deafened me to his arguments, I flee for comfort to an older and, perhaps, even more authentic tradition of Jewish life and letters

than Mr. Lowenthal's. In such times and upon such issues as those which today confront the friends of peace and freedom, it permits, indeed commands, us to Cry Aloud and Spare Not!

JAMES WATERMAN WISE

New York, July 28

Dear Sirs: I turned from Marvin Lowenthal's “The Jews of Germany” to the review of it by James Waterman Wise—to discover with amazement that this reviewer considers the economic basis of anti-Semitism to have been shown with insufficient explicitness, and also that Mr. Lowenthal has fallen short in stating the wider implications of German Jewry's fate.

Having just risen from reading the book I am profoundly impressed by the brilliant manner in which the economic basis is shown to underlie every aspect of the question from the first records relating to the Jews down to the present day—and this with such deftness, balance, lucidity, and pertinacity that the most scatter-brained reader could not possibly escape the conclusion which Mr. Lowenthal does not argue but demonstrates.

This is a book of such immense importance that it seems to me something of a calamity to give a wrong impression of it. Its most valuable aspect is just the one which Mr. Wise finds lacking. It is not a book about Jews only, but about Germany; and not only about Germany, but about civilization. And any reader who does not understand from it that Germany's treatment of Jews and communists and liberals has been a smoke screen for the material and spiritual enslavement of the whole German people has certainly been wool gathering.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

New York, July 12

THE ADVANTAGES OF STRIKES

Dear Sirs: As we are not able to afford a subscription to your magazine, a kindly neighbor lends us hers, and to us it is a ray of hope in an atmosphere generally murky where labor relations are concerned. I wish that some publicity could be loosed which would be convincing to the small retail and business men that the strike is not a weapon aimed at them. The NRA showed them that while laws concerning labor will be invoked against them, the really guilty offenders will not be touched. This has made them more skeptical than ever of any form of organ-

ized labor activity. They should be helped to realize that the strike proper can be, and usually is, directed at the sorest spots, and is really a bulwark to the small dealers, as it enables them to have better buying and paying customers. Moreover, the chain store, which these small business men fear and detest, is really a weapon against the strike, because it precludes the possibility of the striker being carried by a friendly fellow townsman, and also removes the stake the local business people have in the success of the strike.

May I thank you for your honest championship of what your careful judgment dictates.

A READER

Oberlin, Ohio, July 10

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM

Dear Sirs: Certain of the craft union moguls in the A. F. of L. argue against industrial unionism on the ground that something similar was tried in the days of the Knights of Labor and failed. With about as plausible a show of reasoning might the framers of our Constitution have said at Philadelphia: Democracy was tried in ancient Athens. It failed. Ergo, we should not try it now.

Long ago, before craft versus industrial unionism was debated, John Stuart Mill, with that marvelous insight into economic and social relations which at times characterized him, said:

If no improvement were to be hoped for in the general circumstances of the working classes, the success of a portion of them, however small, in keeping their wages, by combination, above the market-rate, would be wholly a matter of satisfaction. But when the elevation of the character and condition of the entire body has at last become a thing not beyond the reach of rational effort, it is time that the better paid classes of skilled artisans should seek their own advantage in common with, and not by exclusion of, their fellow laborers. While they continue to fix their hopes on hedging themselves in against competition, and protecting their own wages by shutting out others from access to their employment, nothing better can be expected from them than total absence of any large and generous aims . . . Success, even if attainable in raising up a protected class of working people, would now be a hindrance instead of a help to the emancipation of the working classes at large.

The Knights of Labor failed, it is true. The present drive for industrial unionism may also fail. However, if labor is to save its own neck it will eventually have to direct its action along this line.

LEO BROPHY

New York City, July 27

THE *Nation*

70 YEARS AGO

August, 1866

MATTHEW ARNOLD, BISMARCK, AND
NAPOLEON

In his last effusion, "*Geist*," Mr. Matthew Arnold's especial target is Mr. Goldwin Smith who, in suggesting a possible alliance of England and United Germany against the Second Empire, has laid himself open to the formidable charge of "*Ungeist*" — unintelligence, stupidity. The alliance will rather be the other way, says Mr. Arnold, since Prussia and France, like one body, are animated by "*Geist*," of which England has not a particle; and he concludes his half-contemptuous attack with a recommendation to the British people to get "*Geist*." Mr. Arnold may sneer at the instinct of parties—he is not in sympathy with the spirit of the age when he sides with the arbitrary "*Geist*" of Bismarcks and Napoleons. The world has too much of it already and does not need to be told to "get" more. . . . Considering that Napoleon's reign has been a systematic repression of whatever is pure, independent, aspiring, enlightened that threatens the stability of his throne, what juster than to identify him with that Mephistopheles—"Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint"?

PARIS GOSSIP

The habit of driving, so common among English ladies, imitated here by several of the leading ambiguities, has been followed, as usual, by the lady leaders of the *bon-ton*; . . . At first, the sight of a lady driving would bring all walkers to a stand-still; now it is regarded as a matter of course, and no one supposes, as formerly, that a vehicle so driven must necessarily come to grief.

BENIGHTED WORKERS

Those workingmen who are in favor of an eight-hour movement have held a "Labor Congress" in which they said a good many wise things—such as that co-operation was the great remedy for the ills of the working classes; and a good many foolish things—such as their talk of "the alarming encroachments of capital on the rights of the industrial classes." If the capitalists were to refrain from these "encroachments," two-thirds of the workingmen of the country would starve. But there is, after all, something deplorable in the ignorance exhibited by workingmen of the laws which regulate their relations with their employers throughout

this eight-hour agitation, and what makes it all the worse is that the agitation itself is due to the growing tendency of all classes of the public to believe that remedies for all social ills are to be found in legislation. If the American workman is unfit to make his own bargain with his employer, then democracy is a failure and our institutions no better than those of the Old World.

THE FEMALE PHYSICIAN

The common mind finds no good and conclusive reason why women should be barred from the privilege of practicing the healing art. Why should we not employ a doctress if we like? We might, it is true, have our suspicions as to the likelihood of her retaining in so high a degree as one of the sterner sex, efficiency and *sang-froid* in the case of dire emergency. . . . To the physician it presents another aspect. It is esteemed unprofessional for a reputable male physician to hold communion of any kind with a female physician. . . . Medical teaching whether by dissections, demonstrations, lectures and diagrams, or by the run of the hospital, becomes so unpleasantly complicated by that regard for the *bien-séances* which a mixed audience requires, that as yet very few professors of note have been found willing to instruct such audiences. . . . Regard for truth demands the further admission that the female aspirants for the medical profession must, as a general rule, from the very nature and condition of things as they now are, be persons at whom the individual male physician may well be pardoned if he looks askance.

HENRY JAMES ON GEORGE ELIOT

Better, perhaps, than any of George Eliot's novels does "*Felix Holt*" illustrate her closely wedded talent and foibles. Her plots have always been artificial—clumsily artificial—the conduct of her story slow and her style diffuse. . . . The plot of "*Felix Holt*" is essentially made up, and its development is forced. The style is the same lingering, slow-moving, expanding instrument which we already know. The termination is hasty, inconsiderate, and unsatisfactory—is, in fact, almost an anti-climax. It is a good instance of a certain sagacious tendency to compromise which pervades the author's spirit, and to which her novels owe the disproportion between the meager effect of the whole and the vigorous character of the different parts, which stamp them as the works of a secondary thinker and an incomplete artist. But if such are the faults of "*Felix Holt*," we hasten to add that its merits are immense,

and that the critic finds it no easy task to disengage himself from the spell of so much power, so much brilliancy, and so much discretion. . . . George Eliot has the exquisitely good taste on a small scale, the absence of taste on a large, the unbroken current of feeling, and, we may add, of expression, which distinguish the feminine mind.

CONTRIBUTORS

MAXWELL STEWART, associate editor of *The Nation*, landed in Barcelona shortly after the outbreak of the military rebellion. He is planning to send further first-hand accounts of the magnificent fight of the Spanish workers to maintain their democracy.

ANITA BRENNER contributed to *The Nation* of April 29 an article entitled Spain Mobilizes for Revolution, in which she analyzed the antagonistic forces which were even then moving toward the present struggle for power.

ERNESTINE EVANS is a well-known journalist and an authority on children's books.

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of an American journalist living in the Near East whose striking reports of events and movements in that part of the world are already familiar to readers of *The Nation*.

MAX LERNER'S essay on Dos Passos is one of a series he is doing on American progressive writers. Those that have already appeared have dealt with Thorstein Veblen, Charles Beard, John Reed, and Mr. Justice Holmes. Essays on Randolph Bourne, V. L. Parrington and Felix Frankfurter will appear in later issues.

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science at the London School of Economics. He is author of "The State in Theory and Practice," and other volumes. "The Rise of European Liberalism" will be published next month.

WILLIAM STEIG is well known, among other things, for his depiction of Small Fry in the *New Yorker*. He also hunts larger game.

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*

NEWS FROM SPAIN CONTINUES TO BE VERY difficult to interpret. Although both sides are lavish in their claims of victory, the situation as we go to press remains much as it was after the first few days of fighting. The government has made some progress on the crucial fronts around Saragossa and Madrid, and appears to have slightly the better of the situation in the South. The rebels, on the other hand, have recaptured Badajoz, which they held in the first week of the war, and are said to be threatening to retake San Sebastian. Without question the American newspapers have been giving a much better press to the rebels than to the government forces. In certain instances, as in the case of the Hearst press, this may be assumed to represent a definite bias, but to some extent Madrid itself is at fault. The few American correspondents who are with the government forces complain that Madrid censors are utterly lacking in news sense, and that they are prevented from sending the type of dispatches which the home editors demand. The result is that many of the best correspondents are sending very little from Madrid, and the papers continue to be filled with virtually worthless propaganda from rebel quarters.

*

WHILE THE PROGRESS OF THE GOVERNMENT forces has been disappointingly slow, it must be remembered that the loyalists have every advantage in a long-drawn-out struggle. At the outset the rebels were in much the stronger position. They had the whole army back of them, they were prepared, and they were aided by the element of surprise. But the government, having defeated the first thrust and held the rebels at bay for nearly a month, would seem to have increasingly favorable prospects. It controls not only the main industrial regions but practically all the ports, and has succeeded in reestablishing regular communications among the sections which it controls. The breathing space has given it a much-needed opportunity to equip and train its citizen army, as well as to perform the even more difficult task of organizing supplies on a war basis. Lacking an industrial hinterland, the rebels must depend on foreign sources for their supplies. And while Germany and Italy have shown themselves only too willing to aid their fascist colleagues, the extent of their aid is limited by the relative isolation of the rebel forces. Madrid officials admit that the struggle may go on

several months before reaching a decisive stage. But with the overwhelming majority of the population strongly loyal to the republic, they admit no doubt regarding the ultimate outcome.

*

SECRETARY WALLACE THINKS THAT IT MAY not be necessary for the government to restrict farm production next year. That is good news. However necessary restriction may have been when we were at the bottom of the depression, it is no useful part of a permanent agricultural policy. Any such policy must turn on a detailed improvement of the land and of the condition of the farm population. It will involve erosion control and the diversification of farm production. There is need for a determined effort to replace farm tenancy by ownership, and large holdings by family farms. A real farm policy will work toward better education of farmers, particularly training in cooperation, beginning with consumer cooperation. It should be borne in mind that our serious agricultural surpluses have always been a consequence of the mining out of the fertility of our land, the draining away of the energy and hope of our farm population through excessive rentals, mortgage debt burdens, and inflated cost of supplies. If we take care of our land and the labor on it, we shall produce enough to feed our people, but not enough to choke them. Perhaps it will be necessary for a few years to play with Secretary Wallace's "ever-normal granary" in order to limit the unhealthy surpluses still produced by the continuance of our soil-robbing and soul-robbing agriculture. But it is to be hoped that not too much governmental energy will be diverted to this scheme, which, like Triple-A, can have no future.

*

THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER, HEARST organ, failed on Friday to make its morning appearance on Seattle doorsteps, after members of Typographical Union 202 had declined to walk to work through picket lines thrown round the *P. I.* building by striking Newspaper Guild men. Approximately forty out of sixty-odd Hearst editorial employees went out on strike Thursday to protest the dismissal of two members of the staff for union activity. Frank Lynch, staff photographer for fifteen years, and Everhardt Armstrong, dramatic critic for seventeen years, had been fired shortly after it became known that they had joined the Newspaper Guild. Though Lynch had recently been given a five-dollar increase in salary, Hearst's straw publisher, W. V. Tanner, attributed his dismissal to "inefficient and wasteful methods"; Armstrong's he laid to "gross insubordination." Solidarity is being manifested on both sides of the fence. The guild strike is being backed by the Central Labor Council, and union longshoremen, metal-trades workers, teamsters, maritime workers, and teachers are picketing side by side with guild members. The two other newspapers of the city have stretched out helping hands to William Randolph Hearst. Editorially, they have invoked the "freedom of the press" with the customary hysteria. Practically, they have offered to print Mr. Hearst's paper in their own plants. Their typograph-

ers, however, though bound by contract, have refused to participate in this *entente cordiale*, declaring that it would endanger life and limb to set up a scab newspaper in anybody's plant. Therefore, though the outcome remains uncertain, the guild has won the first round, for the *P. I.* appears to have suspended publication indefinitely. Local Landon forces are reported to be extremely upset by their ally's labor trouble. "Labor's right to organize" has been too blatantly questioned by Mr. Hearst; and it is said that state Republican chieftains are putting the heat on Mr. Tanner to take back his employees and end the strike as quickly and quietly as possible.

*

THE PRESIDENT'S ASSURANCE THAT NO NEW tax laws are contemplated for the next session of Congress may be good politics, but it is not good statecraft. Nobody knows how soon the increase in existing revenues caused by returning prosperity will catch up with the relief burden and make a balancing of the budget possible. Unemployment is likely to prove a more stubborn social malady than we usually assume. Production is going ahead, but as it gets under way it is sure to put into operation many new labor-saving devices that have accumulated during the depression. Farm relief is likely to prove more insistent and more expensive than ever. Whatever the inescapable public expenditures may be, we cannot safely carry them through public credit, once prosperity has returned. If we do we shall not long have any public credit left. The government must be prepared to find new sources of revenue or to increase the productivity of existing sources. Although the Republicans say little about it, they unquestionably have the sales tax up their sleeve, but the Democrats ought not to bind themselves to an exclusive reliance upon fate in recovery. In case of need they should be prepared to make the income tax more productive by raising rates, especially in the lower brackets, where the burden is very light as compared with British income taxation.

*

DOWN IN OLD KENTUCKY THE NATIVES SEEM to know what they like and to go in for it in a big way. The other day the inhabitants of Owensboro and surrounding points turned the official hanging of a Negro into a sort of legal lynching bee, and a pleasant time seems to have been had by all—all being so many thousand white, Nordic natives that the crowd, according to the *World-Telegram*, "spread out from the foot of the gallows . . . up the slope of a hill as far as the eye could see in the murky dawn light. Men and women stood on the roofs of surrounding buildings. Men and boys hung from telephone poles. Men and women leaned out of windows, stood on automobiles. There were even some on the roof of the hearse waiting to take the body away." Many of the citizens gave "hanging parties" the night before, and proceeded—not all entirely sober, it would appear—from private to public conviviality. It may or may not be considered a tribute to the delicacy of the police that "good-natured persons heated by drink were permitted to shout

their pleasantries, but those who spoke out revengefully against the condemned man were suppressed." At the end there was a rush for the gallows inclosure by ghouls avid of souvenirs. Such is civilization in the commonwealth of Kentucky in this year of our Lord, 1936. And such is the American material ready to the hand of any fascist rabble-rouser. German papers please copy.

*

JAMES TRUE, HEAD MAN OF JAMES TRUE Associates, was planning to have a pogrom in September, according to the *New Masses*. Mr. True denied the story to a reporter from the *World-Telegram* but did admit that he was interested "in getting rid of political Jews." This advance publicity will probably cause a postponement of Mr. True's pogrom, but presumably it did not interfere with the program of the National Conference of Clergymen and Laymen, sponsored by the American Forward Movement "for Americanism, Religion, and Righteousness," which met August 12 in Asheville, North Carolina. Its aim was to have one clergyman, one business man, and one woman from every county in every state attend as a delegate, and the subjects on its programs ranged from The Truth About Consumers Cooperatives to Communism Our Common Enemy. The Reverend Ralph E. Nollner is the chairman of this little group of serious stinkers (we use the word in its good old American sense). We shall probably print further reports of the Asheville gathering if the intense heat does not cause it to explode with its own patriotic petard.

*

THE BLUM GOVERNMENT REALLY DOES MEAN business! Such at least was our involuntary exclamation when we read that it had laid vigorous hands upon that Holy of Holies—and Morgue of Morgues—the Comédie Francaise. Governments have come and governments have gone, but heretofore no rightist or leftist has done more than look reproachful and hurt when reminded of the fact that even country cousins now stay away from the House of Molière and that school children rebel against the occasional visit which is considered a necessary part of their education. Last week, however, the Blum government took time out to appoint Eduard Bourdet manager of the Comédie and to put Jacques Rouché at the head of the Opéra Comique, where the company recently went out on strike against its former governor. Only in France would even a leftist government make the author of "The Captive" (banned in New York because lesbianism was its theme) a government official. But if he really succeeds in modernizing the Comédie the achievement will be of international importance inasmuch as it will remove the chief existing argument against government concern with the arts.

*

THE SOUTH WAS DEALT ACES FROM THE NEW Deal pack when it got the TVA. But while cheap electricity generated new life in the uplands, 1,800,000 families of tenants and share-croppers starved and drudged

and battled for existence in the cotton belt. In calling for a federal grand-jury investigation of peonage conditions in Arkansas, the New Deal has at last come around to them. Peonage, according to the federal statute intended to banish it forever from this country, consists in "involuntary or voluntary labor . . . in liquidation of any debt or obligation." But in the South, where the croppers never see the light of a debtless day, the holy alliance of law and the planters has made nonsense of the peonage act. Two days after the Department of Justice announced the grand-jury trial it suddenly dawned on Governor Futrell of Arkansas that the croppers were an "under-privileged class," and he called a conference of Southern governors to study remedies for the tenant situation. Governor Futrell envisages a program of long-term financing through federal and state cooperation to enable tenants to buy their own farms. This would be a step in the right direction—if it is ever taken. If the conference acts in the spirit of Governor Leche of Louisiana, whose comment was that "it never hurts to discuss a situation," or in that of Commissioner of Agriculture Holton of Mississippi, who said "it might be a good idea for friends of the South to get together and stop all this propaganda about the share-croppers," we doubt that it will be. But if the grand jury can screw its courage to the sticking-point and indict the planters for peonage, the governors may yet be pushed into doing something constructive.

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PATRIOTISM MADE WHOOPEE IN HOLLYWOOD at the California state convention of the American Legion as middle-aged playboys with hangovers, led by kootch dancers, amateur clowns, and very little boys, pranced up and down Hollywood Boulevard in a five-day binge. Deprived since they came home from France of war's "ennobling experience," the legionnaires went in for a little private ennoblement at their final session when the commander and vice-commander let fly with their fists in a battle to possess the gavel, and 2,300 veterans roared and slugged and fought it out on the floor. Militarism rampant was the keynote, too, of their platform, which was pledged to stamp out communism and fascism and to defend "equal rights to all citizens of our country." High lights of this campaign are the proposed vigorous "drive against school pacifism," deportation of all aliens with socialistic tendencies, suspension of immigration for ten years, a vast and costly increase in armaments and military personnel, retention of the criminal-syndicalism law, and compulsory finger-printing of all citizens. Something about this program gives anyone who has followed recent German history a twinge of recognition. The "Americanism" pamphlet recently issued by the Willard Straight Post and the veterans' stand against teachers' oaths had given us hopes for the Legion. We should like to see its forthcoming national convention in September held in this spirit rather than in that of the Hollywood carouse.

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Sacco and Vanzetti: died August 23, 1927.

Program for Progressives

WE are witnessing today in America the break-up of the traditional party system. But it is a fair question whether we are also the privileged witnesses of the birth of a new party alignment. Dorothy Thompson, writing in her column for August 13, lets the allurements of a phrase run away with her better judgment. "Mr. Roosevelt's party," she writes, "is no longer the traditional Democratic Party. It is a Popular Front Party." With the first part of her statement there can be no quarrel. But we wish we could agree with the second. Miss Thompson is jumping too far ahead. History moves fast these days, but it must reckon in America with the enormous institutional weight of the party system and even more with the dead hand of our middle-class psychology. It does not move so fast that we can see at once the death pangs of the old party order and the birth pangs of the new. To call Mr. Roosevelt's party a Popular Front Party is to confuse a transitional realignment in politics with a decisive and drastic change.

Of the party confusion of today there can be no doubt. Conservative Democrats are gathering in the Landon camp. Liberal Republicans are to a lesser degree gathering in that of Roosevelt. Trade-union organizations which have in the past stayed clear of political commitments are giving Roosevelt his most effective support. An unknown number of sincere or ambitious folk are grouping themselves under the Lemke banner. Never in recent elections has the Socialist or Communist vote been so conjectural. These are all indications that the dam of the party system has been broken and that the sluices are running freer than ever before. The process began with Mr. Roosevelt's victory in 1932; it is likely to come to an end in 1940. In such a process it is natural that the more liberal of the parties should be the more fluid, and should therefore stand to gain or lose the more heavily. And the chances are that it will gain before it loses. Like Mr. Lloyd George's social-reform government in England, Mr. Roosevelt's social-reform government has made headway by its willingness to recognize the fact of change. But like the English Liberal Party, the Democrats are likely in the end to be squeezed to nothingness between two more extreme and unyielding groups.

What chances are there for a real Popular Front Party in America? The economic crisis does not yet seem to have struck us hard enough to shatter the individualist myth, nor does the danger of a fascist capture of power seem immediate enough. But it will not be long before both of these conditions have been met. What remains is to take the steps that will enable a Popular Front Party, in the face of a common danger and a common opportunity, to assume the responsibilities of government.

It is this sort of action that will constitute during the next five years a program for American progressives. As long as our progressive groups go each their own way, wrapped up in the ecstasy of sectarian righteousness, such a program cannot be entered upon, much less fulfilled.

But given a will for common action, what should the action be? Let us set down in short order as a matter of historical record the fronts on which the progressive battle can be fought, as they appear to us in 1936.

First, the support that such progressive groups as Labor's Non-Partisan League are giving Mr. Roosevelt must be clear-eyed and unfooled. It is no popular-front alliance for common purposes in achieving a social reconstruction. It is a fair exchange of strength for strength. Mr. Roosevelt has helped and will help labor within the limits of his class outlook. Labor will help reelect Mr. Roosevelt because, whatever his inadequacies, it prefers him to Mr. Landon. The nub of the matter is that the next four years will determine whether labor can ever organize enough strength to lead a genuine popular-front movement. To muster such strength the labor leaders must conduct a difficult campaign to extend trade unionism. But that campaign can be carried on only when there is an open state of civil liberties, and when the military are not called out to suppress the workers. Under Mr. Roosevelt trade unionism may have a chance; it can have none at all under a Landon who is the puppet of big ownership.

Second, the great task of the next four years is the building of a trade-union base for political action. There is unlimited work here for progressives of every persuasion—work among skilled and unskilled labor, among technicians and professional people. It is natural that the more fruitful results will come from organizing the workers in mass-production industries along the lines of industrial unionism. But that does not mean that craft unionism must be either abandoned or neglected. It means merely that the growing-point of union organization, and therefore of political action, lies elsewhere.

Third, both the workers and the middle class must be educated in the fact that economic freedom underlies political, and that their common interests lie in the protection of both.

Fourth, there is the back-breaking effort of building local political units of a labor party, starting from the bottom up with the ward and the factory. A good example has already been set by several state and city organizations, including the American Labor Party of New York State.

Fifth, the progressive bloc in Congress must be extended and consolidated. It contains already, among its thirty or forty members, some of the best talent and finest energies in American life. With a leadership and a common program they could be welded into the genuine Opposition that has so long been needed in Congress.

Sixth, no program deserves the confidence of the country unless it is based on a realistic knowledge of the economic life of the country. Industry by industry, segment by segment the economic terrain must be explored, mapped, planned. Without such knowledge labor's strength might still be great, but it would be blind.

All this requires immense effort and patience. There may be no time to finish it, for before an adequate labor party has been securely built up the threat of fascism may become much more of a reality than it is. When that happens we shall be fortunate if the materials exist out of which a popular front can be created.

"Old Bolsheviks" on Trial

IT WAS to be expected that under the velvet glove of the new Soviet constitution there would still be the firm outlines of the iron hand. There can be no doubt that dictatorship in Russia is dying and that a new democracy is slowly being born. But dictatorships do not die an easy death. Ample proof of that may be found in the indictments handed down this week in the much-mooted "Trotsky plots" and the trial scheduled for August 19 of sixteen persons for terrorism and conspiracy against the state.

Louis Fischer, in his article published in this issue, says that the constitution marks the abdication of the dictatorship and the inauguration of a new era in Soviet civil liberties. The contradiction between this and the impression one gets of the implacable pursuit of the Trotskyites by the Stalin government seems great. And yet on second thought it is apparent that the two items are an inherent part of the same developing pattern. The constitution represents, so far as economic security is concerned, an accomplished social fact in Russia, but as concerns civil liberties it represents rather the goal toward which Soviet life is moving. The new indictments underline the difficulties still to be encountered in reaching that goal. The two can coexist because the newly emerging social order has not yet completely broken the shell of the old.

It is impossible at this time and from this distance to form any judgment of how much basis there is in the grave accusations against Zinoviev, Kamenev, and the others who have been indicted. It is unthinkable that the Soviet government should proceed with an open trial unless it has proof of guilt and equally unthinkable that Léon Trotsky should have conspired with agents of fascist Germany to overthrow the Soviet regime. One may guess that plots against Russia on the part of governments bitterly hostile to it and fearful of the Soviet power have not been lacking. One may guess also that there have been members of the group loosely known in Russia as "Trotskyites" who may have resorted to terrorism and conspiracy. One may guess furthermore that Stalin himself and his associates in the Russian governing group are not averse to making the most of what evidence there is against a group that has made a strong bid for wresting power from them. Beyond that one transcends the limits of even reasonable conjecture. We must wait for the evidence that the trial turns up.

Meanwhile, one thing seems fairly clear. The psychology of a dictatorship possesses an inertia that the actual economic and social set-up in a revolutionary regime does not possess. Charges of Trotskyite plots in Soviet Russia are no new thing. They keep recurring with a distressing regularity, bobbing up with the familiar grin of an old and exasperating acquaintance. We do not mean to deride the charges. But it is clear that the Soviet atmosphere is still filled with counter-revolutionary fears as well as with

democratic hopes. It is natural that a generation of revolutionists that has been intimate with death and lived on intrigue should go on for some time having the conspiratorial blues. The Russian people still live in a sort of wilderness psychology, surrounded by the howling wolves of their foreign enemies on the east and the west. But what is more important is that their sense of hostile encirclement extends to their own country. Since they have not yet put a political democracy into effect, they do not know who their opponents are or how numerous. The result is that they fear the worst, and act on their fears.

There is irony in the fact that "old Bolsheviks" like Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev, who have given up so much to the revolution, should finally become its victims. But it is an irony of which history offers numerous examples. "Old Bolsheviks" have in every revolution had to give way when revolutionary gains had to be consolidated. Mr. Fischer feels that the new constitution inaugurates a reign of law in Soviet Russia. The best test of this claim will lie in the fairness with which the present trial is conducted.

Father Coughlin Walks Again

THE second coming of the crackpots in Cleveland caused nothing like the sensation of the first. To be sure it was announced in advance as a strictly Coughlin performance, and the good priest has noticeably calmed down since the strip act of mid-July. But there's the rub—and the reassurance. The grand conclave of Messrs. Townsend, Smith, Coughlin, and Lemke at Cleveland violated every tradition of demagoguery. Obviously there is nothing so damaging to a panacea as another panacea on the same platform. For a demagogue to admit even in a whisper that another demagogue has any of the truth is to demoralize the whole Utopian market. When Father Coughlin declares that Dr. Townsend has no right even to dream of seeing his plan for \$200 a month realized until the Coughlin plan for nationalizing the Federal Reserve system has been accomplished, the average radio listener is more than likely to turn the dial. It is no accident that since the July love feast there has been nothing but bickering, indecision, and defection for all the brave talk of the man who writes publicity news stories for the Union Party. As a corollary the possible effect of the radio vote seems much less menacing. The Four Hoarsemen may separately rally their adherents once more, but we cannot help feeling that most of their ten o'clock evening scholars are sleeping it off and will vote more or less as usual in November.

If we were a Republican editorial writer (always allowing for Mark Sullivan's flair for Gerald Smith), we should proceed to the satisfying conclusion that the American people have too much common sense to be misled for long by such unsound doctrines as those in-

flicted on the innocent air by Messrs. Townsend, Coughlin, and Smith. We cannot accept that conclusion if only for the reason that the American people have been misled for generations by the Republican doctrine that our present economic system represents the functioning of a natural law. It is in the soil of this vast deceit, in fact, that the Townsends and the Coughlins and the Smiths flourish and will continue to flourish.

Their eclipse so far as this campaign is concerned, if it turns out to be that, must be laid to other reasons. The continuance of the recovery is an important factor, especially when it is considered in relation to the general health of the nation. The United States is so huge and diverse and husky that its body politic can absorb a great deal of poison and still go to work the next morning, just as its economic body can probably absorb even further depression without seriously cracking under the strain. We are referring to the country as a unit, of course, and we are not forgetting the thousands upon thousands of Americans who reached the end of their strength in a depression which is no longer as severe as it was but still hovers as an ever-present threat—there are, after all 11,000,000 still unemployed.

Another important factor in the deflation of the Lemke boom lies undoubtedly in the inferiority of our present crop of demagogues. As we have said, no demagogue of the first caliber, say Huey Long, would have joined forces with any other. Father Coughlin has lost caste since that first meeting by too many apologies, and the report that the Vatican had exercised a censorship over him must have cooled the ardor of many a Coughlin admirer whose hatred of the "money power" is only exceeded by his fear of popery. Father Townsend's backing and filling, together with the fact that the United States government is after him, could not have set well with the old folks. As for Gerald L. K. Smith, he is the most dangerous of the lot. But he simply has not the proportions of the man whose coat of many colors he tries to wear, and what is much more important, he lacks the fundamental faith of the really powerful demagogue. Huey's strength lay in his genuine belief that he was saving Louisiana and would save the nation. Smith hardly pretends to that faith; he cannot move votes without it. At least for the present, Roosevelt, who is himself no mean practitioner of the political art, holds the field.

Berserk

STEEL, the darling of capitalism, was "unbalanced" in the twenties. So we are told by the Council for Industrial Progress, which recently completed a case history of the most prominent member of our industrial family. An analysis of iron and steel production, wages, and employment from 1914 to 1933 showed that from 1919 to 1929 the yearly productivity of each wage-earner rose from \$2,873 to \$3,718, while in the same period the average yearly wage of the steel worker increased only from \$1,450 to \$1,568. To put it another way: the value added to raw materials by manufacturing was \$821,000,-

000 in 1914; it tripled to \$2,465,000,000 in 1919 because of the World War, and rose to \$3,275,000,000 in 1929. It fell to a paltry \$1,062,000,000 in 1933. The average yearly wage stood at \$683 in 1914 and at \$903 in 1933; and the average number of wage-earners in this industry group was lower in 1933 than in 1914, the respective figures being 617,776 and 554,108.

The number had risen, to be sure, to 880,882 in 1929. But will 1929 ever come again? The council doubts it, because its investigation shows that "the major portion of the increased production was achieved by maintaining employment at the previous level or by establishing a new level requiring fewer workers." And another estimate based upon production figures of the American Iron and Steel Institute related to figures on employment and working hours issued by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that even if steel output should be as high as in 1929 there would be at least one-third fewer man-hours of work available.

The council issues a warning. If the steel and iron industry, it says in effect, goes crazy again to the same degree that it went crazy between 1914 and 1929, during which period the productive capacity of the workers increased more than three times as fast as their consuming power, it will create a serious problem; old man steel, the council intimates, must lay off labor-saving devices and increases in operating efficiency—in a word, give more workers more money to buy groceries with. Otherwise "is it not possible," asks the council, "that even though we come out of a depression through 'natural economic forces,' production can swing ahead at full speed so fast and can so far outstrip purchasing power that we will not even reach a period of 'normalcy' before being plunged again into the depths?"

But alas! The issue of the *New York Times* which contained an abstract of this alarming fever chart printed in the same section the news that all industry, as profits rise, is spending more and more on industrial research—which means largely on labor-saving devices. This year, for instance, the steel industry is spending \$9,200,000 on the various drugs expressly forbidden it by the Council for Industrial Progress. Meanwhile it has already perfected and is installing everywhere continuous rolling mills which will throw thousands out of work.

The campaign to organize the steel workers is the only development in the direction of increasing the purchasing power of steel labor. It is being greeted with cyclone fences, tear-gas, and barbed wire by the "unbalanced" steel owner who sees it merely as an attempt to raise his labor bill and cut his profits. But even if it succeeds it cannot make more than a relative improvement. There is only one genuine solution. The steel industry, if it is not to drag our whole industrial structure to ruin, must be placed in a public institution owned and operated by the people of the United States. Only then can it be scientifically controlled and fulfil the function for which it is now so marvelously equipped, namely, to supply America with steel while creating a high standard of living for that cooperative labor which has brought it to its present high efficiency.

Father Coughlin's Fish Fry

BY GEROLD FRANK

Cleveland, August 16

"JESUS!" breathed the newsreel man, gathering in his lines in the shadow of the stadium. "What an ending!" He was talking of Father Charles E. Coughlin, who brought the first annual convention of the National Union for Social Justice to a close by calling President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Rexford G. Tugwell "Communists," directing his audience to "go to your homes as to a trench," and suddenly collapsing under a hot sun and being spirited away, while 30,000 people, stunned, stood in a silent prayer.

Indeed, Father Coughlin's heavenly fish fry is over, and if it proved anything to those who underwent it, it was that the man who hopes some day to be "a simple parish priest again" is very much with the world. As a disembodied voice, he was listened to; as a living man who walks the earth, who breathes, gestures, smiles, and bends the graciousness of his shining countenance upon them who believe, he is worshiped. They love him.

It was all Coughlin Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, save for a few hours of the first day when that "Great Betrayer" and "L—" came to town quite innocently to look over the WPA projects in Cleveland. But that was not important. Father Coughlin waited until the President left at four o'clock and then delivered a surprise address in Public Hall on money and the persecution of the Jews which made the headlines of the evening newspapers.

The show lagged a bit at the beginning, but by Saturday night Father Coughlin had to be escorted through the corridors of the Hotel Hollenden in the center of a flying wedge of burly Irishmen lest the faithful dismantle him in their frenzy, and the National Union for Social Justice convention had become an orgy of affection. Maryland moved a vote of thanks to Father Coughlin's mother for bearing him. Indiana advanced to the rostrum and pointed out that his father was born in Indiana. Kentucky called him a second Lincoln. All states agreed that he was the Greatest American of All Time, and some compared him even to Christ. Thomas C. O'Brien, the Union Party candidate for Vice-President, apparently a little cagey about superlatives, merely called him "the greatest living teacher of economics," while F. L. Van Ness, a Kalamazoo, Michigan, artist, estimated that from 2:30 p.m. Friday until 1 p.m. Saturday he sold 11,500 reproductions of Father Coughlin's portrait, done in misty, saint-like pastels, at two bits each. And finally the entire assembly in convention met passed a resolution—one of a number of resolutions marked by the repeated and significant use of the term "Our Leader"—indorsing everything he ever publicly said or did as well as everything he was ever publicly to say or do.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Martin of the Bronx, New York, well-nigh swooned Saturday with the honor that was

hers of nominating Father Coughlin for the presidency of the N. U. S. J. Fortyish, a red ribbon holding her frizzled auburn bangs to her forehead, Miss Helen blew two-fingered kisses at the audience and standing pale and sanctified at the rostrum, declaimed dramatically, "I dedicate this moment to the two women who prepared me for it. They are in the Great Beyond. . . . I stand alone." It developed that she was talking about her mother and grandmother.

Miss Helen performed one more noble deed before that momentous day ended. She clapped her hands and spontaneously fluttered across the platform at 8:02 p.m. to give her lacy white handkerchief to the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, who at the moment was living up to all advance notices by dripping perspiration and indicting bankers in Brazil for the murder of little pigs in Iowa. Dr. Francis E. Townsend, third steward of discontent, also spoke, and although he promised to lend the support of his people, he was dry and didn't shout, whereupon a number of delegates began to walk out to late supper. Then the Reverend Mr. Smith began, and for a time it looked as if he might steal the show.

It may be interesting to note that it was a new Coughlin whom the reporters met Friday and Saturday. They were bowled over by his affability. He apologized for the harsh statements he had made. He was sorry. President Roosevelt? Of course he should be respected for his office. His visit in town? Just a coincidence, and if he, Father Coughlin, had known at what time the President was to pass Public Hall he, Father Coughlin, would have suggested that the convention adjourn so that the delegates could gaze upon their President. But Sunday afternoon, speaking in the stadium, Father Coughlin was all that he had ever been on the radio. It may be possible he was thinking of Gerald Smith's performance the night before and its effect. At any rate, it is known that he did not prepare his Sunday speech until Sunday morning.

It was on Friday and Saturday that Father Coughlin protested to reporters that until he should be elected president—that is, *if* he should be elected president—he was no more important than any other delegate. "See this?" he asked, showing his delegate's badge to the dubious reporters. "I'm just one of the boys." This was not scrupulously believed, because there were rumors that Father Coughlin knew something of the constitution and may even have had a hand in the later indorsement of William Lemke of North Dakota. Few delegates, however, had the temerity to differ with Delegate Coughlin; one tried it and had a very bad time of it. I know, because I still bear bruises where I was shoved when John H. O'Donnell, the hard-bitten Pittsburgh alternate, was escorted off the platform. Mr. O'Donnell may well tell his grandchildren that back in August, 1936, he rose

to his feet, one against 8,153, and bawled "No!" when Lemke's indorsement came up. Five minutes later he was marching down a back corridor, still hard-bitten and silent, with police massed about him and frantic loyalists shouting "Judas!" after him. A middle-aged woman clawed her way through to scream, "How much did Farley pay you?" "Where'd he go?" demanded a delegate who looked like an original Berzelius Windrip man. "I don't want to see that monkey get out of here in one piece." The police kept Mr. O'Donnell in a locked room, then took him for a motor ride and suggested he spend the rest of the day at the Great Lakes Convention, which is also a big show, but less dangerous.

One of Father Coughlin's statements, made a few moments later when the audience began a demonstration for Lemke and O'Brien, may yet return to plague him. "If I don't swing 9,000,000 votes to Lemke," said Father Coughlin, bright-eyed at the sight of the yelling, marching crowd, "I'll quit broadcasting for good."

Lemke himself was even more generous with statistics, but Lemke wasn't wagering his future on them. Sitting upstairs in the Hollenden Sunday morning, a bald-pated, grinning figure in striped galluses and a baggy gray suit, Liberty Bill invited newspaper correspondents to visit him in the White House after March 4, next. "The doors will be open to you just the same," said Mr. Lemke, "even though the newspapers don't let you print the truth." Several correspondents, touchy from the humidity, unwound their handkerchiefs from their necks and began telling the next President of the United States where to get off. Things soon quieted down, however, and Mr. Lemke, folding his freckled fists together and staring at the ceiling, went on to make predictions.

"I shall poll fifteen million. An underground swell is now becoming a tidal wave. It will sweep me into the White House and Roosevelt and Landon into discard." While he was talking, said Mr. Lemke, he might as well straighten the boys out about his feelings where Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon were concerned. "To me," he explained, "Roosevelt is a bewildered Kerensky not knowing where he's going, and Landon represents the dying shadow of a past civilization."

By whom was he being nominated, please?

"I'm being nominated by the sovereign people of the nation who work for a living," said Mr. Lemke, waving his hand. He was then asked why, if he and his party were deeply concerned with labor, the Union Party platform did not specifically mention collective bargaining.

"It doesn't have to," retorted Mr. Lemke. "That's understood in our emphasis upon a living wage for labor." He continued to speak of the people of the United States, the people who understand the spirit "in which our forefathers wrote the Constitution."

Had he examined that remarkable document the constitution of the National Union for Social Justice? Did he know that the president appointed the nominating committee which presented the names for the board of trustees from whom, in turn, the next president had to be chosen? That was a closed corporation, wasn't it, and was that written in the spirit of the forefathers?

"Well," said Mr. Lemke, "a lot of things are closed corporations. That's just what Congress has been lately." This question couldn't be pursued any farther because Mr. Lemke had meetings to attend and North Dakota hands to shake.

In all the shouting of the convention one man was quickly forgotten, yet to some extent he was an interesting figure among those present. This was Senator Rush Dew Holt of West Virginia, keynoter. Senator Holt denied that he was in the position of an innocent passerby who had unexpectedly been buttonholed and pulled in to speak, but circumstances were suspicious. He was the third choice, and the recommendation of Walter Davis, Father Coughlin's convention marshal.

The Senator was lounging about his home in Weston, West Virginia, a week ago Saturday, he said, when he was called to the telephone and informed that Father Coughlin would like to have him make the keynote speech in Cleveland on the fourteenth. "It was Davis talking," said Holt, stretched out on a sofa in his suite, one leg dangling, the other on the sofa arm wiggling from side to side, "and he said I could talk as I wished and wouldn't be expected to indorse or condemn any candidate. The next day they called me back and I told them O. K." Honestly and frankly, Holt explained, he couldn't figure out why Father Coughlin chose him. "Probably," he said, "they picked me on my record."

That record, as far as labor was concerned, was darned good, too, John Lewis or no John Lewis. "I'm sorry I accepted his support in the Senate race," said Holt, sitting up. "He's a menace. I'm still with the United Mine Workers of America—with the men who work. But Lewis is one of the most dangerous influences in America today. Do you know, he set up a dictatorial rule in the United Mine Workers, and those men can't even vote on their own affairs!" He went on to explain as he sat there, his hair mussed, the ends of his opened tie hanging down his shirt, that his aim in the Senate was to expose hypocrisy. He'd also like to work so that the laboring man could have a better wage. But he did not like the political opportunism he found in the Senate. "I'd rather go down to defeat for a principle than win through political expediency," he said.

Even if that opportunism permitted him to gain time to accomplish much more important reforms? "Absolutely," said Holt. And if he lost out, wouldn't the actual result be worse than before, so far as the reforms were concerned? "No," said Holt, "I don't believe any man can lose who fights for the right thing."

Getting back to the National Union for Social Justice—was he a member? "Oh, no," said Holt, "but I think its principles are essentially good. I was glad of an opportunity to explain my views on economics and politics as outlined by the principles of the union."

Well, did he think, perhaps, that the National Union for Social Justice might ever turn into a fascist tool?

"Gosh," said the Senator from West Virginia, "I hope not."

Addendum: Sunday afternoon Mr. Lemke also spoke.

Soviet Democracy: Second View

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, August 1

THE new Soviet constitution is a remarkable and important document. Some people suspect it. "Yes," they say, "the new democracy looks very fine on paper. But how will it be carried out?" If the new constitution had suddenly sprung from the mind of a wise lawgiver or from the hands of a clever legal commission, I too would be skeptical. Actually, however, it is the fruit of an organic growth. Moreover, it is not merely a promise. Many of its provisions register changes which have already taken place.

For instance, it guarantees paid employment, leisure, and free education to all the inhabitants of the country. This describes an existing condition. There is no unemployment in the U.S.S.R.; indeed, there is a scarcity of labor. The fact that the Bolsheviks wrote universal employment into the basic law suggests that, in their opinion, the present situation in the labor market is not a passing phase but an unalterable characteristic of socialist economy. Similarly the guaranty of leisure reflects existing arrangements. A fortnight's vacation with pay for all toilers is the legal minimum, and it is often exceeded. The seven-hour day is becoming the rule in Russia; the authorities hope some day to achieve further reductions. Compulsory education has been adopted by other nations. The Soviet Union is no exception in this matter. But in no other country do so many adults go to school. I know factories in which 60 to 90 per cent of the force attend free courses. Any Soviet man, woman, or child who wants an education can already get it for the asking. In respect to employment, leisure, and education, therefore, the constitution merely clothes fact with the mantle of inalienable right.

"Women in the U.S.S.R.," reads the new constitution, "are accorded equal rights with men in all fields of economic, state, cultural, social, and political life." They have always enjoyed this equality. "Citizens of the U.S.S.R.," declares another article, "have the right to material security in old age, as well as in the event of sickness or loss of capacity to work." Old-age pensions and social insurance are ancient Soviet institutions. Likewise, "the equality of the rights of citizens of the U.S.S.R., irrespective of their nationality or race," is one of the original pillars of the Soviet regime.

This is the third Soviet constitution. The first was adopted on July 10, 1918, the second on January 31, 1924. Lenin wrote in 1909 that a constitution "expresses the real alignment of forces in the class struggle." This alignment has changed so much since the revolution that the first two constitutions quickly outlived themselves. The second constitution granted no rights to citizens. It did not even mention those rights which they already

had. Its chief concern was the definition of the powers of the state. The reasons are clear. The destructive civil war was of recent memory. The dictatorship was fierce and arbitrary, for the domestic enemy had not been extirpated. The government was socialist in name, but socialist economy counted more problems than achievements, and capitalism displayed resistance and strength. Half the trade, one-fifth of the industry, and all of agriculture were in private hands. How could the state guarantee labor to all? It was not master in its own house. It had to continue the class war, and the basic law could not be individual right; it was official might.

Using the prerogatives which the revolution gave and the constitution of 1924 confirmed, the dictatorship proceeded to crush capitalism and build socialism. After twelve years of costly struggle and unprecedented sacrifices, Russian capitalism is dead and Soviet socialism has acquired colossal power. Socialist industry produced 16,100,000 tons of coal in 1924, 108,900,000 tons in 1935; 5,900,000 tons of oil in 1924, 26,772,000 tons in 1935; 800,000 tons of pig iron in 1924, 12,493,000 tons in 1935; 179 locomotives in 1924, 1,866 in 1935; 300,000 tons of cement in 1924, 4,470,000 tons in 1935; 4,056,900 pairs of leather shoes in 1924, 84,816,000 pairs in 1935; no automobiles twelve years ago, 96,700 last year; and so on through the entire amazing record of Soviet economic progress. These figures, the Bolsheviks declare, are the "music of socialism." There is no capitalist industry in the U.S.S.R. and private commerce and farming have shrunk to negligible dimensions. A new alignment of social forces has resulted.

This "victory of socialism," says the fortnightly *Bolshevik*, organ of the Communist Party, "permits us to undertake the normalization and ordering of all our legislative work and to strengthen our judicial system. . . . Soviet law must be precise, intelligible to the masses, and stable. The most important element in the stability of Soviet legislation is the new constitution." The constitution is thus rooted in successful agrarian collectivization, in advancing industrialization, in mounting individual productiveness. On this new basis, in Bolshevik opinion, new human rights are possible. "It is difficult for me to imagine," Stalin said recently to Roy Howard, the American newspaper publisher, "what sort of 'personal liberty' an unemployed person can have when he is hungry and cannot find any application for his labor. Real freedom," he continued, "exists only where exploitation has been abolished, where there is no enslaving of some persons by others, where there is no unemployment and poverty. . . ." Lenin put it this way: "As long as class distinctions and private ownership of means of production remain, the slogan of liberty and freedom is

a lie and a hypocrisy of bourgeois society. There can be no equality," he argued, "between the person who owns property and the person who does not, between the one who is well-fed and the one who goes hungry."

Until 1929 there were exploiting classes in Russia. "Now that they are liquidated," says the *Bolshevik*, "now that, according to Stalin, 'our society consists solely of the free toilers of city and village—the workers, peasants, and intellectuals,' the former limitations on Soviet democracy are no longer necessary."

It is logical, consequently, that the bill of rights as set forth in Chapter X of the new Soviet constitution begins with the rights made possible by the growth and enrichment of socialist economy—paid labor, leisure, and free schooling—and then proceeds with the civil rights which were denied while the dictatorship encountered the opposition of hostile capitalist classes. These, first, are "freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and meetings, freedom of street processions and demonstrations." The present "alignment of forces in the class struggle" would easily warrant the Bolsheviks in immediately investing this new right with concrete content. That is why it is in the constitution. But the past has adduced no evidence that anti-Communists or even Communists and pro-Communists who are excessively critical of the central authorities will soon obtain any liberty of expression on political problems. In the field of literature there has been slightly more tolerance. Even a dynamic revolutionary regime, however, is subject to inertia, and Russia has no democratic tradition. It will probably be some time before the Soviet government dispenses with the steam-roller in politics. It is no longer necessary but it remains a convenience. In regard to freedom of speech, therefore, I shall wait and see.

But the constitution grants other civil liberties even more important. Article 127 affirms that "citizens of the U.S.S.R. are insured the inviolability of person. No one may be subjected to arrest except upon the decision of a court or with the sanction of the prosecuting attorney's office." And "the inviolability of the homes of citizens and the secrecy of correspondence are protected by law."

The constitution of 1924 did not guarantee these elementary rights because conditions would have made it impracticable. The dictatorship then, operating usually through the G.P.U., exercised unlimited powers. Neither human beings nor apartments nor letters were safe from its arbitrary acts. The test of Articles 127 and 128 is the curbing of the G.P.U. Has it been curbed?

The slow eclipse of the G.P.U. commenced in 1931 when its excessive zeal turned legitimate suspicion of some engineers and technicians into an unfair crusade against vast numbers of intellectuals. In his Six-Point speech of June 23, 1931, Stalin called a halt to this unfair discrimination, and about the same time Akulov displaced Yagoda as actual chief of the G.P.U.* Akulov was more tolerant and "liberal-minded." A certain amount of relaxation resulted, but the struggle over collectivization was still fierce. The iron hand could not yet

be dispensed with. The G.P.U. machine refused to cooperate with Akulov, and he was shelved. But in the spring of 1933 Stalin appointed Akulov to the newly created office of chief prosecuting attorney with authority to "supervise the legality and regularity of the G.P.U.'s acts." Akulov commenced to release large numbers of prisoners and to check arbitrary procedures. In January, 1934, the government decided to reorganize the G.P.U., restrict its authority, and rename it the Commissariat for Internal Affairs. This was a severe blow to the prestige and power of the G.P.U. But worse was in store. On December 1, 1934, Sergei Kirov, the beloved Leningrad Bolshevik leader, was assassinated. Part of the blame fell on the reconstructed Internal Commissariat. It was charged with insufficient vigilance. Some of its high officials were immediately arrested. (They are now working as prisoners on the Moscow-Volga canal.) Shortly thereafter the Internal Commissariat was shorn of the right to arrest certain categories of people—engineers and military men, for instance—without the permission of the prosecuting attorney's office. This was an unheard-of limitation, but it indicated that ruthlessness and terror had ceased to be the state's most trusted weapons.

The new constitution continues this development. The prosecuting attorney becomes the most powerful official in the Soviet government. He is selected by the supreme council or parliament for a period of seven years, whereas all other members of the government hold office for only four years. In him is "vested the highest supervision of the exact observance of the law by all People's Commissariats and the institutions under them, as well as by individual officials and citizens of the U.S.S.R." In other words, he is superior to the Internal Commissariat. Moreover (Article 117), "the representatives of the prosecuting attorney's office perform their functions independently of any local organs whatsoever, being responsible alone to the Chief Prosecutor of the U.S.S.R." The prosecutor's paramount task will be the protection of individual rights and personal inviolability. He is clothed with the power to do this. The Internal Commissariat must come to him or go to the courts for a warrant to arrest anyone or to search a residence. He can veto any of its moves. If these regulations had appeared in 1930 or 1931, few would have accepted them as realistic. But the rise of the authority of the prosecutor and the weakening of the G.P.U. has already created exactly the relationship between these two offices which is formulated, made permanent, and carried a long step further by the new constitution. The reign of law is now definitely established in the U.S.S.R. There is little doubt, accordingly, that if the present normal times continue—in other words, if there is no foreign war—Soviet citizens will hereafter really enjoy inviolability of person, home, and mail. They have the courts, too, for redress of grievances. The constitution lends the Soviet judiciary a new importance and independence. In a recent article in the *Bolshevik* entitled *The Soviet Court and Soviet Democracy*, A. Vishinsky, the chief prosecutor of the U.S.S.R., stated that the first principles of Soviet court procedure must be public hearings, freedom

*These important matters were dealt with by Mr. Fischer at the time. See *The Nation* of February 22 and August 9, 1933, May 8 and May 15, 1935.

of discussion, a guaranty of the rights of the accused, equality of all parties in the dispute (even if the state is one of them), and unhampered activity by the defendant's lawyers. This doctrine is new in the Soviet Union. It is part of the democracy which the constitution introduces.

The constitution will be adopted by the Congress of Soviets scheduled to assemble in Moscow on November 25, 1936. That date will herald a new era in civil liberties for Soviet citizens. Inhabitants of the U.S.S.R. always had numerous liberties of great value: the absence of economic exploitation; equality and special privileges for women; the elimination of disabilities of national minorities; favoritism toward the former "lower" classes which helped them reach the highest levels in politics, economic administration, science, and so on; state care of the health of the well and the sick; consultation of the private individual at his place of work, which had the effect of giving him a measure of control over his employer, the state; the numerous avenues, including special investigating commissions and the press, through which a citizen could complain against official discrimination and obtain justice. Nevertheless, this liberty was incomplete without civil rights. Now these civil rights are granted to all, including priests, former Czarist officers, kulaks, and other ex-enemies of Bolshevism. The Soviet state fears nothing from the inside and less and less from the outside. Therefore the dictatorship yields to democracy.

The essential feature of the new democracy is a two-chamber parliament, or supreme council, which is the source of all governmental authority. The lower house is to be elected for a period of four years by popular vote—one delegate to each 300,000 inhabitants, not, signifi-

cantly, voters. The upper council of nationalities, elected proportionally by the governments of the federated republics—national autonomous territories—was instituted, although the two-chamber system seems to hark back to an ancient tradition, in order to protect the interests of the Soviet Union's numerous racial groups. Parliament passes all laws (hitherto decrees having the validity of law originated with many departments) and directs all the functions of government. It may, whenever it wishes, arrange nation-wide referendums on vital questions. It exercises the right of pardon. A member of parliament enjoys immunity, of which only parliament or, when it is not sitting, its presidium of thirty-seven members, can deprive him. Both houses must approve a bill before it becomes law. If they disagree and if no conciliation is possible, parliament is dissolved and new elections take place. Both chambers together elect the cabinet and remove cabinet members. Parliament, it follows, can overthrow the government. Parliament will engage in open discussion and criticism of government acts. This may be the beginning of free speech.

The world has seen a number of parliamentary regimes converted into dictatorships. The Bolshevik dictatorship is the first to resign in favor of democracy. The Bolsheviks prepared the road for this change by destroying the classes which threatened their rule. Other dictatorships cannot do this; the classes which naturally would or actually do or some day might threaten them are too large. You cannot wipe out the working class, for instance. This Soviet phenomenon of democracy succeeding dictatorship is therefore unique in history and may remain the only instance in history of the voluntary abdication of a dictatorship.

Zioncheck: An American Tragedy

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Seattle, August 12

HUNDREDS of newsboys, longshoremen, peace advocates, college students, railroad workers, farmers, and lumberjacks attended the funeral of the Representative from the First Washington District who was buried yesterday. The death of Marion Zioncheck deprived these people of a sincere friend and courageous champion, who had come from their ranks and had kept faith with them in the measures he supported on Capitol Hill. His casket was covered with a quilt of flowers and wreaths sent by the state's labor unions and liberal organizations.

What sort of person was Marion Zioncheck? What were his political views? From the first of the year until his spectacular death here last week Zioncheck received more attention than any other public figure except the President. Relatively few of the millions amused by his exploits knew his opinions or his background. To them he

was merely a haywire alcoholic who waded in fountains.

But this was only the last phase of his career. Until his mental collapse in January he was a brilliant young liberal who might one day have been the dominant political figure in the Pacific Northwest. Zioncheck came to the United States from Poland in 1903. His family moved westward to the state of Washington three years later, and at six Marion began working his way through school. In the course of his education he sold newspapers, herded cattle, and peddled fish along the wharves of Puget Sound. He entered the state university when he was nineteen, but was forced to withdraw in order to help support his parents and sister. He worked for a time as a clerk in a jewelry store and then had odd jobs in various lumber camps.

After four years he returned to the university. Coming from a background of oppression and hardships, he was first aroused by the snobbery of the fraternity system. He

banded the independent, unaffiliated students into a compact political organization, and insisted on democracy in campus life and activities. In 1928 he was elected president of the student body. He immediately objected to a series of extravagant expenditures for athletic equipment, maintaining that they would delay the construction of a much-needed study and recreational center. A troop of behemoth football players, angered by such outrageous interference with the "gravy-train," dressed up one night in hooded robes, and after shaving off Zioncheck's hair threw him into Lake Washington. The local Hearst paper was privy to this amateur fascism and a photographer was on hand to make a flashlight picture of the episode.

But Zioncheck was no mere college rebel. As soon as he became a member of the bar in 1929, he began defending deportees and others in danger of losing their civil rights. With Jack R. Cluck he argued a succession of cases for the Civil Liberties Union. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Senator George Norris, and in 1931 he interested himself in the public-ownership fight in Seattle. He led the successful recall campaign against Mayor Frank Edwards, who was opposed to the municipal power activities of J. D. Ross, superintendent of city power and light. Ross, recently appointed to the Securities Exchange Commission, was a pallbearer at Zioncheck's funeral.

In 1932 Zioncheck was a spearhead in two victorious forays at the polls. He aided in the election to the Senate of Homer T. Bone, relentless crusader for public ownership, and he himself was sent to the House. In Congress he joined with the progressive bloc. He supported production-for-use, and continually raised his voice against excessive military expenditures. He made an exhaustive analysis of the use of various National Guard units in labor disputes, and declared that the people were paying taxes to enable the Guard "to see to it that scabs get in there and break strikes." He supported the New Deal power and labor measures, but he consistently opposed the Administration's gearing up of the war machine.

With the backing of the Washington Commonwealth Federation—probably the most powerful production-for-use organization in the West—Zioncheck was reelected to Congress in 1934. He at once launched a one-man campaign of Fabian warfare on Representative Thomas L. Blanton of Texas, sponsor of the infamous red-rider to the District of Columbia appropriation bill. Zioncheck so thoroughly detested Blanton that he frequently overstepped the limits of good taste in his attacks on the number one red-baiter of the House. With the possible exceptions of Representatives Sisson and Maverick, the harassed teachers in the national capital had no more persistent friend than Marion Zioncheck. Here is a sample of his verbal attacks on the incomparable Blanton:

The gentleman from Texas is a great defender of the Constitution and the Supreme Court. . . . In view of this it gives one cause to wonder why it is that the Gentleman from Texas never calls the House's attention to the fact that a Negro is lynched in his district now and then . . . despite the fact that he knows that the Constitution does not make any provision for lynching Negroes in his district. . . . The Gentleman from Texas claims that he is a

true Jeffersonian Democrat, and still he continues to advocate and hold on to red-riders, Kramer bills, and what have you, despite the fact that I have called his attention to it several times that Thomas Jefferson stated in writing . . . that this type of coercive legislation is bad, and that if passed and enforced half the people would become hypocrites and the other half fools.

Zioncheck had a plentiful supply of moral courage. He was not afraid of the power of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and frequently attacked Hearst. He scored the attempts to build up a Nazi, anti-Semitic movement in his district, and he was one of the first Congressmen to expose the Townsend agitation as an alleged money-making racket. A distressingly large number of pseudo-progressives chimed in with the O.A.R.P. chorus, hoping thereby to hold the crackpot vote. Zioncheck refused to collaborate in this intellectual chicanery. He said the Townsend snare was ruining the chances of a sane old-age pension program. He put in the first resolution to investigate the Townsend financial set-up.

Political courage and intellectual honesty—those were Zioncheck's outstanding virtues. He also had faults. He was arrogant and egotistical. He needlessly antagonized people by discourtesy or downright rudeness. Frequently he was vulgar. Against these shortcomings, he had an attractive personality when he chose to be amiable. Small and wiry, he seemed to have boundless energy. He was one of the few men in the House who tried to read through every bill up for consideration. His collapse was at least partly due to overwork.

Had Zioncheck lived, it is difficult to say whether he would have been reelected. There is no doubt that many of his active supporters had been alienated by his behavior. But the workers and unemployed still had faith in his integrity, and they might have pulled him through the election. Before his collapse he was considered a possible gubernatorial candidate, and it was considered certain that he would one day be promoted to the United States Senate. His breakdown and death must be set down as an American tragedy, for Marion Zioncheck typified many of the best traditions of the Republic. An immigrant boy—the son of a family fleeing from oppression abroad—he took advantage of the opportunities offered by the great democracy of the West. He became the champion of oppressed and unfortunate people, and even until his garish end they retained unshakable confidence in him.

To millions of Americans Marion Zioncheck was a rambunctious young politician running wild. To thousands of his constituents in Seattle he was still the lad who quit school and peddled fish to help a struggling immigrant family survive in the pull-and-haul of the profit system. Just before his body was lowered into the grave at Evergreen Cemetery, the Reverend Fred Shorter of the Church of the People said, "Marion was a shell-shocked comrade who died at the barricades fighting to the very last for the poor and dispossessed." Only seconds before he threw himself from his office window Zioncheck scrawled in incoherent fashion on a piece of Congressional stationery, "My only hope in life was to improve the condition of an unfair economic system. . . ."

Arming the Industrialists

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

IT cost \$25,000, according to the best accounts, to kill a soldier in the World War. How much it costs to kill a striker in an industrial war has never been computed. But considering the estimated \$80,000,000 a year spent by American industry to break up union organization, and the persistent rumors that steel plants have been purchasing great quantities of munitions for the coming struggle, it would seem that shedding workers' blood must come rather high. The employers may or may not be nervous about this sort of outlay. But there are some business men concerned in this activity who have no reason to be disturbed and every reason to rejoice.

They are the munitions makers. While these gentlemen talk of serving law and order, they lose no time in filling up their order books. Their salesmen find it just as worth while to call on "personal directors" and company police as to visit the military men of foreign and domestic governments. Firms engaging in this sort of business do not wait for strikes to commence. They go after the business before trouble breaks out and persuade industrialists to arm, regardless of the consequences to the workers. In fact, the picture of their methods and their effect on industrial peace bears a horrible similarity to that furnished by Messrs. Vickers, Schneider, and Krupp.

In this country the true *Comité des Forges* of industrial munitions is Federal Laboratories, Inc., of Pittsburgh. This firm has assets of \$375,000 and a force of between fifty and sixty agents in the field (exclusive of its foreign connections). Federal Laboratories sells tear gas (chloroacetophenone), sickening gas (diphenylchlorarsine), gas grenades, riot guns, and machine-guns. It acts as exclusive agent for the Thompson submachine-gun and has served as broker for other firearms. Its principal competitor is U. S. Ordnance Engineers, Inc. This firm has a capitalization estimated at \$150,000 and also sells gas products, bombs, machine-guns, and firearms. So far as the records show, U. S. Ordnance Engineers, at least in the industrial field, is not as active as Federal Laboratories.

Both these firms stress their importance as suppliers of non-poisonous gases to banks, police departments, militia, and so on, for the purpose of preventing crime and disorder. According to their officials, tear gas and sickening gas provide the most humane method of suppressing riots and strike disorders, and in many instances save human life. The president of Federal Laboratories boasts that, in the Toledo Auto-Lite plant strike in 1934, they "came in there with the tear gas and I think saved further damage and some loss of life."

There is some doubt whether riot gases actually meas-

ure up to Federal Laboratories' high standard of humanity. According to Senator Clark of Missouri, two babies died after being gassed during the bonus-army troubles. The effect of sickening gas on hungry, undernourished strikers can well be imagined. The records of Federal Laboratories reveal a case (authenticated by the coroner) of the death of a man who had been under fire from these projectiles. The company report intimates that the man had a poor heart and "got too much DM [sickening gas]." According to another version, the victim died after being hit in the stomach by a gas shell. Heber Blankenhorn, of the National Labor Relations Board, takes issue with the altruistic claims of the gas firms. He says:

They say these tear-gas bombs do not hurt. I happened to see one of the men hit by one of these and all that could be seen of his face, when I saw him in the hospital, was one eye glaring at me and something like a mouth—when he tried to call for water, more blood and sputum came out than anything else. Other men were there [in the hospital] who were not pretty pictures.

Such pictures, it is true, do not adorn Federal Laboratories' highly illustrated catalogue. But the cuts on the cover of this volume suggest that protection against bank bandits and racketeers is something less than the knock-out argument in Federal Laboratories' sales arsenal. For instance, there is a photograph of the gas-filled streets of a West Virginia coal-mining town, during a strike. Another shows a mob and is labeled Against California Communists. The following photographs, all of the same sort of subject, fill out the list of illustrations: scenes from the Weirton, West Virginia strike; the Steubenville, Ohio, strike; the Clairton steel strike near Pittsburgh; a coal strike in Fayette County, Pennsylvania; a coal strike in Clarksburg, West Virginia (where several people were killed); milk strikes in Wisconsin and New York; and finally a snapshot of officers standing on the steps of the United States Capitol building during the bonus-army troubles.

When war threatened in the Chaco, Asuncion and La Paz drew munitions salesmen from Europe and the United States. Similarly, when labor troubles are imminent, representatives of the gas munitions firms are on the job. Mr. Young, president of Federal Laboratories, wrote to one of his agents as follows:

... a notice in Sunday's *Herald Tribune* that they were expecting labor trouble at the Panama Canal. This paper lists the Callahan Co. and Shirley, Peterson, and Gunther as contractors. This is for the new Madden Dam Alejuela. I think if these people are properly solicited they can be convinced of the importance of carrying tear gas on hand in Panama. I suggest you follow this through.

*Tear Gas*

Since these firms have agents in most of the large cities of the country, including industrial areas, they can and do render service, even before the event.

Some straight-from-the-shoulder sales talk accompanies these exertions. Here is a quotation from one of the circulars sent out by Federal Laboratories:

Be sure to advise your customer that when they use gas to use plenty of it. We have found from experience that if the police try to disperse a mob with too little gas, their efforts will not be successful. To toss a couple of grenades and gas shells into a fighting mob could not be expected to control it. You have got to give them gas and plenty of it.

Nor are signs of the times overlooked in these appeals. In a letter to an agent Mr. Young makes the following cogent remarks:

I am quite sure this present crisis, while it has brought a shortage of funds, has brought an acute demand for our products, which puts us in the preferred class, and we should impress upon the public officials that they should spend money for the purchase of tear-gas equipment even when they cannot afford to pay salaries.

Or, as Mr. Young explained in commenting on this letter, "I think it is well known that in prosperous times you do not have trouble with riots that you do in time of adversity."

The officers of these companies paint a vivid picture of police officials protecting property and "faithful workers" from disorderly strikers, pickets, and sympathizers and insist that only by means of gas can the police avoid killing members of the mobs. But Mr. Blankenhorn, describing to the La Follette committee the strike at the Republic Steel Company's plant in Canton, Ohio, in the summer of 1935, offered a different view. He testified that not one window in a Republic machine shop fully a third of a mile long and contiguous with a street had been broken by the strikers. Armed guards came out of the plant, charged down the street with tear gas and billies, and dispersed pickets. He summed up in these words: "There was no pretense that there was any threat to the plant. It is an example of the way these plant munitions are used; they are not for the purpose of protecting property but for the purpose of breaking up picket lines."

These firms by no means confine themselves to tear gas and equipment. Federal Laboratories obtained revolvers from Smith and Wesson for the Weirton Steel Company. On June 26, 1934, Federal Laboratories wrote the Department of Justice, asking what the attitude of the department would be toward the delivery of machine-guns to the following firms: Cudahy Packing Company, Newport, Minnesota; Gulf States Steel Company, Birmingham, Alabama; Republic Steel Company, Youngstown, Ohio; Southern Natural Gas Company, Birmingham, Alabama; Tennessee Coal and Iron Company Railroad, Birmingham.

In the records of the Senate Munitions Committee there are exhibits of about 40 waybills of shipments of arms to industrialists directly, and of about 150 shipments to local authorities. The dates indicate that these shipments took place just before labor disturbances. Among firms listed were the H. C. Frick Coke Company, the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, and the Essex Rubber Company, Trenton, New Jersey. Cities purchasing munitions were as follows: Boston, Massachusetts, in November, 1935, \$3,000 worth of gas and munitions; Denver, between December, 1934, and April, 1935, over \$5,000 worth of Tommies; Detroit, Michigan, between April and November, 1935, over \$10,000 worth of Tommies and gas munitions and a \$12,600 armored car; Barberton, Ohio, between November 21 and December 14, 1935 (period of strike there), nearly \$5,000 worth of munitions; Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, September, 1934, over \$2,500 worth of Tommies and gas. ("Tommies" are machine-guns.)

Sales of munitions, gas, and guns to industrial firms and to police bodies require, under present laws, some

red tape in the form of permission from federal and local authorities. "Permission" involves at times some rather murky dealings. In some cases industrial firms pay for arms shipped to the local authorities. Thus the sheriff of the county in which a Cudahy plant was located received the guns, and the vice-president of Federal Laboratories wrote, "I think they [Cudahy] are contributing somewhat in paying for them." Sometimes shipments are made to other parties, or the marking of the shipping cases is altered to conceal from employees the nature and origin of the contents. Thus Federal Laboratories ordered forty-eight revolvers from Smith and Wesson for the Weirton Steel Company, with this warning:

Ask that the invoice be made out to Weirton Steel Company, but send it to us rather than direct to Weirton Steel Company, on account of their desire that their employees be not familiar with what they are doing. They require that we use great secrecy in the way bills are handled.

Another order for guns and gas from Federal Laboratories was marked, "Ship to Borough Hall, Duquesne Borough Hall, invoice to Carnegie Steel Company, Carnegie Building." And another for \$3,000 worth of riot guns and gas equipment was marked, "Ship to John B. Michela, Wolvin Building, Duluth, invoice to H. C. Frick Coke Company, Frick Annex, Pittsburgh." Also indicated on this last invoice is the following: "Box to be marked merchandise from H. C. Frick Coke Company," instead of Federal Laboratories. The John B. Michela mentioned here appears in records as a former member of the police and espionage system of the Oliver Iron Mining Company, which is a subsidiary of United States Steel.

The ultimate effect of this on the workers is, of course, chloroacetophenone and casualties. The immediate effect is a condition extremely favorable to the sale of more guns and gas. No matter how ingeniously the cartons of munitions may be labeled, the intended victims have a sure nose for camouflage. Today, along the Monongahela, down in West Virginia, in Youngstown, in Gary, wherever steel labor moves toward organization and the inevitable strikes, rumors of large shipments of munitions to the plants add to the growing tenseness of the situation. The workers are already nervous about the spies and provocateurs in their midst, and the knowledge that munitions to be used against them are being stored in the plants fans their apprehensions to a dangerous temperature. Mr. Blankenhorn says, "They [sales of munitions to industrial firms] are a part of the cause of labor unrest among the steel companies, because when the men find these concealed devices, there is a sense among the workers that a kind of secret warfare is being made against them."

The international armament racketeers drum up business by selling to both sides in a strained international situation. The industrial armament racketeers sell to one side only, but gain the same end by different methods. For one thing, legal action in the courts has hamstrung the operations of the Wagner Act, which set up the National Labor Relations Board to enforce the principle

of collective bargaining and to settle labor disputes. For another, labor espionage, industrial detective agencies, and strike-breaking firms constitute one of the surest means, first, of stirring up labor, then of suppressing its attempts at organization. And between the largest supplier of industrial munitions and these two instruments of anti-labor action there exists a strong and profitable link.

On the Board of Directors of Federal Laboratories is Roy G. Bostwick, who is a law partner of Earl F. Reed, chairman of a subcommittee of the National Committee of Lawyers of the American Liberty League. A brief composed by this committee has been utilized by industrial interests throughout the country to challenge the action of the National Labor Relations Board. In fact, the blocking of the board's rulings in many labor centers has been credited to the legal assistance provided by this committee. Beside Mr. Bostwick on this board sits W. W. Groves, the president of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, which operates a number of espionage and strike-breaking concerns throughout the country. The connection between Railway Audit and Federal Laboratories is by no means recent. A. A. Ahner, at present head of his own detective agency, in 1928 was general manager of the Railway Audit in the St. Louis area. At that time he was arrested with a Federal Laboratories tear-gas bomb in his possession. In two cities, Atlanta and New Orleans, the offices of Federal Laboratories and Railway Audit are the same. One of Mr. Groves's exploits took place in 1932 in the General Materials strike in St. Louis. In that strike two men were killed, two others were so badly clubbed by hired strike-breakers that one of them was sent to an insane asylum. A gang of strike-breakers, some with criminal records, were arrested for this and referred police to their "boss," Mr. Groves. Mr. Groves was arrested by the police, and his bond, according to an article in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, was signed by Beverly Brown, "cuckoo gang bondsman."

Federal Laboratories, according to Mr. Blankenhorn, have pushed their connection with espionage and strike-breaking so far that in Atlanta last year they applied to Chief of Police Poole for a detective license of their own. This was refused on the ground that it would mean the introduction of spies and stool pigeons into the plants of that area, which in the opinion of Chief Poole would create the kind of disturbance for which munitions might be sold. The international arms racketeers could do no better.

Such is the net woven between industrial war and munitions. Earl F. Reed, partner of a Federal Laboratories director, works for the blocking of N.L.R.B. cases in the courts. Result: discontent among the workers with legal action for their rights, and their conversion to a policy of direct action and strikes. W. W. Groves, another director, runs an agency for espionage among the workers, a potent method of widening this discontent and hastening the process toward war. Once the ensuing situation becomes acute, Federal Laboratories steps in and, to borrow the vivid phrase of Sir Basil Zaharoff, "does the needful."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE news that Senator Borah has triumphed in the primaries in Idaho is to be welcomed. Even those of us who are beginning to feel only pity for the Senator's failure to live up to his opportunities and be the great political leader he ought to be would feel disappointed if his seat should be lost to him in the election next fall. For he is not only the Senator of longest service, but he does add intellectual distinction to the upper house, even if his course is frequently as tortuous as a snake's. From all that I can learn, his adversary, Governor Ross, would not add to the strength or wisdom of the Senate. But he may win.

Quite as satisfactory is the news from Texas that Congressman Maury Maverick has triumphed in the primaries and will be duly reelected next fall. Great sums of money went into his district to defeat him. Although he is an ex-soldier with a remarkable war record and consequent physical injuries from which he constantly suffers, the attempt was made to defeat him on the ground that he is too pacifist—and, of course, a "red." I have already gone on record as saying that it is hard to recall another case in which a young and unknown man has deservedly won so wide a national reputation as has Mr. Maverick in his first term. We have been so accustomed to having it said that no new Congressman could make a name for himself, and that to exert a genuine influence in Congress one must have reached a high committee position after three or four terms, that I think this object lesson of what one man of character, courage, and firmly held beliefs can accomplish is of the utmost importance. Like Senator Norris and many others, Mr. Maverick has proved that it pays a thousand times over to put a good man in office in Washington and that it is a lie born of cynicism and despair to say that there is no use in sending fine men to Congress because they are always dominated by the party machine.

As usual in a Presidential election, we hear too little about the contest in the various states. I want to appeal, therefore, to all my readers to interest themselves in local candidacies for Senate and House, and to give time and strength, and money if possible, to the election or reelection of men who have really shown themselves to be liberal. In any case all who are opposed to the militarization of this country and to the growing fascist spirit owe it to themselves to demand of candidates for Congress where they stand on these all-important issues, if they have not already made themselves clear. Wherever possible, pressure should be brought to bear upon them to make them aware that there is a militant minority which is opposed to compulsory military drill in our schools and colleges, opposed to our entering the naval armament race and to our running up an annual bill of \$1,137,000,-

000 for army and navy. And the candidates should be polled, too, as to how they stand on the tariff and whether or not they are for as much tariff reform as the Administration is giving us in the reciprocal tariff treaties.

In this connection I want especially to call attention to the candidacy of Merle D. Vincent to succeed Senator Costigan of Colorado. Mr. Vincent is opposed by two strong candidates, the present Governor Johnson and a former Governor, William E. Sweet, who has been an ardent and able protagonist of the New Deal. Mr. Sweet, a man of high character, made a good record as Governor and I assume that the influence of the Administration is being thrown to him. But Mr. Vincent's years of hard work in behalf of an enlightened labor policy in Colorado and his outspokenness on the issues which seem to me all-compelling would make me vote and work for him if I lived in his state. I am certain that he would be a worthy successor to Senator Costigan, whose loss, with that of Senator Norris which I fear may come to pass, will be a most grievous blow to the Progressive bloc in the Senate. Mr. Vincent stands on an admirable platform. He is for the vital features of the Administration's farm program and against any extension of the landlord and tenant system. He is for the reciprocal trade agreements.

He is for saying to other nations: We will not enter your suicidal race of preparation for war. . . . We will not send an armed soldier to foreign soil or a warship to foreign waters to participate in foreign wars. He is wholeheartedly for the protection and advancement of labor. He is opposed to Supreme Court control over Congress and he is, of course, for the social-security program of the Administration while realizing that thus far only first steps have been taken. He is for producers' and consumers' cooperatives as affording the prospect of a kind of price control which safeguards both the producer and the consumer. He is especially emphatic in his demands for academic freedom in our schools and colleges, which he rightly terms a grave national issue. "We want," he says, "the children and the young men and women of our country to know the facts and conditions prevailing in the world in which they live."

Here I must make a correction. In *The Nation* of May 6, writing in this department, I stated that a well-known gambling resort in Florida was aided in its business by receiving its telephone messages over a Coast Guard telephone. I find that I was mistaken in this; that the telephone in question belongs to another department of the government. I am the happier to make this correction because I greatly admire the efficiency and ability of the Coast Guard, especially of its ships and their crews.

BROUN'S PAGE

"YES, the Reverend Mr. Smith's speech was what we call 'rabble-rousing.' But under the spell of his oratory one felt that there was something fine, and to some extent justified, in the indignation with which he answered those who call him a 'rabble-rouser.'"

This heartfelt tribute to the aide of Talmadge, Huey Long, Coughlin, Lemke, and Dr. Townsend was paid by Mark Sullivan last Sunday in his syndicated column. It seems to me that Mr. Sullivan has come to be the most tragic figure in American journalism with the possible exception of Walter Lippmann. Mark Sullivan was once the leader of liberal forces in the fight against the reactionaries of the Republican Party. But when he begins to lend aid and comfort to Gerald L. K. Smith Mr. Sullivan commits treachery to the craft which he has long served. Under even the loosest dispensation it is monstrous for him to suggest that Gerald L. K. Smith is a sincere man or that there is anything fine or to any extent justified in his indignation against "those who call him a 'rabble-rouser.'"

As a matter of fact, Smith isn't even indignant. Mark Sullivan heard him in action at the National Press Club. That night Smith chose to play straight. A few weeks earlier he made the speech before a somewhat more sophisticated audience at the Dutch Treat Club in New York. This time Smith stopped in the middle, grinned at the crowd, said "How am I doing?" and swung back into his act. On Sunday he did the speech again, this time on the radio, and with full stops and tremolo.

"What he is for, whatever is his constructive philosophy, did not clearly emerge in this speech," adds Mark a little naively.

It never does. I have heard the Gerald L. K. Smith speech several times and its climax runs just about as follows: "They tell me that I mustn't refer to our sacred flag. That would make me a rabble-rouser. They say I must not speak of our glorious Constitution. That would be rabble-rousing. They tell me that I cannot quote from my beloved Bible which I hold here in my hand. Let me tell you, my friends, that if it is rabble-rousing to praise the flag and the Constitution and to love and revere the holy Bible then I pray to God that He in his wisdom will make me the greatest rabble-rouser in the land and fit to follow in the footsteps of Huey Long, who chose me as his great disciple."

As Mark Sullivan says, the constructive philosophy is just a little dim. Even as an emotional appeal it isn't very accurate. Gerald L. K. Smith was never one of Senator Long's chief lieutenants. He was merely a hanger-on. Huey referred to him as his "number two preacher." Smith filled in when the other clergyman was not available. Long treated Gerald Smith with a good deal of contempt. Paul Y. Anderson tells me that on one occasion the Kingfish said to the Reverend Mr. Smith, "Ger-

ald, what have you done with those dirty shirts I told you to send to the laundry? They're not back yet."

Upon the death of Huey, Gerald Smith prepared to move forward from dirty shirts to dirty linen in general. Before the beginning of 1936 he boasted that he had full control of all the Share-the-Wealth clubs. He told me that in New Orleans on New Year's Eve. The local newspapermen said that Gerald was trying to cover too much territory. He was not well liked by Long's associates. In an effort to attract attention to himself he briefly sponsored an anti-Semitic drive in the state. Herman Deutsch, the novelist and newspaperman, told me that Smith had called him up late at night and announced that the Share-the-Wealth clubs would sponsor a movement against the rich Jewish merchants of New Orleans. Nothing came of it. Seymour Weiss got hold of him and told him to shut up.

With the coming of the Talmadge grass-roots convention in Georgia, Gerald L. K. Smith saw a chance for the limelight and became one of the chief backers of the show which had at least moral support from Hearst and the Liberty League. Talmadge wanted to abolish the income tax and Smith said he represented four million members of Share-the-Wealth clubs. The two things didn't seem to hitch up, but Gerald is no great stickler for logic.

All that was required of anybody was to be against Roosevelt. You may remember the Talmadge convention as the one in which a picture of a Negro professor at Howard escorting Mrs. Roosevelt into the college office building was used to fan race prejudice. The "something fine" in Smith's own speech was his shout into the microphone, "We're going to turn that cripple out of the White House."

Mark Sullivan gathered among other things that Gerald L. K. Smith was fighting dictatorship and was for the mass against the rule of a few powerful people. It might be pertinent to call the attention of Mark Sullivan to the resolutions adopted by the Coughlinites in their Cleveland convention. The indorsement begins:

"In the conduct of the affairs of the National Union for Social Justice we indorse, without any exception whatsoever, all the acts of our president and great leader, Father Coughlin."

And the final paragraph runs: "Finally, lest specification detract from the fulness of our sanction, we publish our unreserved and unqualified indorsements of all public acts, radio addresses, and statements of our leader..."

Father Coughlin is great and Gerald L. K. Smith is his prophet. If Mark Sullivan can really find in him "something fine" he is wasting his time writing columns. Mark should rent himself out as a needle-nabber for hay farmers.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NATURE AND THE MODERN MIND

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LAST year Donald Culross Peattie won a prize with his diary, "An Almanac for Moderns." He was hailed by many, including myself, as an important addition to the short list of first-rate writers about nature, and now "Green Laurels" (Simon and Schuster) confirms the judgment. This is his second book since the "Almanac" was published, and in the normal course of events it would now be time for commentators to discover the limitations they had overlooked in the first flush of their enthusiasm. But this new and lively account of the story of man's study of nature as revealed in the careers of the great naturalists is so interesting, so fresh, and so informed with an original sensibility as to disarm even the second thoughts of watchful critics.

It is true that Mr. Peattie occasionally overwrites as he did, rather more often, in the "Almanac"—that occasionally one seems to detect something almost febrile in his enthusiasm, not only for the idea of nature, but also for the idea of the naturalist. It is also true that "Green Laurels" does not appear to represent any considerable amount of new research. The facts he presents are for the most part familiar facts and constitute no important contribution to the historical record. Mr. Peattie is nevertheless much more than a mere popularizer, and he has more to give than even his remarkable power of communicating the enthusiasm he feels for his subject. That enthusiasm is based upon a definite attitude, half intellectual, half emotional, toward the whole world of living things, and it furnished him with a point of reference from which the history of the study of nature becomes much more than merely a history of gradually accumulated knowledge. It becomes primarily an account (illustrated through the work and the personality of great men) of the different kinds of facts which naturalists wanted to discover and, above all, of their aims and feelings at different periods. Thus the story of natural history includes the story of the naturalist's conception of man's relation to nature.

In our issue for July 25 Mr. Benjamin Ginzburg offered an admirable review of the volume from the standpoint of the scientist. My excuse for returning to it here is that I, as a layman, discovered in a book intended for laymen conceptions and clarifications which a scientist is naturally inclined to take for granted.

Modern natural history began, like most branches of modern knowledge, with the effort to recover the somewhat overestimated knowledge and wisdom of classical times. The Renaissance botanist, for example, thought of his task as primarily the task of identifying in his own region the plants mentioned by Dioscorides, and only with

great reluctance was he forced to realize that the flora of the Mediterranean region were not coextensive with the flora of the world. When he did finally realize that fact he began to collect and to classify; Linnæus appeared to bring order out of chaos; and, finally, as has happened in the case of every new line of study opened up, Linnæan science became a dead mechanical thing. The mania for collecting and classifying actually impeded the exploitation of more fruitful fields of inquiry, just as, later, comparative anatomy came to obstruct new developments, and the great work of Cuvier was used for rather more than it was worth in the effort to block the study of evolution.

Thus the history of natural history is, on the one hand, a history of the opening up and the subsequent exhaustion of fields of inquiry. More subtly it is also the history of what attitude men took toward their materials, of what they hoped to gain from their knowledge of nature. And on this side the history is of concern to every student of the human mind because it parallels and constitutes one aspect of the more general history of the emotional and philosophical attitudes assumed in the course of the development of that mind. There is, for example, nothing more fundamental in the story of the naturalist than the fact that, like the inquirer in most other fields, his progress has been a difficult and often painful progress away from that homocentric conception of the universe which is so natural to man. The triumph of Copernican astronomy, for example, is not an isolated fact. The realization that the earth is not the center of the universe but that, instead, it revolves around a center outside itself is merely one aspect of the disturbing fact that, in general, we can understand the external world only when we make the effort to discover about what center, other than the one we naturally assume, events are moving. And though Mr. Peattie nowhere specifically calls attention to just this fact it is implicit in most of what he writes, and the course of natural history is a progress away from the conception of man's central position in the scheme of life.

The early botanists, for example, were crudely teleological as well as crudely utilitarian. They were trying to find plants useful to man; they assumed that each plant had been "put here for a purpose," (i.e., to be useful to man); and they rather suspected that each had been marked in some way, so that, for instance, a plant with a heart-shaped leaf would be good for the heart. Long after this attitude had ceased to be exhibited in so crass a form it still dominated men's minds in subtler ways. Thus the first suggestion of an evolutionary relationship between man and the other animals assumed, as a matter of course,

that man was the 'original creation and that other creatures had degenerated from him. But Buffon, whom Mr. Peattie takes as the perfect, if somewhat belated, type of the more refined form of the homocentric naturalist, will illustrate better. He felt that the natural grouping of animals was that which follows the line of human thought. A reasonable man would not follow an account of the horse, with an account of the zebra but with one of the dog which follows at the horse's heels. Animals were described as "noble," "courageous," "loyal," as though animal nature were to be understood only in terms of human nature. But best of all was his comment on one of Réaumur's pioneer contributions to the knowledge of insect behavior:

In the end, a bee should not occupy more space in the head of a naturalist than it does in Nature: and this marvelous republic of flies will never be more in the eyes of reason than a swarm of little beasts that have no other relation to us than to supply us with wax and honey.

Goodness only knows, these "eyes of reason" were comforting things, and Mr. Peattie, heir to all the knowledge that Buffon instinctively feared, cannot define his relation to other living creatures so simply or so clearly as Buffon could define our relation to bees. In one sense we seem less intimate with nature because nature is no longer merely the environment provided for us and to be understood fully as such; because, too, we know now how hopeless is the attempt to understand animal consciousness in terms of our own, as though the mental life of a beetle or even of a dog were merely some simple and dimmer version of ours. We realize now that our motives and aims and thoughts are, like our way of life, merely one system of possible modes of aiming and thinking and living, so that we cannot even describe one mode as higher than another without introducing premises which are purely human. And to realize this is to be moved away a second step from that feeling of intimacy which primitive man must have had when he assumed, not only what Buffon did, but also that the beasts could on occasion hold their conferences and make their speeches.

But if we are less at home with nature, in this sense less intimate with other creatures, we have, and for the same reasons, a greater if dimmer sense of fellowship with them—more of a feeling that we are co-equals sprung from the same source and engaged, each in our own way, in the common adventure of living. To know them is not to know lesser versions of ourselves but to catch some glimpse, which we could never catch if we knew only ourselves, into that mystery of the living world of which we are a part.

There is something about almost any living thing that is plasmic, resilient, and in a way alarming. We say, "I touched something—and it was *alive!*" There is no such shock in touching that which has never lived. The mineral world is vast, it is mighty, rigid, and brittle. But the hand that touches vital matter—though the man were blind—infalibly recognizes the feel of life, and recoils in excitement.

Only a modern, I think, could have written exactly that

because the feeling which infuses the passage is purely modern—because only a modern could realize that all protoplasm is one, that to touch something alive is not to touch something lesser than man and necessarily subordinate to him, but to touch the mystery which includes all others.

BOOKS

The Majestic People

THE PEOPLE, YES. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

WHEN Rebecca West made mention of Sandburg's "revolutionary passion" in 1926, pausing to remark that "poem after poem is ruined by a coarsely intruding line that turns it from poetry into propaganda," it was in the nature of an afterthought. Sandburg was then concerned even more circumstantially than in the present volume with ice-handlers, dock-wallopers, wheat-stackers, and "contemporary bunkshooters"; but his status as a propagandist was incidental to his function as "poet of the Middle West." "The People, Yes," which is defined for us in a prefatory lyric as a collection of "stories and poems nobody would want to laugh at, interspersed with memoranda worth a second look," is a volume to be considered entirely in terms of its "revolutionary" content. Sandburg's tenderness for ethnological detail has not prevented him from marshaling his facts about a thesis here, the tractarian nature of which becomes unmistakable as the theme gathers bulk and momentum.

"The People, Yes" is from one standpoint a heroic poem without a hero. The intent has been to celebrate the anonymous Genius of the People as a force capable of molding into its own image not only the language and *mores* of a nation, but its history as well. With more prodigality than order Sandburg has set down the American folk-epic as he conceives it, chiefly by the procedure of overturning upon the pages bushel-baskets of regional legends, phrases, anecdotes, tall tales, allusions, and aphorisms interspersed with comment of his own. Occasionally this material is engrafted upon lyrical themes and knit to the general score by links of logic or contextual reference. Most often, however, the items are thrown up in series, arbitrarily, so that the effect becomes one of chanted portfolio notations rather than an orderly development of a theme.

Sandburg's fundamental conception of "The People" as a historical entity is clear both by direct statement and from a steady stream of tropes which furnish an incidental embroidery to the argument as a whole. There occur such metaphors as "a child at school writing howlers, writing answers half-wrong, half-right," a "monster turtle," a monolith, a target, a spectrum, a Pandora's box, an avalanche, an anvil, a cosmos, and a phantasmagoria; at its baldest, however, we are told: "The People is Everyman, everybody. Everybody is you and I and all others." With complete consistency, then, history becomes "a few Big Names plus People," industry "the daily chores of the people":

The plow and the hammer, the knife and
the shovel, the planting hoe and the
reaping sickle, everywhere these are
the people's possessions by right of use.

Similarly justice becomes a verdict, not of a quorum, but of a culture. Ultimately, the concept is compacted into a trope of the People as History moving blindly through space and time and achieving its destiny not so much through conscious exercise of will as by a gradual, tortured, yet invincible exodus from trial and error to revolution.

Whether such a notion takes into account sufficiently the element of will—of conscious rather than blind self-enlightenment—as a catalyst in the hastening of historical effects, and whether it must not also in the last analysis look wholly to faith for the attainment of its ends—faith in "the majestic people," in the eventual "dignity of deepening roots"—are problems to be suggested only in passing. More to the point of present-day issues are the poet's direct avowals of sympathy and indignation: Sandburg has known of verdicts purchased through bribes, of violence hired, of murder paid for, of "pay-day patriots." "The man in the street is fed with lies in peace, gas in war," he writes, is challenged with the "animal dictate" to "do what we tell you or go hungry; listen to us or you don't eat," while "rare and suave swine . . . pay themselves a fat swag of higher salaries." He calls upon Lincoln as the exemplar

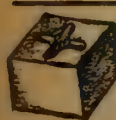
of the American folk-conscience to point the way "beyond the present wilderness" of exploitation and deceit, much as Wordsworth invoked the spirit of Milton in 1802. "Always the storm of propaganda blows," he concludes; but "the learning and blundering people will live on."

The living passion of millions can rise
into a whirlwind: the storm once loose
who can ride it? you? or you? or you?

only history, only tomorrow, knows
for every revolution breaks
as a child of its own convulsive hour
shooting patterns never told beforehand.

Many matters of popular moment, it is true, are skirted by a quizzical "Yes and no, no and yes"; and the reader is left to determine for himself whether the "United States of the Earth," of which mention is made in Section 87, is to be construed as an allusion to Tennyson, Marx, or Jesus. A query more easy of resolution is that addressed to the Chinese philosopher in an earlier section: "Was he preaching or writing poetry or talking through his hat?" In the present volume, surely, Sandburg has devoted the greatest part of his energies to the first, considerably less to the second, and nothing at all to the last. The result may make negligible poetry and confused preaching, but it proves Sandburg thoroughly alive to the "shock and contact of ideas" today. On this account alone—if not solely—"The People, Yes" should interest a wider audience than any of his other volumes since "Chicago Poems."

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Blue Chartreuse

THE CAT. By Colette. Translated from the French by Morris Bentinck. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.50.

SURELY it is only in France that a novel could be written whose hero at the age of twenty-four looked at himself one night in the mirror and exclaimed: "But get to bed . . . you're all to pieces . . . it's disgraceful. . . . They think I'm beautiful just because I'm blond; dark, I'd be hideous." He stood there nevertheless and smiled "so that he might admire his teeth again; affectionately stroked the natural part in his too thick blond hair; and was pleased with the tints in his eyes, gray, shading into green near the dark lashes; the eye itself surrounded by a purplish circle." Alain was to be married in a day or two, and he had just been going over some of his old things in the charming, ugly house where he lived with his indulgent Mama. There was one box which contained his absolutely personal treasures: "a gold dollar; a signet ring; an agate charm from his father's chain; a few red seeds from a rare East Indian plant; a mother-of-pearl rosary; a broken bracelet, souvenir of a young, hot-tempered mistress who had remained in his life briefly and left it tempestuously. . . . Dreamily he fingered these small relics, shining and worthless like the bits of broken stones found in the nests of plundering birds. 'I must throw away all this . . . or leave it here. I don't care about it . . . or can it be that I do?'"

He did. He cared about everything that he could finger in this dreamy way; everything, in fact, about his mother's charming old ugly house with its wonderful walled garden where even when he shut his gray-green-purple eyes he could be sure that the expensive fertilizer about the base of every flower was exhaling a miraculous moisture. Moisture. That was it. This twenty-fourth summer was hot in Neuilly, and there was a dis-

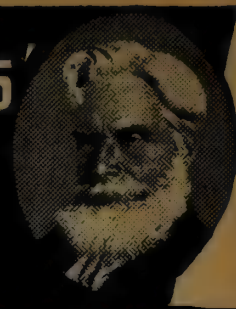
appointing dryness in the thoughts he was able to have from time to time concerning the rather commonplace modern girl he was going to marry. Camille was dark and lovely, and there could be no doubt of her passion for Alain. But she was hard; drove a roadster in the regulation way of pampered maidens; and was something of an intrusion, really, in this hothouse of his little memories and of his daily pleasures which after all were so difficult to disentangle from the entire secret jungle where his dreams had root. It was not easy for him in his dreams to know whether he was four or twenty-four; though it was easy to dream. He simply had to drop down on the fresh sheets which Emile would of course have spread for him in the room where nothing else must ever change; run his hands skilfully over the fur of Saha, his blue Chartreuse cat who at such a time crept silently to the breast of his pajamas; and be off at once among the great rings of light and the tropical vines of fancy which writhed together in patterns quite indescribable later on when he woke up and went with a certain unwillingness to keep some eleven o'clock engagement with the immaculately dressed Camille. Occasionally, to be sure, he dropped languidly down to the business his father had left him, and talked for an hour or two with old M. Veuillet. But that was as he chose; and more frequently he chose to remain all morning in the garden where Saha conducted her fierce little hunts after butterflies and moths, and where the two of them knew the significance of every gesture and every small cry that either of them might make.

Alain didn't know how well he would get on without Saha after his marriage. The separation was to be brief; only until the new house was ready next to this one of his mother's, which somehow seemed to him violated whenever he glanced over at the piles of wood and plaster beyond the familiar horizon of honeysuckle. But it was to be a separation. He and Camille were to spend their honeymoon in Patrick's apartment, nine stories up; and this was no place for Saha. Temporarily, as things turned out, it was the place for Alain and Camille, who learned how to forget everything else in each other's daily and nightly arms. Yet, rather to Camille's chagrin, Alain did eventually remember his cat and go to see her—and what was worse for a woman capable of French jealousy, bring her back with him. What happened afterwards is something that no reviewer should tell. But it was terrible and tragic, and on the last page it looked as if it would be a long time before either lover—if such a term was applicable now—studied again the down, black or gold as the case might be, on the other's outstretched anatomy.

Surely it is only in France that such a novel could be written and not be wholly preposterous. And probably it is only Colette who could contrive to write it in a hundred and sixty pages. In as little space as that she definitely establishes the existence of her offensive young man, his fiancée and his bride, his mother, his servants, his private world of poetry, and of course his cat. I must confess that I do not know what should be written in the heavy English hand about so able a piece of—perhaps—triviality. If every other people is slightly ridiculous to us, and if the French certainly cannot be excluded from the compliment, at least it is true that no other people manages to go on being itself so purely, so intelligently, and with such a fantastic self-possession. How well Colette understands her story I do not know, any more than I know whether I understand it at all; or whether there is anything to understand. As to its importance in the universe of books—well, that must be left to someone wise beyond the present year, and wise beyond nationality.

MARK VAN DOREN

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A Prophecy of Possibilities

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND. 1815—1865.

By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$4.

THERE is in Mr. Brooks's narrative of the New England mind a deep kind of negative inspiration for the writers and artists of our day, New England or not; and there is, more immediately discernible but harder to enact, a deep positive inspiration for men of culture, good-will, and responsible sensibility. We have here, that is, a prophecy of possibility such as history always provides when it is taken as the record of imagination: the cycle of germination, flowering, and—not extinction, but mummification. We see ourselves always, in such a perspective, living in the ruins of unexhausted possibilities; and if we emphasize, as Mr. Brooks does in this narrative, the whole contagious juvenescence, the new and omnivorous imagination finding everywhere its natural themes almost bursting into the flower of form, we see not only that the possibility was unexhausted but that it persisted, and persists now, actually inexhaustible. The possibility was merely not taken up. The imagination grew tired, or clever, or self-conscious. It hid, so to speak, on the surface of the society it envisaged and lost the discipline of detachment, or it succumbed, like a statesman's imagination, to the exigence of office and election, when writing and thinking became the exercise of vanity and expostulation. Yet the possibility remained; still remains, and still waits. How shall it be taken up?

Prophecy is memory working forward, and springs as much from need as from desire, from the sight of necessity as much as from the blindness of hope. Prophecy puts us on the brink.

By writing, at this time, in his full powers, a narrative of appreciation so keen, so full of relish and admiration and intimations of vitality, Mr. Brooks not only celebrates the highest period (I do not say the greatest artists) of American culture, he brings us to the brink, the very possibility, of another such period. It is the brink of an abyss only if you draw back and are ever afterwards haunted. The point may be pressed. It is the point that the view you take may be determined by your awareness of your needs.

It is in the stature of his awareness that, in this volume, Mr. Brooks has increased. Granted that his subject helped him, there has also been a transformation in his point of view. In "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" he saw principally the social problem of the American artist at home, and in "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" he emphasized the problem of the deracinated artist in search of a theme; but in neither book did he demonstrate or judge the actual achievement—the greatness of imagination—of Mark Twain and Henry James. "The Flowering of New England" could easily have been written to illustrate the analogous problems of the period, could have emphasized the sterile late years of Hawthorne or the lack of composition in Emerson; only then it must have been called "The Straw Flowers of New England"—for straw flowers are cut and dried before they are completely open. The fact that Mr. Brooks's mind has so grown and so changed that he chose rather to declare not only what greatness was there but also the greatness of the possibility that was never enacted—that fact contains the inspiration of his narrative for ourselves as artists. His narrative is good for any region and any scene, and good especially for those disorders whose symptoms are lack of theme and the rootless malaise. He will not make us great writers—no one would wish for that providence—but he will make us feel the direction of magnitude and the stretch of scope; and these are not the same as the sentiments of either Thomas Wolfe or Ernest Hemingway.

The positive inspiration (which artists cannot gain except directly) for men of culture and good-will and responsible sensibility is again found in the story Mr. Brooks chose to tell as the background and support of his major story: the story of the men and women of all ranks and kinds who were alert and sentient and on the stretch at one or more focal points of sensibility and so contributed to the cooperative vitality of their culture. Most of the individuals were narrow, all of them were limited, none of them complete in our eyes; but they vitalized a culture which seemed complete and even universal to themselves—and indeed to much of Europe. If the reader will look up the *unfamiliar* names in Mr. Brooks's index he will I think be astonished at the high state of culture he finds exemplified, and more astonished at the breadth of learning which conditioned the culture; but if the reader is incredulous, he will be on the wrong track.

There is, finally, a point where the needs of artists and men of good-will may meet. Speaking of the orchidaceous and atrophied existence of the American exiles in Rome, Mr. Brooks observes that "Norton, with his acute social conscience, his sense of a mission at home, probed under the surface of Italian life. The repressive political system disturbed him, and he had understood, from his own observation, the sorrows of Petrarch, Dante, and Alfieri, who had mourned over their country and its degradation. . . . He had cared for the realities of Italian life. . . . The others did not wish to care. It was to escape from the prose of existence that they had left America. If their writing lost all grip and bottom, was not this the reason and the explanation?" It is because we are so widely aware that in this respect our artists no less than our men of culture are

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orchidaceous exiles at home, that we can feel the possibility of both grip and bottom. It is the same awareness that helped produce this book as prophecy. Where we are aware of a lack, we can feel, if we use all the faculties of feeling—both reason and imagination—that the cure is within us. R. P. BLACKMUR

Through Western Eyes

EYES ON JAPAN. by Victor A. Yakhontoff. Coward-McCann. \$3.50.

THIS review is a melancholy record of what might have been. General Yakhontoff describes his book as "a concise source for reference on various aspects of Japan's life." A 281-page attempt to survey the history, geography, culture, economic structure, contemporary politics, manners, and morals of a country cannot contribute much that is really valuable, although even in that narrow space the author manages to squeeze in a surprising amount of material. But when such works exist as Professor Murdoch's standard history, Harold Moulton's detailed "Economic and Financial Appraisal," and Sir George Sansom's unsurpassed "Cultural History," General Yakhontoff's book seems to have only the rather dubious *raison d'être* of being all in one volume. What he might have done, what he comes so near doing but always just misses, would have been to give us a living, ticking likeness of modern Japan. But so occupied is the author in scurrying all over the surface of his subject that he takes no time off to dig underneath and find out what really goes on. For instance in describing the administrative set-up of the government the author never mentions its least-known but most powerful element, the *jushin*, or throne clique, which officially does not exist at all, but which actually exercises all the power nominally invested in that most wooden of figureheads, the Emperor. Again he misses the opportunity to bring dead words to life when he discusses the abandonment of the gold standard in abstract instead of in terms of its connection with the assassination of Premier Inukai and others in 1932; or foreign trade competition in abstract instead of in terms of last year's bitter trade war with Canada; or the constitutional position of the Emperor vis-a-vis the state in abstract instead of in terms of the Minobe controversy which last summer kept the Cabinet tottering on the brink of resignation for months and roused the military to a pitch of ire that has not died down yet. To this Yakhontoff gives one grudging sentence. The author, given the original scheme of his book, could ill afford space for such concrete illustrations. He does carry out his scheme with amazing thoroughness, filling in every nook and cranny in the Japanese state structure with some particle of information, however slight. But the reader would have a more vivid picture of how Japan lives and works had General Yakhontoff been less encyclopedic and more intensive.

In his thesis that there are no psychological differences of any importance between Japan and the West, it seems to me particularly apparent that the General, while he may have his eyes on Japan, is wearing blinkers. What differences there are, he says, are "not fundamental" and are already blending "under the irresistible pressure of economics." The latter phrase is one of the several instances where the General (who was an officer in the Czar's army, military attaché of the imperial embassy in Tokyo in 1916-18, and assistant secretary of war under Kerensky) suddenly remembers that he is now a Marxist and gives a hurried nod in the direction of the dialectic. Only in the mechanics of living are the Japanese blending with the West. Underneath they are quite dissimilar from



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us in their mental processes, their scale of values, their *mores* and morals. To refuse to recognize this psychological barrier is to frustrate any attempt to solve our mutual problems.

Nor does it help us toward a solution to insist that the United States has so vital an interest in China that it must at all costs keep its hold there, which, in other words, is to insist that we must ultimately come into active conflict with Japan. Out of his sympathy with the Soviet Union, which wants us to stay active in Asia as an obstacle in the way of further Japanese aggression, it is but natural that General Yakhontoff should adopt this thesis. But it is strange to find him trying to fight fire with fire; entering a plea for American imperial interests as an inducement for us to curb Japanese imperialism, for that is what his argument amounts to.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

New Trend in Philosophy

MOVEMENTS OF THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By George H. Mead. Edited by Merritt H. Moore. University of Chicago Press. \$5.

PHILOSOPHY alone of all the cultural sciences has remained comparatively unaffected by the vogue of social interpretations. Not that attempts have been wanting to depict in broad strokes obvious correlations between general tendencies in doctrine and basic social changes. But most efforts in this direction have concerned themselves merely with the *uses* to which doctrines have been put. The actual *structure* of philosophic thought, not to speak of its nuances and emphases, seems to have defied plausible social explanation. The result has been that professional philosophers whose major activity is analysis of formal questions of consistency and exploration of the technical problems immanent in philosophic tradition look askance upon the applications of historical materialism to their field. Marx's own *aperçus* have not been developed and the fruitful beginnings of Dewey's interpretations of Greek and modern philosophy beg for amplification. More than one ambitious program has been laid down whose thesis is that the history of philosophy is a pale conceptual reflection of the history of social organization and class struggles. But they have been, so to speak, nothing more than books with promising titles, exciting introductions, and blank pages.

One turns therefore with eagerness to the second of the trilogy of posthumous works of Professor George Mead which embodies the materials of a famous course on the development of philosophic ideas in the last century. Out of the school of Hegel, influencing and influenced by Dewey, a profound student of the history and social role of science, Mead was eminently qualified to carry through a social interpretation of philosophic movements which could stand up under critical analysis. Unfortunately Mead left little in the way of manuscripts so that the book had to be put together from students' notes. Even if we allow their verbatim character, the lectures, when delivered, were obviously not prepared for publication. Inevitable shortcomings of style and organization make the reading difficult, but there is a sufficient number of nuggets of pure gold to more than justify the editor's judgment of their worth. Here, too, Mead must rest content with the laurels of a pathfinder.

The periods with which Mead is mainly concerned cover the Kantian and post-Kantian schools in Germany and the French and English movements of the first half of the last century. Although the latter have been the subject of considerable interpretation, the former are almost virgin soil so

far as detailed social investigation goes. Mead shows precisely in what sense the Kantian doctrines expressed the positive ethos of the classic bourgeois revolution. Neither Hobbes nor Locke nor Rousseau succeeded in vindicating the rational authority of science against the arbitrary authority of the church and state. And Hume's acid skepticism, by dissolving causality and the self into bundles of habitual association and seemingly calling into question all the presuppositions of the science of his day, opened a back door to entrenched custom and authority. Where reason is impugned, reigning orthodoxies are strengthened. According to Mead, with his theory of a priori synthetic judgment Kant placed the necessity and universality of science on new foundations. With his doctrine of the categorical imperative, he invested volition and desire with rational character, secured the moral ground of the rights for which the bourgeoisie was struggling, particularly property, and so saved the revolution. Now, only those interests in a community were valid which could be universalized, which were "of such a form that when a person wills something for himself he is willing the same for others."

Under Napoleon, who was too busy to read Kant, the gains of the French Revolution were consolidated in an "imperialist" form. This led to political failure, the frustration of high hopes, and reaction everywhere. In Germany one form of reaction took its intellectual point of departure from certain phases of Kant's thought. The Romantic movement in philosophy sought to justify personal, class, and national aspirations by appealing not to the identities of logic but the continuities of history. True freedom could not be won by worship of abstract Reason, which enforced its syllogistic conclusions with the guillotine and Napoleon's armies. Kant had taught that the laws of nature had been legislated by Mind. The Romantics improved upon him and maintained that not only the form but the substance of experience, i.e., the whole of history, was evolved out of the developing unity of the Self. The very object of knowledge was a construction of the Self—ethical in Fichte, aesthetic in Schelling, and logical in Hegel. Each of them assumed that the pattern of historical development is identical with the growth of self-consciousness, so that the truest as well as the most generic type of knowledge is self-knowledge. By communing with their inwards, they established continuity with a fancied past in order to project an even more glorious future in which all social needs would be realized without paying the price of the historical furies. To Napoleon's victories they counterposed an egotistic cosmic imperialism in whose economy, inconsistently enough, Napoleon appeared as a necessary historical instrument.

Primary source-materials exist, apparently unknown to Mead, which go far to confirm his social analyses especially as regards Hegel. In view of the rather excessive current dispraise of post-Kantian idealism from Fichte to Hegel, there is also some point to Mead's stress upon the fruitfulness of the evolutionary attitude which underlay this romantic madness. But it is hard to determine exactly how Mead evaluates Hegel's dialectic. In some places he refers to the procedure of the research scientist as a fitting illustration of the Hegelian logic and asserts that the dialectic can be applied to every phase of life. Elsewhere he says, "The Hegelian dialectic did not devise a statement of scientific method." Perhaps his students slurred the qualifying contexts but it is clear that Mead never made up his mind about the value of the Hegelian logic. Nowhere does he seriously attempt to differentiate between the elements of sense and nonsense in the dialectic.

Most recent historians of philosophy have appreciated the

impact of the industrial revolution upon the development of utilitarianism, positivism, socialism, and modern science. But I am acquainted with no technical philosopher who interprets the industrial revolution itself as a phase in the changing social relations of production which began with the break-up of the medieval synthesis and eventuated in the establishment of the world-market. Mead sets both the industrial revolution and the social philosophies correlated with it in a larger explanatory context, attributing dominant causal influence to the immanent development of capitalism. One is tempted at this point to accuse him of rewriting Marx but there is some evidence that Mead's insights on the question are original with him. To have rediscovered an elaborate chain of causal connection for an entire period of social history is no slight achievement and explains the intellectual tribute Dewey and Whitehead have paid him. The evidence of Mead's independence of Marx is indirect and will be found in a chapter on Karl Marx and Socialism, the accuracy of which is inversely proportional to its sympathy. Mead's attempt to foster Malthusianism upon Marx proves that he never finished the first volume of "Capital," for Marx's demonstration that overpopulation is a socio-economic not a biological phenomenon is nothing less than a definitive refutation of Malthus.

There are other important and stimulating chapters. One of them, *Industry a Boon to Science*, undertakes to show that "the economic organization of society has been the source out of which some of the most important of our scientific conceptions and hypotheses have arisen." The theory of energy is taken as the most conspicuous illustration. The chapter presents enough evidence, however, to justify the contention that industry owes more to pure science than vice versa. Those interested in the logic of science will regard the chapter devoted to the thesis that "modern science is research science" as the best in the volume. For Mead, scientific method is an experimental rationale of continuous human adjustment to novelties for the sake of predictive mastery. Although this emphasis leads to an underestimation of the systematic character of science, it is a welcome antidote to a fashionable current of scientific thought which holds that all laws are of the same form as the proposition, "Three feet make one yard."

SIDNEY HOOK

RECORDS

COLUMBIA has replaced Weingartner's early recording of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony with a new one (five records, \$7.50). The performance is simple and direct to the point of not revealing all there is in the work; the Viennese recording again (as in the case of Beethoven's Ninth, recently) does not reveal all there is in the performance—i.e., the tonal characteristics of the Vienna Philharmonic, particularly of its superb strings. It reveals more than the early set did; but in fidelity of timbre, clarity, and balance it falls short of what is being achieved today, or of what was achieved three or four years ago with this very orchestra in the "Rosenkavalier" set, and is no better than what Stokowski achieved in the earliest days of electrical recording. Occasionally, in fact, it is not even as good: the oboe, in so simple a texture as that of the third to sixth measures of the introduction to the symphony, is more distinct in Stokowski's early recording; and it is amazing to

hear today what Stokowski managed to achieve: the volume, the fidelity of timbre, the unfailing distinctness even where there is lack of balance.

Columbia also has issued Mozart's Piano Concerto in A major (K. 488) in the performance of Marguerite Long with an orchestra under Gaubert (three records, \$5). From this performance—all suavity, elegance, and poise—one infers that Mlle. Long's conception of Mozart is derived from the idealized classical perfection of his features in popular portraits. And if faithful recording matters less to you than faithful performance, you will choose the older Victor set, with the dynamic and at times turbulent performance of Arthur Rubinstein and the London Symphony under Barbirolli—a performance that has more to do with what Mozart really was and really looked like.

On Columbia single records are a superb performance by Gieseking, of Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau" and one almost as good of his "Soirée dans Granade" (\$1.50); brilliant performances by Szigeti of Paganini's Caprices in B minor and E major (\$1.50); Bach's Twelve Little Preludes, played on the harpsichord with unrelieved emphasis by Yella Pessl (two records, \$2); a Bach Sarabande and a more attractive piece by Ibert for solo flute, beautifully played by Marcel Moyse (\$1); and Hugo Wolf's delightful Italian Serenade in an excellent performance by the Lener String Quartet (\$1.50) (the performance by the Budapest Quartet on Victor is even finer). On Victor single records are Schumann's "Schöne Fremde," "In der Fremde," "Geisternähe" and "Meine Rose," exquisitely sung by Ria Ginster (\$2); Chopin's Etude Opus 25 No. 22 and Preludes Nos. 16 and 17, played by Lhevinne in what passes for the correct Chopin style—i.e., exaggerated nuances, and lots of them (\$2); a beautiful performance of the Nocturne from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music by Aubrey Brain, solo horn, and the rest of the B.B.C. Orchestra under Boult (\$1.50); and the waltzes from "Rosenkavalier," played—with brilliant sonority but, for my ears, without feeling for the genre—by Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony (two records, \$3).

Of less consequence are Fauré's Piano Quartet Opus 15, well played by Casadesu, Calvet, Pascal, and Mas (Columbia: four records, \$6); and Lapham's Japanese Piano Concerto with the composer at the piano—a work in which a few melodies from the Japanese in a context of European harmony, structural elaboration, and concerto bombast demonstrate the lack of profit in using such melodies in any stylistic and structural context but their own (Victor: three records, \$3.50).

The Gramophone Shop has issued its long and impatiently awaited "Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" (\$3.50), in which, thanks to the incredible industry of Mr. R. D. Darrell, you can discover what recordings there are, here and abroad, of any piece of music that interests you, provided it is not in the class of "dance music, popular songs, encore pieces, and such ephemerae," which Mr. Darrell has not bothered with (he does, however, include Gershwin, Kern, and Duke Ellington).

From the Concert Bureau of the College of the City of New York I have received "The Record Collector's Guide" (\$1), in which Mr. Julian Morton Moses lists the celebrity recordings released by Columbia and Victor between April, 1903, and January, 1912. And from the Linguaphone Institute an announcement of recordings of quartets in each of which a different instrument is omitted, so that one may practice ensemble playing by playing with the records.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

DURANTY'S HITLER

Dear Sirs: Very infrequently does Mr. Walter Duranty call forth rebuttal. He not only writes as he pleases but he pleases as he writes. However, in *The Nation* for June 3 there appeared a review by him of two books on Hitler by Heiden and Olden which demands contradiction. It appears that these two biographies have given Mr. Duranty a higher opinion of Hitler than he had previously. He sees in him now "no Pied Piper of Hamelin" . . . but the Man whom the Occasion called forth . . . patriotic . . . who gave a hopeless people hope . . . a leaderless people leadership . . . there is power in him and quality beyond his fellows."

No summation applied to Hitler could be less true, more dangerous, or so unexpected from the pen of a man like Mr. Duranty. He has learned from these biographies that Hitler is no accident but a force continuing in a single direction through twenty years, that no situation found him lacking in powers of invention, in terms of betrayal, duplicity, compromise, brutality, blood-letting, and horror. Mr. Duranty has undoubtedly been led to believe, as have most of us until recently, that Hitler was an opportunist, and he is amazed to discover that he is a colossal monster. This discovery moves him to appreciation of the quality of the monster as monster rather than the quality of the monster as man.

Out of Hitler's mouth have come the following circumscriptions upon the German people: They are to be given less education, for they must no longer think, only obey. They are to be trained for war instead of educated for peace because the cultural contribution of the German people in the new era is to be war. They are to be deprived of the right as a people or as individuals to vary in color, size, or turn of mind or spirit, for the highest duty of this great people is blind obedience to the dictates of one man, Hitler. Because the masses of the people are stupid, democracy is a ridiculous concept, a lampoon of reality, and the unfeeling and unthinking masses are clods to be manufactured for the nation, which he further identifies as the expression of his own supreme will.

His history has been a steady climb into the bosom of heavy industry, from

which rostrum he has dictated his abolition of every promise or sanction of liberty for individuals and associations of individuals. From this high place he has ordered murder and repression against every group of people in Germany except one, the small group of monopolists, the backbone and heart of the German war machine.

Hitler is no Pied Piper of Hamelin, Mr. Duranty; you are right. He is Nemesis. He betrays not only children, although he betrays them, but sixty million people who wish to walk and talk and love and live as they please within the bounds of decency.

HERBERT BIBERMAN

Hollywood, Calif., July 1

DEFENDING MR. BULLITT

Dear Sirs: In your issue of June 24 one of your writers suspected Ambassador Bullitt of being friendly to the Nazis. If I remember correctly your writer went so far as to state that he has definite information that Mr. Bullitt endeavored to influence the British Foreign Office in favor of the Nazis.

I have known Bill Bullitt for many years. He was in Philadelphia recently during the Democratic convention, and though I did not see him personally, I did ask J. David Stern to have someone interview him. I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Stern saying "there is absolutely no truth" in the statements made by your writer. Knowing Bill Bullitt as I do, I would just as well believe that President Roosevelt tried to influence the British Foreign Office in favor of the Nazi government.

I have such a high regard for *The Nation*, and I quote it so often to many of my tory friends, that I would like your publication to be a little more careful on facts, especially when it concerns a man of such liberal tendencies as Bill Bullitt.

A. T. MALMED

Philadelphia, July 28

[Our correspondent refers to an editorial paragraph in which we discussed charges made against Mr. Bullitt by *The Week*, of London. Far from stating that we had any definite information that these charges were true, we remarked that we found them almost incredible in

view of Mr. Bullitt's past record. We did, however, express the opinion that they were serious enough to warrant a thorough investigation by the State Department, and drastic action if they were found to be correct.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LABOR VICTORY IN MINNEAPOLIS

Dear Sirs: Because you and your readers are familiar with the recent history of the Minneapolis labor movement, and because it is highly unusual for an international union to reinstate an "outlaw" local on honorable terms, you will be interested to hear that General Drivers' Local 574, after an independent existence of fifteen months, has been taken back into Daniel Tobin's International Teamsters' Union.

On July 15 the *Northwest Organizer*, weekly organ of 574, announced that,

after a three weeks' period of friendly discussion, an agreement has been reached whereby the local Truck Drivers' Unions have been united by the return of the full membership of General Drivers 574 into the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and the American Federation of Labor . . . Under the new arrangements there will be only one General Drivers' Union which will function through a new International charter to be issued under a new number.


Details of the agreement were worked out through further negotiations. The officers of the new local will consist of three from former Local 574, and three International officials from the Chicago district. All of 574's organizers are to be retained; the new union is to be part of the Teamsters' Joint Council; and the semi-industrial structure of the union is to be preserved for at least one year. The *Northwest Organizer* is to continue publication under the editorship of Miles Dunne.

If one compares this agreement with the ultimatum laid down by Tobin in April, 1935 (which would have split the union up into six or seven sections and barred all officers and active members), one realizes that the new agreement is a tribute to the power of 574, and an index of the relationship of forces in Minneapolis. That the united Teamsters' Council is going to be a formidable weapon against the employers is shown by the fact that two notorious open-shop

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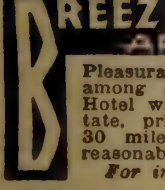
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dairy companies have been brought to their knees during the past week with short, effective strikes. A campaign has already been initiated to organize every driver in the Northwest. Though local bankers and employers maintain that the new labor set-up is "twice as bad as before," friends of labor will rejoice in this union of forces which climaxes two years of turmoil and strike in the ranks of the workers in Minneapolis. One of these days, if you hear that Local 544 is going to town, remember that it carries on where 574 left off.

CARLOS HUDSON

Minneapolis, August 3

WHO SHALL GOVERN SPAIN?

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, *Drunken Dictators*, in your issue of August 8, strikes a splendid note in these trying days. One of your sentences struck me particularly. Speaking of the French government, you say: "It is a centrist government at a time in history when the center is a vacuum, and it is afraid to move lest it be sucked into the void." The way to fight the fascists is to fight the fascists.

In these critical hours the left seems to think it is defeating the fascists by the distribution of handbills, much talk about "Down with Franco, Hitler, Mussolini," and the hurling of devastating epithets. While the left talks the right moves into action. Your editorial calls for the sorely needed counter-action.

But please permit me to remind you that it says little of the present government in Spain. Yes, the Spanish working class is heroic, valiant, and advanced—but what does it stand to gain? Undoubtedly the defeat of Spanish reaction would be a significant victory. But what of allowing the establishment of a working-class state? How do you characterize the present regime? Isn't it really centrist? Hasn't it armed the workers only because it had to summon all forces ready to defend it against the onslaughts of the right? Now, what to do with this monster which it has created? The regime is on the defensive; the proletariat is on the offensive. Where will the centrists stand when the Francos and the Molas have been annihilated?

My point is that you place too much emphasis upon the defense of democracy *per se*, without full realization that the maintenance of such a democracy will not do away with the Francos, the Molas, the Villanuevas who are to be. My feeling is that only an iron dicta-

torship of the working class can guarantee the annihilation of the barbarism of the past.

WILLIAM COOPER

New York, August 9

[We are in agreement with our correspondent concerning the nature of the Spanish government—*before the present rebellion*. It has since been steadily pushed to the left. All reliable commentators agree that a loyalist victory will leave the Spanish workers in a position of great power. In that case we may expect the emergence of a much more radical government than the old republican regime.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

FROM FATHER DIVINE'S KINGDOM

Dear Sirs: I write to call to your attention a practice I have remarked in your pages which is not in accordance with the principles of social justice which *The Nation* has so courageously championed.

I know that race segregation is an evil which you have opposed as one of the darkest spots on the American scene, and for that reason I feel sure you will give due consideration to this question of using words, or terms, in referring to certain groups of people which tend to nourish this seed of segregation, not only in the minds of the ignorant but in many supposedly enlightened places in this country.

You would not use an article that referred to Huns, Frogs, Dagos, or Kikes. Recently I was even corrected by a little boy returning from school for speaking of a Chinaman. "You must say 'Chinese,'" he said, "They don't like to be called 'Chinamen.'" So it is with the word Negro which you are using in *The Nation*. This term originated in a desire on the part of people to belittle and exploit a whole group of other people. It has no geographical significance, and should, like the word Jew, be dropped from the vocabulary of everyone who believes wholeheartedly in the brotherhood of man.

It is through the teaching of Father Divine that I have come to realize how far-reaching race prejudice is, and how utterly destructive it is to the human race. So emphatic is Father Divine on this whole question that we, who call ourselves his followers, will no longer encourage by our patronage any paper or periodical that uses these prejudicial terms.

I sincerely hope that the editors of *The Nation* will recognize the validity of dropping from its pages these segregating terms, as I should be sorry to be obliged to discontinue my subscription, and I know that many others, especially those who are active on Father Divine's Righteous Government, would miss such a reliable source of truthful information.

BRONWEN C. PLEASANTON

New York, August 1

CONTRIBUTORS

GEROLD FRANK is on the staff of the *Cleveland News*. His lively account of an interview with Gerald L. K. Smith, Huey Long the Second, was published in *The Nation* of June 25.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* correspondent in Moscow, wrote the first article on the new Soviet constitution to be published in America. It appeared in *The Nation* of June 17.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER has contributed to previous issues of *The Nation*. He is co-author with Kelley Loe of an analysis of the political and economic implications of the Townsend Plan, entitled "An Army of the Aged."

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is co-author with H. C. Engelbrecht of "Merchants of Death," a much-read book on the international munitions makers. He is now on the staff of the *Living Age*.

BEN BELITT, at present on the staff of *The Nation*, has contributed poetry to various magazines.

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The Shape of Things

★

THE CONCERNS WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO SPY on workers for their employers are a tough lot, as the disreputable nature of their trade demands. Therefore it is not surprising that the La Follette committee has already had to cite for contumacy the officials of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, one of our busier purveyors of spies and strike-breakers to industrial concerns. Not only did these officials refuse to obey the committee's summons to appear before it, but they destroyed a lot of damaging correspondence—a move which the committee's investigators checkmated by keeping a watchful eye on the company's wastebaskets. The president of this concern, W. W. Groves, will be remembered by readers of Frank Hanighen's article in our issue of August 22 as a member of the board of Federal Laboratories, Inc., a company which supplies munitions to industrialists bent upon keeping their workers "contented" by means of guns and tear gas. Since a number of our richest companies employ this method, Mr. Groves, in his dual capacity, is well situated to sell more and more tear gas and machine-guns by stirring up more and more discontent among the workers through his spies and provocateurs. His company is presumably well able to fight the law which empowered the committee to cite its officials for contempt. They will no doubt do so, since because of a delay due to a technical error in the labeling of the bill it was not finally signed by the President until July 13, more than ten days after Congress adjourned, and its validity is therefore open to question.

★

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WAS TREATED TO A fine first-hand demonstration of German fascist methods the other day when officers and men of the steamship Bremen brutally beat up a group of Communists protesting against German support of Spanish fascism. And we record with chagrin that the New York police, who have themselves rather specialized in brutality against Communists in time past, didn't even seem to resent the competition. They arrested the injured demonstrators and allowed their torturers to sail away to the *Führerland* with their right to assault American citizens unchallenged. With even greater chagrin we note the silence of the Mayor of New York. It seems to us about time he served notice on the German government and his own police

department that New York has a government empowered and able to deal in an orderly way with any breach of the peace, either real or alleged, and that private vengeance against offenders will not be tolerated. We would be in favor of a few arrests when the Bremen comes into port again. They would undoubtedly cause another "international incident." But that might take the *Führer's* mind off Spain.

*

DEATH FOR SIXTEEN BY THE FIRING SQUAD does not smell any the sweeter for being called, as the Soviet Judge Ulrich called it, "the highest form of social defense—shooting." It would be easy to construct a complete defense of the Soviet executions; easy, also, by putting the pieces together rather differently, to construct just as complete an indictment of the regime. But, beyond judgment, the deaths and the plot will go down in history as part of the world's iron age, and must be approached in an iron mood. Much of what happened at the trial belonged peculiarly to Russia and to a revolutionary psychology. The confessions might in their hysteria and their masochism have come out of the Russia of "The Brothers Karamazov," but in their final yielding to the discipline and purposes of the party they could only have come out of a revolutionary Russia. But the broader logic was international. Mussolini is building an empire; Hitler is off on a mad armaments race and is mending his alliances; Japan is tightening in on China and Russia; the new workers' energies in Spain and France have stirred the latent class tensions in all Europe. Russia feels it must gird itself for the most crucial struggle in its life—a struggle whose terrible and unyielding quality is presaged by the Spanish events. For such a struggle it must be unified, with every opposition stamped out and every national energy whipped up. The civil-war psychology is by no means at an end. It has now become part of the general European fabric.

*

IF WE HAD THE EAR OF THE LEFT GROUPS which now control the Spanish government, we should talk ourselves hoarse about the advisability of liberating Morocco. A daily announcement from the Madrid radio station that Morocco was free would probably give the fascists there other things to do than recruit soldiers to fight the Spanish people. And if losing Morocco would help to save Spain its liberation might be a good bit of political strategy.

*

THOMAS LAMONT RAISED MORE QUESTIONS than he settled in the remarkable statement he gave the press on his return from Europe. A Morgan statement on foreign affairs is so much a rarity that even the recent stock-market drop would not account for the note of optimism Mr. Lamont found it necessary to strike. The burden of his talk was that we need not fear a general European war because "Germany is determined to keep away from serious trouble with Great Britain and France."

Mr. Lamont said that his "impressions" had been gathered after talks with persons in France and England. Anyone familiar with the position of the Morgan company in international finance would conclude that these persons included such men as Montagu Norman of the Bank of England, Charles Rist of the Bank of France, and some of the best-informed political leaders, and that the statement was made with their knowledge. Mr. Lamont mentioned not a word of the German intentions in the East or of the Franco-Soviet alliance. Does he mean to convey the impression that a war between Germany and Russia could be localized? Does his statement mean that the French financial interests are determined to scrap the Russian pact at the first chance and are already treating it as non-existent? France would give up the pact only at a price. Does Mr. Lamont's statement indicate that England, Germany, and France are looking to an agreement guaranteeing the frontier that would make the Franco-Soviet pact unnecessary?

*

AS IF TO GIVE SPICE TO MR. LAMONT'S comments, Hitler has announced that the term of compulsory military service in the Reich will be extended to two years. In order to leave no doubt as to the object of this move, the German papers have been filled during the past week with violent attacks on the Soviet Union. The forthcoming Nazi party congress at Nürnberg on September 8 is to be devoted primarily to a discussion of the growing menace of communism. That Germany has no illusions about localizing a Russo-German war was indicated, however, by the conference at Berchtesgaden between Hitler and Admiral Horthy in which the latter apparently agreed to undertake the task of forming an anti-Soviet front among the Central European dictatorships, notably Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Italy. It is reported that England is undisturbed by the sudden increase in the German army. But what of France? Our guess is that the French people will demand a strengthening rather than a weakening of the Soviet pact in view of the Reich's latest bid for European supremacy.

*

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES US FROM LONDON that since the new budget, with its demand for huge unstated amounts for defense, was announced, militaristic propaganda has become widespread. In the movie theaters each performance ends with a series of shots of detachments of various branches of the army and navy. A rash of recruiting posters has broken out on walls and hoardings, especially in the so-called "distressed areas," and the Minister for Defense has broadly hinted that young men on the dole will do well to enlist before they are faced with the choice of joining up or losing their unemployment benefits. In London the Albert Hall, let to the fascists for their big rally, was refused to the League of Women against War and Fascism for a peace meeting. An organization of women teachers which passed resolutions against war was warned by the Minister of Education from

his seat in the House of Commons that its action would militate against his further consideration of any of its recommendations or requests. The appointment of a new Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford University has been attacked in a reputable daily paper on the ground, among others, that he did not fight in the Great War. Nothing, apparently, is to be allowed to stand in the way of preparation for the next War to Make the World Safe for Democracy—and the British Empire.

*

TEXAS HAS BEEN CELEBRATING ITS BIRTHDAY in fine style. First it gave Maury Maverick a victory in the primaries and now in the run-offs it has sent Tom Blanton, for twenty years prime diehard, red-baiter, and bully of the House, down to defeat. "Happy in the thought" that he can now take a vacation and devote the rest of his life to his family, the ex-Representative says he accepts the result with a "genuine feeling of relief and satisfaction." Mr. Blanton, you took the words right out of our mouth.

*

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF THE American Federation of Teachers was significant as a demonstration of the awakening of the "white-collar" groups. In contrast with last year, when a vigorous effort was made to oust the New York local on grounds of "communism," there were no sharp divisions of policy. The convention adopted a strongly worded resolution criticizing the executive council of the A. F. of L. for its action in requesting the expulsion of the New York chapter, and used even stronger language in denouncing the suspension of John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. unions. With a view to preserving the unity of the labor movement if at all possible, it did not formally vote for adherence to the C. I. O., although it turned down a resolution which would have prevented such action. The teachers were unanimous in voting to boycott Hearst, and practically so in opposing his candidate for the Presidency—Alf M. Landon. In a magnificent gesture of labor solidarity they voted \$5,000 for the Spanish Workers' Red Cross and Relief Association. No better bulwark against fascism could exist in this country than a militant, powerful organization of teachers.

*

THE FAMOUS VERMONT MARBLE STRIKE ended July 25 with an almost complete defeat for the workers. The following item is submitted as an epitaph to a gallant fight: Some time during the past twelve months there occurred in the Marble Savings Bank of Rutland an embezzlement of a quarter of a million dollars. The embezzlement was kept secret until very recently when prosecution of a suspected employee was begun. No replacement of funds has been made. By keeping the crime a secret even for a week, the president of the bank, however pure his motives, laid himself open to legal charges; he also laid himself open to blackmail by unscrupulous persons who might know the secret. We now

proceed to the two main points of this little tale. One of the most powerful trustees of the Marble Savings Bank is a vice-president of the Vermont Marble Company, against which the strike was waged. The president of the bank is Charles M. Smith, Governor of Vermont, who at any time in the course of the strike could have ended it with a victory for the literally starving workers of a whole community by invoking a state law which empowers the Governor to investigate on his own authority any controversy that in his opinion "seriously affects or threatens seriously to affect the public welfare."

*

FOOTNOTE TO OUR RECENT EDITORIAL ON Moe Annenberg: A week after he took charge of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, it printed, in its August 16 issue, a long editorial extolling Hearst. "The people of America found in Hearst a leader. . . . Today William Randolph Hearst stands triumphant." Thus the invisible Hearst standing behind Moe Annenberg praised the visible Hearst whose employees on the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* had just gone out on a very visible strike. Incidentally the Hearst papers of August 20 reprinted the whole editorial.

*

A CIVIL WAR IN MINIATURE IS GOING ON IN the Spanish embassy to the Holy See in Rome. Señor Zulueta, the ambassador, is a Loyalist while his counselor and first secretary are rebel sympathizers. All three live in the embassy apartments but are remaining in a state of siege behind locked doors, each one fearing that if he pokes his head out, his opponent will be waiting with a gun. Rome regards the situation as of a highly explosive nature and has the embassy guarded night and day by a cordon of carabinieri, plain-clothes detectives, and policemen in motor cars. . . . We now have the real story of the evacuation of Barcelona, in which a magnificent exhibition of bravery under fire was given by the foreigners. It seems that the British consul was absent, reconnoitering in another city, but the French consul chartered a fleet of char-à-bancs and amid a cloud of Latin gesticulation bore his comrades over the border. The British residents, not to be hurried in the hysteria of the moment, waited in stoic fortitude for the return of their consul. He took in the situation at a glance and with empire-building calm, in the hour of need, proclaimed Evacuation by Battleship. But the nationals of the smaller countries, who had no consuls, went for help to the local Spanish authorities, and being told that the trains were running normally, packed their bags and departed in comfort.

*

WHILE THE SUPREME COURT RESTS, THE American Bar Association is pinch-hitting. In a report to its annual convention in Boston it declares the Social Security Act unconstitutional. As the session progresses the bar will doubtless continue in necrophilic glee to play the role of judicial guillotine and lop off more New Deal heads, but pending a final report we shall make no comment. Meanwhile, next door at Cambridge, Dean Pound

charged into the constitutional issue and tried to set the tone of the Harvard Law School's international conference on common law by prophesying doom as the result of the Administration's "restiveness" under judicial review. But Justice Stone and, unexpectedly, Chief Judge Frederick Crane of the New York State Court of Appeals, whose words are hard to reconcile with the spirit of his decision invalidating the minimum-wage law, refused to take their cue from Dean Pound. Scraping off the accumulation of fears and status quo stubbornness, they revealed law in its true form as a factor for progress not atrophy. Law cannot bury its head in the dry-as-dust past of *stare decisis*, but to serve its end—"the adequate control and protection of social and economic interests"—must accommodate itself to "changing economic and social needs" (Justice Stone); must "meet new situations and conditions with new remedies" (Judge Crane). Here is the attitude law must take if it is to be a help, not a hindrance, to the country. If the last three years mean anything in our history it will be because of governmental efforts through national legislation to bring order out of the chaos of individualism. This process must be continued. That can only be done if we are willing to unfreeze the Constitution and adapt it to a new social order.

Civil War and Intervention

GERMANY'S and Italy's acceptance of the French neutrality proposals has materially reduced the danger that the Spanish civil war might prove the spark to start a general European war. Portugal also having accepted, the last barrier has been removed to a general European pact of non-interference which would forbid the shipment of arms, ammunition, airplanes, or other war material to either side in the Spanish conflict. With Madrid willing to make amends for the Kamerun incident, and the prospect of an early settlement of the controversy arising out of the seizure of a German commercial plane, the immediate causes of friction have been removed. The international atmosphere at the beginning of the week contrasts markedly with that prevailing a few days earlier, when Italy was reported to be massing its airplanes for active intervention on the side of the rebels and the German press had flown into a paroxysm of rage against the "Communists." War may yet break out as a result of the fundamental conflict of policy over the Spanish situation, but the sudden moderation in the attitude of the fascist powers suggests that they are not wholly prepared for an immediate conflict.

Encouraging though this turn of events may be as contrasted with the sword-rattling of a few days ago, the situation does not merit unqualified optimism. There is grave danger that the neutrality pact will be a wholly one-sided document. When France and Great Britain pledge themselves not to permit the export of any war materials to the Spanish government, the world has every



From l'Humanité

Rebel General Headquarters

assurance that that agreement will be kept. Can anyone say the same of Germany and Italy—both of which are at present up to their necks in illegal trade? On August 11 twenty German bombing planes and five pursuit planes were delivered to the rebels at Seville. The Kamerun was reported to be carrying contraband gasoline. The six Italian planes sent to the rebels in the early days of the conflict have been definitely proved to be military planes manned by active army officers. International law is unequivocal on this point. Any act of assistance to a force in rebellion against the duly constituted government of a country is wholly illegal and a flagrant breach of the League Covenant. The fascist powers cannot even claim, as Britain unsuccessfully tried to maintain in the Alabama case, that the insurgents are entitled to equal belligerent rights because the country is equally divided. The rebels have no political organization behind them and little popular support. The government, on the other hand, has an unassailable constitutional status. It was returned to office only six months ago by an unprecedented electoral majority, and has been scrupulous, some say too scrupulous, in the formalities of constitutional rule.

The situation of the democratic states of Europe today is not unlike that of the Spanish Popular Front government in mid-July. They know that the enemy is armed to the teeth, that it has no respect for either legal or ethical considerations, but they hesitate to take a positive stand, even in self-defense, lest the opposition be provoked into war. As shown in Mr. Stewart's article elsewhere in this issue, the timidity and superlegality of the Spanish government were, in the last analysis, largely responsible for the civil war. Similarly, there is every reason to fear that the excessive caution—or cowardice—of the French and British governments is an open invitation to the fascist powers to attack when they think the time opportune. Meanwhile, Hitler and Mussolini stand ready to gamble against odds in the hope of having a reactionary Spain to support them in the ultimate conflict.

It is scarcely an overstatement to say that France's very existence as a democratic state depends on the success of the Popular Front government in Spain. A fascist victory would not only give heart to the De la Rocques and Dorjots, but would surround the country with fascist and potential enemy states. In such an eventuality, it is doubt-

ful whether the Soviet or even a British alliance could save France from the terror of another war fought on its own soil. It is almost incredible, therefore, that the entire French right should have thrown its support to the Spanish rebels. Even in England all the reactionary papers are openly pro-insurgent, though they must realize that a fascist Spain would mark the end of Britain's domination of the Mediterranean and possibly the dissolution of the empire. That the extreme right, which has hitherto considered loyalty to country as its exclusive possession, should adopt a policy toward Spain which is clearly inconsistent with the national welfare is one of the most remarkable paradoxes of our time. It shows that despite the rapid growth of nationalism in recent years, class interest has definitely come to transcend national interest, not among the radicals, but among those who have been most fervid in the profession of patriotism.

The United States is in a different position from the other democracies only because of its distance from the scene. While the success of the Spanish rebels would not immediately affect our national interest, who can say that the triumph of fascism in Europe would not intimately affect the life of every American? Thus in a very real sense the Spanish workers are battling for American liberties at the same time that they struggle for their own. Interference in the affairs of another nation can bring only woe, but it is at least possible to avoid a policy which plays into the hands of the anti-democratic forces. In warning American shipping lines not to carry arms to Spain, the Administration is making precisely the same error as England and France. Under international law, trade with an established government menaced by rebellion is not only permitted but expected in the interests of law and order. There have been occasions when this principle has been subject to grave abuse. It has been widely applied in the Caribbean, for example, to bolster the power of a Washington-chosen puppet who had not the least popular support. Such abuses deserve the sharpest condemnation, but they furnish no reason for leaning over backward and applying a biased neutrality which would clearly work to the advantage of the foes of democracy. Neutrality would be of little avail in a world dominated by fascist doctrines.

Hamilton, Desert Maker

SPEAKING in Albuquerque, John D. M. Hamilton told the stockmen that the new Triple-A, through its soil-conservation provisions and its efforts to put eroding slopes to grass, "is paying every farmer of this nation to go into competition with the cattle and sheep men of the great grazing states of the West." If there were horsemen also present they must have known how to laugh.

For Albuquerque is witness to the swiftest process of desert making in all history. From the Mexican border to the Canadian, from central Nebraska and Kansas to the Pacific Coast, America has three-quarters of a billion acres of grass lands, most of it rather thin, but in its orig-

inal state capable of carrying 22,500,000 animal units. (The animal unit is one cow or horse, or five sheep or goats.) According to a detailed and comprehensive "Report on the Western Range" submitted by the Secretary of Agriculture (Government Printing Office, Washington, 1936), these grazing lands are now capable of carrying only 10,800,000 animal units without causing further depletion. The range is, however, still trying to carry 17,300,000 animal units and depletion is going on apace. It does not have far to go. One-sixth of the range has already lost from 76 per cent to 100 per cent of its carrying capacity; another sixth has been depleted only moderately, under 25 per cent. The other two-thirds is about equally divided between "severe depletion," 51 to 75 per cent, and "material depletion," 26 to 50 per cent. Thus one of the great natural resources of America is plunging toward destruction. A third of the area of the United States, once known erroneously as the "Great American Desert," will soon be properly so described. Hamilton, egregious lover of desert and desert making, is afraid that America will come to its senses and take off the present destructive excess of six and a half million animal units and scatter them over the humid-land farms, where their function would be to rebuild instead of to destroy. This policy he describes with unconscious humor as "scarcity planning."

No community can fairly be judged by the odor of its garbage pickers, nor any party by the words of its campaign manager. But it is time for Landon to say what he means to do about soil conservation, and particularly about the depletion of our grazing lands.

A considerable fraction of these lands has been ruined past repair. The nutritious native grasses, adapted through millions of years to meet the condition of ever-recurring droughts, have been extirpated, and the top soil has blown away, exposing hardpan or rock. In the end nature will no doubt restore even these hopeless tracts. Lichens and cacti will take hold and catch a bit of flying dust; wiry grasses and desert shrubs will pry their roots into the forbidding subsoil. In a hundred years the land may maintain a few grasshoppers per acre; in a thousand years, a jack rabbit. After a millennium or two limited grazing will again be possible. Pessimists treat the wastes of northeastern China and of central Asia, ruined by excessive grazing a thousand years ago, as if they could never recover. They fail to think in terms of ten thousand years, as Hamilton apparently does, if he thinks at all.

But on the greater part of our range the native grasses, though hard pressed, still manage to survive. The top soil, though thinning under wind and water erosion, is still worth saving. By fifty years of moderate grazing we could restore these lands to a condition not seriously inferior to that of fifty years ago. We shall not, however, restore them through the rugged individualism that pulled them down, or by Mr. Hamilton's planning for millennia of scarcity.

Much is being said in this campaign about the absurd inventions of the Brain Trust. Lucky for them that it was the Brainless Trust that invented our ruinous grazing-land policy.

The Landon Invasion

THE Landon invasion, so far, has not been exactly a triumphal march. Between La Salle, Colorado, and West Middlesex, Pennsylvania, the Republican candidate demanded the American way of government, denounced the present Administration's extravagance in its agricultural and relief policies, advocated more tariff protection for the beet-sugar industry, praised one of our less inspiring Presidents, McKinley, called for common sense, and said that the drought should be kept out of politics. At West Middlesex he came out for the home, local government, and Crawford County maple syrup. What was worse from the Republican point of view, he admitted that there was a "lack of balance in our economic structure" and that relief must be continued as long as the need for it exists. Wall Street reports that the "tide against the New Deal is ebbing unmistakably at the moment." Mr. Landon, by his first major speech, did nothing to slow it up. As for his pilgrimage to the old home, it has been made once too often, and our frontier blood is unroused by the news that "it was from Mercer County, Pennsylvania, that John M. Landon, father of the Governor, took his family to Independence, Kansas, to pioneer in the independent oil business." The wildcats Dan'l Boone met with were not oil speculators.

Governor Landon's second speech, at Chautauqua, New York, was again devoted to generalities. They happened to be important ones. His broad declaration of faith in the freedom of the press, education, and the radio, and in particular his specific criticism of teachers' oaths exceeded anything the President has said in that line. But again the question arises whether Landon is strengthening his case with those conservative groups which are his only hope of winning the election. The average conservative gives loud lip-service to freedom, but he has a strong conviction that something should be done about teachers who talk about "isms" in their classes. The Chautauqua speech illustrates the Landon dilemma. Perhaps that is why he has avoided specific application of his general statements. But if he persists in confining himself to generalizations, he is in danger of encroaching on liberal territory which Mr. Roosevelt is in a much better position to defend.

The skill with which that defense is being conducted is obviously troubling Mr. Landon. We do not know just how dry it is in Kansas, agriculturally speaking. We do know that the entire state has had a soaking political shower. While Governor Landon was on his way to Pennsylvania to demonstrate his fitness for the Presidency by proving that he was born if not in a log cabin at least in a doubtful state, every county in Kansas was officially put in the area to be given drought relief. No wonder Mr. Landon is insisting that the drought belongs to no party and should be kept out of politics. We doubt that he was reassured by the President's statement that no politics are involved in his tour of the drought area. Mr. Roosevelt will appear, presumably, only in the role of savior. We await Mr. Landon's Buffalo appearance.

Floyd Olson: Forerunner

AT FORTY-FOUR Floyd Olson still had an exciting stretch of life ahead of him. He was serving the third term of a brilliant career as Minnesota's governor; he was almost certain to be elected in November to the United States Senate; he was easily one of the two or three logical choices for the leadership of a labor party when it emerges in 1940 as a contender for national power. If ever a man seemed to have, to use Mr. Roosevelt's phrase, a rendezvous with destiny it was Floyd Olson.

His whole life was one of those recurring miracles that have not yet vanished from America even in an era of financial concentration and lessened social mobility—the career open to talent. His father was a freight-loader and lumberjack, his mother a domestic servant; both of them were immigrants. Floyd Olson spent his boyhood in the Minneapolis slums. He went to high school and later studied law, but his real education came in the interval between these two formal schoolings. In that interval he was lumberjack, longshoreman, miner; he was a "wobbly" in the heyday of the I. W. W., and he learned his radical doctrine straight from men like himself—big, hulking men who did the work of the world and were proud to call themselves the workers of the world. It was in these years that he got his amazing capacity to understand and handle men and his even rarer belief in the common man's capacities.

He was a genuine democrat, with a small *d*. He believed in people, knew how to lead them, knew how to build a political organization on their aspirations and their energies. There is much to say about his career as governor—about his resourceful legislative record; his novel use of the militia not to beat up strikers but to protect their civil liberties; his program for relief, social security, and social taxation. But in the end it all sums up to a hard-headed and pragmatic radicalism. Olson came, like Thorstein Veblen, out of the Norwegian Northwest. He had behind him the same Populist tradition, the same stubborn belief in the social group, the same rootedness in the regional soil. He had also the hard-bitten American quality of working within the limits of his medium. He knew how to play the game in politics; he knew how to build his own machine, how to outsmart the smartest of the boys, how to beat them at their own tricks. But he was not merely another machine politician. When he announced in 1934, after his third victory for the governorship, "You bet your life I'm radical. You might say I'm radical as hell," he was casting his lot with those who believe that American democracy can flourish best only under a recasting of our economic set-up. In the mixture of that belief and his native shrewdness lay Olson's strength and his appeal.

And there too will lie the strength and appeal on which independent labor action in politics must be built in the next four years. Olson the governor is dead. Olson the forerunner will have a place in American political history.

The Whole Mooney Case

BY MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD

San Francisco, August 22

IN 1935 John F. Finerty, an eminent attorney who had been de Valera's American legal representative, appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States and applied for a writ of habeas corpus for Tom Mooney, on the ground that his conviction was a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The writ was denied on the objection that Mooney had not exhausted the resources of the California courts. Three lawyers, working without fee at their own expense, then proceeded to take the indicated action. They were Finerty, who had been interested in the case since 1933; the veteran Frank P. Walsh, one of the outstanding liberals of the American bar, who had been Mooney's counsel for many years; and a brilliant young San Francisco attorney, George T. Davis. They applied first to the Superior Court of Marin County, in which San Quentin is located, and were denied a writ without even a hearing. They appealed to the Appellate Court, and received a two-to-one denial. There was then left the state Supreme Court.

In July, 1935, the California Supreme Court appointed ■ referee an obscure attorney, a classmate of the chief justice, who had never before taken part in a criminal case. The attorneys and the referee went first to Baltimore to take the testimony of John MacDonald, one of the two principal frame-up witnesses, who had long ago recanted and now, a wreck in a wheel chair, was barely able to testify. They went next to Grayville, Illinois, to interview F. E. Rigall, the small-town gambler who was sent for as ■ corroborating witness by "the honest cattleman" Frank C. Oxman, the other chief perjurer besides MacDonald, and who, when he arrived in San Francisco, got cold feet and refused to appear on the stand. Rigall, paralyzed and speechless—he has since died—was beyond their questioning. Mooney's lawyers and the representative of the respondent (the state), Assistant Attorney William F. Cleary, then returned to San Francisco, and in September, 1935, the actual hearings were begun before the referee, Addison E. Shaw. The sessions were expected to last a month. They took over a year, with 135 actual court days. The transcript runs to 15,000 pages. At first there was a love feast. Cleary, a huge, unwieldy figure who gave the impression of being towed around by his sharp little assistant, Emory Mitchell, announced that for once Mooney was going to have a fair hearing. (His father was ■ famous labor attorney, and Cleary calls himself a "liberal.") The love feast did not last long. By the end of the hearings there were sharp passages and constant warfare, with Referee Shaw openly siding with Cleary and Mitchell.

After some preliminary wrangling Warren Billings was brought down from Folsom, lodged with Mooney in the San Francisco county jail, and allowed to attend the

sessions. (Because he is a recidivist, by California law no action can be taken on his case without concurrence of the entire Supreme Court.) It was a dramatic moment, the first time Mooney and Billings had met since the day before the explosion, twenty years ago. Later, in the courtroom, all five of the original Preparedness Day defendants took the witness stand in turn, and retold their story—Mooney, Billings, Rena Mooney, Weinberg, and Nolan. Nolan came from Los Angeles, Weinberg from Cleveland.

It became evident early in the proceedings that the most important matter in these hearings was going to be not the case itself but its background. Tom Mooney was not simply picked out at random to be the victim of a frame-up in the hysterical days preceding America's entry into the World War. He was framed because he was a militant, left-wing labor leader, because he had bucked the big corporations which held San Francisco and California in their grip—particularly the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and the United Railroads, now the Market Street Railway Company. And between these corporations and the conservative union officials of San Francisco there had existed an unholy alliance, a pact which traded support for the Union Labor Party in exchange for hands off in organizing the corporations' employees. Charles M. Fickert, the man most responsible for the framing of Mooney and his young coworker, Billings, ■ actually elected district attorney in 1909 on that Union Labor Party ticket, with the understanding that he would help to dismiss the remaining indictments against the defendants in the San Francisco graft prosecutions of 1907.

Therefore the story of the electrical workers' "outlaw" strike of 1913, the unsuccessful attempt to frame Mooney in Martinez on account of ■ small arsenal of weapons planted in his open boat while he and his companions had left it unguarded, the successful framing of Billings in Sacramento on a charge of carrying dynamite, the abortive street-car strike of June, 1916—these issues worked their way to the forefront of the proceedings, and at times almost obscured the story of the actual Preparedness Day case itself. On the excuse of displaying the "frame of mind" of the prosecution, both Fickert—now a pitiful physical wreck—and Edward Cunha, his assistant, who actually prosecuted the original trial of Mooney, were permitted to deliver vicious, excited harangues by the hour. They were allowed to call Mooney a madman, a murderer, a professional dynamiter. Similar outbursts were tolerated by the referee from James F. Brennan, who prosecuted Billings, and from Charles Goff, in 1916 head of the "Bomb Bureau" and now head of the San Francisco traffic squad. It became more important to know why Mooney had solicited subscriptions for Alexander Berkman's Anarchist paper, the *Blast*, than to account for the

proved perjury of the gang of wastrels, morons, and criminals who had been the prosecution's witnesses in 1917.

In the face of all this, Mooney and his lawyers patiently and slowly built up a mass of ordered evidence that constituted the first full presentation in open court of the entire case. For more than a month they dug in the basement of the Hall of Justice and in the Attorney General's office, and brought forth over a thousand documents hitherto suppressed or hidden, some of them of vital importance. They brought to the stand scores of witnesses—some who had appeared many times before, some newly ferreted out and induced to come forward and testify after twenty years—through whose stories, against all the opposition of the respondent's attorneys and the referee, there gradually became visible a coherent record of monstrous injustice. Let me describe very briefly the evidence given by George Miller, George Grimmer, and Draper Hand.

Miller used to be a special policeman for the Southern Pacific Railroad. In 1917 he hired 150 scabs for the second United Railroads strike. In 1919 Miller, out of a job, decided that the grateful United Railroads ought to get him one. They did—two, indeed, running concurrently, one as conductor and one as spy on the other workers. Once a month he had to report his findings as a spy to Melnott McCants (now dead), assistant general manager. One day, somehow, Mooney's name came into the conversation.

"Miller," said McCants, "Mooney and Billings are going to remain in prison as long as the United Railroads can keep them there. We know they're not guilty, but they're agitators, and their kind of agitation cost us a million dollars in that strike."

Grimmer's story was pure melodrama. He had had a long career as a labor spy for street-car companies all over the United States. His experience with the United Railroads began in 1906, when President Patrick Calhoun, chief defendant in the San Francisco graft prosecutions, hired him to join the union and "holler strike from the housetops," so that the company could "force a strike and lick hell out of them."

Ten years later Grimmer was in San Francisco again, and jobless. The new president of the United Railroads, Jesse W. Lilienthal, sent him to this same McCants who had been so indiscreet with Miller. "We can use you," McCants said; "We've got a number of no-good men in this city whom we want to run out of the state or across the bay" (to San Quentin). He named Mooney as one of the "no-good men" and assigned Grimmer to shadow him. After a while Grimmer grew nervous. He went back to McCants and said, "Are you going to frame him?" "Of course not," answered McCants sarcastically. "Nobody likes to hear the word 'frame.' We just want you to be at the same place Mooney is, at the same time, if anything happens." Grimmer was scared; he threw up the assignment and McCants told him to get out. On the day of the explosion Grimmer heard the blast while he was riding in a street car, and at the end of the line he remarked to an inspector, "I guess that's going to be pinned on Mooney." A week later three strange men came up to him.

One of them said, "You've been throwing up your guts about this case. The best thing you can do is to beat it."

Grimmer decamped to Los Angeles, where, in proof of the adage that virtue is its own reward, he rose to be president of the civil-service commission. In 1920, in Los Angeles, he met Joe Daugherty, a half-breed Indian who had been a strike-breaker in the 1907 United Railroads strike and had boasted about shooting two men and being able to "crawfish out of it." Daugherty had dinner with Grimmer, and Grimmer noticed how nervous he was. "Well," said Daugherty, "I might be shot or stabbed at any minute." He wouldn't say why. After a while Grimmer got on to the Mooney case. "Who do you think pulled that stunt at Steuart and Market streets?" he asked. "Mooney?" "Naw, that ——— wouldn't have the guts," Daugherty answered. "He had absolutely nothing to do with it. I could put my hand on the man's shoulder that did it." And he placed his hand on his own shoulder.

A few months later Daugherty's decapitated body was found in an alley in Chicago, with his head neatly placed on his chest. (Chicago dispatches confirmed this fact.)

The testimony of these two men was brilliantly climaxed by the appearance of Draper Hand. In 1916 Hand was a San Francisco policeman, one of the Bomb Bureau and extremely active in the frame-up. It was he, for example, who took Oxman to "identify" first Mooney and Billings and then Weinberg's jitney bus. He told how Oxman got into the car and trailed his hand over it to see if a man could hold a suitcase on the running-board. He told how Oxman suddenly turned to him and said, "Draper, do you think they'll know we're lying?" and how MacDonald threatened to "spill everything" if they didn't get him a job. He told of Mrs. Edeau's "identification" of Mooney, Billings, Weinberg, and Nolan, after he had called each one by name in her presence. He told how she changed her first story, of being at Steuart and Market, so that she could have been in front of 721 Market and seen "everything that Estelle Smith saw," and how he was ordered to destroy his first report of her evidence and make one out in consonance with her later story. And he told how he staged a demonstration having as actors the persons who had been on the roof of the Eilers building with the Mooneys all through the parade, and how at its conclusion Assistant District Attorney Brennan threw up his hands and cried, "We've got the wrong man!" (Brennan, of course, denied this later, but he acknowledged that the case had been a "nightmare" to him.)

Hand, who has fallen on evil days since he was discharged from the police force after he had confessed his part in the frame-up to Fremont Older, and who is now on probation on a grand-theft charge, obviously delighted in baiting the slow-thinking Cleary. Suave, sarcastic, and malicious, he spoke with the completely cynical frankness of a man who has already lost everything and no longer fears anything. But the most stirring moment of these long-drawn-out months of testimony came when Mooney himself spoke out of a full heart to refute Cunha's characterization of him as a savage lunatic bent on destruction.

"I am not a destroyer," he said, his voice ringing through the courtroom. "I am a creator, a social builder.

The aim and object of my whole life has been to build a new social order which would insure justice to the workers. I abhor violence; the thought of a person's being killed, in war or by capital punishment or otherwise, is repulsive and repugnant to my nature. But I have hated and fought injustice all my life, and that is why I am in prison today." Even Shaw, even Cleary, forbore to silence that voice.

In the very last days the Supreme Court hurled its own bomb into the proceedings. For a year, after appeals to clarify its orders, it had ruled that Shaw's function was

merely that of certifying the record, as a sort of glorified notary public. Then all at once, in renewing his commission, it empowered him to make findings of fact, and to pass on the credibility of witnesses, concerning whom he had no authority to judge when they actually testified.

A vehement protest against this ruling and a plea that the court itself consider the record will be made by Mooney's counsel. But it is a final proof that Mooney can secure redress only by federal action. The Mooney case is still political dynamite in California.

Inside Spain

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

Madrid, August 13

GETTING into Spain proved to be a much more thrilling adventure than we had anticipated when we left New York in mid-July. We had planned a leisurely jaunt through the country with stops at Oviedo, Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona. It was somewhat of a shock, therefore, to learn at Paris that the frontier had been completely closed as a result of the fascist uprising.

For more than a week we fretted and fumed at various places in France, angered at what seemed to be the unreasonable obstinacy of the rebel chieftains. The dribble of news which reached us through the French press was exasperating. One day the government forces would seem to be in complete control of the situation; on the next the rebels would be reported to be about to capture Madrid. There were reports that the "Communists" had taken over the whole of Catalonia, and that the country had been plunged into a social revolution. In a desperate effort to obtain information, we visited the border at Hendaye, but were not able to get within 200 yards of the international bridge. We even tried to find a ship to Portugal, but were informed that the next sailing from Bordeaux was sometime in September. Finally, when it appeared as if we should have to return to New York without setting foot on Spanish soil, we discovered a brief line in a French paper to the effect that rail transportation in Catalonia had been restored to "near normal." Three hours later we were on a train bound for the French border station of Cerbere on the Mediterranean coast.

After ten days of misinformation in the French and British press, we were prepared for anything. We had read vivid stories of red terror, of food shortage, of the confiscation of private property, and of the necessity for obtaining permits for everything from street-cars rides to meals. The report that Barcelona was in the hands of the Communists recalled tales of conditions in Petrograd and Moscow after the October revolution. At best, we were fully prepared to spend much of our limited time unwinding red tape in order to obtain living quarters and meals. At worst, we feared we should not get in at all.

For there was still the unsolved problem of how to get across the border. Lacking an official journalist's card,

I had concocted a vague scheme for besieging the Spanish consulate at Cerbere, if such existed, for a letter which might get us past the frontier guards. On arriving at the border, we noticed that most of the Spaniards who had accompanied us on the train were setting out on foot toward the tunnel which lay between us and the Spanish city of Portbou. Strongly tempted to follow, I was restrained by the thought of carrying a hundred pounds of luggage through the mile-long tunnel with the possibility of having to carry it back again. As we stood on the platform, immobilized by uncertainty, a porter approached and muttered the magic word "passport." My wife, being relatively unencumbered, rushed to the passport office, and by the time I arrived I was greeted with the information that our passport had been stamped and that we were officially out of France. There was no longer any choice about the tunnel.

Having found a porter who would take part of our bags as far as the frontier post for twenty francs, we plunged into the darkness, spurred on by word that a train would be coming through from the other direction in about twenty minutes. We plodded through the murk, unsure of what we should find at the other end. There were many others in the tunnel, most of them behind us. Who were they? Friends or enemies? As we went deeper into the blackness the strangeness of our position grew upon us. Only the French porter was a known quantity, and who was he? The tension was broken at last—when from behind us, in Spanish, French, and German, came the strains of the "Internationale." The porter dropped our suitcases and raised his clenched fist.

When we finally emerged from the darkness we were stopped by a group of workers armed with shotguns and pistols. With some misgiving we watched our porter turn back. But to our surprise the guards made only the most casual examination of our papers and luggage. Then followed a long trek sans porter to the trade-union headquarters in Portbou. As if to confirm the reports that the Communists had taken over Catalonia, virtually all the passersby raised their fists in the Communist salute to members of our party.

At the trade-union headquarters we were treated with

the utmost courtesy. But the officials were frankly skeptical. We had letters showing our connection with *The Nation*, but the only *Nation* they knew was a Buenos Aires journal which is distinctly conservative in policy. They were not satisfied with the assertion that the American *Nation* was usually considered left-wing, and asked whether it was left for the bosses or left for the workers. When assured that it was for the workers, there was a long consultation, finally resulting in our being handed two slips of paper which, when stamped, permitted us to buy tickets for Barcelona and to purchase a much-needed meal at the station restaurant.

After this introduction we were fully prepared to find life in Spain as regimented and chaotic as it had been in Russia in the early days of the Bolshevik regime. We envisioned spending at least twenty-four hours making the 100-mile trip to Barcelona. To our surprise the train pulled out on schedule and arrived in the Catalonian capital in just three hours and a quarter. Our first impressions of Barcelona carried out the illusion of a revolutionary situation. Baggage and documents were carefully examined by workers before we left the station platform.

The streets were crowded with armed men; all automobiles, street cars, and buses bore the initials of one or another of the great trade unions; the red flag flew proudly from several of the city's greatest hotels; barricades could still be seen at several of the main intersections, some of them still guarded by armed workers; the banks, theaters, and a few of the business houses were closed, while many of the larger stores carried signs indicating that their contents had been commandeered by the government. All churches except the cathedral had been destroyed, and their ruins in some instances were still smoldering.

Superficially Barcelona appeared much as Moscow or Petrograd must have appeared in the fall of 1917. But the similarity was largely external. Life moved about as usual. We encountered no difficulty in locating a pension; food supplies appeared to be virtually normal; street cars and buses moved regularly, though service was suspended at ten o'clock in the evening; prices were stationary, and we observed no sign of shortage in essential supplies.

Despite its proximity to the front, Madrid seems much more normal than Barcelona. Theaters are open; street-car and subway service is maintained until the early hours of the morning; armed men are much less in evidence, though each hotel and restaurant has to provide a definite number of free meals to trade-union men serving in the popular militia. Most of the churches have been un-

touched, though they are closed by government order. The number of temporary hospitals which have been set up and the ambulances scurrying through the streets bring the war much closer home than at Barcelona. For this reason, perhaps, we have been distinctly less conscious of the class struggle.

Contrasted with Paris, Berlin, or other non-Socialist capitals, however, Madrid bears a very proletarian aspect. The streets and theaters are thronged with robust workers. The editor of one of Spain's greatest newspapers wore overalls when he met us for tea at a sidewalk cafe. One of the foreign correspondents told me that the commander-in-chief of the army received the press similarly clad.

In view of these externals it is perhaps not surprising that the sensational and reactionary press of England and the United States should refer to the Madrid government rather indiscriminately as red, Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist. While the radical parties are not represented in the government, they are unquestionably powerful and command a high degree of sympathy from the middle and well-to-do classes. Here in Madrid as well as at Barcelona I have talked with men of all shades of political

opinion — excluding, of course, the fascists, who are none too available at the moment—and I find no one, even among the government's own party, who is not bitter against the spineless, dilatory tactics of the Cabinet. Weeks before the uprising, rumors began to leak out of a pending fascist coup that would be headed by high military officers. True, such rumors had been heard in Spain almost continuously since 1931, but never before had the evidence been so complete and incontrovertible. It was widely known that Calvo Sotelo was being groomed as dictator of the proposed totalitarian state, and that General Franco was one of the chief conspirators. The exact date of the expected outbreak was not known, but it was generally believed that it would come no later than August or September. As more and more information regarding the plot accumulated, the leaders of the working-class organizations—

Socialists, Communists, Unified Marxists, and the trade unions—pleaded with the government to take action against the suspects and to strengthen its own defenses. The Republican leaders, notably Azaña, refused either to investigate the reports or to take the slightest precautions. Several of the rebel leaders who were under suspicion were named to positions of responsibility within a few weeks of the uprising.

Fortunately the working-class organizations were thoroughly aroused, and when Sotelo was assassinated in



Barricade in Spain

by John R. S. -

August 29, 1936

the early morning of July 12, they prepared for the inevitable blow. For several days before the outbreak workers crowded the Barcelona Rambla as early at five o'clock in the morning planning how to resist the coup. Both in Barcelona and Madrid the trade unions demanded that the government distribute arms, but the request was denied despite Prieto's prophetic speech of July 15. Finally, on Saturday evening, July 18, after the reports had come in of the rebellion in Morocco, the government agreed to arm the Madrid workers. About midnight of the same day the insurgents at the Montana barracks delivered an ultimatum calling upon the government to resign, and actual fighting broke out early the next morning. At Barcelona only a handful of the workers were armed when the fighting began, and most of these had obtained their weapons by storming a supply depot a few hours before the uprising.

Even when confronted with the fact of the rebellion, President Azaña refused to believe that the generals were disloyal to the republic. In the hope that a slight change in governmental policy might conciliate the rebel leaders, he hastily called for the resignation of his relatively energetic Premier, Caesares Quiroga, and named the conservative Martínez Barrio in his stead. Barrio was in turn replaced a few hours later by José Giral, a mild-mannered scientist whose sincerity is above suspicion but who is wholly untried in high government office.

With the government virtually immobilized, the real power naturally fell to the only groups possessing an effective, vital organization—the trade unions and radical parties. While the power of the workers' organizations is by no means as complete in Madrid as in Barcelona, it cannot be denied that the government owes the fact that it still exists largely to the almost superhuman efforts of the Socialists, Communists, and members of the Union General de Trabajadores. When the Red Cross needs a new hospital or medical equipment, it appeals not to the government but to one or another of the Marxist parties.

The rebels have not been slow to seize upon this fact as proof of "red" domination of the Madrid regime. And Madrid's reply that it has not a single Socialist or Communist in the government fails to carry conviction. Nevertheless, there is a vast difference between domination by the working class and social revolution. Faced with the threat of reaction, even the most radical of the working-class leaders recognize the necessity for a broad united front of all anti-fascist elements. Their program is far from revolutionary. At the moment the Communist Party is the largest political party in Spain, its membership having risen from less than 25,000 in February to approximately 150,000 today. For international as well as immediate local reasons this party is committed, for the time being at least, to unqualified support of a moderate reform program for the Popular Front. It very frankly admits that there is no immediate possibility of a proletarian revolution, and feels that at present it would be most unwise to stress its ultimately revolutionary aims.

Behind this seemingly excessive caution lie the realities of the war situation. Although the government appears to have the upper hand thus far, it would be fatal to un-

derestimate the strength of the opposition. While the Spanish army is not noted for its efficiency or prowess, it has tremendous advantages over the citizen militia in training, discipline, and equipment. The truth regarding the chaos, confusion, and disorganization of the workers' armies in the first week of the struggle has never been half told. Only leaks and the fact that the air force and navy remained loyal to the republic prevented the insurgents from gaining all the key positions on the first day of the uprising. Supporting the rebel leaders are three of the most powerful elements in Spain—the church, the big landowners, and the financial oligarchy. Although frightened by the legislation proposed by the republic, these groups had suffered no weakening in economic power prior to the outbreak. Fascism as engineered by them would be devoid of even progressive phrases, and would involve little more than a return to the feudal landlordism and church-fostered ignorance of the eighteenth century. For this reason the middle class has not, as in other countries, mounted the fascist band-wagon. As long as the Popular Front confines itself to a broad progressive program, it stands an excellent chance of holding and extending its influence with this class. A premature revolutionary outbreak, on the other hand, would throw the middle class into the arms of reaction and doom Spain to a fate far worse than that of Italy and Germany.

Although the desperate necessity of resisting fascist aggression has temporarily fused all the left forces of the republic, it has also sown the seed of possible future discord. No matter how decisive the final Republican victory may be, it is evident that the status quo ante can never be restored. The bankruptcy of the moderate left parties must be obvious to all Spaniards who are politically conscious. For the time being, however, there is an absolute moratorium on politics. Nothing is heard of the friction between the two wings of the Socialist Party, and there are no signs of dissension within the ranks of the Popular Front. The program of immediate reforms which has been agreed upon by all parties, including the Anarchists, may be counted on to preserve unity for at least a short time after the suppression of the rebellion. Obviously much needs to be done in the way of education and organization before there can be any possibility of transforming Spain into a socialist state. This is seen by the leaders, but the rank and file are not so discerning. In the interminable political discussions which one hears in public squares, on trains, and wherever workers are gathered, the possibility of an immediate overturn of capitalism is frequently assumed without question.

The situation is particularly critical in Catalonia, where tens of thousands of armed workers in the Anarchist-controlled C. N. T. (*Confederación Nacional del Trabajo*) dominate the province. Neither the left parties represented in the Catalan *Generalidad* nor the organizations controlled by the Socialists and Communists have any real power in the province. Next to the C. N. T. and the Anarchists' political organ, the F. A. I. (*Federación Anarquista Iberica*), the Trotskyist P. O. U. M. led by Andrés Nin is perhaps most influential. All these groups are outside the Popular Front, and the Anarchists, espe-

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cially, have a long tradition of intransigence toward all authority. These men will not easily forget that they were forced to fight bare-handed against machine-guns because a timid government feared to put arms in the hands of the workers; nor will they submit willingly to the rule of their traditional enemies, the Socialists and Communists. The Anarchists have no program of their own, and their opposition to all forms of government makes it impossible to draw them into any permanent coalition.

But while formidable in self-defense and given to parading through the streets with a gun, the average member of the Anarchist groups has shown no particular fondness for fighting. The number of C. N. T. members at the Saragossa front is small in comparison to their preponderance on the streets of Barcelona. It is possible, therefore, that the pending program for transforming the popular militia into a republican army on the basis of willingness to fight will automatically deflate the power of the C. N. T. and put arms in the hands of groups more loyal to the Popular Front. There is also reason to hope that a vigorous government program designed to meet the immediate wants of the working-class population will

serve to minimize any opposition from extremists. But it would be rank folly for anyone to hazard the assertion that bloodshed will be averted.

If despite all of these handicaps fascism is suppressed, the credit will rest almost exclusively with the trade unions and radical political parties. Liberals may complain that the radicals have been unduly harsh in their treatment of their political enemies. It is probably true that in Spain as in Russia men have been imprisoned, deprived of their property, and even killed who were not actively involved in counter-revolutionary activity. Yet the events of the last few weeks indicate that the legalistic attitude of the Republicans constitutes a far greater threat to civilization than do the excesses perpetrated by a handful of vengeful radicals. The most impressive fact in present-day Spain is not the terror and cruelty which is naturally associated with class war, but the discipline and restraint of the revolutionary parties. Their moderation and devotion to the republic have unquestionably saved Spain from fascism or utter chaos. Is it too much to expect that they will succeed in solving the even more difficult problems of victory?

Steelmasters: The Big Four

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

WHEN the Committee for Industrial Organization (C. I. O.) set out to unionize the steel industry, it was undertaking a complex as well as a difficult job. At first glance, one steel company looks very much like another when it comes to labor policy. They are practically all open shop and bitterly anti-union. They all pay the same scale of wages. When a major company cuts or raises wages, the whole industry follows at once. They are banded together in the powerful American Iron and Steel Institute. Toward organized labor steel seems to present a monolithic call of united opposition.

Closer inspection, however, reveals some cracks in the wall. Most steel workers, for example, would rather work for Bethlehem or United States Steel than for Republic or National. The two older and bigger companies have a looser control over their workers than Republic and National, both born in 1930, whose labor policies like their commercial policies are tough, vigorous, ruthlessly efficient. Such differences, however minor in times of peace, may become extremely important in the crucial period ahead of the steel industry. They are most readily symbolized in the personalities of the handful of executives who dominate the industry today. Four of them may be selected as at once typical and important in themselves: Grace of Bethlehem, Weir of National, Girdler of Republic, and Taylor of United States Steel. Among them, they represent over 60 per cent of the country's steel production.

Eugene Gifford Grace is president of Bethlehem Steel Corporation, which makes 14 per cent of the nation's steel and is second in size only to the United States Steel Corporation. He is sixty years old, and this year he celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his presidency. Baldish and commonplace looking, he finds his chief interest outside his job in golf, which he plays well enough to have acquired a shelf full of cups. He lives simply in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he brought up his three children in the Spartan manner affected by many self-made fathers. He neither drinks nor smokes. His conversational manner is alert, nervous, quick with replies. Urbane and constantly smiling, he is the perfect "spokesman" for the industry. For all his suavity he can be unyielding when something important, such as the open shop, is at stake. As Samuel Untermyer once remarked, "Mr. Grace is so accustomed to having his own way."

Grace was born in Goshen, New Jersey, son of a retired sea captain who ran a grocery store there. At an early age he showed signs of marked business ability. When his father offered twenty-five cents for every rat he trapped in the store, Eugene captured a property rat which he produced every morning for his quarter. Traces of the budding executive also may be discerned: school friends remember that when the ball went into the haymow, Eugene always got someone else to look for it. He worked his way through Lehigh University, distinguishing himself as prize mathematician, valedictorian, and captain of the baseball team, and graduating in 1899 with a degree

in electrical engineering. That year he went to work for Bethlehem as electric-crane operator. In three years he was superintendent of the yards. When Schwab went into Bethlehem and began to build it up, he took a fancy to Grace. By 1908 Grace was general manager, and in 1916, at the age of forty, he became president. During the war years he and Schwab drove Bethlehem to unprecedented levels of production. Bethlehem made more munitions than any other company in the world, including Krupp. The war profits went largely into a great expansion and merger program which put Bethlehem far ahead of all its rivals—except, of course, United States Steel. Of late years Schwab has practically retired, leaving Grace in sole command. At sixty, Grace is the only active steelmaster who was a major figure during the 1919 strike. He is president of the American Iron and Steel Institute and without question the most powerful individual in the industry.

Abstemious as he is, Grace has one weakness: a remarkable appetite for cash bonuses. It began innocently enough when, for his services to his country and his stockholders in 1917 and 1918, he received some \$3,000,000 in bonuses. But the habit grew until it became impossible to refuse a bonus. Several years ago, through the chances of a lawsuit, his stockholders were shocked and saddened to learn that their president had been indulging in million-dollar bonuses during years when his employers had received no dividends at all. At their urgent request, Grace has been on a strict regimen for several years now. His present salary is a modest \$180,000 affair.

Grace has been an expensive employee, but perhaps he is worth it if only for his adroit handling of labor. Without drawing too much attention, he has effectively led the industry's fight on organized labor. In 1919 Samuel Untermyer, then Bethlehem's largest stockholder, tried in vain to get Grace to arbitrate. Two years later Untermyer had his revenge when he cross-examined Grace for the Lockwood committee. Under Untermyer's skilful questioning Grace was forced to admit that Bethlehem's policy was to refuse to sell steel to unionized building firms in Philadelphia and New York City. The heads of the Thompson-Starrett Company and the George A. Fuller Company, two of New York's biggest contractors, testified that Grace had said to them, "Don't you imagine for a moment we are going to let you fellows build up an organization of union men who can refuse to erect our steel, and bring about union conditions in our shops." To this day the erection of structural steel is the one open-shop division of the building trades.

In dealing with his own labor Grace has used "advanced" tactics. His "Bethlehem plan" for employer-employee relationship shares with Mr. Rockefeller's "Colorado plan" the glory of pioneering the company-

union idea in steel. Soon after Grace became president of Bethlehem, he began to promote his "plan." His shrewdness was rewarded in the great 1919 steel strike. The Steel Corporation was badly crippled, but the strike never got started at Bethlehem. Not a mill was closed down, and there was no violence—in contrast to the bloody terrorism to which the corporation was reduced. In the following

years Grace extended his plan to all his plants, adding pensions, stock offerings, and other up-to-date paternalistic features. "Trouble-makers" point out that in the five years 1925-30 Grace alone got \$5,700,000, while in the twelve years 1923-35 his thousands of faithful pensioners received a total of \$6,750,000. But the Bethlehem plan was never intended to discriminate against the superior individual.

The plan reaches an annual climax when the horny-handed representatives of the workers sit down for a frank, man-to-man discussion with Eugene Grace himself. "If you men have anything on your minds and don't speak out, it is your own fault," said Grace at one of these meetings. "There is no question that you cannot bring up. . . . If it is something

you want and we cannot grant it, we will not hesitate to say so. If our decision is not convincing to you, you have the absolute right to convince us that we are wrong." Nothing could be fairer than that, certainly. No wonder the plan worked so well—in the boom years, at least—that Grace in 1926 declared with satisfaction, "We are actually getting to the point where meetings of workers, under the machinery set up for the adjustment of grievances, are devoted to a discussion of how to eliminate waste and increase production. . . ." It took years for most of Grace's fellow-steelmasters to grasp the significance of his plan. But today the company union is as widely accepted in the steel industry as is the open-hearth furnace.

Ernest Tener Weir is president of the National Steel Corporation, which has the best depression earning record in the steel industry. He is sixty-one years old, has three children, and lives in Pittsburgh. His usual expression is one of calm, candid benevolence. His voice is quiet and gentle. But this mild professorial appearance is deceptive. Weir is a fighter—"a great scrapper," his business associates say with admiration. He is the bad boy of the steel industry, a stubborn, hard-hitting individualist who goes right ahead and damns the torpedoes.

Weir was born in Pittsburgh and got his only education in the public schools there. At sixteen he went into the steel business as a clerk. At twenty-six he was superintendent of a sheet and plate mill in the newly formed United States Steel Corporation. A few years later he got out and went into business for himself, helping to



Eugene G. Grace

found in 1905 the Phillips Sheet and Tin Plate Company. Later, when his partner, Phillips, died, it became the Weirton Steel Company. For twenty-five years Weirton Steel went along quietly enough, making comfortable profits but attracting little attention. In 1930 Weir engineered a merger with the Great Lakes Steel Company. The resulting National Steel is the only major steel company to show a profit every year from 1930 up to the present.

Weir is an enlightened capitalist. He is the outstanding pioneer in an industry noted for its stagnant conservatism. Weir has the only mill at Detroit, thereby violating a "gentleman's agreement" to keep out of Detroit. Weir is an aggressive price cutter, which is extremely bad form in the steel industry. Weir was considerably the first to put in one of the continuous-strip rolling mills which are currently revolutionizing steel production. All these bolshevik practices have made him at once the most successful and the most unpopular man in the industry. Weir once announced his hobby as "finding out what makes the industrial world tick." He is vice-chairman of the Maurice Falk Foundation, established in memory of one of his deceased partners, which has a \$5,000,000 fund it must spend in thirty-one years for "the encouragement, improvement, and betterment of mankind." This foundation financed the studies recently published by the Brookings Institution as "America's Capacity to Produce" and "America's Capacity to Consume." The "Brookings thesis," that free competition and a better distribution of purchasing power offer the only way out for capitalism, has been enthusiastically proclaimed by Weir. He has publicly stated his belief that we can produce an abundant life for all, an unheard-of admission from a steel magnate. He has even declared himself "heartily in favor" of unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. So far, then, we have a liberal business man who preaches as sensible capitalistic doctrine as there is, and who practices what he preaches.

Can this be Weir of Weirton? Weir the "economic royalist" recently accused by Governor Earle of Pennsylvania of blocking adequate relief appropriations? Weir the Liberty Leaguer? Weir the man who fought the industry's bitter fight against Section 7-a of the National Recovery Act?

The fact is that Weir is one of the few surviving specimens of the pure-bred Adam Smith capitalist. Quite sincerely he believes in free competition, for capital as well as for labor. Alone of the executives considered in this article, Weir founded the company he runs. He treats it like a family business—as a proprietor and not as a hired executive—and he has almost \$3,000,000 of his personal fortune sunk in it. Several years ago it was widely rumored that Weir had been offered the presidency of United States Steel at a huge salary. He turned it down. Such a personality finds itself badly split between progress and reaction in an age like ours. To the extent that he fights for free competition in a monopolistic industry, Weir is on the side of progress. But the logic of *laissez faire* also causes him to fight against the monopoly of the closed shop. Since his interests as well as his principles

are threatened by the labor monopoly, Weir naturally throws himself with even greater zest into this crusade. And so he found himself, in his two-year battle with the NRA, the champion of a monopolistic steel industry which he was daily outraging with his unorthodox competitive tactics.

A man like Weir is the most dangerous sort of reactionary because he honestly believes he is being progressive. He has the vigor and the moral conviction which the conservative so fatally lacks. In the last two years Weir has become the very spearhead of the reactionary forces in steel. If the discreet and diplomatic Grace is the industry's official keynoter, Weir is the unofficial spokesman. "It is the responsibility of every business man to be articulate," he recently declared. He lives up to his responsibility. His more recent speeches would be described as incendiary if they came from the left. Last year he exhorted the members of the Union Club of Chicago: "It is up to you as business men to take the lead in changing that [the public's] mind and there are a number of very practical things you can do. . . . There has been a lamentable silence on the part of business. . . . We are fast arriving at the point where business leaders will have to fight. . . ."

In his labor policies Weir also exhibits a split personality. His investigations into "what makes the industrial world tick" have led him to the conclusion that high wages are essential to capitalist prosperity. But high wages have no connection with unions—at least Weir refuses to admit any. So he fights the Amalgamated as ardently as he preaches high wages. His labor policies are as notoriously hard-boiled as those of that other prophet of high wages, Henry Ford—whom Weir resembles in more ways than one. The late President Williams of Weirton Steel once said, "I believe in the right to strike, but when they go at it without consulting the management, it is a damnable institution." The better to remove from his men the temptation to strike without consulting the management, Weir has kept them under strict control. The city of Weirton, West Virginia (30,000 population), which has grown up around the mills he laid out in 1909, has for years been the largest unincorporated community in the country. Being unincorporated, it has no elected officials who might prove unreliable in a crisis.

The long fight with the NRA set all Weirton on edge, but it didn't ruffle the lord of the manor. At one critical point, with the future of collective bargaining under the NRA hanging in the balance, reporters learned from Weir that he had been rereading "David Copperfield," for the hundred-and-first time. "It gets better with each reading," he added. "I can open the book any time and soon become as engrossed as if I had just stumbled across it." A remark like that betrays a cynicism of which Weir perhaps was not always capable. As the struggle with labor intensifies, Weir will probably become more and more violently reactionary. His conflict with the NRA hardened his conservative tendencies as it dissolved his liberalism. Today he is less of a split personality than he was in 1933, and he is rapidly developing into a well-integrated rightist. His speeches grow more and more

fiery. He steadily looms larger in Republican politics. Perhaps most significant of all, last year his comparatively modest salary of \$54,000 a year went up to \$160,000. A few years more, and he will regard his liberal statements about high wages and low prices as youthful indiscretions.

Tom Mercer Girdler is president, board chairman, and personal dictator of the Republic Steel Corporation, third biggest in the industry. He was born fifty-nine years ago on a farm near Louisville, Kentucky. He went from high school to Lehigh University, and was graduated in 1901 with an M.E. For many years he knocked around the steel industry as mill superintendent in various companies, ending up in 1914 as assistant to the superintendent of the Aliquippa works of Jones and Laughlin. By 1928 he had climbed to the presidency, which he left the next year to head the big new steel company that Cyrus Eaton was forming around the nucleus of the old Republic Steel Company. When Eaton's grandiose plans collapsed in disaster, Girdler was able to keep the newborn steel company from collapsing, too. Republic common went to 2, but the company somehow survived. It was a brilliant feat of management and finance, and it made Girdler a major power in the industry.

Girdler is a bald, dry little man with a genial manner and a fine command of profanity. His good nature is constant but somehow inhuman, as though it came from a lack of the emotions, scruples, and inhibitions of other men. There is a gnome-like quality to him as he sits behind his big, glass-topped desk, cocking a bright eye at you. Hard, unscrupulous, energetic in the pursuit of the main chance, he belongs to the tough old school of steelmasters that produced Frick and Carnegie. He is the most ambitious empire builder in the industry today. His only non-commercial passion is for horses, and he readily admits that he has a lot more feeling for horses than for men. As one might expect, his social responsibilities sit lightly on his shoulders. There are few enemies of organized labor more implacable than Tom Girdler. His classic pronouncement on labor came at the annual meeting of the Steel Institute in the spring of 1934, when he declared, "I have a little farm with a few apple trees, and before spending the rest of my life dealing with John Lewis I'm going to raise apples and potatoes. We are not going to deal with the Amalgamated or any other professional union even if we have to shut down." This is the frankest declaration on labor yet made by a steel man, and Girdler's assembled peers applauded him vigorously.

There was, naturally, a modicum of hot air in Girdler's speech. In fact, just three months previous he had found it advisable to sign a contract with John Lewis covering Republic's captive coal mines in Pennsylvania. On the other hand, some six weeks later, Republic refused to renew a contract with the Amalgamated which had been in force for twenty years at its Warren, Ohio, plant.

All executives of necessity think of labor as "cost" rather than "men," but few are inhumanly efficient enough to carry this out to its logical conclusion. Girdler is one of those happy few. His workers represent so many

man-hours, and his job is to get maximum production with minimum man-hours. The single-mindedness with which he has done this makes his career extraordinary even in the steel business. During the years he was superintendent at Aliquippa, he created one of the tightest-shut company towns in the country. "The Siberia of America," it was called by labor leaders. They tell the story of the organizer who tried to pass out union literature on the streets of Aliquippa and who was speedily committed not to jail but to the insane asylum. Not until the NRA did the American Siberia begin to thaw out after the great Girdler freeze. When Girdler took over Republic, one of his first acts was to weed out the less efficient employees, regardless of length of service or other "sentimental"—that is, human—considerations. Many veteran machinists and other skilled workers lost their jobs. Youngstown still remembers those days with bitterness. Last fall the process was repeated when Republic took over the big Corrigan, McKinney Steel Company of Cleveland. The old Corrigan management had been notoriously easy-going with its working force. Girdler personally led an execution squad through the mills, firing hundreds of superfluous employees—"superfluous," that is, because Girdler knows how to get the most out of his men. One of the many reasons he dislikes the New Deal is because during the NRA period his foremen were forced to ease up on the men and earnings fell off.

The management which Girdler has assembled about him at Republic is young, aggressive, trained in his hard school. But the workers are also young—thirty-nine is the average age in the mills—and they too may become aggressive some day. Last year, led by young Clarence Irwin, now one of Lewis's top organizers, they put on a strike at the big Republic mills in Canton, Ohio, which was an extremely unpleasant bit of industrial warfare. The next time the lid blows off at Republic, Girdler may find that his methods are contagious.

The great bulwark of the open shop in steel is the United States Steel Corporation, which employs almost 200,000 men, makes 40 per cent of the nation's steel, and is bigger than its six biggest competitors put together. Ever since the corporation signalized its founding by sweeping the Amalgamated out of its plants, it has been the backbone of the industry's resistance to unionization. The 1919 strike was aimed mostly at the corporation, and the C. I. O. today knows that no solid organization can be built until the corporation is conquered.

The Steel Corporation dislikes unions as much as ever, but it is no longer the aggressive leader in the crusade. In this as in other fields leadership has passed to independents like National and Republic. The death of Gary took away some of the old fire. Sheer size tells more and more on the corporation, which some economists think is too big to be managed at all. The great hulk drifts along in a general counter-union direction, pushed this way and that by conflicting currents.

The balance of power rests with Myron Taylor, chairman of the board, who more than anyone else has inherited the powers of the late Judge Gary. But the corpora-

tion is more unmanageably enormous than ever, and Taylor is distinctly not another Gary. His exercise of power is mostly negative, directed toward maintaining the status quo. With some pride he has stated that the corporation's labor policy in particular is the same today as it was in Gary's time. The fact is that between the social-service work of Vice-President Young, the blood-and-iron philosophy of President Fairless of Carnegie-Illinois, and various other shades of opinion among lesser officers, the corporation can hardly be said to have a labor policy at all. There is a curious lack of purpose and direction about the corporation today. The importance of Taylor is that, as a conservative of conservatives, his policies are at once the cause and the symbol of the corporation's impotence.

Myron Charles Taylor was born sixty-two years ago at Lyons, New York, son of a retired manufacturer. At twenty he was graduated from Cornell Law School, where he was a pupil of Charles Evans Hughes. His active career, between the ages of twenty-five and fifty, was passed in the textile business, where he devoted himself to the legal and financial intricacies of mergers, reorganizations, and recapitalizations. In 1925 the late George F. Baker persuaded him to become a director of the Steel Corporation. After Gary's death in 1927 Taylor, backed by the powerful Morgan-First National interests, became steadily more important in the management. In 1932 he succeeded J. P. Morgan as chairman of the board.

Taylor is one of those heavy-shouldered men whose powerful torsos burst out of the best-tailored clothes. He looks most impressive seated. When he rises, one is surprised to discover that he is not very tall. He has sad, deep-set, handsome eyes, a nose that is stubborn, pugnacious, and earthy as an Irish ditch-digger's, a mouth that is a mailbox slit, pinned down firmly by lines of determination. His face is very long and very large, so that there are considerable areas of it which aren't occupied by the features at all. He invariably wears high stiff collars, blue double-breasted suits, dark ties. He speaks slowly, almost wearily, leaning back heavily in his desk chair, gesturing with a tortoise-shell pince-nez to emphasize his points. His voice is soothingly cadenced, gently authoritative and reassuring, like that of a great psychiatrist who specializes in treating nervous women.

Taylor is a very different sort of steelmaster from Grace, Weir, or Girdler. He has never worked in the mills—steel or any other kind—and he knows little about the actual processes of steelmaking. Finance, not operation, is his forte, and Wall Street, not Pittsburgh, his native habitat. Grace and Weir and Girdler are more at home in shirtsleeves than in the traditional silk hat of the capitalist. But Taylor plays the grand seigneur. Genealogy is his hobby, and from 1930 to 1935 he was president of the New York Genealogical Society. His vanity, which is considerable, centers chiefly on his ancestors and his appearance. The walls of his office are crowded with coats of arms. A wealthy man quite apart from his \$180,000 salary, Taylor owns a country house on Long Island, a huge town house, a villa outside Florence where he spends a month or so every year. He shoots grouse in

Scotland, winters at Palm Beach, plays golf at Piping Rock, collects pictures and tapestries, and otherwise passes his time as a gentleman should.

Taylor's attitude toward labor is more complicated than that of simple natures like Grace and Girdler. There is more than a touch of the landed proprietor to whom his employees are so many worthy cottagers toward whom he has certain obligations. There is furthermore a good deal of Quaker benevolence. Like his parents, Taylor belongs to that kindly sect. A good deal of his time goes to organized charity. But for all his benevolence he is, after all, a business man. The discrepancy between what he should do as a philanthropist and what he must do as a capitalist has had on Taylor much the same unfortunate effect it produced on Ramsay MacDonald, the victim of a somewhat similar psychic conflict. Like MacDonald, he has developed a pathological aversion to reality which expresses itself in a nebulous prose style: In 1931 he wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post*: "Out of the depression we have been going through we shall have learned something of high importance. It is too soon to say just what we are learning." The increasing leisure which Taylor accurately foresees for the working classes under capitalism is one of his favorite themes. By its proper use, he told the St. Nicholas Society of New York in 1931, "we may further develop a new type which will find at last the golden key to all the hidden mysteries." This imaginative flight pleased him so much that he repeated it, almost word for word, in an address before the American Institute of Steel Construction two years later. It is, indeed, a beautiful thought, even if it fails to explain how the workers are to keep alive during their leisurely search for the golden key.

Such omissions are characteristic of Taylor's thinking. "What is our duty, we who are recognized as leaders of industry?" he asked the members of the institute in 1930. "We have a duty. It is up to us to adjust man to the machines. It is up to us to make that adjustment at once. The adjustment can be helped along if the work is divided as nearly as possible among those best prepared to do it." Share the work is the best solution Taylor can propose for the unemployment problem. "A really simple expedient," he has termed it, and so indeed it is. But he resolutely ignores the fact that if the work is shared, so is the pay. During the depression Taylor's simple expedient drastically reduced the already inadequate income of the corporation's workers. Furthermore, in 1931 and 1932 it seemed necessary to Taylor, as a business man, to cut wages 25 per cent. The first cut was made over the protests of President Farrell, who resigned shortly after it went into effect. Farrell was no philanthropist, but he had worked his way up from the mills and he knew what a pay cut really meant. It will be a long time before the corporation's employees forget the suffering and demoralization of those years. But Taylor had no trouble forgetting. On April 2, 1934, he assured his stockholders: "I don't believe there is a brighter page in the history of a company than the one which your corporation wrote with respect to the treatment of employees during the entire depression." There was enthusiastic applause.

America Under the Trees

BY RUFUS P. FORD

Kansas City, Missouri, August 10

YOU have no idea how much fun we are getting out of this Landon-for-President campaign, conceived and conducted by our great newspaper, the *Kansas City Star*. It is more fun than a picnic, even one of those Estes Park picnics. We are rapidly adopting a new motto: "All we know is what we don't see in the newspapers."

We have watched the building up of Governor Landon from the very beginning. Indeed, we are practically fed up on Brother Landon. We have had him at dinner, on the street, on horseback, trying to cook a steak, to catch at least one trout in the Colorado streams; we have had his official life, his home life, his child life, and his adult life. He has become the original Horatio Alger boy of the nation. In the winter we had him in all sorts of poses, always dressed in "the old leather jacket, the out-door jacket, the tight-zipping jacket, that Alf Landon wore." But the *Star* pulled a boner when it showed us the Governor seated with that delightfully groomed ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois. Governor Landon had on wide collegiate trousers, and his hosiery was falling about his shoe tops. Years ago Jerry Simpson of Kansas shocked a sedate Congress by appearing in Washington with unclad shins. Evidently they have learned how to wear socks in Kansas. They now need a few good garter salesmen and demonstrators.

To return to the propaganda, it goes along nicely, thank you. Governor Landon calls a session of the legislature to provide for some change in the constitution so the state can receive federal money for its social-security plan. And the newspaper accounts would lead us to believe that this was the most remarkable meeting of a state legislature ever held: "Governor Landon's message was typical of the man. It was brief, business-like; it stated concisely the purpose of the extraordinary session and let it go at that, without histrionics." (Apparently the editorial writer was tired of the plain people and couldn't help himself; but we fear that "histrionics" will not get very far with the Kansas cohorts.) In this special session there was some twitting of the Governor by the Democratic members, especially with regard to the hypocritical attitude of the Republicans on prohibition, and the effort to do something about the Kansas civil-service law, which has been on the statute books since 1915 and never enforced. The next day the *Star* said editorially: "Kansas acted quickly. . . . Kansans have had too much to do in years past, they have too much to do now, to bother about extending a legislative session beyond the barest requirements. And that was as Governor Landon asked and expected." And of course that is what Governor Landon would ask and expect of the wild men of the United States Congress.

In 1932, if Mr. Hoover sneezed, it was the most wonderful sneeze that ever happened. And now if Mr. Landon

coughs, it is a most melodious cough. Mr. Landon goes down to Independence to cast his ballot in the primaries, and this gives the *Star* a chance to spring an editorial on the American Tradition and a front-page news article on "Does Duty as a Citizen. . . . Landon goes home to cast ballot," and thereby sets a shining example of courage and consecration for millions of citizens yet unborn.

The reporters insist on dragging Mrs. Landon into the propaganda. There are long articles about her domesticity, and how she is going to be a President's wife and remain in the background. The climax came when one of the news sisters went into a delirium about the Estes Park picnic:

Governor Landon seized the first place he found at the table with Peggy Anne beside him. Mrs. Landon sat far down toward the end and talked about foods and children to a woman reporter. Beyond that there is nothing to say about the steak fry that couldn't be said about any other occasion of its kind. . . . It was just America under the trees. It wound up with songs around the camp fire.

That line should go down in history—"just America under the trees."

We have two papers in Kansas City, Missouri—the *Journal Post* and the *Kansas City Star* (the *Kansas City Times* is the morning edition of the *Star*); and both are violently Republican. We have had no Democratic paper for years, and despite this fact Kansas City and Jackson County and the state of Missouri usually are safely Democratic. The people read the *Star*, but they don't vote it.

This brings us to the recent primary election in Missouri and Kansas. In Missouri the Democrats polled over 700,000 votes in the primary and the Republicans approximately 300,000. Of course that is just a meager difference of 400,000, and the energetic and resourceful J. D. M. Hamilton may be able to overcome this handicap if he has to call out the militia. He has already claimed Missouri by at least 200,000 votes.

In Kansas a political cyclone seems to be brewing. The Democratic vote in the primary showed a surprising total of over 200,000, at least 53,000 more votes than were ever polled by Democrats in any Kansas election. Furthermore a W. B. Trembley of Kansas City, Kansas, who was personally backed to the limit by the Landon forces for the office of state treasurer, was soundly defeated for the nomination by J. J. Rhodes, present incumbent and for some reason *persona non grata* to Governor Landon.

With the results of the primaries before them our reporters and editors went into a complete tailspin. For two days the newspapers were dull and uninteresting; it was as if nothing exciting had happened or would happen again. Perhaps the shadow of impending events had already cast a gloom over the industrious and clever groups inhabiting our newspaper offices.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BY ALL odds the best speech which the President has made on the subject of peace was the one that he delivered at Chautauqua on August 15. I found it frank and moving, with a quality of earnestness that I have not always felt in his previous utterances on this subject. There were admissions in it that were quite remarkable, seeming to indicate that he has moved considerably in his thinking on matters of peace, and it was gratifying to have him declare that "we are not isolationists except in so far as we seek to isolate ourselves completely from war." I welcome his statement that "if we must face the choice of profits or peace, the nation will answer—must answer—'We choose peace.'" I acclaim his frank and positive "I hate war."

Now I am well aware that the cynics and doubters will say that all this is mere rhetoric, however appealing, and point out that while the President speaks thus he is going right on preparing for war and putting the United States into that mad and insensate naval-armament race with Japan and Great Britain which will in all likelihood eventually lead to war. As I write these words the morning paper brings the news that he has had an anti-aircraft gun set up on his estate and that he has expressed the wish that we have many more of them and his pleasure that for the first time we are thus showing our teeth to the world. I admit the inconsistency. The President enjoys all things naval and military precisely as Theodore Roosevelt did. It is a part of the boyishness so conspicuous in both their make-ups. None the less, one must welcome so outspoken an anti-war statement as the President made and put it on the credit side of the ledger.

Perhaps the most striking portion of the speech, however, was that which dealt with the question of neutrality. It was right there that I noticed the change. When additional neutrality legislation was first suggested in Congress, Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Hull were both opposed to tying the President's hands. They felt that Congress could not foresee every emergency and that the President might be helpless in a sudden situation, with Congress, let us say, not in session. Now the President has made the strongest argument possible for the contrary policy, which some of us have been advocating so strenuously. Thus, I have been maintaining for years that Presidents have, and still can, put us into war single-handed. Here is Mr. Roosevelt saying that "the effective maintenance of American neutrality depends today, as in the past, on the wisdom and determination of whoever at the moment occupy the offices of President and Secretary of State." Precisely. And here is a passage which sounds like a direct reference to the collapse of Woodrow Wilson before the war-makers:

We can keep out of war if those who watch and decide have a sufficiently detailed understanding of international affairs to make certain that the small decisions of each day do not lead toward war, and if, at the same time, *they possess the courage to say no to those who selfishly or unwisely would let us go to war* [italics mine].

There, I maintain, is the clearest proof of my long-held contention that Woodrow Wilson could have kept us out of war if he had so willed, if he had had the courage to keep the promise he made to me and many others that this country would never go into the war.

Amazingly fine, too, was the President's statement of the pressure that is brought to bear upon the Executive the minute war begins abroad by those who think that America will then be able to capture the trade of the world and put all the unemployed to work. He spoke of the Executive when he said: "To resist the clamor of that greed, if war should come, would require the unswerving support of all Americans who love peace." It is pleasant to be able to assure the President that there will be a thousand times more support for the next Chief Executive who wishes to stand up against war than it was possible to give to Woodrow Wilson in 1917. The development of the peace societies and such bodies as the Council of Foreign Relations, the Foreign Policy Association, and the like, and the great expansion of instruction in foreign affairs in all our colleges make it certain that it will not be so easy to deceive the American people another time and that multitudes will have an intelligent opinion about what is going on where there were only handfuls before. They will certainly be ready to do their share in the struggle which will be waged to capture the President. That is the picture which Mr. Roosevelt's remarks visualized—the President being beset on one side by the war profiteers and on the other by peace lovers. Unfortunately, the President himself has done more than any other occupant of the White House to create a third and most dangerous factor, a huge army and navy lobby, a war-boasting machine such as we did not have in 1917. And I have no doubt he will continue to strengthen those forces, part of which would so eagerly support any movement for a totalitarian, all-military state.

Nevertheless, I get a genuine thrill when I read these latest words of the President:

I wish I could keep war from all nations; but that is beyond my power. I can at least make certain that no act of the United States helps to produce or to promote war. I can at least make clear that the conscience of America revolts against war and that any nation which provokes war forfeits the sympathy of the people of the United States.

BROUN'S PAGE

"WHAT makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" so runs the ancient riddle. But instead of the familiar "Two pigs," the answer now might much better be, "One Hearst under a strike." When William Randolph Hearst was sailing for Europe he was repeatedly questioned by newspapermen as to his attitude toward the guild. The great Mr. Hearst smiled indulgently and replied that he would discuss nothing except "matters of general interest." And now suddenly the guild finds itself all over the first page of all the Hearst papers. It has become "a menace" and "mob rule." The Hearst management is bringing thugs to Seattle and organizing a "Law and Order League." "The freedom of the press" has been called in from the bullpen to go to work once more after only one day's rest. And *Editor and Publisher* blandly suggests that members of the Newspaper Guild be blacklisted.

Of course, the answer to all this is that the *Post-Intelligencer* has been shut down. Mr. Hearst would have the public believe that the strike came suddenly and wholly at the behest of David Beck, the able and vigorous vice-president of the teamsters. Daniel Tobin, international president of the union, and David Beck have unquestionably given staunch support to the strike, but Mr. Hearst knows as well as I do that very small concessions on his part would have averted the Seattle strike and settled the one in Milwaukee. Not only has he refused to budge an inch, but he has also refused to give a second of his time to any guild discussion. The guild has asked very little, and it has been ready at times to accept mediation.

The Hearst attitude from the beginning has been, "Nothing to discuss." At least that is what it has amounted to. I know what I am talking about because last April, after repeated telegrams, I finally got a reply from Joe Willecombe, Mr. Hearst's secretary. I had asked for an opportunity to talk to Mr. Hearst, if only for five minutes, about the Milwaukee strike. In order to make this easy for him I added that if he chose he could regard the conference as purely informal and not constituting any recognition of the guild. I offered to fly out to California. Mr. Willecombe replied politely and promptly that Mr. Hearst would be delighted to see me but that he was starting east immediately and the meeting could be held in New York.

Weeks went by before Mr. Hearst came east. When I called up Mr. Willecombe to remind him of the appointment, he told me that Mr. Hearst was very busy but that if I were patient I could surely see him since he planned to be in New York a month. Four days later Hearst sailed for Europe.

During the waiting period I ran by chance into William Randolph Hearst, Jr., who said he did not think that there was any reason why his father should see me. He said that since I did not come with the purpose or the power to suggest an immediate settlement a meeting would be a waste of time. I immediately got in touch with other na-

tional officers and with the Milwaukee strikers, and we drew up a one-page memorandum outlining the basis on which the strike on the *Wisconsin News* could be settled. It was a modest document. Indeed, it was the same as the formula which had been agreed upon by both the management and the Milwaukee strike committee in early April. That agreement would have gone through except for Mr. Hearst's last-minute veto.

To some extent the Lord of San Simeon simply doesn't see the picture. The New York *American* reprints with relish an article from the *Sun* which describes the strikers as made up in part of "six office boys, eight cub reporters, and what I would call the small fry of the office." Mr. Hearst is always fond of referring to himself as the most generous employer in the world. But his generosity has never extended to the small fry. The fact that Hearst and a few others have given huge salaries to a small number of specialists merely underlines and accentuates the fact that the craft in general is hideously underpaid.

Perhaps Mr. Hearst's vast indignation at the Seattle situation is understandable. All his life he has been bamboozling and exploiting the small fry, and it is startling to him when they strike back. He has not yet learned what they are learning. Small fry are no longer small when they begin to organize. They take on purpose and power. One office boy may be less than the dust beneath Hearst's chariot, but a thousand office boys can say, "Here is our proposition. Take it or leave it."

If any violence occurs in Seattle, it will be well to look for the source in advance. Mayor Dore has been excoriated in the Hearst press as one who has betrayed law and order. But this outcry seems to be based upon the fact that in a recent speech he said, "As long as I am mayor of this city I shall never permit a member of the police department to throw gas bombs at workers or to beat them over the head." To me that would seem a very orderly remark upon the part of an official intent on keeping Seattle from the bloodshed known in other cities when police have undertaken to break strikes and interfere with union men in peaceful picketing. But this is a peace which passes the understanding of Mr. Hearst, and his henchmen are busy trying to organize a "Law and Order League." Its function undoubtedly would be the same as that of other employer-recruited organizations which mushroom up while strikes are being held. First of all, the law-and-orderites will raise the red scare, and with that thrown into the picture this vigilante group will try to get away with strong-arm methods. A propaganda base is being laid already. When an armed thug attacks a striker, we shall be told that he is a righteous householder driven to desperation by the infringement of the freedom of the press. Almost any day now we shall be hearing that since the Hearst paper suspended, the babies can't get their milk.

HEYWOOD BROWN



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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WE STILL LOVE HORACE

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

THERE are still people who read Horace. There must be many of them; else the shrewd managers of the Modern Library would hardly have undertaken to bring out a translation of the complete works.* The volume is edited, with competence and good taste, by Professor Caspar J. Kraemer of New York University. The Satires are translated in an informal prose by Hubert Wetmore Wells; for the Epodes, here called Refrains, I do not know why, and for the Odes and Epistles the editor has made an anthology of the better translations in verse from John Dryden and Samuel Johnson down to Austin Dobson and Louis Untermeyer. A Latinist lover of Horace will have frequent moments of anguish over the contrast between the deftest of Latin and the English, inevitably thick-fingered. The Satires, however, come through satisfactorily in prose. After all, Horace himself refused to regard them as anything but metrical prose. The meter could be broken up, the word order changed, and yet these pieces would convey the essential meaning of the author. Not so with real poetry. Dissolve the order and meter, says Horace, and you will find in the heap of separate items also the *disjecti membra poetae*, the bloody limbs of the dismembered poet. There are plenty of bleeding shreds of the unhappy poet in even the best of these poetic translations of Horace.

Latinists are almost extinct, and most of the readers of the Modern Library will take the translated work as they find it, not often important artistically or philosophically, occasionally trivial and even dull, but on the whole smooth reading and entertaining. Anyone who found the book on a guest-room shelf, wedged in between a stray volume of Proust, a four-year-old revelation of the truth about Russia, and other flotsam and jetsam of the literary backwash, would pick up this Horace with hope, and browse in it with a not too languid interest, pending the victory of sleep. But books do not sell in response to guest-room demands. There must be real Horatians, in this generation ■ in every generation for the last two thousand years.

There is nothing strange in the fact that Horatians survived in the medieval monasteries, where pleasant secular books were rare; through the Renaissance with its cult of classical taste; in Oxford and Cambridge, begotten of the ancients and born old. It is not very strange that Horatians were scattered thinly over the United States in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, when higher education was classic and the old graduate could renew his youth by taking down his dog-eared text of

Horace, as now he renews his youth by yelling himself hoarse at a football game. Today Horace is not an important part of anyone's college reminiscences. He is no longer in any sense a literary compulsion. And yet there are people who read him, not exactly with enthusiasm perhaps, but with a quiet delight.

Not many lovers of Horace will be found among the youth of today. When young men really knew Latin some of them were carried off their feet by the incredible skill with which Horace molded stiff and unimaginative Latin into the smoothest of light verse. This excitement cannot be experienced by the reader of a translation, even if the translation is attended by a well-meant attack upon the original. If men read Horace today it is for the substance, not the form. And it seems to be agreed among modern critics that the substance of Horace is little or nothing.

Much talk about the golden mean, avoidance of extremes, with telling and often amusing examples. Much talk about the uncertainty and brevity of life; therefore eat, drink, and be merry. The lunacy of heaping up wealth after one already has more than enough. The gnawing misery of ambition. Distorted values: why have an expensive peacock on the table when you can't roast the plumes, while chicken tastes quite as good? Why aim at ■ mistress descended from a great dictator when a slave girl's embraces are as sweet and rewarding, with no chance that the moment of bliss will be broken in upon by the barking of dogs; the confidential maid bursting into the room crying, "We are ruined, ruined, ruined"; the night watch and two fire departments clattering up; drawn swords, search and seizure, screams and protestations heard through the chinks of the linen closet, where one lies doubled up, neck gradually breaking. And yet the lady descendant of the great dictator, if truth must be told, is awfully bony. It just doesn't make sense, according to Horace.

There is of course some concession to the outmoded politics of the time. Augustus, an intellectual Mussolini with a sense of humor, expected a bit of propaganda from his poets. He expected them to impute to him credit for everything done by his valiant generals all around the rim of the empire. He expected them at least to allude to the useful political myth that the Julii were descended straight from Iulus, grandson of Venus herself, strong issue of ■ weak moment. More practically, he had his poets, both Vergil and Horace, reassure the realtors of Rome that there was nothing in the persistent rumor that the house of Caesar meant eventually to transfer the seat of imperial government to the Bosphorus, where it really belonged. That whole region was for poetic-real-estate

*"The Complete Works of Horace." Edited, with an Introduction, by Caspar J. Kraemer, Jr. The Modern Library. 95 cents.

purposes, Ilion itself, cursed by Juno on account of the fateful apple and the wrong of Paris to her beauty. It is irrelevant to note that when half of the government was moved to Byzantium the empire went to the devil. But the realtors who killed Caesar had cashed in before that.

There is not a scintilla of social sense in Horace, and that ought to bar him in our socially sensible age. He is not a reformer, even in his most unguarded moment. He accepts the existing situation: the immensely powerful and rich children of fortune, the masses of middle station like himself, taking delight in shopping around at the vegetable stands, beating down the price of a mess of green beans or a head of cabbage, drinking home-made wine of no repute and feeling glorious for all that. Horace accepts slavery and finds it beautifully convenient, especially when he wants a shapely fan dancer for a party, with wine and good conversation. He is against crucifixion as a means of disciplining a slave for surreptitiously swallowing goodies. That manifests a lack of proportion. What can you think up more adequate for the slave who murders your mother, or even tries to murder you? But a slave is a man for all that, able to bandy Horatian moralities until the poet, enraged by the success of the counterfeit, cries out, "Get me a stone! Get me a dart." And the slave calmly remarks, "Either you've gone crazy or you are talking poetry."

Nor is there any real lift in the writings of Horace. Even when he handles heroic subjects, there is always a lurking smile. He is politely deferential to great achievements, but it is the deference of a well-bred man to a religion in which he does not believe. "Come, though it's your office hour, and drink with me in the cool shade: what if the Dacians are on the war path beyond the Danube?" True, he seems once to boast. He had erected a monument more enduring than bronze, a monument that would outlast the Pyramids. But what was it? He had made solemn Latin trip gaily to the dancing meters of Greek poetry.

To return to the inquiry, why does anyone today read Horace? Why will they read him two thousand years hence when the total profit of our deepest present-day literature has gone into the scant bellies of thin and jointed library worms? Because life is Horatian and will always be, a thing of small moment and brief duration, of fleeting joys and repeated defeats. For ten who set out in any race but one will win. And since winning one race is only the entrance to the next higher race, where one in ten will win, we are all, practically all, losers. But still the sun shines for us, the waves play, the fountain sings with soft melody, "Today is today, and if you are wise, today is sweet: tomorrow levels all things." Still the flowers bloom and the laughter of girls in the hidden angle of the wall is delicious upon the night air. Still in our real hearts we don't give a hoot for the social sense, but dwell painfully upon our own defeated selves, which may, however, be made victorious by virtue of a mug of Falernian and a ripe morality. Therefore we shall forever love Horace.

But "we" is masculine. No woman ever loved Horace. For they are by nature victorious.

Portrait

BY GRACE A. TIMMERMAN MILLER

Strong intellect and spirit gave his face
Distinction that defied mulatto skin.
Gay youth and gallantry, with saving grace
Of character and purpose glowed within
His deep reflective eyes that almost seemed
A white man's. Notably a look was there
Of conscious power, by reticence redeemed;
His bearing was discreet, though debonair.
So young, so fine, it seemed he might forget
His disadvantage in a world of men
Where barriers mark racial caste—and yet
He did not, for one saw him now and then
Draw in a heavy lip, as if to hide
A feature that he could not wear with pride.

BOOKS

Stepping-Stones of Destiny

PACIFIC ADVENTURE. By Willard Price. Reynal and Hitchcock. A John Day Book, \$3.

IF HISTORIANS of some future generation are required to list neatly the fables and idiocies serving as prelude to a great Japanese-American war, they will certainly include the 2,550 islands, islets, and coral reefs of Micronesia. They will find the ground, if not the islands, well worked.

Diehard American editors have described them as an encircling ring of yellow peril about to choke the Philippine Islands while the lingering memories of American democracy and altruism grow cold in the ungrateful Filipino breast. Excitable naval lieutenants in Tokyo have strung their still barren rocks into another "life-line for Japan," matching to the south the "national destiny" which drew their army cousins into Manchuria. European statesmen, a little grimly, calendar the alleged fortifications on the islands for annual discussion at meetings of the Mandates Commission and take care to freshen up at intervals the old suspicions.

For most of us Manchuria was a sun-baked plain, beyond which was only the silent wilderness of Mongolia and Siberia. But the South Sea Islands are the gateway to the glamor of the East. They are the world of Joseph Conrad and Robert Louis Stevenson. In Yap, where a cable station caused in 1920 the first round of the shadow boxing about the islands between Japan and the United States, the headline writers have had a gift direct from heaven.

And, finally, there are so many of them. It required four months for Mr. Price, thirty-eight days on board ship, to make the round of the most important of them. The larger ones he saw. His book is an account of what they looked like, of what the Japanese are doing to them, and of the importance they may come to have in the struggle for mastery of the Pacific. He was the first American to set foot on many of the islands, and his earlier acquaintance with Japan had given him two assets indispensable to the kind of quick, not too profound, and useful reporting he has done. The first

is an ability to guess shrewdly the possible meanings of anything a Japanese official may say or do. The second is a polite but firm refusal to accept the official's own explanation.

In Tokyo and on Palau, the capital island, for example, he was treated with the same curious mixture of oblique courtesy and suspicious indirection that all reporters working in Japan or Japanese colonies have come to expect. Yet his findings, reported with considerable care, completely check all the credible reports that have been made in recent years by foreigners. He found, Mr. Price says, no evidence of any fortifications, prohibited when the islands, formerly German, were placed under Japanese mandate. He is convinced, on what seem to be ample grounds, that this provision of the mandate has been scrupulously carried out.

Building he saw, commercial ports equipped to load the islands' sugar and copra and tapioca into Japanese ships, tin-roofed houses on stilts to wean the Kanaka from his South Sea charm and his tuberculosis, impressive highways piercing the jungle to settlements which exist only in the plans of the Japanese colonial administrators. And Japanese he saw everywhere, 52,000 of them with health and a high birth-rate to 50,000 natives for whom racial survival outside of a museum is still a nip-and-tuck question.

It is this economic exploitation, according to Mr. Price, and the strategic importance of the islands as an extension of the Japanese screen across the Pacific which begins with the Kurile Islands and stretches through the islands of Japan itself to below the Equator, which justifies calling them the stepping-stones of destiny in the Pacific. As counter to America's new thrust across the Pacific by air, Mr. Price reports, the Japanese are prepared to build a breakwater across the face of Asia as an impregnable defense for their lusty, growing empire.

"Cooperation between airplanes and a battle fleet protected by the harbors and hills of 2,550 islands and islets would give pause to the world's two greatest fleets combined," he writes. Fortifications can be built quickly when they are needed. "In the meantime, Japan, impelled by the surge of her population and the life-and-death necessity of export markets, talks too of 'crisis' and looks southward."

Japanese empire builders have not set too high a standard in recent years for economic foresight. But it may be doubted whether even the most ardent expansionists in Japan have any real hopes of settling their surplus population under the cocoanut trees of Micronesia. Of the 52,000 Japanese now living there, 60 per cent simply moved from the Loochoo Islands, where an earlier emigration project bred mouths faster than it created purchasing power with which to fill them. Saipan, center of the sugar industry, alone accounts for 40,000 of them. In 1935 the increase was only 12,000.

Nor is it probable that the great export houses of Tokyo and Osaka expect to strengthen Japan's trade balance either through the canned sardines and cotton loin cloths which the islanders buy or through any more distant trade for which these romantic islands could serve as shield. The explanation may rather be that there are still quick profits to be made from colonies, not by their governments but by the shrewder traders who operate behind the still serviceable front of an appeal to national destiny and imperial greatness.

Whatever the reasons for it, the issues sharpened by this new development of Japanese expansion in the Pacific remain the same. Patriots of race and nation in the United States have bent flimsier material than this to serve their ends. The Japanese menace will loom larger as facts reported in Mr. Price's story of his trip are repeated and distorted. Nor

has the issue changed, as he makes abundantly clear, for the Micronesians. The best future for which the Kanakas can hope, he concludes, is absorption. For many of them, still unhonored by the anthropologists, there will be no record except Mr. Price's book, his excellent photographs, and the big round stones they use for money.

JOSEPH BARNES

Booby Prize

I AM THE FOX. By Winifred Van Etten. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

TO PREACH sermons with prize novels for their text is not, I confess, very original, but when your moral sense is aroused it is difficult not to preach, and when a book is distinguished for nothing else but winning a prize it is difficult not to dwell on that lone distinction. This 1936 winner of the Atlantic \$10,000 award seems to me just facile and plausible enough to be inordinately bad: a really superficial handling of things made worse by symptoms of pretentiousness, an elementary knowledge of story-telling confused by a desire to be fancy. In slickness it falls far short of the best models in its particular field: it reads like Dorothy Thomas on her worst off day or like one of those many novels which Phil Stong, prior to publishing "State Fair," is reported to have torn up.

"I Am the Fox" concerns Selma (I almost wrote Shirley) Temple, an Iowa girl, and certain experiences which befell her and her neighbors; experiences so memorable that when the man she loved proposed to her they reverted to her mind and made her hesitate. The man, in that moment, became a huntsman and she a fox. Many women, I agree, might hesitate at such a moment; many of them might be flooded with memories—so many, in fact, that the point is hardly worth dwelling on. Neither is the half-sentimental, half-hysterical identification with the fox. All that, far from striking us as a psychological revelation, is no more than the merest convention, only worth employing if the past events and emotions are themselves really significant. This novel fails utterly because they aren't, because they are unimpressive, unequivocal, almost ungermane. Proust in Iowa turns out to be some neat little shavings about a trip in a trailer, a repulsive soda-jerker, a middle-aged school teacher rushed off her feet and then dropped, two marital collisions having very little to do with Selma, and two men having not much more. That the vaguely defined but definitely priggish Selma should conceive of herself on such lean pickings as a harried fox, is decidedly grandiose; and Miss Van Etten might have saved the situation by using Selma as a figure for comedy. But Miss Van Etten's conception of Selma was exactly as grandiose, and there can be no question that she meant all this commonplace folklore to be thought of as highly upsetting drama.

How could any such book as this, whose only good point is that it is thoroughly readable, have won a prize? It is indeed a rhetorical question; we all know the answer. This kind of thing wins almost all the prizes: it is so satisfactorily safe. It is never more romantic than when running full-on into a "realistic" situation, it is slick in its very amateurishness, it is bold and modern in the way that the movies have become bold and modern; and for those who have heard tell of Virginia Woolf, there are some passages in italics which signify the Present and which sound about as natural as ventriloquism. As for style, in the midst of a colloquial passage this emerges: "Then spoke up a girl who had

hitherto remained silent." As for endings, this closes on a note of tantalizing interrogation.

On second thought I won't preach a sermon, for I am in a mood of *aut Savonarola aut nullus*. I will only add, speaking of Atlantic \$10,000 prizes, that in 1930 "no novel met the standards set by the judges and no award was made." Since then, I gather either new standards have been introduced, or new judges.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Property and the Middle Class

THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY. By Hilaire Belloc. Sheed and Ward. \$1.50.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES THEN AND NOW. By Franklin C. Palm. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

HILAIRE BELLOC'S advocacy of the "proprietary state" (based on widespread ownership of productive property) was always tied up with a great deal of obscurantism, especially with romantic-Catholic glorification of the Middle Ages and wistful yearning for a revival of their values and ideals. The obscurantism in the present book is, however, subordinate to a discussion of concrete proposals for the restoration of property. It is a significant discussion, for it shows the hopelessness of that restoration; and it should be an answer to the small group of American "agrarian" intellectuals who are under Belloc's influence.

Belloc admits the desperation of his position; he admits that it is too late to restore ownership of productive property on any considerable scale, and merely hopes that *some* restoration *may* be possible. "It is too late," he declares, "to reinfuse property by design; and our effort must everywhere be particular, local, and, in its origins at least, small." That declaration is amplified by the admission that "no restoration of property could be universal," the only possibility is a limited restoration "sufficient to determine the tone of society." But of what value would that "tone" be to the people, the great majority, who would still be deprived of property?

The first plank in the program for the restoration of property, an increase in the number of small farmers, storekeepers, and artisans, is admitted by Belloc himself to be of limited applicability in the modern world, especially in the case of artisans. The limited character of the proposal appears clearly in the United States. There are today not more than 6,500,000 independent farmers, owners of small enterprises of all types, and self-employed professionals (excluding about 2,000,000 small stockholders who are not owners of independent productive property). The "restoration" of property might add to that number 2,500,000 farmers who are now tenants, 500,000 small storekeepers (assuming the break-up of chain and department stores), and perhaps 500,000 professionals; 100,000 more might be added if manufacturing plants now under combined corporate ownership were segregated and placed under individual ownership; and, to be generous, another 400,000 in other fields of economic enterprise. That "restoration" would be savagely resisted by the vested interests, but assume the resistance broken, what then? Owners of independent productive property would have been increased by 4,000,000, making the total 10,500,000; there are, however, 52,000,000 persons gainfully occupied, most of whom would still be propertyless dependents on the property of a small minority and, consequently, deprived of the liberty which Hilaire Belloc identifies with property.

Since it is impossible to restore property under modern conditions, Belloc desperately includes in his program two

proposals that are not a restoration of property; for by property he means individual ownership of the means of production, the ownership of one's own independent means of livelihood. One proposal is to multiply small stockholders "in enterprises necessarily large." But those stockholders would not be individual owners of productive property; they would still be dependent on jobs, and experience shows that it is futile to expect any great diffusion of corporate ownership. (There were never, in the pre-1929 American prosperity, more than 5,000,000 stockholders out of 48,000,000 persons gainfully occupied.) The other proposal is that large enterprises should be owned by guilds or the state, preferably the former. But that, again, is not independent individual ownership of means of production and of livelihood; it is collective ownership, a revival of the petty-bourgeois socialism urged repeatedly—and unsuccessfully—by middle-class radicals for one hundred years. Futility piled on desperation!

Nor is Hilaire Belloc consistent. He rejects socialism and communism because they would mean bureaucracy, yet he admits that his own proposals cannot "be undertaken or continued without the use of state power . . . we shall have to extend, for the moment, bureaucratic action."

All Belloc hopes for is some slight increase of the middle class, "the spokesman for property." But that class has been waging a losing struggle for survival, as appears in Franklin C. Palm's "The Middle Classes." The facts and conclusion of that struggle are not driven home, but they are there in the material. This material is of the utmost factual interest, and some of it is not elsewhere easily available. The book starts with a brief sketch of the ancient "bourgeoisie"—without, however, sufficiently differentiating it from the modern capitalist variety—and traces the development of the new bourgeoisie, which arose in the twilight of European feudalism, from the early struggles in Italy and Holland through the English and French revolutions, up to the present. But while the factual material is always interesting, it is informed with no real historical or theoretical understanding of the forces involved. At times Palm uses the term "middle class" to designate the whole bourgeoisie, at other times to designate only that "certain section" which is the petty bourgeoisie or middle class. Hence, while the material makes clear the antagonism between the big bourgeoisie and the middle class, the importance of that antagonism is not indicated in terms of the middle-class struggle for survival. Nor is it indicated in terms of political theory and ideology; as, for example, in the difference between the liberalism of the big bourgeoisie and the democracy of the middle class. In addition, unfortunately, there are many historical errors and slipshod generalizations, some of them contradicted by facts in the book itself.

More important, however, is the confusion about the "new" middle class. Palm says that Karl Marx showed that the Industrial Revolution had created a new middle class, the petty bourgeoisie, which is nonsense, as Marx recognized the much earlier existence of a petty bourgeoisie. The new middle class is confused with the old, for Palm's definition of the former makes it include owners of independent enterprises, salaried employees, and professionals. Then Palm completes the circle of confusion by denying there is any new middle class, because, he argues, salaried employees and professionals have been "one of the mainstays of the middle classes for centuries." But they were formerly a small minority in the middle class, whose majority was composed of owners of independent enterprises; the increase in their numbers (they are now three times more numerous than those engaged on their own enter-

prises) and the changes in their social-economic status entitle salaried employees and professionals to be called a new middle class. Most important—and there is no recognition of this in Mr. Palm's book—is the fact that the masses of lower-salaried employees and professionals are economically a new proletariat, their interests identified with those of the working class. Whether or not that condition is recognized and the political and organizational conclusions are implemented in action may prove crucial in the struggle for democracy and socialism against the menace of fascism.

LEWIS COREY

Perverse Romanticism

NO LETTERS FOR THE DEAD. By Gale Wilhelm. Random House. \$2.

THE best and worst qualities of Miss Wilhelm's first novel are present in about equal proportions in the second. She feels and communicates emotion, but the emotion is imputed to the tenuously realized creatures of a perverse modern romanticism. Miss Wilhelm derived so many thrills from positing the most exquisite woman she was able to conceive as a prostitute that she neglected to make the titillating story credible. A cultivated sensitive woman might conceivably support herself by frequenting low drinking places to entice two-dollar-a-night customers, but the story of just how she could bring herself to such a step would be a story in itself, and Miss Wilhelm fails to tell it.

Koni and Paula are unmarried lovers living in New York, and Koni journeys to California to beg his wife to divorce him. On the same day that Paula sees her three-year-old son die, she learns that Koni's wife has killed herself, with Koni the only witness. Koni is sentenced to San Quentin for a number of years on the vague ground that he might have prevented Georgia from killing herself. To be near him, to breathe the same air and look at the same sunsets, Paula goes out to San Francisco, traveling in a private compartment purchased for her by Ralph, a devoted friend of hers and Koni's. She is a pianist with excellent recommendations, but fails to find any kind of work and exhausts her savings in the search. Therefore she lives by offering her body to chance buyers. That this solution of the problem of food was not the only possible one, particularly in view of Ralph, neither Paula nor her creator seems to have considered. Why let dry things like logic and reason interfere with a step so exquisitely harrowing to a sensitive soul? In alternate paragraphs we follow Paula's nightly essays in disgust and read her love letters to Koni in prison, until a wealthy purchaser buys her with the sinister words, "A man who can pay for what he wants can ask for anything in the world." And behold, the sinister man of wealth sets her up in a beautiful apartment with a beautiful view, a perfect servant, and so much money that she can make a little nest egg to take Koni on a voyage when at last he shall be released. She lives in poignant expectation of that event, constantly striving for identification with Koni, who is killed a few days before his release in a scrimmage attendant on a jail break.

Miss Wilhelm knows love and suffering. She has been deeply moved by beauty and can paint quick glimpses of lovely things she has seen. "San Francisco grew steep and gray out of thin lavender haze. Gradually the water was

SEX TECHNIQUE

By
**ISABEL
EMSLIE
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Ch.B., M.D.**
Physician to the British
Hospital for Functional Mental
and Nervous Diseases, London
Foreword by **IRA S. WILE, M.D.**
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"FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of the "bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. In THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

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patched with moving sunlight and gulls hung white and motionless in the air like painted birds." This is delightful, but several hundred other young writers can do as well. Miss Wilhelm has pushed her way out of the struggling mass solely because of the nature of the themes she has treated in her two books. Her selection of the first might be imputed either to an eye on the box-office or to brave candor. The second is completely meretricious.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Amateurs of Jazz

HOT JAZZ: THE GUIDE TO SWING MUSIC. By Hugues Panassié. Translated by Lyle and Eleanor Dowling. M. Witmark and Sons. \$5.

THE scene is never without its subject of confused conversation and ignorant journalism; and at the moment the subject is the hot jazz that was discussed in a recent Records column of this magazine (hot jazz is, among other things, the jazz with "swing"; and "swing," it turns out, is not to be defined, but only to be recognized). To the present fad we owe the American publication of Panassié's book—and its exorbitant price; but the book itself we owe to the author's understanding and love of the music.

At present the record companies are not only issuing anything and everything as "swing classics" but ransacking their files for records of the genuine classics; not so long ago, however, these old records were being cut from the catalogues and the masters destroyed for lack of sufficient sales. In that period they were bought and cherished only by a small number of people here and abroad—the people now organized in Hot Clubs, whose interest in this music is fanatical and whose reactions to it are astonishing. They can recognize every player by subtle characteristics of his playing style; from such characteristics they can tell when a record was made: he played this way early in 1931, before he had heard another player for the first time, and that way a few months later, under the influence of the other player; they listen with an intensity, a visible sensitiveness to the player's slightest inflection, that one does not observe in Carnegie Hall.

Their reaction, in fact, is excessive for what they are reacting to; and excess characterizes their entire attitude toward the music. W. J. Turner says of the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" that "to hear it is as though one had been present at a miracle and had seen a mountain of matter blown into a transparent bubble and float vanishing into the sky"; and later he observes that the Overture to "The Magic Flute" is a greater work only because "more matter has been involved in the operation; it was a bigger and more difficult bubble to blow." But even the best-equipped of the commentators on hot jazz—and I am thinking now of those who are sensitive to Mozart as well as to Louis Armstrong, of a man like Panassié—fail to realize that the best jazz player blows exquisite bubbles which are considerably smaller than Mozart's. Not only do they react visibly to jazz as no one reacts to Mozart, but they indulge in critical extravagance—like crediting Szigeti with qualities approximating those of the best Negro jazz players, or saying, as Panassié does, that "Louis Armstrong is not only a genius in his own art, but is one of the most extraordinary creative geniuses that all music has ever known."

Only occasionally, however, does Panassié disturb one

with this sort of thing. Most of the time one is impressed not only by his authority and taste, but by sobriety, dignity, and unpretentiousness that are exceptional in this field of criticism. He discusses the characteristics of the hot style, describes the styles of the best players, devotes a chapter to the principal orchestras, another to the men who create arrangements of tunes for the orchestras, and one to the unique relation between the creative talent of Duke Ellington and the playing styles of the members of his orchestra. He illustrates constantly with references to records; at the end he gives a list of records on which the best performances of the players can be heard. And he does all this in a way that convinces one of the worth and importance of the music he is writing about, and makes one eager to hear it—which is what such a book should do.

B. H. HAGGIN

From the Underground in Germany

FIRES UNDERGROUND. By Heinz Liepmann. Translated by R. T. Clark. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

HEINZ LIEPMANN is not a member of the great guild of successful writers who dig into the past in order to escape the present—those men of skill without convictions but with royalties and pleasant country places who write biographies of queens and kings, of medieval popes and reformers. Heinz Liepmann, on the day when Hitler came into power, had neither name nor real success. Until that day he had been primarily interested in the human soul. He knew nothing about social forces, about the masses, about the sources of contradictions in modern society. Even a few months ago when I saw him last, in a small room of a little hotel on Broadway (he was in this country to lecture against fascism and to collect money for the underground movement in Germany), he was full of reservations. He was fighting a political fight, but he did not want to be a politician. He is no Communist, no Socialist, no democrat. He is just a human being, and by this frequently misused term I mean a moral personality. And so on the day Hitler came to power he left his poet's garret in Hamburg to become an active member of the underground movement. He endured all the hardships an underground worker has to endure under a dictatorship. He was caught, beaten, and seriously injured, but he escaped, was taken on an American oil tanker, and managed to reach France. Now he is living in exile in England.

Of his personal sufferings you will find no word in this book. "Fires Underground" describes the organization of the underground movement of the Communists and Socialists in Hamburg from the very beginning. Liepmann does not invent. He gives a detailed account of the ways and means by which the anti-fascists built up an organization despite a cruel terror, treachery, lack of funds, and the weaknesses only too likely to be betrayed by human beings living constantly on the threshold of death. His story is true; he does not dramatize it. There is no romantic red-flag waving; there is only reality. As the hero Otto, the leader of the movement, says to an American journalist:

You and your friend aren't Communists; you are correspondents of bourgeois papers, but you try to be objective. Publicly and privately you hear only what your opponents think. I won't try to convince you and convert you to communism. But we want decent opponents. What I want is to show the English and the Americans that we aren't "organized banditry" but ordinary decent people like yourselves. We've got wives and families; we are poor or not so poor; we have colds just

like you, and some of us wear spectacles and some don't. We aren't superhuman; we aren't subhuman. We are men with a belief. What I would like is to see the Americans and the English treat us not as bogies to scare the bourgeois, but as people who represent a new revelation. We do differ from you in that we dream of a definite happier future for our children. We'll never attain it, but our children will, and so will the children of our enemies. That's why we are ready to suffer. Fight us if you will, but respect us, really respect us.

There are in the first part of the book chapters which are too sparse for the average reader, who always looks for the unexpected and for more than there is. But his patience will be rewarded later on. The betrayal of the underground leader by his own wife, who loves him dearly, and his capture make great copy. The description of the first May Day under Hitler is the best description I know of in the whole literature.

This book is by no means a work of art. Its composition is hasty. The background of the leading characters is sketchy. But it is an honest attempt to write contemporary history. It is more, for all its shortcomings do not count against the great moral passion which animates it.

After eleven months in a concentration camp a friend of mine escaped abroad. After he had been eight days in freedom he shot himself. He left a note for us to say he had not realized that the outside world was so indifferent—that ministers, men of honor, human beings shake hands with bloody murderers.

I recommend this book, especially to all those editors of the daily press who are responsible for the presentation of the news from Germany, Italy, and Spain.

FRANZ HÖLLERING

A Topical Novel

GREEN GATES. By R. C. Sherriff. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

THE value of Mr. Sherriff's novel is an incidental value and one removed, properly, from the sphere to which literary criticism is restricted. It is that of subject matter: the predicament arising at a man's retirement from business on a small pension. Thomas Baldwin, retired at fifty-eight after forty-one years' service in a London insurance house, thinks he can remain active and interested where others have failed; the first hundred pages present a circumstantial account of the way in which he fails also, variously and miserably, disrupting as well the orderly, long-accustomed lives of his wife, Edith, and their old servant. The problem is, as usual, briefly stated ("A brain that has been hungrily aware of life for sixty years is stored to its capacity: a man . . . cannot clear it out and fill it with new stock of a different shape and size. The old fittings are simply not made to take them . . ."), but in its conscientious chronicling, incident by incident, it attains a disturbing fulness and significance. Here again is a form of ritual, contemporary stultifying specialization, transforming the modes of action beyond the power of animal will to alter or to renew. These early pages may be read with profit for substance alone, much as a newspaper account is read, as a document of despair.

The rest of the book is sentimental and tedious elaboration. There are no characters—Mr. Sherriff is apparently interested here only in typical action and response—and no "fundamental values of human happiness," as the publishers hope; there are only careless, incorrect writing and banal optimism. Some appalling rhetoric at the point when the Baldwins leave their old house for the varnished dream "Greengates" is particularly surprising from the author of the concise, unsentimental "Journey's End."

JOHN MCALPIN BERRYMAN

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NOT

for the average reader but likely to be of especial interest to readers of "The Nation"

A novel which has been called "an autobiography of a soul," for it consists of a man's seeking in his own character and the experiences of his youth, for the psychological motives that impelled him to commit a murder. "It is almost as though one has stumbled across, for the first time, James Joyce's 'Ulysses,'" says the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. "A most unusual book: sensitive, powerful, a sort of 'Main Street' covering the world . . . done with beauty and meaning," says *Louis Adamic*. "A novel of genuine originality . . . a highly original mind at work," writes *Louis Kronenberger* (in the *New York Times*). \$2.50

A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks

By **AKSEL SANDEMOSE**

A Borzoi Book published by Alfred A. Knopf

Panorama below Potomac

THE SOUTH LOOKS AT ITS PAST. By B. B. Kendrick and A. M. Arnett. University of North Carolina Press. \$2.

THE later portions of this book, dealing with the recent South, are objective and illuminating, with much to contribute even to the most acquainted reader. The earlier part often sounds like an apology for the South. The authors strongly tend to discountenance the designation "poor whites" as applying to a very numerous class in the Old South, and try to build up a case for the presence and influence of "yeomen." This is familiar allegation, but, as often before, the proof is rather lacking. Indeed, Professors Kendrick and Arnett go on, in later portions of the book, to take for granted huge masses of poor whites whose existence they earlier denied. Thus: "The labor supply for the textile mills [post-bellum, of course] was drawn almost entirely from the poorest class of whites; mainly the landless, drifting 'croppers' and hangers-on, with a few of the marginal and submarginal proprietor-farmer type." They proceed, not very convincingly, to qualify this admission, but at other times they speak of the large class of "farm tenants and croppers, little better than peons in 'normal' times, hard-hit by the depression, . . ." and they reflect, with reference to recent governmental policy, that "subsistence farmers . . . would be better off than millions of croppers have been for two generations." How should there be fewer poor whites under slavery than since?

The Negroes, as such, are strangely omitted from discussion. When these authors speak of "the Southern way of life" they are thinking only of the white way of life, and at that of the planter-class way of life. The book tends to lead away from the truth that the fundamental fact in the Old South (and in the new!) is chattel slavery. Nothing is said of the recently invented cotton picker, or of the likelihood that this machine constitutes truly "the impending crisis of the South."

BROADUS MITCHELL

Queen Victoria

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND. By Edith Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$3.50.

MISS SITWELL disarms criticism by announcing that she is deeply indebted to practically everyone who has written on Queen Victoria and her times; and so indeed she is. She is indebted to Messrs. Strachey, Benson, Housman, Fulford, Hardie, to the Letters and Journals of the Queen, to numerous other Memoirs and Letters, to Friedrich Engels's "Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844," and to a whole library of biographies, social histories, and the like. Industiously she has culled what is best and sometimes what is worst in each, so that her book cannot fail to be interesting, and somewhat astonishing in its anthological brilliance and its lack of constructive unity. The Stracheyan style is dominant and certain Stracheyan indulgences are in evidence, such as an intimate knowledge of the Queen's thoughts on crucial occasions, and her vision of her girlhood on her last drive, which is strikingly similar to the famous backward glance on the Stracheyan deathbed. But Miss Sitwell's idiosyncrasies of style and mood also pervade the volume, and are concentrated in a striking technique in the chapter, *March Past*, in which she dramatizes the woes of England's working classes as Engels portrayed them, marshaling a terrifying pageant of industrial exploitation, disease, and death with that virtuosity formerly

expended on England's Eccentrics and the quaint and queer superficialities of a bygone day. In another chapter, Fashionable Intelligence, we have the technique applied to the more usual type of material: long lists of diaphanous textiles, pages of enchanting names of cosmetics, a lyric intermezzo of wistful frivolity. Compare these two chapters and you will see why this is a panorama rather than a book, a series of sharply posed and fascinating scenes, chosen for their effectiveness, a remarkable synthesis that is not a blend. The subjects are without any special coherence, the technique's the thing. There are no new insights; there are elaboration and arrangement, the special idiom, and the skilful producer's gift of arresting presentation.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Shorter Notices

FIFTY-FIVE MEN. By Fred Rodell. The Telegraph Press. \$2.50.

This little book, the story of the making of the American Constitution for "school children and politicians" is the best popular account of the work of the Founding Fathers which has yet been written. It has all the refreshing charm and deceptive simplicity which characterize the work of the Russian Ilin. The book could hardly be more timely. The Liberty Leaguers have been attempting to revive the Constitution worship of the past for campaign purposes. But Rodell, who is himself a scholar, basing himself upon the work of such pioneers as J. Allen Smith and Charles Beard retells the old story in such a way as to make it beautifully clear that the Founding Fathers were no divinely inspired agents but all too human business men and politicians whose object was to curb the revolutionary excesses of their own time and to fashion a frame of government which should make democratic government impossible while at the same time maintaining its external forms. The very atmosphere in which the Founding Fathers did their work is reproduced with remarkable intimacy from the pages of James Madison's journal of the Constitutional Conventions. It is to be regretted, however, that the realism with which the patristic period itself is treated is not preserved in the sequel. Surprisingly enough Mr. Rodell ends his story by attempting to show how the Constitution in recent decades has been brought "closer and closer to democracy."

WILLIAM SEAGLE

FINLAND: THE NEW NATION. By Agnes Rothery. The Viking Press. \$3.

Finland is old, but it did not become a nation until 1919, when the Finns won their freedom after a bloody struggle with Russia and with the "reds" inside their borders. The response of the Finns to their world status is the theme of Agnes Rothery's book. She emphasizes the effect of nationalism on the development of industry, agriculture, forestry, the arts, and all phases of social life. This growth of a national spirit has resulted in remarkable achievements, especially in music, architecture, and athletics by such figures as Sibelius, Saarinen, and Nurmi. That Finland has paid her war debt shows the soundness of her economy. The cooperative movement has curbed the capitalists and prevented monopolies. But nationalism is not all clover, as Miss Rothery might have easily shown by citing the suppression of Communists, and the discrimination against the half-million Swedes living on the south and west coast. The book is full of general information, it is illustrated, and has an index and complete bibliography; yet when we finish reading it, we wonder how much

THE *Nation*

ANNOUNCES A SERIES BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH ON *How Dead Is Liberalism?*

Two years ago Joseph Wood Krutch, an editor of *The Nation*, wrote a series of articles entitled "Was Europe a Success?" which achieved wide popularity. Since then Mr. Krutch's contributions to *The Nation* have been limited by the pressure of his other activities to dramatic criticism and single articles concerned chiefly with the arts.

Beginning in September, however, Mr. Krutch will write another series of three, possibly four, articles which we believe *Nation* readers will find even more stimulating than his last.

While traveling in Europe this summer Mr. Krutch visited many distinguished French and English intellectuals, including André Malraux, Ralph Fox, T. S. Eliot, Rebecca West, and Bertrand Russell. Bearing in mind the fact that nearly all of Europe is either communist or fascist, to each of his hosts Mr. Krutch proposed a specific question: "Precisely what do you understand by the statement 'Liberalism is dead?' How much is dead and just how dead is it?"

The series will synthesize the replies and present a composite view of what representative thinkers believe about the present status of the various elements which make up the liberal philosophy.

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S. SAIDEL, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

DRAMA

"Innocent Merriment"

ORDINARILY I think of myself as one more than com-
monly fond of those works which Mr. Sullivan com-
posed in resentful collaboration with Mr. Gilbert. Long ago
convinced that they were the best comic operas in the world,
I seldom miss an opportunity to see any one of them per-
formed, and I can whistle most of the tunes with reasonable
accuracy. If you add that I have read most of the books about
the pair and that I can quote as many apt phrases from the
libretti as I can from "Hamlet," is it, I ask, any wonder that I
should think of myself as a member of the inner circle? But
there are moments when I realize that I am, on the contrary,
a rank outsider, that there is "a transcendentalism of delirium
—an acute accentuation of a supremest ecstasy" to which I am
a stranger.

One such moment occurred on Thursday evening, Septem-
ber 20, when the D'Oyly Carte company of London began
with "The Mikado" a season at the Martin Beck. To those
who heard the troupe two years ago I need hardly remark that
the performance was very nearly perfect, but I am sure that
others beside myself were even more struck by the fact that the
audience was absolutely so. It was composed in almost equal
proportions of what is commonly called, even at this season of
the year, "the ermine-coat trade" and what might with equal
propriety be denominated "the feather-boas contingent"—by
which I mean those who have not been to the theater except
to see Gilbert and Sullivan since 1880. And this audience sat
in a rapt attention while plainly manifesting precisely that
"transcendentalism of delirium" which "the earthy might
easily mistake for indigestion" but which "is *not* indigestion
—it is aesthetic transfiguration." The overture passed in a
silence which the Metropolitan Opera House has never known
during the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" or the Good Friday
Spell, and the first notes of every renowned passage were
greeted with all the eager recognition of a perfect Wagnerite
signifying his awareness of a *leitmotif*.

It would take too long to indicate all the qualifications
which are requisite to those who aspire to the title of Real
Savoyard, but there are two to which I must briefly allude.
One must, first of all, possess an absolute familiarity with
every note, while, by a power temporarily to suspend familiar-
ity corresponding to the more famous "temporary suspension
of unbelief," one must be surprised at any aptness; so that, to
take an example, one must be able to gasp with delight when
"imperfect ablutioner" rhymes with "Lord High Executioner"
exactly as though one did not know that the thing was in-
evitable. In the second place, one must greet any slight devia-
tion from sacred convention with judiciously reserved ap-
proval. Thus when the Mikado asks the whereabouts of his
missing son and Ko-Ko, instead of saying "Knightsbridge,"
as the text provides, says "Jones Beach," one must reserve
decision. Gilbert did occasionally permit the modernization of
topical allusions, but he was chary of them, and I am sure
that the discussion of the point went well into the night. In-
deed, I should not wonder if a few lifelong friendships were
wrecked upon irreconcilable differences of opinion.

But to return to the performance. I can only say that I shall
attend as often as the manager sends me tickets.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Letters to the Editors

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

Dear Sirs: Having looked through the Margaret Mitchell novel, "Gone with the Wind," I turned back to Miss Evelyn Scott's review of it, in your issue of July 4. Her verdict is not entirely favorable, to be sure; but the bad writing and unreal characters are touched on by her in a manner to suggest that they are merely casual blemishes. On the contrary, I think that many *Nation* readers will find that "Gone with the Wind," as a literary performance, is far below the standard usually maintained by your reviewers. In my opinion, plot, characters, and situations are all heavily imbued with cliché, and the writing is correspondingly dull and grubby.

As for content and implications, Miss Scott writes: "The verifiable happenings described eloquently justify [Southern] prejudice." I do not agree. To justify such a piece of roaring Ku Klux Klanism, historically untrue and insulting to the Negroes, an artistic miracle would be necessary. And artistic miracles do not occur in connection with such unholy ideologies. "Gone with the Wind" is already a best-seller and probably no human agency can now keep it from becoming a national calamity. But *The Nation*, in its editorial columns, might well make an effort against it.

F. W. DUPEE

New York, August 15

OUR COCK-EYED PREJUDICE

Dear Sirs: Regarding your animadversions concerning Dr. Frederic S. Fleming and his proposed moratorium on preaching (it was a kind of back-handed compliment you handed out to him and all parsons), it has always puzzled me why you folks on our radical journals have such a cock-eyed prejudice against organized religion and churches. Those of us who take your paper and relish it wonder why this is. Most of the real support for the forward movement in this country comes from ministers and their followers. These ministers may give vent on Sundays to more or less perfervid oratory—though that is dying out rapidly—but most of them write their

sermons first and so are really in the same class with you fellows on *The Nation*—with this exception: if you had to read aloud to an audience what some of you write, sometimes you might have to think a little more before you came to your readings.

HARRY M. TAYLOR, Minister,
First Congregational Church
Pittsfield, N. H., August 15

HARD LINES

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* indorses a recommendation for a two-year moratorium on sermons. I wish it could see its way clear to indorse a recommendation for a moratorium on editorials in *The Nation* during Presidential years. . . .

FRANK D. SLOCUM
Guilford, Conn., August 15

CHALLENGE TO DR. MOULTON

Dear Sirs: Very likely Dr. Moulton flivvered his study, "The Distribution of Wealth," as badly as Mr. Corey says he did, in your issue of August 1. But at least his idea is to get some remedial action that can be carried out within five years instead of the century Mr. Corey would take to "move beyond capitalism." So, before we are all dead, why not give Dr. Moulton a few constructive suggestions and ask him to go about one-third the way back and run through his exercises again?

1. Tell us how large a slice of the 1929 income must be transferred from the wealthy over-savers and whether it is not much less than the depression losses of these same people. Such detailed examination may find the human problem of selfishness and inertia—much more basic than economic technique—to be less formidable than generally feared.

2. Once the scope of the job is thus defined, give some real study to taxation and wage increases as methods of making the transfer. The normal tax bill—federal, state, and municipal—probably exceeds the amount Dr. Moulton wants to transfer—no new spending projects are necessary. And as to wages: conceding, with mental reservations, that only organized workers can get increases, consider

whether such spendings on consumers' goods will not rapidly permeate the entire community, assuming that taxation and wage increases prevent excess saving from prematurely drying up the circulation of money. Add a little study of production costs and wage systems to test the effectiveness of Dr. Moulton's own suggestion that wage increases be paid as a quarterly or annual bonus from the fund now used exclusively for profits, thus leaving competitive costs undisturbed.

3. Instead of trying to start mass production and low prices before balancing income by tax and wage reforms, study the possibility that a balanced income will set up a consumers' demand that will make mass production possible and automatic. And check over the probability that a mass-production boom with excessive profits and over-saving will, unless maldistribution of income is first corrected, head us into a worse depression than this.

It strikes me that after a long and careful statistical analysis of our economic disease Dr. Moulton gave his remedies only a few thoughtful guesses. With a real study of his remedies he looks pretty close to a compensating adjustment that may restore much of what Salter called "the miraculous self-adjusting quality of our economic system."

HAROLD M. DAVIS
Nashua, N. H., August 10

PAGING FATHER COUGHLIN

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* is to be congratulated in that Anita Brenner's article on Spain cuts through all the hypocrisy which characterizes the news dispatches to our papers, where everything is done to put the Vatican and the Catholic church in the position of innocent sufferers instead of cold-blooded aggressors who would restore all the old tyranny of church over state and set up an oligarchy reducing the Spanish workers and peasants to the level of peons.

Why does not *The Nation* ask Father Coughlin, who has escaped all discipline from Rome because he is supposed to stand for the papal labor encyclicals, why he urges the encyclicals as the rule of

action for the United States when it is plain that no Catholic country in Europe bothers its head about them? . . .

JOHN R. MCPHERSON
Philadelphia, August 13

SOUTHERN REBELLION

Dear Sirs: In your issue of July 25 Louis Adamic proposed for your 1936 Honor Roll the writer of an editorial on the Negro's rights as a citizen which appeared in the *Richmond Times Dispatch*. The writer was Virginius Dabney.

Mr. Dabney is civilized, liberal, and courageous. He deserves to be on any number of honor rolls. But I doubt whether that particular editorial required the tremendous courage Mr. Adamic thinks it did. Actually, believe it or not, Mr. Dabney is not the only Virginian who is anxious to have the Negro "improve his business, educational, economic, and political status"; and there must be thousands of us who were disgusted by Senator Smith's preposterous behavior at the Democratic National Convention. I certainly have heard no one approve it. No, there was not the slightest danger of Mr. Dabney's being lynched or even ostracized after writing that editorial. . . .

Why don't you and Mr. Adamic spend a vacation in Virginia sometime, so that you needn't continue to think of Mr. Dabney as a voice crying in the wilderness?

L. F. C.
Richmond, Va., August 4

LOOKING TO 1940

Dear Sirs: The question of a 1940 third party has perplexed me. Louis Adamic wrote two articles on the La Follettes and mentioned the possibilities of the Progressives. John Strachey and Carmen Haider say Phil is a potential fascist. . . .

I do not believe in violence. I think Phil La Follette would be a good third-party President. Do you? The way the Communists fling "fascism" around, one doesn't know what the word means. I define it as government by violence. Therefore I think Strachey and Haider are mistaken. What do you think?

UNEMPLOYED YOUTH
Santa Barbara, Cal., August 20

HOW TO ABOLISH CRIME

Dear Sirs: Letters published in *The Nation* concerning crime and parole have suggested to me a solution for the crime problem, so simple and scientific that the mind of a high official or police

officer should be able to comprehend it. It is to apprehend the criminal and place him in confinement a few days before he commits the crime instead of some time afterward. This plan would not only prevent most crimes, but it would greatly lessen the expense attached to this branch of justice. The prospective criminal could be more easily caught before the act, as he pursued his unsuspecting path of peace, than after, when he would be on his guard. And court costs would be eliminated.

C.W.H.

P. S. Since getting this inspiration I learn that the plan is meeting with great success in Germany and Italy.

C.W.H.

Newberry, Cal., August 8

BIRTH CONTROL BY PREVENTION

Dear Sirs: . . . The very prevalence of the practice of abortion indicates the determination of the modern wife and mother to regulate child-bearing in accordance with the demands of her health and economic circumstances. It seems grossly unfair that her personal physician should so often refuse the responsibility of teaching her how to avoid conception until it is desired. "Practicing Physician" has dismissed the subject of effective contraception with a nonchalance quite characteristic of his profession. . . .

HAZEL C. BENJAMIN
Scotia, N. Y., August 10

THERE OUGHT TO BE A PRIZE

Dear Sirs: If there were a Pulitzer prize for the best magazine coverage of world and national events, *The Nation* would win hands down. The brilliant articles on France, Spain, and the American scene carried in recent issues of *The Nation* establish a new high in American journalism. You are rendering an invaluable service to the progress of American political thought.

Heartiest wishes for continued success.
B. J. WIDICK
Akron, Ohio, August 14

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS
THE NATION. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year \$5; Two years \$8; Three years \$11. Canadian: 50 cents a year additional. Foreign: \$1 a year additional. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for subscriber's change of address.

CONTRIBUTORS

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD, San Francisco correspondent for the Federated Press, has been covering the present Mooney hearings since their inception.

DWIGHT MACDONALD, on leave of absence from *Fortune*, is now writing a book on the steel industry.

RUFUS P. FORD is not Rufus P. Ford but a well-known newspaperman, habitation, Kansas City, who prefers to remain pseudonymous.

ALVIN JOHNSON is that modern miracle, an expert but not a specialist. Besides being a Horatian scholar, an agricultural authority, and a linguist, he has published this year his first novel, "Spring Storm," was associate editor of the "Encyclopedia of Social Sciences," is director of the New School of Social Research and president of the American Economic Association.

JOSEPH BARNES'S knowledge of Pacific countries is the product of his many visits to the Far East as a member of the research staff and as secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations. Mr. Barnes is now on the *Herald Tribune's* editorial staff.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is a critic who has written regularly for *The Nation* during the last year, has appeared periodically in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* book sections, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and the *New Yorker*, and has recently broken out in *Vogue*.

LEWIS COREY contributed to *The Nation* last August a series of articles on "The Crisis of the Middle Class" which was later incorporated in a book of the same title.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS, author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life," has appeared frequently as literary critic in *The Nation* and other periodicals.

B. H. HAGGIN, who has been writing the Records column in *The Nation* during the summer, has introduced a new musical criticism that is intelligible to the lay reader as well as to that sacred circle which knows an *allegro ma non troppo* from an *allegro non tanto*.

FRANZ HOLLERING was editor of the *Berliner Zeitung* until forced to take refuge in America. He contributed to *The Nation* a dramatic account of his experiences at the time of the Reichstag fire under the title, *I Was an Editor in Germany*.

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The Shape of Things

*

DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT'S VISIT TO PARIS IS closely in line with the implication behind Thomas Lamont's statement of a week ago—that France and Germany are about to settle their differences at the expense of the Soviet Union. It is evident that Hitler is making a desperate and not wholly unsuccessful effort to offset anti-Nazi sentiment by launching a vigorous drive to "save Europe from communism." The situation in Spain, where the Communist and Socialist parties are supporting the government in a valiant struggle against reaction, gives timeliness to the attack. Schacht had nothing very tangible to offer France in the way of trade concessions, but his pointed assurance that the latest rearmament measures were directed not against France but against the Soviet Union could not fail to make an impression in French conservative circles. If we could have assurance that the Popular Front would retain office for another year, this development need give little concern. But the situation in France is by no means as auspicious as it was a few months ago. Recent reports indicate that the middle-class supporters of the Radical Socialists are becoming increasingly apprehensive over the rising costs imposed by the government's reform program. Barring immediate devaluation, a number of small businesses are likely to be driven to the wall in the coming months, creating an atmosphere not unlike that which existed in Germany in 1932. Whether the Blum government, paralyzed by legalistic and parliamentary scruples, will rouse itself in face of danger is an open question. It will have to act soon if it is to act at all.

*

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SET OUT ON his non-political tour of the drought areas he left his political fences in thoroughly competent hands. He had scarcely reached the Dakotas when the doughty Ickes, speaking over the radio in Washington, took the hide off Landon, tacked it up to dry, and scrawled William Randolph Hearst across it. Specifically, Mr. Ickes produced a memorandum from Mr. Hearst to George F. Harding, newly elected Republican National Committeeman for Illinois, in which Mr. Hearst made all too clear his intimate relationship with the Republican candidate at least in the last days of June. Since then, to be sure, Mr. Landon has come out against the teachers' oath which is one of Mr. Hearst's favorite patriotic playthings. On the other hand, Mr. Landon's Buffalo speech was mainly a denun-

ciation of the tax on corporation surpluses, a piece of legislation which Mr. Hearst particularly detested and which no doubt looms larger in his mind than oaths for mere teachers. In this speech Mr. Landon again identified himself with the pure and simple school of economics immortalized by Calvin Coolidge.

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THE FISCAL POLICY OF ROOSEVELT LEAVES much to be desired, but from what we hear of the Kansas schools we fervently hope that the sphere of operations of the Kansas Koolidge will never be enlarged. The indications are that it will not be. At this writing Roosevelt seems stronger than at any time since the election season opened. His trip into the West will undoubtedly have a great political effect, largely because his assertion that it is non-political is at least half true. The decline of the Townsend influence is definitely indicated in the recent California results. Moreover, the overwhelming victories of Senators Harrison and Byrnes in their respective states—Byrnes polled more than 200,000 votes after campaigning on his record as a New Dealer as against 32,000 for the two opposing candidates—are significant even though the South's support of Roosevelt was not doubted. Another straw in the wind is the fact that the Baltimore *Sun* has swung to Roosevelt and even the New York *Times* is manifesting an unwonted editorial glow for the Democratic candidate. In general the newspapers seem to have decided that the die is cast. We hope, however, that what looks like certain victory will not prevent further forays by Mr. Ickes. His characterization of Mr. Landon as the "strong silenced man" is worthy of companion pieces.

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THE APPOINTMENT OF WILLIAM BULLITT TO succeed Jesse Isidor Straus as American Ambassador to France does not get our undiluted praise. At the present moment the Paris post is probably the most important in the whole diplomatic service. Policies are being evolved in France today which will ultimately affect the future of world democracy. With a left government in power America's ambassador should be a man who can work in reasonably close harmony with the leaders of French political life. He should be a man who by experience and temperament has shown indisputably that he can handle men of all political persuasions. Mr. Straus, although far from a Socialist, appears to have adjusted himself to the situation admirably. His embassy staff is reported to have been one of the most efficient in Europe. Mr. Bullitt, on the other hand, is unlikely to be acceptable either to the left or the extreme right. As the New York *Herald Tribune* accurately points out, his former pro-Soviet sympathies make him distrusted by the conservatives while his present violent antipathy to communism ill fits him for a post in a country in which friendship for the Soviet Union is the cornerstone of its foreign policy. Responsible observers have reported that the American embassy in Moscow is practically isolated from the main currents of Soviet political life. The American people cannot afford to have the same thing happen in Paris.

THE FAR EAST, ITS TROUBLES, CONFLICTS, hopes, and fears received a thorough scientific airing at the sixth conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. A meeting of the institute is never a mere good-will get-together of official representatives who, with one eye on home consumption, indulge in badinage about international brotherhood. It is rather a discussion by scholars and statesmen, in the hard, cold light of realism, based on several years of research along a program laid down in advance. It is only such talk as this that can uncover the basic causes of friction. At the Yosemite conference Dr. Hu Shih, China's leading philosopher and political thinker, stated bluntly why Japan could never hope for that "cooperation" it wants from China while it still plans further aggression. The Japanese delegation, led by the former Foreign Minister and possible future Prime Minister, Kenkichi Yoshizawa, said openly that Japan contemplated the use of force in its relations with China and the U.S.S.R. James G. MacDonald of the United States, former head of the Foreign Policy Association and League High Commissioner, told the conference a hard truth when he said that no realistic settlement of Far Eastern difficulties could ever be reached without recognition of what Japan calls its "special position" in China. General Sir Kenneth Wigram of Great Britain gave no uncertain warning to Japan that his country was prepared to maintain its imperial responsibilities in the Pacific to the full. These may be unpleasant realities to face. But here, and not in idealistic platitudes, is the stuff, if it is anywhere, that makes for international understanding.

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MR. HEARST'S *DRUG WORLD*, WHICH HAS been conducting a campaign against "Facts and Frauds in Feminine Hygiene" (referred to in *The Nation* of August 1), published in its issue of July 31 two interesting letters, with an editorial exegesis. The first was signed by a Katherine S. Bixler, who asked to be entered as a subscriber to *Drug World*. The second was on its face considerably less harmless. It read:

If you were to investigate the personnel division of the Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., you would probably find that the coauthor of a recent book on feminine hygiene, which you lambasted a few weeks ago, is drawing pay from Uncle Sam. Better look up another person in the same division, named B——, who probably got her the job.

A READER

Striking facts about the communications which were pointed out by the editor of *Drug World* are that they both were written on penny postcards and both were postmarked Easton, Pennsylvania. What *Drug World* did not add is also interesting. The "coauthor of a recent book on feminine hygiene" can be none other than Rachel Lynn Palmer, coauthor of "Facts and Frauds in Feminine Hygiene"; Mrs. Palmer is the wife of Dewey H. Palmer, who left the staff of Consumers' Research to join the strikers in their battle with that organization. More interesting still, however, is the fact that the secretary of F. J. Schlink, who still heads Consumers' Research and presumably continues to maintain the labor policy which

cost him ■ large percentage of his working force last winter, is (unless she has been lately fired) a young lady named Katherine S. Bixler. Can you imagine ■ more interesting coincidence than that?

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"REALISTIC" IS THE WORD MOST OFTEN USED to describe the French people, and with reason. We hardly expect them to be much impressed by Il Duce's warning that nations with empty cribs can't expect to win or hold empires. For a realistic way of looking at things is one way of finding out that full cribs, in a capitalist world, often mean empty larders. Besides, the French are notoriously a home-loving folk, rather fond on the whole of minding their own business. Their empire building, such as it is, has been a sort of left-handed affair, without the British zeal for carrying the light of civilization (made in Manchester) to those who dwell in darkness, without Hitler's messianic Aryanism (German model), and without that Ducean magniloquence that gives Italian Fascist imperialism a touch of Verdi gone mad. An ambitious dictator might win or bludgeon them away from their thrifty addiction to birth-control, but we hope not. We like children, and therefore we are not fond of seeing whole flocks of hungry little ragamuffins out in the streets with their parents begging for pennies, as in Il Duce's happy land. Italy's overpopulation of children may one day be useful to its dictator as food for cannon and tropical diseases, but the children have no very bright prospect of getting anything out of life for themselves. That is one reason why we never look at the face of Il Duce without thinking how much it looks like a cartoonist's nightmare of Moloch, the god who devours the young.

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THE NEW DEAL HAS BEEN RICH IN paradoxes. One of the most striking is its recklessness, since it is basically a device for preserving the status quo, in giving scope to the impulses toward socialization which run strongly in a society long before it is able to throw off its capitalistic bonds. The TVA is one example of this recklessness. The Federal Art Project is another—on a much smaller scale. On later pages of this issue the reader will find ■ brief introduction to the activities of the project along with a limited number of samples of the work being done in the graphic-arts division. (A really adequate representation will be found in the first national exhibition of the project to be held at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City beginning September 16 and shown thereafter in various cities.) As Miss Marshall points out in her article, the problem of the artist is not solved by putting him on relief. The Federal Art Project has contributed to a solution by conserving the talent and morale of a group that has always been hard hit, in and out of prosperity; its directors are avowedly concerned with demonstrating the function of art as a social instrument. Meanwhile there is no doubt that the launching of the project coincided with a new popular interest in the arts. The Metropolitan Museum of Art reports, for instance, that in 1933-34 its first series of Neighborhood Circulating

Exhibitions was attended by 82,332 persons in a six months' season. In 1935 the attendance, also for a six months' season, rose to 299,020; and during the first seven months of the third season now in progress 352,409 people have visited the neighborhood exhibitions, which are held in library branches, settlement houses, schools, and other available buildings.

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THIS IS THE TIME WHEN CITIZENS ARE supposed to pant for advance information on how the country will go in November. In an article on another page Paul Ward analyzes the Maine prospects and subjects the myth "As Maine goes, so goes the nation" to a thorough examination. On September 3 the Baltimore *Sun* starts a poll of every registered voter in Maryland, a state which has been a better reflector of political trends than Maine. Beginning with the first Cleveland race in 1884, Maryland voters have returned a plurality for the winning Presidential candidate in every campaign save that of 1888, when Harrison beat Cleveland. Even then it came close, giving Cleveland less than ■ 7,000-vote lead. Herbert Hoover carried the state by 77,853 votes in 1928; Roosevelt carried it by 130,130 in 1932. All six of its Congressmen and both its Senators are Democrats. Its Governor is a Republican. There is no Senatorial or gubernatorial contest in the state this year, and all parties will be represented on the *Sun's* ballot except the Union Party, which does not appear on the official ballot either. All honor to the *Sun*, and may it succeed in starting another slogan: "As Maryland goes——."

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ELEVEN NATIONS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO discuss plans for "humanizing" the Spanish civil war. In general the question of "humanizing" war has always absorbed us. With a good deal of logical acumen—not to be too modest about it—we have worked the whole thing out. In order to experience war in its most humane aspect, ■ soldier must get killed. This makes him a hero to his country, provides his family with a pension from a grateful government, and renders it unnecessary for him to earn ■ living in a post-war world. Obviously the alternative of being seriously wounded and probably crippled is not so agreeable; to be slightly wounded is not so agreeable either, because it may mean reentrance into the trenches and later on the difficulty, referred to above, of going on living. But once this principle is established, it is plainly absurd for governments to go to the large expense of having soldiers killed in battle. It would be infinitely less costly and more humane—since to be humane is our objective—for the number of civilians that the next war may be expected to kill to be chosen by lot to commit suicide at home in some painless and inexpensive manner. The War Department chemists could doubtless invent the proper pill; the national economy could continue almost uninterrupted except for ■ grand state funeral en masse; and the poets would find the epitaph already to hand: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria suicedere.*

It's a Pipe Dream, Mr. President

MR. ROOSEVELT'S proposal to grasp history by the forelock and haul it into a super-conference room has about it a breath-taking directness. Of course, to have the plan break now has obvious vote-getting possibilities: one of the weakest points in Mr. Landon's none too sturdy armor is his lack of interest in international affairs and his incapacity to think on a world scale; this is the time for Mr. Roosevelt, whose economic nationalism had begun to worry people, to emphasize his own map-vaulting stature. Of course, also, in the face of American isolationist sentiment, the plan had to be denied officially. But we can be certain that it wasn't spun out of Arthur Krock's mind. It hangs together too well with the President's known temper and mental habits.

Think of it. You bring the dictators and the potentates of Europe into a conference room, much as you might bring Jesse Jones and Harold Ickes and Harry Hopkins and Carter Glass. You seat them around a table, face to face and man to man, and let them iron their differences out. Stalin, Hitler, King Edward, Mussolini—they are the key men today in world affairs, and Mr. Roosevelt's technique has always been to get at the key men, let them talk, keep them good-humored, and effect a compromise. It is just the sort of situation where he can bring into play his enormous talent for personal persuasion.

Actually, of course, this is a new Europe that we are facing. Its dictators believe, even more than does Mr. Roosevelt, in direct and resolute action. They are even more ready than he to brush aside the cobwebs of an exhausted social order. Like him they dare to be daring.

The real difficulty with Mr. Roosevelt's plan is not that it is too daring but that it is too disembodied. Its premise—that the causes and the solutions of international strife are personal—is only a half truth and the lesser half. It gets nowhere at the sources of war—the collision of expanding nationalisms, the vendetta of the hungry and the sated nations in a world of unequal imperialisms, the desperate need when the masses do not have bread of giving them war as circuses, the deepening clash between fascist and democratic nations. These things don't get ironed out at a conference table, no matter how impressive are the eminences gathered at it.

No, Mr. President, this plan of yours is a pipe dream. And a dangerous one. For it can only raise hopes that cannot be fulfilled. The armies are massing in Europe. Such a plan may draw off the peace energies of the democratic peoples from the channels where they may be most effective. By dramatizing a vast talk-feast it will blind the eyes of our own people to the positive efforts America must make for peace on concrete issues. We do not need new peace machinery. We need to throw the American energies and the vast American resources into the old. We missed our chance with Ethiopia; other chances will not be slow in coming.

A Program for Conservatives

DURING the past week the country has heard two organizations which typify American conservatism express themselves on the immediate problems of the times. These are the American Bar Association, which has just held its annual convention in Boston, and the United States Chamber of Commerce, which has issued a statement of principles indorsed by its nation-wide membership. What they said did not represent a social philosophy or even a well-considered program. It was rather a series of unthinking pronouncements generated by fear and designed only for the moment.

Of the elders of the Bar Association one is tempted to say, Whatever it is, they're against it. They were against ratification of the child-labor amendment, against investigating the abuses of civil liberty in strikes, the activities of the Black Legion, or the conduct of the prosecution in the Mooney case, against a constitutional amendment to give Congress wider powers to legislate for the national welfare, against the WPA, against the Social Security Act, against the Public Utility Holding Company Act, and against a curb on the Supreme Court's right of judicial review of acts of Congress.

Echoing the bar on most of its dislikes, the Chamber of Commerce added some new ones of its own. It was also against a curb on the court or a constitutional amendment, against interference with individual enterprise, against the federal government making grants-in-aid to states for public works, doing anything about relief, using the tax power to legislate for the general welfare, participating in the business of power generation, doing anything about crop control, providing for social security, or arbitrating between capital and labor. In that delicate phrase of the Steel Institute and the Republican platform, that employees should be free from coercion "from any source," it declared itself opposed to collective bargaining.

Here is the doctrine of the conservatives on those issues that rack the body politic today. In its essence it is motivated by the determination to fight free of any restriction which would limit the pursuit of individual gain, regardless of whether that gain is made at the expense of the general welfare. From this follows the conviction that the hand of government laid on private enterprise, no matter how lightly, is bad. The Constitution, "the traditional guaranties of human rights," "the preservation of the old institutions" are the banner round which the conservatives rally their defense of this doctrine. Judge Ransom, in his opening speech to the Bar Association, expressed perfectly the conservative attitude when he said that we cannot allow government "to make a hodge-podge of human rights in order to serve supposed social ends." There would seem to be some confusion here, for "human rights" and "social ends" are hardly incompatible. But Judge Ransom did not mean human rights; he meant property rights. What the conservatives dare not face is

the fact that, under the pressure of modern circumstance, they can no longer retain these rights intact. Clinging to the past, they lay waste their powers trying to beat off the new demands arising on every side.

Generally it is radicalism that is thought of as running wild. But today, as the statements of the Bar Association and the Chamber of Commerce show, conservatism is running wild—backward. Yet conservatism, if it would preserve what is good in American life, dare not be reactionary, dare not be negative. Two weeks ago we published a program for progressives. Now we suggest a program for conservatives—not for conservatism in the role in which it sees itself today, but for a conservatism that is honest, intelligent, and awake. First, it must discard its desperate fear of change, a fear so blind it cannot discriminate between good changes and bad but hates change for its own sake. Secondly, it must realize that hanging on to the status quo is not only unintelligent but unavailing; that there are certain changes which are inevitable; that these should be met, recognized, and adopted now and not opposed to the last ditch, until they are brought about by force. Lastly, instead of instinctively crying "Stop!" every time something new is tried, conservatives should begin to act rationally and make intelligent concessions where necessary. They might take a cue from British conservatism, which by a relatively enlightened policy in domestic affairs has kept well up with the times. If American conservatism followed suit, it would be helping to preserve instead of by its present actions helping to overthrow that which conservatives and progressives alike want to maintain—the democratic system.

Cuban Amnesty

THE political amnesty recently proclaimed in Cuba by President Mariano Gomez is being hailed in conservative circles as proof that that troubled island is returning to orderly constitutionalism. Actually the amnesty is as much of a farce as the Hitler amnesty which merely released Nazi criminals. Out of the 4,000 political prisoners in Cuban jails, only 80, and these the least important, are affected by the decree. The terms of the amnesty, for example, specifically exempt "terrorists," and it happens that "terrorist" is an all-embracing word used to refer to all enemies of the Batista dictatorship, particularly those who have been convicted by the "special" courts, from which there is no appeal. A suggestion of the power behind the throne in Cuba is found in a second exception, which excludes all prisoners convicted of speaking disrespectfully of a "foreign diplomat."

It is true that ex-President Grau San Martín—whom Welles and Caffery succeeded in ousting at the end of 1933—and several of his associates in exile have been "pardoned." But as an indication of the sincerity of the gesture, several of Grau's followers were jailed by Batista's military police on the very day the pardons were issued. Acts of terrorism are perhaps not as frequent as they were a year ago, but they have by no means ceased. A few

months ago one of Grau's most intimate friends, Octavio Seigle, who was in Cuba collecting documents and newspaper clippings for the American press, was seized because of a suspicion that he was learning too much of terrorist activities. He was taken, screaming at the top of his voice, through the streets of Havana, tortured, and beaten, and later was found dead on a country road, his body burned beyond recognition. A month or so later the head of the Havana fingerprint bureau found fingerprints which definitely linked the crime to the aides of Pedraza, Batista's chief of police. When this evidence was disclosed, the fingerprint expert was forced to flee for his life.

Unfortunately, the truth about conditions in Cuba is very little known in this country, and it is not improbable that the amnesty may lead many Americans to believe that the Batista dictatorship is a thing of the past. This, of course, is the primary objective of the decree. For years the State Department, under the influence of Welles and Caffery, has been seeking to establish a "safe and sane" constitutional regime in Havana. The wave of assassinations and terrorism which followed the overthrow of Grau has doubtless proved extremely embarrassing to the men who argued that his overthrow was necessary in order to maintain law and order. It was hoped that after the "election" of Gomez, something might be done to reestablish respectability by checking army terrorism. Gomez was selected to carry out this task.

The new President promised to curb extra-legal abuses. But this is as far as he dared go. Though he may have been perfectly sincere in making the promise, at least to the point of desiring to cooperate with Caffery and, incidentally, strengthening his own position, the fact remains that he cannot act without Batista, and Batista cannot maintain power without terror. Signs of a definite estrangement between the President and Batista have already appeared. Attempts by Gomez to create a popular sentiment in favor of the civil as against the military government have been deeply resented by Batista's followers, who are threatening to bring impeachment proceedings.

If Gomez were to carry on an effective struggle against Batista, he would have to build up a rival political machine. This would necessitate patronage, and Batista has already seen to it that all available government posts are filled with army men. Even the grammar schools have been brought within the army spoils system. Under Mendieta, Cabinet ministers were so terrorized that they rarely dared appoint their own subordinates. Gomez's sole strength would appear to lie in Caffery's desire for a constitutional front for Cuban militarism. In a crisis, however, this factor is likely to prove unimportant, for Caffery is known to have the highest admiration for Batista.

Thus the aces are all in Batista's hand. Gomez can make a gesture of restoring civil authority, but the bluff is certain to be called. Warning bullets have already spattered around the new President's doorstep. If they choose, Batista's henchmen could undoubtedly force through impeachment proceedings. Being a good politician, Gomez is not likely to try the dictator's wrath. Cuba will remain safe for American capital, but unsafe for any Cuban who desires the most elementary of political or civil rights.

Who's Winning in Spain?

MORE than six weeks have passed since the outbreak of the fascist rebellion in Spain. During this period hundreds of columns have appeared in our newspapers reporting "decisive battles," "important advances," and the imminent capture of dozens of cities. Papers have differed in their reporting, but the impression of the average newspaper reader appears to be that the rebels are winning and that it is only a matter of time until the whole of Spain will fall into fascist hands.

To a certain extent this impression has been deliberately fostered by such reactionary papers as the Hearst chain and the New York *Herald Tribune*. Both Hearst and the *Tribune* have featured reports from special correspondents who have been only in rebel territory. As a result these papers have created the impression (1) that the rebels are fighting for civilization against a Communist government in Madrid, (2) that the "reds" have been guilty of appalling atrocities, and (3) that Madrid has been about to fall on any number of occasions. But irrespective of these deliberate falsifications, it is extremely difficult for the average man to follow the varying fortunes of the contestants. The ordinary American is bewildered by the claims and counterclaims of the two sides and handicapped by a lack of knowledge of Spanish geography.

Taking all factors into consideration, the changes in the military situation during the past six weeks have been surprisingly slight. The rebels have won but one important victory—the capture of Badajoz and Merida. This victory has not only permitted the establishment of communications between Generals Franco and Mola but enabled Franco to threaten Toledo and Madrid from the southwest. Recently, however, the Merida-Caceres railway is reported to have been cut again, thus offsetting one of the important gains. Moreover, the insurgents advancing from Badajoz have apparently been checked outside of Talavera and are yet far from Toledo, with its munition factories, and farther from Madrid itself. In the Guadarrama Mountains, forty miles to the northeast of Madrid, the deadlock appears unbroken. The rebels claim to have made a slight gain recently at Cerro Nevero, where they threaten to cut off part of Madrid's water supply, but the government has apparently made some progress in an encircling movement which, if successful, would obviate the need for storming the rebel intrenchments.

The two most important government victories have been won at Irun and Cordoba. Possession of the Irun and

San Sebastian area has been particularly useful to the government because it has blocked communication between France and the main rebel headquarters at Burgos, as well as denied the insurgents access to the sea. Here a handful of trade unionists and government supporters, cut off from any possible assistance from Barcelona or Madrid, have held their own for nearly three weeks against a strong rebel attack. While it is inconceivable that they can hold out indefinitely, their stubborn defense has proved a constant thorn in the rebels' side. In the south the loyalist forces have worked up to within striking distance of the important city of Cordoba. Capture of this city would give the government control of the railway line to Malaga and Gibraltar and probably force the rebels to evacuate Granada, their last stronghold in southeastern Spain. A Catalan expeditionary force has captured three of the Balearic Islands—Menorca, Ibiza, and Formentera—but appears to have been checked in its drive on the most important—Mallorca. The Catalan troops attacking Saragossa are within ten miles of the city, but have made little or no progress in the past three weeks.

In immediate military strength the rebels may possibly have a slight advantage. Although the government has many more men under arms than the insurgents could possibly obtain, the fascists are undoubtedly better equipped and more highly disciplined. As an example of confusion on the government side, it is known that some of the Anarchist troops from Barcelona have insisted on fighting without officers. While this is not general, the organization of the loyalist forces is known to be poor. On the other hand, possession of Madrid and Barcelona means that the government has infinitely better resources for manufacturing munitions and other war supplies. It also has a great advantage in that it has been able to open and keep open railway communication between the outside world and Barcelona, Murcia, Valencia, and Madrid. The rebels' means of transportation are compar-



atively inferior. Their only north-south rail connection is said to be broken, and they have virtually no outlet to the outside world except by Cadiz. The entire Mediterranean coast from Portbou to Malaga is in government hands, as is the Atlantic coast from Irun to Gijon. The navy has remained loyal. Train service to Portugal is suspended. This means that the rebels have relatively little chance of obtaining a substantial amount of assistance from abroad, despite Mussolini and Hitler. When one considers the added factor of morale and popular support, it is evident that the government has a tremendous advantage, only providing it is able to hang on until the rebels' munitions begin to run short. It is conceivable that the struggle, like the American Civil War, may last for years. But there is no reason to despair—for the cause of Spanish democracy.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Will Maine Go Democratic?

Washington, August 31

YOUR daily papers from now until September 15 are going to be spotted with "as Maine goes, so goes the nation" stories, but on and after the fifteenth they are likely to be filled with statements, letters, and editorials belittling that forty-eight-year-old political chant. For there is good reason to believe that on the night of September 14, when the ballots Maine voters have cast that day for state and Congressional candidates are counted, the results will bode ill for Republican fortunes throughout the nation in November, and the predominantly Republican or anti-New Deal press of the country will do its best to soften the blow.

It will be spurred on in that endeavor by its knowledge that if the impression gets abroad that the Maine returns presage another Roosevelt landslide, the G. O. P.'s army of ward-heelers will be completely demoralized, and the fat cats will start making deposits on family-entrance passes to the White House for the 1936-40 season by canceling their earlier commitments to the Republican machine and plunking the dough, instead, into Farley's war chest. Furthermore, the pro-Landon press will be aided in glossing over the results by the complexity of the political situation in the Pine Tree State. That complexity arises from two factors. One is that victory for the Democratic candidates in Maine—a thing that even Republican leaders privately concede is far from impossible—will be a victory in name only for the New Deal, for the Democratic standard bearer, Governor Louis J. Brann, seeking election to the Senate, is an anti-New Dealer. The other is that the blow to Landon's chances nationally may be hidden in returns accurately reporting victory for the Republican candidates in Maine.

Properly to interpret the returns from the standpoint of their traditional significance, however, the wary reader need bear in mind only the figure "25,000" and know a little something of the tradition's origin. First, he must know that the tradition has been carefully and deliberately nurtured. It has been fostered nationally by the G. O. P. because Maine has always been one of the most reliably Republican states and has been helpful in corraling the band-wagon vote throughout the nation for Republican Presidential candidates ever since 1888, when the tradition was born in the slogan: "Maine went hell-bent for Governor Kent and Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." The tradition has been cultivated locally by both Republican and Democratic politicians because it makes both groups proprietors of one of the juiciest political rackets in the country, a racket that results in the national committees of both major parties pouring funds into Maine in September and paying the

bills of the local candidates solely for the sake of the psychological effect of the September returns on the national election two months later. National-committee outlays by the major parties are expected to top \$1 a vote per side this year in the state whose total major-party vote in 1932 was 295,538. In fact, it is this racketeering aspect of the situation that quadrennially has endowed Maine with political spoils out of all proportion to its five electoral votes and kept it unique among the states in holding its Congressional elections in advance of the Presidential election. There were many states that followed the same system until 1846, when Congress passed an act requiring that Congressional elections be held simultaneously in November in all states save those whose constitutions prescribed otherwise. There were only three states that had such constitutional provisions—Oregon, Arkansas, and Maine—and the first two quickly brought their constitutions into line by amendment.

Where the figure "25,000" comes into the picture is in the easily demonstrable fact that a simple Republican victory in Maine in September is an insufficient augury of a national victory for the G. O. P. two months later. The record shows that in every campaign since 1892—with one exception—when the Republican margin of victory in Maine in September has failed to exceed 25,000, the Democrats have captured the White House in November. The exception came in 1908 when the G. O. P. September lead in Maine was only 7,000 but Taft carried the nation two months later. In 1892 the Republicans' September edge in Maine was only 12,000 and Cleveland was elected President. In 1912 the Republican margin dropped to 3,000 and Wilson won the Presidency. He was reelected in 1916, although the Republican margin of victory in the September elections in Maine had climbed to 14,000. In 1928 the Republicans carried the state by 83,000 votes in September and the Hoover landslide followed. Four years later, Brann, running for Governor, put Maine in the Democratic column by a margin of 3,000 votes in September and the Roosevelt landslide followed in November, although Maine had by that time swung back into the Republican column to become one of the six states Hoover carried. His margin of victory in Maine was 37,724.

The "25,000" figure takes on special significance in the present situation owing to the unwillingness of Republican leaders in Maine to predict—privately—that the G. O. P. standard bearers will carry the state by more than 20,000 votes at best, and it is only the more sanguine among them who are willing to go that far along the road of prophecy. The most realistic among them incline to the belief that their candidates will be doing well if they manage to pile up as much as a 5,000-vote edge over the opposition, and they are counting almost entirely on public revulsion

against the New Deal to produce that result. Their candidates admittedly are weak compared with those the Democrats have put up. Farley has outsmarted the Republican high command in prevailing upon Brann to run for the Senate, despite his anti-New Deal bent.

Brann, frequently described as Maine's Jimmy Walker, was elected Governor in 1932 by 3,000 votes and re-elected in 1934 by 24,000. He has been anything but sympathetic with the New Deal's avowed purposes or actual attainments. His most notable betrayal of the New Deal has been his double-crossing of the Administration on the Passamaquoddy tidal-power project. After promising to call upon the Maine legislature to set up a state authority to take title to the project and thus bulwark it against the power trust's court attacks, Brann backed down on his promise; by that time the project had been started on the strength of his pledge. Despite Brann's many and obvious infidelities to the Roosevelt Administration, Farley literally begged Brann to enter the Senate race solely because Brann is the best vote-getter the Democrats have in Maine, an attribute he owes to his talent for making alliances among the bankers and power boys who control the state.

In his campaign Brann is stressing local issues and keeping the New Deal as far out of the picture as possible. His Republican opponent, Senator White, on the other hand, is trying his damndest to make Roosevelt the issue. He is more than a little hampered in his task by the Republican National Committee's insistence on holding up the Quoddy project as a prime example of the Roosevelt Administration's outrageous extravagance. Both White and his Republican colleague, Senator Hale, were and are staunch proponents of the project, which is so popular in at least certain sections of Maine that it has produced a 5,000-vote turnover in Washington County, converting the Republican registration margin there of 4,000 votes into a Democratic edge of 1,000. White's reputation as a Quoddy champion is further threatened in the present instance by the fact that stupid parliamentary tactics by the Republican Senators at the last session of Congress caused the Senate to turn thumbs down on the project. They had insisted on separating the Quoddy project from the Florida ship-canal project and voting on them individually; the canal won and the Maine project lost. White's other deficiencies include a sluggish mind, a weak-sister voice, and a reputation of being, next to Copeland, the shipping lobby's chief representative in Congress.

Good as the Democratic chances seem in the Senatorial race, they appear even better in the governorship fight, and there a Democratic victory would be more of a triumph for the New Deal than is possible in the Senatorial fight, for the Democratic nominee for Governor, F. Harold Dubord, is stressing something as least describable as New Deal issues. He is making social security the basis of his campaign, emphasizing old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. Dubord had expected to run for the Senate until Farley pushed Brann up to that starting line. Hale had beaten him for the Senate in 1934 by only 1,200 votes. Even his Republican foes admit his superiority as a campaigner over their gubernatorial nominee, Lewis O. Barrows. Dubord, who although a Democrat has been five

times elected mayor of the Republican town of Waterville, is a French Canadian, and in Maine the French Canadians cast 100,000 votes. His Republican opponent, a Newport druggist, shares Dubord's talents as a backslapper but fails dismally to equal him as a speaker. Barrows, at present Secretary of State, is reported to have been an active member of the Ku Klux Klan in its heyday; published dispatches from Maine report that the Democrats have a picture of him in full Klan regalia which they plan to use against him if he or his supporters raise the issue of Dubord's Catholicism. If the issue is raised, it is more likely to come from the third camp involved in the governorship fight. That is the camp of the Reverend Benjamin C. Bubar, a Baptist fundamentalist seeking the governorship as a Townsendite. Bubar is expected to take what few votes he gets away from Druggist Barrows rather than from Lawyer Dubord.

To retain their 1932 and 1934 strength in Maine, the Democrats must keep not only the governorship but also two of Maine's three seats in the House of Representatives. Their chances of accomplishing the latter are admittedly good. In fact, the only Republican candidate conceded reelection on all sides is Representative Ralph O. Brewster. It appears that the news of Brewster's disgraceful performance in connection with the holding-company bill has not been permitted to seep through the consciousness of the electorate in Maine's Third Congressional District. It was an intricate story at best and the stalwart Republican press of Maine showed no appetite for it; its Washington correspondents found their accounts of the affair tossed into the wastebaskets by their editors.

The most stalwart New Dealer among all the Democratic candidates in Maine is Representative Hamlin. Because he is seeking reelection as a Roosevelt supporter the outcome of his contest in the First Congressional District of Maine will be watched as closely as the Senatorial and gubernatorial returns. His Republican opponent, James C. Oliver, is running as a Townsendite, a fact that is expected to switch conservative Republican votes to Hamlin and give him the edge in the race. There has been a break in the Democratic forces in the Second District of Maine following the refusal of Representative Moran, a Democrat, to seek reelection. Moran had a highly creditable record in Congress, especially on shipping legislation. There are two stories about why he is not seeking reelection. One is that he quit in a huff because Farley sided with Brann and against him. The other is that he gagged at seeing the New Deal choose such a critter as Brann to be its standard bearer in Maine. In Moran's place the Democrats have nominated an unknown, Ernest MacLean, who is involved in a four-cornered race. The Republicans have put up Clyde L. Smith of Skowhegan; Raymond Rogers, who lost out to Smith in the G. O. P. primary, has put himself up as a Coughlinite, or Union Party, candidate; and J. C. Leckemby, whom Smith also beat in the Republican primary, is running as an independent with Townsendite backing. The Democrats are counting on Leckemby and Rogers taking enough Republican votes away from Smith to let MacLean squeeze through and keep the Second District's seat in the House on the Democratic side of the aisle.

Where Inflation Threatens

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

EVERY possessor of fixed income fears inflation. Every person whose income is relatively inflexible has reason to fear inflation. Such persons include the entire salaried and wage-earning class, because it is a notorious fact that wages, and especially small salaries, lag far behind a general price rise. Every investor in a capital enterprise whose rates are controlled by law, or in an enterprise producing goods whose price has become customary, will be damaged by inflation. Certainly there are enough of these people who would be anti-inflationists, if they knew their interest, to turn the coming Presidential election. But which way would they turn it, if they knew their interest?

What is baffling about the present menace of inflation is that it will come, if it comes at all, disguised as super-prosperity. It will not come through any overt act of government. Roosevelt has proved himself adamant against the issue of pure fiat money. That is the grievance of Lenke and Father Coughlin. Landon can be counted on to be equally adamant in this relation, however yielding his tissues otherwise. The inflation that threatens us is a credit inflation, and it will make its presence known only through an appearance that to all producers seems fair and lovely—rising prices.

Prices are already rising, at a modest rate. Business is expanding in expectation of good profits. There are such enormous arrears to be met in construction and equipment that something like a business boom is inevitable, whoever may be elected President. In dwellings alone we are short accommodations for ten million families, now living doubled up or camping in quarters they would never tolerate if satisfactorily employed. This amounts to a suspended demand for five billion dollars' worth of labor and material. At least ten billions would be required to make good the wear and tear and obsolescence of our industrial and transportation plant. The more wideawake business men are aware of this situation and are expanding operations judiciously. Soon the sleepy-headed majority will awaken to the fact that money is again to be made. They will work their existing plant overtime, they will borrow from the banks to carry their increasing bills for material and goods in process, they will raise loans for reequipment and extensions. The banks will joyously report week by week an expanding volume of loans and rising interest rates. Once again they will begin to prosper. Excess reserves will drop from their present volume of \$1,900,000,000, hundred million by hundred million, and the volume of deposits—our real currency—will increase correspondingly, but in the ratio of something like eight to one. The depositors will be buying more and more excitedly; the prices of commodities will soar. Producers will be happy, until they remember that they are also

consumers. But there is a great lag here. And anyway, the producer will rejoice over his own high prices, while raging against the other fellow's.

That is how inflation will come to the United States, if it comes. Not otherwise. Under whom is it more likely to come, Roosevelt or Landon?

The federal government is formally in a position to curb inflation. Through the Federal Reserve Board it can change the prescribed ratio of reserves to deposits—a New Deal measure. It has already raised the requirement, thus cutting the volume of excess reserves, upon which inflation is predicated. This action can have no immediate effect, since under the new calculation the banks are still packed with excess reserves. It was not intended to have any immediate effect. No one would wish to check the present moderate rise in prices. The raising of the reserve requirement does have a bearing on the possibility of runaway prices in the future, and the precedent is important. The government can prescribe still higher reserves, if necessary, and if the government is resolute enough to withstand the demands of business, which, when prices really start upward, will clamor deafeningly for easier credit and relaxed reserve requirements. Who will be the more likely to withstand this clamor, Roosevelt, whom the business men would like to destroy, or Landon, their hand-picked pet?

The forces making for inflation are indeed too powerful to be controlled by a single measure. Add to control of bank reserves a resolute policy of taxation, and any ordinary boom can be kept within limits. Taxation is essentially deflationary. It takes away resources that would have gone immediately into the market for commodities or capital values and returns these resources to the market only slowly, in salary payments and retirement of debt, or accumulates them in the Treasury, thus not returning them to the market at all.

Who is the more likely to follow a resolute policy of taxation, Roosevelt or Landon?

Every good citizen admits, in a general way, that as soon as we really begin to prosper we should set to work to cut our burden of debt. We can do this only by economy in expenditures and by securing increased tax revenues. As for economy in expenditures, apart from getting rid of the relief load, we need not expect very substantial results. We cannot cut interest on the public debt or war pensions. The latter are fairly certain to increase. We should, but will not, cut army and navy expenditures. We could get rid of some of our bureau personnel, but we should find small pickings here. If we really want to pay off our debt we will wisely center our efforts on taxation.

With returning prosperity every source of tax revenue

will yield more abundantly. Under our present taxation set-up we shall probably be covering all current expenditures within two years, and a surplus for debt payment will emerge. Can anyone doubt that an army of taxpayers will besiege Washington with a demand for a reduction in tax rates? They will argue that a remission of taxes will stimulate prosperity and thus increase taxpaying capacity; that the yield from lower rates will exceed the yield from the higher rates. So indeed it might. We tried this out in the post-war period and found that the lower rates were very productive—under a mushrooming boom. But it is just that kind of boom we fear when we fear inflation.

Who will yield most promptly to the clamor of the

taxpayers for lower rates, Roosevelt or Landon? The question answers itself.

Most of the people who are panicky over inflation are in the Landon camp. It is a kind of hypnosis not uncommon in social history. The Russian conservatives fought Kerensky until they got Lenin. The French fought the pacific German republic until they got Hitler. American conservatives fight against the homeopathic readjustment of our political and economic system to contemporary social forces that is represented by the New Deal. Eventually they are likely to get something else if they have their way. They are now fighting for sound Republican finance. If they have their way they will get inflation.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Buffalo, New York, August 27

STOPPING only to wave his right arm in the Rotarian, rather stagy gesture with which he greets every audience, to acknowledge the far from overpowering greeting the audience gave him, Governor Landon stepped into the pulpit at the Buffalo Ball Park last evening and got right down to work. There were no impromptu words of greeting, no gracious or kindly references to the people who had turned out to hear him, or to their city, or the occasion. Mr. Landon plunged into his set speech like a schoolboy bent on getting through his stint as soon as possible. It is said that he has been receiving elocution lessons; if so, the inoculation has not taken. Most of the time his head was down in his manuscript; even with the loud speaker some of those in front missed some of his words.

Oratorical effects there were none, except when Mr. Landon twice raised his fist and shook it to emphasize his bitter denunciation of "the most cockeyed piece of tax legislation ever imposed in a modern country," namely, the surplus-tax law. The audience responded readily with almost the only real cheer of the entire half-hour; when applause came at other times, it was faint and limited to a part of the crowd. Once there was an undercurrent of laughter, but there was no humor, no lightness, no charm whatsoever in the address. It was earnest and sincere, and it is evident that as the campaign goes on and Mr. Landon more and more considers the iniquities of the Roosevelt Administration, he is getting hotter and hotter about it. Only when he referred to the Administration did he communicate any emotion to the audience, which listened as it might have to the address of a second-rate Kansas clergyman—that was what he suggested to me throughout the talk. The applause lasted precisely twenty seconds, and then, waving his Chautauqua arm, he was gone from the stand, and the audience followed suit as rapidly as possible. No baseball crowd ever melted away faster.

Somehow I cannot recall a tamer speech or tamer setting for a Presidential candidate. Some Republicans may really

believe that this country is in a dire crisis, that our republican institutions are in jeopardy and are rapidly being remodeled after some hateful foreign bolshevist or fascist model. But there was no evidence of this at this meeting or at the dinner of 3,000 persons in the magnificent Field Artillery Armory which preceded the march to the ball field. In the armory Mr. Landon's reception was no more than what would have been given to Governor Lehman or any well-known guest of honor, and he fell over himself pitifully in his effort to say a few words without referring to politics, politics being forbidden by reason of the fact that the dinner was being served in a state military building. Never was there anything more hopeless than his effort to be genial. He clasped his two hands over his head to indicate that he was metaphorically shaking hands with everybody present, and again and again he said how grateful he was for the reception given him and how fine the Republican organization of Erie County is. And nothing else.

Indeed, the three speeches which Mr. Landon has made on this trip to the East have developed very clearly the strategy and tactics of his campaign. He is going to be one of our real village folks to the end, the home-town boy who made good. He is going to contrast himself with utmost deliberation to the President. There will be no charm stops pulled out, no oratorical flourishes, no pictures of the America that he hopes to bring to pass. It is just going to be quiet, restrained, business-like talking, in the hope that he will float into office on the wave of dislike and resentment of the other fellow. Just as Roosevelt was voted in by those who hated Hoover and thought him as inept as he was, so the Republicans are chiefly concerned to avoid any breaks, to make it clear to the business world that Alf is safe, sound, and above all else faithful to the business world, and that they can pour their money into the campaign funds without the slightest fear that the candidate will turn out to be afflicted by "isms," or fantastic ideas about labor or a fair sharing of the profits of

industry or any such stuff and nonsense as more social justice. They will admit, as the campaign progresses, that Landon is nothing on the stump, no great shakes anyway, just a man like Cal Coolidge, who will let business recover and prosper during the next four years—if he is elected.

It is a fact that the Governor is not drawing well on the stump. Local newspapermen agree that Buffalo gave him just the regulation party turnout. The crowd at Chautauqua was less than that which came to hear President Roosevelt. His rear-platform audiences have been disappointingly small, just as his rear-platform speeches have been hopelessly poor. He is small, and seems insignificant from the back of the crowd; for these occasions he has not a single attribute of the vote-getter and impresses nobody. It is not until you come into closer contact with him that you begin to sense his personality. He is likable and attractive, modest, simple, unassuming, with no desire to be other than he is. I am impressed by the fact that the New York correspondents who have been living with him since the nomination have a growing respect and liking for him. They think he is a fine chap, and some of them believe, like others who meet him, that he is a much better chap than he makes himself out to be. This was the reaction of members of the peace delegation that called upon him here. They admired his kindness and pleasant serenity when they were injected for ten minutes into a day horribly overburdened by incessant appointments with one politician after another. They came away with the belief that there is a good deal of sincerity in this man, sincerity not yet spoiled by too much high-office holding. Yet the fact remains that he is not appealing to the imagination or to the enthusiasm of the crowds. The American people may have suffered during the last seven years, but this suffering does not seem yet to have rendered them acutely politically minded.

As for the Governor's speeches, they are deliberately phrased with the greatest simplicity. This is partly because they reflect his own mind—they are all written by him down to the last word—and partly because the high command feels that this is the proper policy in the effort to win the workers and the plain people away from the radio charmer. With the exception of the Chautauqua speech, the Governor's utterances are certainly worthy of a kindergarten. That at Chautauqua was by all odds his best utterance, for he made it with his eyes open to the fact that he was taking a position that would render him unpopular not only with Hearst but with some of the leading Republican politicians of this state, who are all for teachers taking a special oath to uphold and defend the Constitution. For this bit of courage and independence the Governor deserves all credit, and there are those who have been with him from the beginning who feel that this is much more characteristic of the man than most of the things he is saying on the stump; that if he is elected he will listen but in the last resort go his own way whether he pleases the politicians or not. The only trouble about this is that his vision is so completely that of the self-satisfied, prosperous, Middle Western citizen. He is exactly what the bankers and big business men want, even if he has flashes of independence. They are perfectly willing that he should be

outspoken about freedom of speech and freedom for our schools and against teachers' oaths and other restrictions on education as long as he takes their view as to the necessity of a business moratorium from reform and regulation.

As for the simplicity of those speeches we have been listening to, I really think they ought to go a little bit farther in the direction of simplicity. I think, to be absolutely perfect and make the widest possible appeal, they should be printed in the style of the First Reader—then they would certainly reach the child mind. Here, for example, is the way I would print the rear-end platform speech the Governor made at Omaha:

AS A-MER-I-CAN CIT-I-ZENS, WE ARE RE-
SPON-SI-BLE FOR THE KIND OF GOV-ERN-
MENT WE HAVE IN OUR COM-MUN-I-TY, OUR
STATE, AND AT WASH-ING-TON. WE CAN-NOT
ES-CAPE BE-ING GOV-ERNED. WE HAVE THE
CHO-ICE OF GOV-ERN-ING OUR-SELVES OR OF
BE-ING GOV-ERNED. UN-DER THE AD-MIN-IS-
TRA-TIVE SYS-TEM, THE PEO-PLE ARE THE
GOV-ERN-MENT WHEN THEY TAKE A LIVE-LY
IN-TER-EST IN THE SE-LEC-TION OF THOSE
WHO REP-RE-SENT THEM IN THE STATE AND
IN THE NA-TION. WE CAN BE CER-TAIN THAT
WE SHALL BE WELL GOV-ERNED WHEN THE
PEO-PLE TAKE SUCH AN IN-TER-EST. IF WE DO
NOT BE-LIEVE THIS TO BE TRUE, THEN WE
A-BAN-DON OUR FAITH IN A-MER-I-CAN
IN-STI-TU-TIONS.

If we apply this style of printing to the four points of Governor Landon's financial address of last night, it becomes very easy because so many of his words are of one syllable. Here they are:

THE GOV-ERN-MENT MUST GUARD AND
PRE-SERVE ITS SOURCE OF IN-COME.

THE GOV-ERN-MENT MUST MAKE SURE
THAT IT GETS A DOL-LAR'S WORTH FOR
EV-ERY DOL-LAR IT SPENDS.

THE GOV-ERN-MENT MUST NOT GET IN
THE HAB-IT OF SPEND-ING MORE THAN IT
RE-CEIVES.

FIN-AL-LY THE GOV-ERN-MENT MUST PRE-
PARE FOR THE RAIN-Y DAY.

I think my most captious reader must admit that this is reducing public finance to the simplest possible terms, which even he who runs may read. I honestly believe that the Governor has taken the primary-school vote away from F. D. R. and has it safely in the bag.

Whether he will convert anybody else is very much open to question. The theory is plainly that everybody in America has already made up his mind how he is going to vote, that is, against whom he is going to cast his ballot, and that the only thing now to do is to offend nobody and go through the motions. This is not the time for a Theodore Roosevelt to stir an audience to its depth by pounding the reading-desk and waving the Big Stick. This is not the time for the eloquence of a William Jennings Bryan or the magnetism of a James G. Blaine. We are out to save the Republic, my friends, so let us say nothing, think nothing, and plan nothing while we are about it!

Armies over Europe

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

NO one denies that a world conflict is impending—least of all the statesmen involved. On August 24 Hitler lengthened the German military service a year. Naturally this caused Russia to look again to its defenses. On August 30 Mussolini boasted that Italy could mobilize 8,000,000 men in a few hours. Poland speeded up its military mission to France. And there are reports from Vienna that Hitler, as the next move in his sequence of surprises, will incorporate the Storm Troops into the regular army, thus making certain that Germany will have the largest army in the world. There will soon be marching men all over the face of Europe. What is the military strength of each of the great powers?

Hitler's move represents a stage in the conflict between two military theories which have influenced not only the German staff but all the staffs in Europe. These two theories are:

1. The best army is a comparatively small standing army composed of highly trained infantry, mechanized and motorized units, and air force, capable of striking a sudden blow on short notice.

2. A large conscript army is the best method of coping with the great losses of modern war and of overcoming neighboring countries with smaller man power.

Hitler's decree extending the military service to two years, thus keeping the past year's trained conscripts instead of placing them in reserve, recognizes the first theory, in so far as it holds under arms a body of highly trained men. At the same time it upholds the essence of the second by continuing the policy of large-scale conscription.

Germany has advanced far along the road to mechanization and motorization. (Motorization covers only the carrying of military personnel in trucks and kindred vehicles, while mechanization utilizes the motor-driven vehicle as a weapon in itself—tanks, armored cars, etc.) Germany possesses three tank divisions numbering some 1,000 tanks and one motorized division with anti-tank equipment. In furtherance of the motorization policy, the government has accelerated the building of large numbers of trucks and passenger cars. Also, work has been pushed on the construction of a 7,200-kilometer network of motor highways. These roads, routed around cities, paralleling frontiers, designed on the multiple-lane system, with cloverleaf crossings, obviously will speed up movement of armed forces for the execution of the much-discussed "quick thrust" which has so obsessed military tacticians.

Such an attack would necessarily lean heavily on aviation. Great secrecy surrounds the German air force, but sparing bits of intelligence suggest that it is the most formidable in Europe. Hitler in March, 1935, told Sir John Simon that the air force possessed 800 to 850 first-line planes. "First-line" planes are those which go into action

immediately on outbreak of war. Behind this line stands a vast and undetermined number of reserve planes. Finally, the third line of the air force occupies perhaps the most important place. A French Air Minister said, "One never makes war with the planes one has; one makes war with the planes one manufactures." The development and expansion of airplane plant in Germany has been one of the marked features of its rearmament. In case of war, the Germans expect that this highly organized industry will turn out abundant replacements of the most up-to-date type for the inevitable losses among planes.

Such preparations for sudden attack by highly trained forces run along the lines advocated by General von Seeckt, who remains more or less the *éminence grise* of the German army. His theories of the quick blow and the small army of experts, however, have only partially shaped German military policy. While the Reichswehr (Von Seeckt's model of what the army ought to be) has entered the mass conscript army as its energizer and trained nucleus (professionals in the army are estimated at 260,000), regular conscription carries on the tradition of the last war. Latest figures summarize German effectives available for immediate action on the day of war: land army of from 630,000 to 650,000 men; air force of from 80,000 to 100,000; a "replacement" army under eight weeks' training, about 50,000; the labor-service army of between 200,000 and 250,000 men in which the class next up for military duty serves six months; from 30,000 to 35,000 men in the navy—a total of more than 1,000,000 men in conscript formations. The addition to this of a new class of 200,000 conscripts entering training in October will make the German army the largest in Europe. It is estimated that Germany has at present to back this up about 1,000,000 reserves composed of recent conscripts placed in reserve, militarized police, the S. S. corps, old Reichswehr members, and various semi-military organizations.

Since all these forces have been subjected to continuous propaganda from Nazi organizations, it may be assumed that the morale at the outbreak of war will be excellent. The idea that Germany was not defeated "in the field" in the last war but by a treacherous monarchy and subversive elements has been so thoroughly drilled into German minds that the army should march into battle with as good if not better esprit de corps than in 1914. Only when great masses of conscripts, presumably including numerous former Communists and Socialists, are thrown in as replacements in a long struggle will a possibility of weaker morale appear.

Italy, the next largest of the European fascist states, can claim to be the originator of the *attaque brusquée*. General Giulio Douhet first worked out the theory that a strong

air force, striking quickly, could overcome the strong defensive power of modern warfare, and thus win a quick decision. This idea has profoundly influenced all of the European staffs as well as the Italian. Consequently Italy has an air force, organized independently of the army and navy (not as an auxiliary to them as in the last war), which was menacing enough to cause the British some apprehension in the past year. Last official figures (1935) give the Italians 1,861 planes in first line and reserve. Present forces are reported to be greatly increased over last year's figure.

Difficulties of terrain have prevented mechanization on a large scale, for tanks have a limited power in the mountain fighting which Italy would face in the Alps. This situation has also produced decentralized command, platoons and even squads operating on their own. However, motorization has been developed considerably and the quick thrust figures largely in Italian tactics. A mass-conscripted infantry will play the principal role in future wars. The League of Nations in 1935 estimated Italian forces as approximately 500,000 men, but today observers place the figure at 650,000. Reserves were estimated at 5,000,000 until Mussolini's recent boast of 8,000,000.

Of course, Fascist propaganda has efficiently prepared a morale for M-day which may have even more *brio* than that of the Germans. However, since the well-knit organization of the Germans might quickly suppress symptoms of unrest, the decentralized characteristics of the Italian army in the field might conceivably provide more chance for dissolution. Besides, the Italians (witness Caporetto) seem temperamentally somewhat less capable of supporting reverses.

The best tribute the Soviet army has earned came from the lips of General Loiseau, vice-chief of the French staff, when he spoke of "the colossal advantage of the Red Army over Western European forces." This rates as high praise, since the French staff has been politically one of the most reactionary in Europe. To Marshal Tukachevski, Vice-Commissar of Defense, is attributed the greatest influence in mechanizing and motorizing Soviet forces. He has made the statement, "The Red Army literally works night and day on the preparation of the country's defense, and to the assimilation of the formidable technique which the country has given it."

Two divisions are completely mechanized with light and heavy tank brigades, and ten divisions of the army are motorized. Last year in a Moscow parade 400 tanks were counted, undoubtedly only a small fraction of the tank forces. Tukachevski claims that tank production has risen 800 per cent between 1930 and 1934.

The Soviet air force, according to some observers, numerically exceeds that of any other European power, with from 3,000 to 5,000 planes. However, it is conceded that this figure includes many obsolete machines. Pierre Cot, French Air Minister, who made a tour of inspection in Russia, announced that Russian pursuit planes attain a speed of 380 miles per hour and bombers 300 miles per hour. Germany displays much concern about the strength of the Russian air force, and not without cause. For Russia

can bomb enemy centers without fear of enemy planes bombing its own.

The size of the army has been variously estimated at from 1,100,000 to 1,300,000 men. While conscription feeds this force, the bulk of the recruits serve five years, which makes the army virtually a professional body. These figures include the Far Eastern army, of approximately 200,000 men. Distance of course would prevent this force from offering substantial assistance to the west in case of a general war. Thus the Red Army in Europe falls below the strength which the German army will soon have. A great weakness lies in the scarcity of railroads. In case Russia should be forced back from her first line of defense in the west, grave handicaps in this respect would arise.

In morale Russia ranks easily above the other powers. The Commissariat of Defense lays great stress on propaganda in the army. Soldiers undergo a vigorous political training, and the recently stimulated nationalistic propaganda has undoubtedly had considerable effect on the morale. Also, the Commissariat has been careful to see that Communist and Young Communist party members number 49 per cent of the army, and that the majority of peasants in the army come from collectivized farms. In case of war it is certain that the Russian army will display the extraordinary spirit of the French revolutionary army of 1793.

The first line of France's military machine is the extraordinary system of fortifications along the Rhine frontier called the Maginot line. A complicated network of steel and concrete emplacements, with elaborate communications, gas-defense equipment, electric power, light, telephone, radio, and fire control, these fortifications constitute a strong barrier against attack. Germans trying to breach it would be faced with an enflading fire of all sorts of explosives and missiles from arms so stationed that all areas exposed to fire are covered. An alarm signal can set this in motion within two minutes. Manning this line, 24,000 crack troops including various bodies of experts were to have taken up their duties permanently last March.

The establishment of this permanent force marked the culmination of a great reorganization of the French army. After the war the permanent army of 106,000 was largely concerned with training the one-year conscripts. This arrangement met with so much criticism that reorganization began. The expert force in the Maginot line was one fruit, the creation of mechanized and motorized forces another. Within a few hours now, a large body of mechanized and motorized troops can be mobilized. This comprises seven motorized infantry divisions with tractor-drawn artillery and light-armored carriers and one mechanized cavalry division. While this does much to answer the demands of French partisans of Von Seeckt, France's military fate still remains in the hands of the conscript army. Last year the Chamber of Deputies gave approval to raising the military-service period to two years. Today France has an army ready to start a war of approximately 400,000 men (exclusive of forces in the colonies). Reserves are estimated at over 6,000,000.

The air force, similarly, has been renovated and ex-

panded since 1933. Indeed, the French air force exists as perhaps the best answer to Douhet's dream. Organized independently of the army and navy, it appears capable of delivering a sudden blow at vital enemy centers. Numerically the French air force rivals that of Russia—3,000 to 5,000 machines; most of them, however, are considered out of date. According to the new conception of emphasizing quality rather than quantity, first-line planes have been reduced from 1,600 to 1,010. By the spring of 1936 two-thirds of the air force was expected to be furnished with new planes from a renovated airplane industry geared for large-scale production.

The question of morale in the French army is most important, for at the present time France is undergoing social revolution. The rank and file of the army represent so well the recent radical trend of the electorate that the mass of the army may be labeled "left." At a recent army parade near Paris troops overstepped discipline so far as to give the clenched-fist salute. This may have been by way of defiance to many of the officers, who are anti-republican, fascist, and royalist. Blum talks of the "*souffle républicain*" which must blow through the army, and left-wing leaders have been clamoring for a purging of the anti-republican elements in the army. Such a house-cleaning, however, might interfere with army efficiency and it is a grave question whether it can be accomplished. Only war can show whether the old *union sacrée* of the last war can be renewed, or whether anti-republican elements would sabotage an army carried on the uprush of social-revolutionary feeling.

Great Britain can hardly be classified as one of the great European military powers. The regular army (exclusive of the Indian forces) amounts to only 147,502 officers and men. The 176,945 officers and men in the Territorials (militia) really constitute a reserve force and would require some time to mobilize. Other reserves are estimated at approximately 140,000 men. It should not be assumed that 147,502 men would be ready for immediate service on the Continent, for disturbances on the border of the empire forced the government in the past year to send from 30,000 to 40,000 men to Egypt and Palestine. Indeed, during the Franco-British military conversations last spring, the French were said to have discounted any material aid from the British army in France and even to regard British military forces as quite inadequate to stem another German invasion of Belgium.

However, Britain's land forces, small as they are, have been thoroughly modernized recently, with mechanized regiments and motorized troops. Britain's air force, since Baldwin's famous remark about Britain's frontier being on the Rhine, has been considerably increased. Production of planes has proceeded on a vast scale and new inventions have been a prominent feature. The air force is estimated at 1,700 first-line planes, including squadrons in the colonies.

Profound doubt exists about the morale of any large army which Britain might seek to throw into a conflict on the Continent. The English tradition is opposed to both standing and conscript armies. Indicative of this is the fact

that today the standing army is only made legal by the passage annually of a special Act of Parliament which suspends the operation of an older militia act; moreover, government ministers show great hesitancy about proposing conscription. At present the War Office expresses real concern because, in spite of a vast recruiting campaign, Englishmen have not responded to the call of the colors. Christian pacifism à la Lansbury, which has affected considerable portions of the populace, accounts for some of this; a persistent hangover from the last war and isolationism—almost as strong as in the United States—for the rest. In another war it seems probable that Englishmen will hardly spring to arms as enthusiastically as they did in 1914.

The navy, of course, constitutes Britain's real strength. In spite of much criticism at home and abroad, the British navy still prevails as the strongest in the world. It is significant that when the High Seas Fleet arrived in the Mediterranean in the fall of 1935, Mussolini suddenly adopted a conciliatory tone. It may be true that the menace of Italian bombers caused real apprehension in Admiralty quarters. But it is arguable that British diplomacy rather than any weakness in naval forces caused the British retreat on the Ethiopian question. In capital ships and indeed in almost all classes of naval vessels, except submarines, the British navy far outclasses any Continental power or any conceivable combination of Continental powers.

Thus if the military machines of the various European powers are set in motion, the struggle will involve highly mechanized shock divisions backed up by more or less well-trained conscript armies. The mechanized forces will not necessarily deliver an early fatal blow, not by a long shot. For so widely has the mechanization wave spread—Tukachevski's methods as an answer to Von Seeckt's, for example—that the new techniques are likely to cancel each other out. The same applies, in the opinion of many, to the techniques of chemical warfare. Opposing mechanized machines, in the opinion of many, may lock wheels in a stalemate from the start.

In such a case the conflict would settle down to the position warfare which military men ever since the war have been exerting themselves to find means to prevent. Some military authorities predict that economic exhaustion would then develop so quickly that breakdown of one side or the other would quickly follow. However rapid this tempo might be, it seems certain that mass conscript armies would certainly have to telescope the small armies of their own technicians. At that point morale would become more important than mechanization. It would hardly seem possible that armies could march on propaganda alone, and war can reach a stage where a nation in arms must show its guts. Perhaps the organizations of Goebbels and his like will turn out to have extraordinary success. But experience in the last war demonstrated that so far as morale is concerned, democracies have a better chance to stand adversity than autocracies.

[Mr. Hanighen's article will be followed next week by a study by Maxwell S. Stewart of the economic resources of the various European powers.]

Art on Relief

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

ART, for the average American, is a framed reproduction, hung too high and slightly askew, of a Maxfield Parrish heroine swinging in a blue-green-pink landscape which it is to be hoped nature will never be forced to emulate. On the walls of nondescript classrooms in grade and high school he may have seen, through glass darkly, conventional dusty photographs of sections of the frieze of the Parthenon, which in the sunny air of the Grecian day seemed alive and moving to passersby whose experience and faith it so richly expressed. The clear colors of the maps in the history department or in a test tube over a Bunsen burner in the chemistry lab are about as close to art as the average school child comes.

If our average American had a grandmother's house to visit he may have seen a chromo or two which had the merit at least of not being emasculated shadows of a remote culture. And if by good fortune he had the right great-grandmother still living in the right original home he might have found out that the average American has not always lived in an artistic vacuum either of taste or of participation. Our ancestors not only lived in finely proportioned houses, however simple, and surrounded themselves with furniture of extraordinarily good design and quality—again however simple; they also had portraits on their parlor walls which were often not mere likenesses but art in the best sense, and murals in their front halls painted with fresh colors and bold designs that so-called moderns might justly envy.

Between the early flowering of the decorative arts (its extent is only now being discovered) and our present relative poverty a capitalist industrial age has intervened. It has spread much of that "intellectual desolation" which goes with automatic labor; by its overwhelming force it also upset all values and spread a colossal bewilderment which neither taste, talent, nor tradition could for the time surmount. All three were kept alive, to be sure, but mainly in the hothouse of the art gallery, where art rapidly became the privilege of the rich. The general public was cut off from its heritage; the artist, through being forced to compete in a narrow market on the hunt for sensations, was denied his natural growth. For all social purposes art went underground while mass production spread a film of "standardization" over the face of the land. But just as there is ample evidence that beneath the standardization of bathtubs and motion-picture magazines there still exists a rich regional diversity of extraordinary vitality, so it becomes increasingly apparent that artistic taste, talent, and tradition are still live forces in ordinary American life. It was perhaps to be expected that in a period when one industrial drive had spent itself—and its profits—and a new one had not yet begun, this artistic impulse should assert itself both

as a search for compensation and as an autonomous social impulse. The gratifying thing is that it is gathering great impetus in the form of a popular response.

The evidence to prove these statements is to be found in the record of the Federal Art Project, which has released and stirred up an amount of interest and activity in art entirely out of proportion to the brief months of its existence. There has been much loose talk about the folly of covering innocent plaster walls with amateur murals. There is red tape, of course, and some boondoggling* in all colors. But the fact remains that the Works Progress Administration in the name of relief has had an amazing return of good art on its investment in the artistic resources of the American people. This is not to assume, of course, that the whole problem of the artist in society has been solved by putting him on relief which may be with-



Barbary Coast by Ralph Austin, California

drawn at will; the Federal Art Project does serve as a blueprint to indicate the function that art might and should perform in a civilized society.

The range of the Federal Art Project, whose national

* This long-suffering word is used in its historic, not its diehard Republican sense. It was Maury Maverick who first recalled that in pioneer days to "toggle" was to contrive something useful out of almost nothing. Daniel Boone once invented a device which enabled him to carry his rifle on his head when swimming a river. It was called a "Boontoggle."



Circus Performers by Lester O. Schwartz, Illinois



Church at Trampas by Gene Kloss, New Mexico

director is Holger Cahill, can only be suggested in this brief commentary. It is working in all three fields of taste, talent, and tradition: it has put artists to work in every state in the union; it is barnstorming the outer regions with traveling exhibits which are proving a great success; one of its most ambitious and important undertakings is the Index of American Design, which will bring together in portfolios a complete file of designs, past and present, used or created by Americans in the decorative arts. (Most governments in Europe have already performed this important and fruitful task.) The drawings which appear on these pages are samples of the work being done in the graphic-arts division. The black-and-white is the most democratic of all art forms because it is inexpensive to produce, and prints can be easily and widely distributed at relatively small cost. It is particularly ironical that dealers should have created for prints an artificial snob sale, so that individuals with but few dollars to spend on art have been deprived of its least costly form, while the artist has been deprived of a wide sale and therefore of that full use of his powers which is a condition for the highest development of any talent.

The Federal Art Project is helping to release the black-and-white from its artificial bonds. In order to avoid the charge as well as the fact of competition with artists not enrolled, the etchings, engravings, lithographs, and wood-cuts are not for sale. They are distributed to public institutions which have no budget for buying art. Portfolios or single prints are allocated to primary schools, high schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, government buildings and departments, including federal, state, and municipal departments, and to various institutions supported in whole or in part by taxes. (A like procedure is followed in distributing murals and easel paintings.)

The subject and technique of artists working on the project are not regimented. They are, however, held to a high standard of quality by competent supervisors drawn from artists on relief or in some cases recruited from craftsmen who may be self-supporting or not close enough to the edge to qualify for relief. In order to insure high standards, up to 25 per cent of this supervising personnel may be drawn from non-relief groups. This has led, incidentally, to a new association among artists and craftsmen in which inexperienced artists or even pupils are associated with more or less outstanding men and women. In the large cities modern graphic studios have been set up; and here supervisors and assistants work together, exchanging skills and ideas, and achieving for the first time in this country a group activity among artists that is both stimulating and productive.

The project, being federal in its set-up and allowing for much local autonomy, is forwarding the literal decentralization of art. By creating a widespread interest in art it is expanding a market which has been hitherto concentrated in large centers, mainly New York. By the same token it is drastically changing the character of that market from snob to popular. In still another sense it is helping to make art and the artist an integral part of society. With the market organized as it has been, the artist who was merely a good craftsman could not exercise his talent. Given the opportunity to teach younger and more talented artists at a living wage, he is enabled to perform in his own bailiwick a socially useful function and at the same time follow his individual bent.



Women's House of Detention by Nan Lurie, New York

It remains to be said that the demand for the prints of the graphic-arts division, as well as for the output of the other sections of the Federal Art Project, far exceeds the supply. In hundreds of institutions the average Ameri-



Factory Houses by John Gross Bettelheim, Ohio

can is now having a taste of art, of indigenous American art, and he is obviously liking it. The accompanying prints bear out the claim of the project both as to the quality of its products and the lack of censorship of subject matter. They represent a wide geographical distribution as well as a broad range of techniques. Certainly such drawings will tend to bring to life the dead walls and dull hours of many a classroom. They will also further the primary aim of the Federal Art Project—to destroy the false concept of art as a luxury and put it in its natural place as a free and democratic expression of the life of a society.

Rendezvous With a Dream

BY BARBARA WERTHEIM

News item: Roosevelt, if reelected, may call kings, dictators, and presidents to great-power peace conference. To include King Edward VIII, Joseph Stalin, Benito Mussolini, Adolf Hitler, President Lebrun.

MR. ROOSEVELT: My friends, I am deeply moved as I welcome you here on this historic occasion. We are not met by chance, but each of us, designated by fate to strive to lead his country toward the larger life, is conscious as he stands here that he individually and all of us collectively have a rendezvous with destiny. That rendezvous we must keep. Out of it must spring a nobler future for all mankind. We can—

MUSSOLINI (interrupting): Words, words. I came here to talk business.

ROOSEVELT: All right, Duce, I'm with you. It's so soon after election, sometimes I forget that it's all over and I get started on one of those speeches automatically. By the way, how do you fellows keep it up, anyway? They tell me I've been pretty good lately, but that's just campaign foolery. We have a regular season for it—opens around the middle of August and—

KING EDWARD: I say, do you really? A season for orat'ry, what? I say, that's when the grouse-shooting season starts at home—August 12. Parliament adjourns and we all go to Scotland. Do come over, old boy, when you're not having a Presidential year. Put you up at Balmoral.

ROOSEVELT: Thanks so much, sir, I should be delighted. But as I was saying to the Duce, I couldn't stand up at any time in any year and wring tears and huzzahs from the crowd the way he can. What's the trick?

MUSSOLINI: What you need is a balcony. Always stand on a balcony and talk down to them. Your smile is all right, Mr. President, but it doesn't compare with my frown. Look fierce. That's what they want. Like this—[he strikes the famous Duce pose—hands on hips, chin jutting out, head thrown back, eyes glaring. There is a round of applause]. The *Führer* here has a pretty good system too, don't you, Adolf?

HITLER: Heil Hitler! *Ja*, sure. You have to get in the mood. First I get Putzi Hanfständel to play me some Wagner—the ride of the Valkyrie. I close my eyes and

think about the *Vaterland*. Then I read a chapter from "Mein Kampf." Then I am ready. I am inspired. The crowd goes wild. They worship me. Heil Hitler!

ROOSEVELT: Not bad, not bad at all. What's your method, Joe? You seem to go over with your people as big as the best of us.

STALIN: Very simple. I don't say anything. I call in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* and I say, "Write this down. 'Our great and beloved Stalin has made the greatest speech of his great career. So great was the crowd, it formed a procession seven miles long and marched around the Red Square for eighteen hours. Comrade Stalin is the greatest man in the world.' " Then they put up another picture of me, a hundred feet high and fifty feet wide, and the people read the papers and see the picture, and that is all they need.

ROOSEVELT: That's quite an idea, but I'm afraid I couldn't do that here. You know, sometimes I think America isn't the land of opportunity after all. But we were here to talk about something else. Now, let's see, what was it? Er—fishing? yachting? the navy?—something like that.

MUSSOLINI: It was colonies.

HITLER: It was the Ukraine, und maybe Austria. Maybe it was Czecho-Slovakia.

STALIN: No, it was Japan.

LEBRUN (humbly): *Pardon, messieurs*, it was what you call the peace, no?

ROOSEVELT: Yes, Papa Lebrun is right. Now I remember. Well, what do you suggest, Papa?

LEBRUN: *Tiens, monsieur, moi?* I do not know about these *grandes affaires*. I am an old man. I live in the Elysée, quite happy. When I go out they salute me and sometimes I go to the races in a silk hat. But the peace, I know nothing of her.

ROOSEVELT (to King Edward): And you, sir?

EDWARD: Ah, rather. Jolly good thing, peace. Now, we English, Mr. er—[aside, to Lebrun] I say, what's the fellow's name, old man?

LEBRUN: I think it is M. Woodrow Wilson, no?

(Just then a White House usher comes in with a telegram which he gives to Hitler while they all crowd around excitedly.)

HITLER: It's from Goebbels. It says "Lieber Adolf: Hermann and I have arranged a nice surprise for you. We have taken over the government so you can stay in America and have a long vacation. Don't bother to come back. Putzi sends his love. He is going to sing Parsifal at the opening of Hermann's new opera house."

MUSSOLINI: } *Sapristi!* Why did I leave my country?

STALIN: } *Zyxcvzcxb!* Think of Trotsky in the (simultaneously) } Kremlin!

(They both rush out as fast as they can go. There is a moment of silence and then a knock on the door, and Arthur Krock pokes his head in.)

KROCK: The boys from the press are outside, Mr. President. Can we have a statement?

ROOSEVELT (flashing that smile): Hello, Arthur. Why, yes, you can say that we have discussed the problem in detail from every point of view. No decision has been reached, but we are making progress.

BROUN'S PAGE

SOME of the striplings around the office occasionally ask me, "What was New York like back in the old days?" At such times I eye them coldly, but if a hat chances to drop I can be induced to talk. And while a single one remains to listen I like to reminisce about the old, old *Morning Telegraph*. The office was on Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue in what had been the stable of the adjacent street-car railway, which was electrified before my time. I refer to the summer of 1908. But the paper remained a publication devoted chiefly to horses and vaudeville actors.

The first item which I ever wrote for print was a contribution to the first-page column of the paper which was signed Beau Broadway. It was accepted and run at the top of the column. It was something about Francis Wilson as a golfer. As I remember it was very comical. I took home six copies of the paper and felt that I was Beau Broadway. They started me on space and the first week I made \$40, but of course that couldn't last. After that I was on a salary of \$20, and it took me ten years to get back to the standard which I had originally set for myself.

Still, money wasn't everything because each night we played poker across the copy desk. We had two copy readers and they both sat in and read copy between pots. A story had to be very hot to get any attention after midnight. Even when I wanted to go home early I couldn't because Shep Friedman, the night editor, used to say, "I'm assigning you to the game, Broun." The reasons for this developed early in my ten months on the *Telegraph*. Shep was a good newspaperman but a terrible poker player. Most of the players in the game were printers, and when he tried to borrow money from them they would laugh at him. But I was a cub reporter. We played with money, and Shep would reach over to my pile and say, "I'll raise you fifty cents." If I raised him he'd take another of my dollars and say, "I'll raise you again." Pretty soon I realized that even if I won I'd only get my money back.

But he was nice to me, and the second day I was on the paper he gave me an assignment to do an interview. I was to have a by-line on it, but the thing didn't pan out. My assignment was to go to Hammerstein's Victoria and interview Valeska Suratt. Irving Lewis, the managing editor, heard the instructions and he said, "I guess I'll walk down with you." On the way down Broadway he gave me a good deal of advice about newspaper work and suggested that I should imitate his style. As we got near the stage door of the theater he said, "I think I'll do this interview myself." Then he added, "You better wait outside. You know she always kisses me."

I doubt whether any newspaper in New York ever had quite the intimate atmosphere of the old *Telegraph*. It was like a tough *Emporia Gazette*. The city room was always cluttered up with all sorts of people who didn't seem to have any business there. Very often you couldn't get to

your desk because there would be a couple of chorus girls sitting there waiting for a friend who was finishing an editorial. I used to write editorials myself and it made me feel very lonely. Everybody wrote editorials. Generally at the last minute somebody would remember that we didn't have any editorials. Then Bide Dudley and I would each write one. The editorials were not regarded as very important because the *Telegraph* had no policy about anything except that it was against reformers. Vaudeville reviews were very important because the actors advertised.

The *Morning Telegraph* was a very hard place to get any sleep because even when the poker game broke up it was not my custom to go home. Charlie and I used to go over to the Eldorado, which was a dance hall covering several acres. I was young then and a basketball player. I'd hate to have to dance once around that floor now. Charlie was the assistant foreman of the composing room, and he and I were both somewhat smitten with the exhibition dancer at the Eldorado. She had a partner but she didn't care anything about him. She would sit with us until it came time to do her turn and then she would hand one or the other of us a silver dollar. This was not for keeps. It was the coin which was supposed to start the silver shower at the end of the act.

She would lock her arms around the neck of her partner, a man named Oscar, and he would move faster and faster until she was whirling around horizontally like one of those captive airplanes at Coney Island. There was a good deal of art to it. I mean on our part. Whichever one had the silver dollar had to pick precisely the right psychological moment to toss the coin out to the middle of the floor. If you picked the right time and made it land with a clang, quarters and nickels and dimes would follow.

I drifted apart from Elaine—I think her name was Elaine—after I began to go to Sweeney's. Sweeney's was a good deal tougher than the Eldorado. It was on the corner where Macy's now stands. Sweeney is gone too. They say he stabbed a man in the place one night. That's why I was so proud of having a fight with him. We quarreled about a girl. I was her escort and she was a stranger to him. He asked her to dance without first requesting my permission. I declined for her. When he asked a second time I punched him in the nose. They say we made a pretty picture rolling around on the floor together and that I was wise to keep on rolling. A waiter stood close by intent upon hitting me over the head with a bottle, but he couldn't tell which head was which.

But I see that the last listener has fled. You must pardon the garrulity of an old man. The melodies linger on. Here in my forty-eighth year sometimes I grow a little homesick for the old, old *Morning Telegraph* as I sit down to write a page about federal finances. And even now I can't say that I am sorry that I went to a car barn instead of a school of journalism.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NOVELISTS KNOW WHAT PHILOSOPHERS DON'T

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



IN THE issue of the *Commonweal* for August 21 there is an article called *Philosophy into Fiction* by Francis X. Connolly of Fordham University. I dare say that Professor Connolly and I would disagree about a number of things, including, perhaps, the ultimate implications of this very article, but I find here in an unexpected quarter a point of view which I should be glad to find more often in persons whose general convictions I am more inclined to share.

To begin with, Professor Connolly believes that today even the average "intellectual" has been more pervasively influenced by art than by philosophy, that his intellect (I should prefer to say his intellectual temper) has been molded more by Proust than by Bergson, by James Joyce than by William James, or, as he might have added even more strikingly, by T. S. Eliot than by Jacques Maritain. Even those who read stiffer and more formal works probably owe more to "Point Counter Point" and "Brave New World" than they do to the works of utilitarian or anti-utopian philosophers, and in most cases at least the admirers of Karl Marx read him—if at all—long after they had read various of the realistic novelists from Tolstoy to James Farrell. Nor is it really necessary for Professor Connolly to limit himself to "today." The chances are that in so far as the average Greek was imbued with the Greek Spirit he owed the fact more to Aeschylus and Sophocles than to Plato and Aristotle.

Professor Connolly is pleased that all he says should be so, and he finds it evidence of something more than a mere childish desire on the part of the public to have its pill of philosophy sugar-coated by fiction. He sees that the concreteness which art requires holds the artist close to observed fact, while the philosopher can readily escape into a world of concepts much easier to manipulate. But I am not sure that he would follow me all the way into a paradox which I am tempted to risk—namely, that art is more convincing than philosophy because it is, quite literally, truer; that, to take cases, Proust is truer than Bergson and Mr. Farrell truer than Marx.

The novelists are, to be sure, less clear and less precise. But for that very reason they are truer. Every philosophy and every "ideology" must sacrifice truth to clarity and precision just because we demand of a philosophy or an "ideology" greater clarity and precision and completeness than is compatible with human knowledge or wisdom. What is most true and most valuable in any philosophy is not the tight and inclusive system which it presents but those glimpses and divinations and *aperçus* which the

philosopher later formalized into his philosophical system. Most of us are not Platonists or Spinozans or Nietzscheans. We have accepted insight from each while rejecting the whole which each pretends to present. And it is just the philosophical superiority of art, not only that it suggests the complexity of life and human character, but also that it is everywhere closer to the most genuine and the most justifiable portions of man's thinking about life.

The realm of science on the one hand and the realms of logic and metaphysics on the other are separate from the realm of literature. The first deals with a physical world relatively so simple that systematic conclusions and usable laws may, temporarily at least, be formulated precisely. Logic and metaphysics, on the other hand, deal not with facts but with concepts, and their precision is analogous to the precision of geometry, where one is dealing not with complex and incompletely known nature but with premises of which one is sure because they are merely postulated. But philosophy in the more popular sense of the term, philosophy which consists in conclusions about human life in general, is often merely an inferior kind of art; art, that is to say, which has assumed a definiteness of statement which nothing can justify while it has lost the warmth, the vitality, and the eagerness of genuine art. Proust, one might contend, is truer than Bergson because Proust is communicating an experience to the meaning of which Bergson had attributed a specious definiteness and completeness. Mr. Farrell, one might go on, is truer than Marx because he is sharing with us those observations concerning the influence of economic factors on life which Marx attempted to reduce to laws and which his investigations of economic processes were, at bottom, merely efforts to justify. And the larger part of the intellectual public is more familiar with Proust than with Bergson, more familiar with novelists like Farrell than with Marx, because, even when unaware of its reasons for doing so, it rebels against the ambitious falsity of philosophy while accepting the human persuasiveness as well as the human elusiveness of art.

I shall press the paradox no farther. Already it has carried me a bit farther than in sober earnest I should care to go, but the element of truth that is in it ought at least to make plain the error of those who insist that a novel or a play should have not only a meaning but a doctrine as well. The best as well as the most effective works of art may sometimes be those in which the author is in pursuit of a truth, but the only reason for composing a

novel or a play instead of a treatise is that the author is unwilling to reduce to a formula an insight which he can present without violation only through a concrete situation whose implications he can sense but only sense. Once the meaning of a work of art can be adequately stated in abstract terms it ceases to have any *raison d'être*. It has ceased to be truer than philosophy and has become at best only the sugar-coated pill.

If those are right who maintain that the field of what we positively know and can state with precision is constantly growing, that even the uncertainties and ambiguities which still surround every insight into moral and psychological situations are destined to disappear in the light of clear and positive knowledge until there is nothing important about man which we do not know with scientific precision, then the field and the utility of art are shrinking, and the time will come when it will cease to have any function at all. But art will continue to exist and to be truer than philosophy just so long as—but no longer than—there are truths which elude formulation into laws.

BOOKS

Anthropologist

AFTER ALL. By Clarence Day. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

CLARENCE DAY was essentially an anthropologist and the essence of his work is in "This Simian World." His "Life with Father," a large excursus on the manners of a particular family, has perhaps temporarily obscured his first book. But "This Simian World" remains his masterpiece, his outline of human behavior, and his revelation of his own original, profound, and humorous character. I do not know any other book of its length which says as much as this about the race of mankind, or any book ten times as long which says more. If "Life with Father" were not so delightful, admirers of "This Simian World" might wish that it were Day's only book and could be referred to merely as Day, as the histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel are sufficiently known as Rabelais.

But in an age of journalism Clarence Day was naturally called upon to write more than his masterpiece, and besides the domestic sketches which have been collected as "God and My Father" and "Life with Father" he leaves a variety of charming odds and ends now brought together in "After All," which is a revised edition of "The Crow's Nest," his second book, with about as much again of later dates. Here are The Three Tigers, which in five hundred laughing words practically exhausts the subject of romance and realism; the masterly note On Cows; and Objections to Reading, a subject barely hinted at in Day's general survey of simian traits. Here is Buffoon Fate, on being aware—and on what good it does to be aware—of the plight of "a fragile yet aspiring species on a stormy old star." Here are little pungent studies of Coventry Patmore and Artzibashef and Hardy and Shaw and Fabre and Maeterlinck and Hamlet and Hume and Epictetus; surprising shrewd biographies of Thackeray and Charles Dilke and Parnell and George Washington; and random comments, not as random as they may seem, on fashions in love,

grammarians, nursery and nonsense rhymes, animals to take the place of machines, fear in rabbits and by analogy in men, elections by jury, life in the Arctic, business, time as god, immigration, knighthood, prophets, Lyman Abbott, Perneb, Socrates, and the wife of Prometheus. Some of Day's observations are slight, not all of equal merit or point, and his verse is plainly inferior to his prose. But he never wrote more than a few lines without saying something that startles and pleases. "After all," his wife in her preface quotes him as saying, "it's just my way of looking at these problems and people." He always had a way. Most of his readers will never have reflected on the passion of architects for flights of steps. Day, crippled by arthritis, saw the world as full of steps, and his *Legs vs. Architects* will make everybody suddenly see, and feel, them.

His wife in her preface tells how he revised "The Crow's Nest." "Some of the essays he discarded; others he pruned carefully to get rid of the personal animosities, overweighted sarcasm, and long-winded philosophizing. Most of all, however, he wished to get rid of the creaking mechanics of humor, such as parentheses, semi-comic explanations, and jocular asides." To compare the two versions is to see that his editing was as skilful as his writing had been.

This is a good occasion to point out, I believe for the first time in print, that Day ten years ago did an earlier piece of editing which would be classic if it had not been overlooked. The Harpers asked him to edit in two volumes the essays of Frank Moore Colby. He put in most of a year in reading and rereading all of Colby's writings, as when a boy he had read, he told me, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Gulliver's Travels" over and over. When he was saturated with these essays, and had the feel of them and of their author, he undertook to do what Colby might have done if he had lived, revising and rearranging until what had been a scattered chaos, full of topical matters, took on a lively and lasting form. Apparently nobody noticed what Day had done until I was collating some of the Colby essays eight years later, perceived the changes, and wrote to ask him about them. He said he had always wondered how he dared take so many liberties and whether he would be blessed or cursed if an investigation ever came. "Yes," he wrote, "the 'credit' belongs to me if it is one, but I think of it as a responsibility which I took without asking permission."

I suppose no editor ever took such a responsibility and carried it out with less recognition and more success. But now it ought to be told that "The Colby Essays" owes as much to Day as any book ever owed to a friendly editor.

CARL VAN DOREN

A Program for Socialists

AFTER THE NEW DEAL, WHAT? By Norman Thomas. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

IF THIS book is a campaign document, it is one of a new sort, for it fixes the reader's attention quite as much upon the problems of 1940 and 1944 as upon the issues of next November. Indeed, it is the projection of present forces into the future which makes the discussion arresting. The thesis is that the next catastrophe of capitalist society in America, whether war or depression, threatens fascism. This Mr. Thomas finds in the advanced and irreparable decay of capitalism, in the willingness of Americans to follow such a promising fascist leader as the late Huey Long, and in the unrepented denials of civil liberties currently widespread in this country. Within half a generation or less, Mr. Thomas im-

plies, the stage will be set for the crushing of freedom, but we need not reconcile ourselves to seeing the play acted out.

A farmer-labor party, of which he seems to entertain some hope by 1940, may put us immensely forward in preventing the devolution into an imperialist totalitarian state. The backbone of such a party would be the progressive labor groups now under the sway of Messrs. Lewis and Hillman. Into it would go the Socialists, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, the Wisconsin Progressive Party, the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, and the Communist Party, if this last "can persuade its allies of the sincerity and reasonable permanence of its new line." Each of these groups, pledged to one national platform, would retain its identity, keep and strive to extend its own membership. "The Socialist Party's most useful future may be as an educational force in the vanguard of a real farmer-labor party."

The Socialist Party must not permit the conciliatory inclinations and immediate, often opportunist, demands of other groups to water down insistence upon the essential prerequisites of an economy of abundance. These essentials are the common ownership and democratic management of the great means of production, which must be employed in production for use, not profit. Mr. Thomas is quite prepared to accept the responsibility of the leftmost leader in the American economic struggle, a position in which he finds himself as a result of the recent emasculation of Communist professions. Adjustments within capitalism, hope placed in a "clarifying amendment" of the Constitution, merely waste "with prodigal hands time and energy already perilously limited. *The issue is revolutionary* . . . Capitalism cannot be rejuvenated. . . . Its loyalties are daily more anti-social and unlovely. Its institutions grow steadily weaker save as they acquire the feverish strength of fascism." If we do not use power machinery to conquer poverty, it will destroy us. "Here, there is no middle way."

Though this is an eloquent book, the author does not fall victim to self-deception. He is realistic, solemnly so, about the difficulties which lie in the path of a social revolution in America. The unreadiness of the majority in the labor movement, the inert condition of the farmers, the pathetic eagerness of liberals to vest their hopes in messiahs, the growing contentment with mere distributors' cooperatives, and most of all the necessity of realizing socialism on an international scale are all passed in candid review. This is anything but a book of dogma. It reveals the wise and experienced public man, readier with charity than with compromise, devoid of personal ambition, and mindful of conflicts of thought and action the whole world over.

In the earlier part of the volume Mr. Thomas reviews the premises, practice, and results of the New Deal, placing it in perspective. Many critics of President Roosevelt's program have regarded his policies as directed at recovery more than at reform. Mr. Thomas is at once more accurate and more destructive of the President's title to prophecy by acknowledging and analyzing the belief of the Administration that the New Deal would produce permanent prosperity. Here Thomas and Roosevelt are on different levels of knowledge, with Thomas possessing the advantage. He points out that the New Deal not only did not but could not succeed.

In some sections the book becomes a family conference with Socialists. Many will welcome Thomas's discussion of the recent withdrawal of the Old Guard centering in New York. "Unquestionably," he says, "it had on many occasions served the party loyally and well. It had, however, grown old in spirit and, consciously or subconsciously, suspicious of younger members. It had carried on a great fight to save the

party from communism, it was tired and it reacted more quickly and more aggressively to a threat of communism . . . than to a threat from the old familiar capitalism. . . ." It really stood less upon principle than upon the determination to possess the party leadership. Despite the Old Guard's sabotage of the national party, Mr. Thomas will welcome back members of this group when reflection and time have freshened their ideals.

Mr. Thomas rightly shows that Socialist adherence is far greater than reflects itself in party membership. He might have pushed his claims farther. Any observant person must have been struck with the growth of Socialist contention from bitter analysis in the time of Marx, to lonely theoretical insistence a generation ago, to impressive contribution in our present crisis. In this achievement of formulating socialism for America without losing sight of universal and ultimate objectives, Mr. Thomas in the last decade has played the most important part.

BROADUS MITCHELL

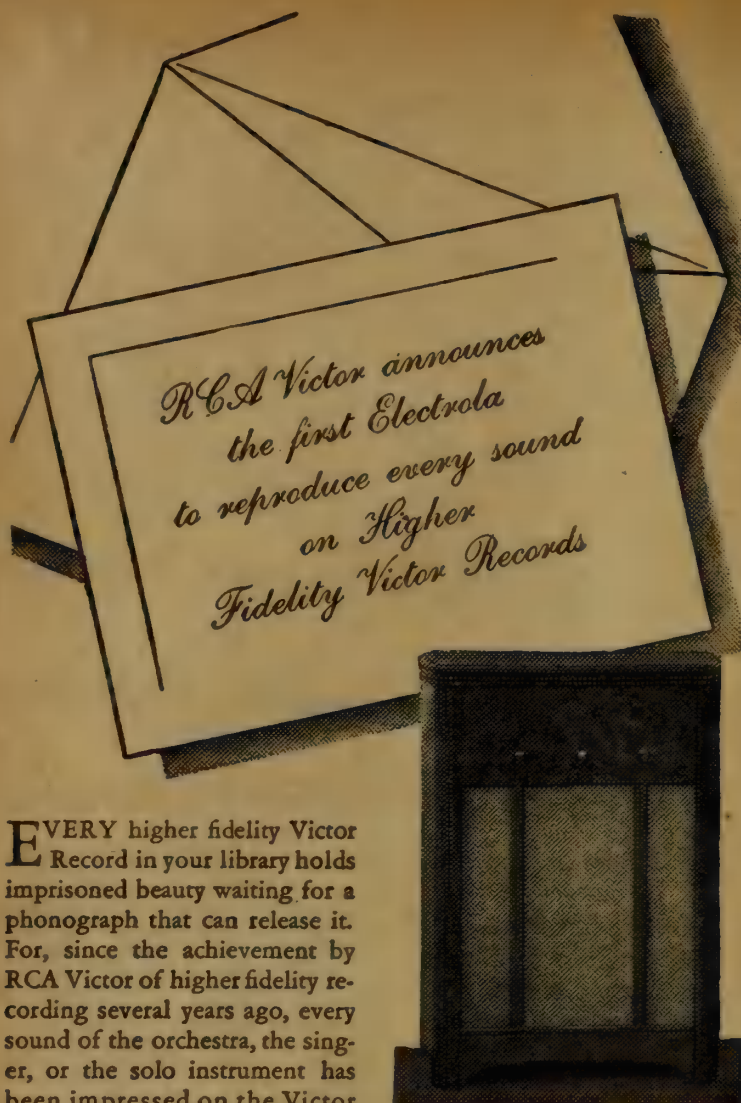
Statement Without Passion

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND OTHER POEMS. By Allen Tate. The Alcestis Press. \$7.50.

THERE is today a kind of sterility in much of the poetry by our recognized poets. We may blame the age or the poets, but it is there. Several of these poets, like Allen Tate, are better known for their critical essays than for their rather sparse poetic output. The reason is clear. This is a period of redefinition to include or oppose new ideas concerning art and its place in society, an age in which the poet works with statements which he may or may not be able to clothe in feelings. "Poetry," writes Tate in his essay "Three Types of Poetry," "finds its true usefulness in its perfect inutility, a focus of repose for the will-driven intellect that constantly shakes the equilibrium of persons and societies with its unrelieved imposition of partial formulas upon the world. When the will and its formulas are put back into an implicit relation with the whole of our experience, we get the true knowledge which is poetry."

But for all his definition of inutility in poetry, Allen Tate's own verse proves him to be in much the same predicament as the proletarian poets who use ideas in poetry—with the difference that he is working to reaffirm old and dying values. Critically, Tate is against propaganda in art, but he writes propaganda. He desires a wholeness of culture, preferably agrarian, but he knows that today there is no whole culture furnishing to the artist significant and familiar symbols. Tate dwells, therefore, upon the lost past. This past, for him, may be the classical age or it may be pre-Civil War Southern society.

Tate's poetry, despite its carefully wrought lines, its intellectuality, its occasionally striking images, is without that emotional impact upon the reader which true poetry provides. And if it is not poetry of "the revolt against the domination of science," of "the will trying to do the work of the imagination," which Tate, taking Yeats's definition of rhetoric, declares to be the root of romantic poetry and of its frustration, it escapes these precise categories only because Tate, being a modern intellectual, cannot give way to any sensation. He is incapable of poetry expressive of the whole creative experience and is unable to rely, even for the length of a lyric, upon a purely sensuous experience. His poetry and critical essays present one picture—that of the dialectician involved in a play with definitions. He is not a poet of wit, for he lacks a group



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of values generally accepted by a society which may be scoffed at genially. He must define his values and then scoff, and he does neither with a light touch. Nor is Tate a satirist, for satire is written best when the values of a social group are so well known, so nearly outworn, as to be hated. Tate lacks hatred and, for the most part, any real passion. He is ponderous, rhetorical; his oratory is forced, as if a scholar took the soap box and spoke not so much to move his audience as to prove himself clever with words.

The two most impressive poems in this book are *The Mediterranean* and *To the Lacedaemonians*, both poems of intellectual frustration. The first poem is on the lost classical age of man's greatness—a theme that has been better handled by other poets. The second poem is concerned with the tragedy of the Civil War, a favorite subject of Tate's. The heavy satire *The Ivory Tower* criticizes the sociological approach to poetry and to life; *The Meaning of Death* attempts to define modern man's mental predicament. Here, as often in Tate's work, the images are artificial:

Although at evening clouds infest the sky
 Broken at base from which the lemon sun
 Pours acid of winter on a useful view
 Four water towers, two churches, and a river.

The ending of the poem, "We are the eyelids of defeated caves," is a very forced image of defeat. And how can a really good poet write such a line as

Like a young harlot's false depriving pap,
 or work out such a silly image as the following?

Yet in a year, at thirty, one shall see
 The wisdom of history, how she takes
 Each epoch by the neck and, growling, shakes
 It like a rat while she faintly mews.

No, there is something wrong here. Tate is abstract and confused; he lacks feeling, music, grace. Some of his slight poems, metaphysical in manner, are not bad. But on the whole he pays the penalty of the artist espousing a special, narrow cause, of the logician who would argue for past greatness and complain of present tendencies.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Monument to Medicine

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY. By Victor Heiser.
 W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

HERE in New York City or Yonkers (which periodically boasts the lowest death rate in the country or state, I forget which) we accept general good health as a matter of course. Fifty or a hundred cases of infantile paralysis become news of front-page importance, and Hollywood stars are advised to stay out of their swimming pools. Even physicians, nurses, and social workers trained in health matters will find it difficult to visualize a smallpox epidemic in a town of 1,000 people in which 500 die; they will find it difficult to grasp the actual significance, in human suffering and pain, of life in a land where half the children die before they reach the age of one year; where plague, cholera, dysentery sweep down to kill thousands; where leprosy, tuberculosis, malaria, typhoid fever are constant scourges; where practically every adult is infested with one or more parasites. It was a land such as this that Dr. Heiser found when he was given the job of supervising the health problems of the Philippine Islands after they were taken over by the United States; this book gives us the story of his career.

Dr. Heiser began his work in the Marine Hospital Service,

where he was active in formulating an effective policy of health control of immigrants into the United States. When this country took over the Philippines he became first the Chief Quarantine Officer and then the Commissioner of Health. In 1914 he became Director for the East of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, a position which afforded him the opportunity of carrying out vast public-health programs throughout Asia and Africa.

In the Philippines Dr. Heiser carried out a policy of health education, sanitation, mass vaccination, and quarantine control so great in scope and so momentous in effect that the simple description of his career becomes at once a work of major importance, even a monument to the author and the profession of medicine. The straightforward story of the conquest of one disease after another, the accounts of sacrifice and actual heroism need no literary embellishments to make an absorbing and fascinating book.

There are chapters of intense drama, the more effective because so simply told. The matter of teaching whole peoples, numbering millions, to use latrines instead of scattering their excreta over fields and alleys may appear trivial but represents a greater victory for mankind in its fight for health than perhaps even the discovery of insulin.

As a representative of the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Heiser traveled around the world sixteen times, winning the confidence of critical, often unfriendly officials, organizing health campaigns, advising on the establishment of hospitals, medical schools, health departments, and health ministries. His greatest efforts were exerted for the control of hookworm infestation, a disease of almost universal incidence in the tropics. The results have been brilliant.

Dr. Heiser resigned from the Rockefeller Foundation in 1935. His was in all ways a career of success, achievement, and honors, and it is set forth in a lively if not too modest a manner in this book. For the story of his accomplishments one can feel no hesitation in giving the author unstinted praise. But in another respect the book is a deep disappointment. Perhaps it is not fair to expect a man whose work was so integral a part of American imperialism—a word that curiously does not once appear in the book—to see the significance of the force which motivates all the foundations and institutes scattered among the "backward" peoples of Asia, Africa, and South America. But there is certainly no excuse for repeating in 1936 the drivel that McKinley gave the world as justification for the annexation of the Philippine Islands.

Other doubts also arrive as one reads this book, and Dr. Heiser does not put them to rest. He tells us proudly of the enormous increase of wealth in the Philippines under the Americans, of the increased production of sugar, tobacco, copra, hemp, gold. But he also tells us that "the average Filipino cannot even afford the two and a half pesos for 250 grains of quinine, an average treatment."

Dr. Heiser is surprised that "the Filipino had a difficult time comprehending that anybody should want to do anything for him without expecting something in return; he was always looking for a concealed motive. Service without expectation of reward, in the Anglo-Saxon sense, was outside his cosmogony, and he regarded giving for the sake of giving as absurd." Will Dr. Heiser forgive us if we too find it a little difficult to comprehend all this altruism? What especially confuses us are the figures of increasing American investments and increasing profits from these investments in the Philippine Islands, Asia, and everywhere else that American imperialism and American philanthropy appear side by side.

DAVID BERES

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Tough Talk

STEPS GOING DOWN. By John T. McIntyre. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THE merit of this novel is that it sees life steadily through a peep-hole exactly fitted to its author's eye. The room of the world into which it conducts us is not necessarily an existing room. The city seems to be Philadelphia, and the moment is certainly contemporary; but the atmosphere, the furniture, and the fauna of the place had been created before Mr. McIntyre came along, and they were, as they remain, works rather of art than of nature. The naturalistic novel, the hard-boiled romance, the detective story, and the low-life movie had built the vulgar universe which here we see. The only new thing about it is its extraordinary clarity, its unannounced, undiscussed, and in the end quite fascinating completeness. It obeys its own crude laws with a perfect complacency; the existence of any other world is never noted; so that Mr. McIntyre's reward is our willingness to go with him wherever he goes—down whatever mean street, into whatever odorous boarding-house or tavern—because it cannot occur to us to doubt that these places are there for us to enter. And the number of them is very great, just as the population of Mr. McIntyre's fabulous city is beyond count; scarcely a chapter fails to bring forth some new creature consistent with the prevailing human pattern, and as likely as not his family or his friends will pile into sight before the author is through with him.

It is perhaps less accurate to say that we see this Philadelphia than to say that we hear it, and hear it talking. Mr. McIntyre's conversation is the bulk of his book, and it is most remarkable. He can do something with dialogue which is rarely done—build up not merely the mind, if any, that is expressing itself but the body also. The talk of these people is all meat, all human meat. The sarcasm of Pete, the bright helpfulness of Thelma, the hard-bitten loyalty of Sadie, the corruption of Hugo, the motherly wisdom of Dora, the rottenness of Cork are somehow there in the flesh, making themselves heard amid the din of cheapness for which in fact they supply with their various voices the true pitch, the keynote. Lowness here becomes lyrical, as for example when each of two street-walkers within Pete's hearing curses the other in the conviction that she has failed to keep the code. There is always a code, of course, as apparently there must be among the unrespectable, at least in fiction; and Mr. McIntyre nowhere suggests that there is any other kind of honor among his people than the kind with which fiction has made us familiar. His originality is of another sort, making itself known by the very special rankness with which Klegg and Spig and Toumey become real as soon as we overhear them murdering the English.

The failure of another class of persons in the book to be as convincing as these are is the sign of Mr. McIntyre's only limitation—a serious one, it seems to me. The class is represented by Gill, who has run away from a rich and educated family to live in back rooms of boarding-houses and drink the time away with fine fellows like Pete. It would appear that Mr. McIntyre had invented Gill as a sort of frame for his picture, a man bearing enough marks of the world outside to serve as a line drawn around this one of thieves and pimps and crooked lawyers. But Gill is entirely fantastic; for either he lapses into the lingo of Pete and Dora, and so becomes useless for his purpose, or else he soars off into occult nonsense concerning souls and their envelopes, and concerning the sins of modern science. Together with his uncle and several other

men who lug a lot of curious learning into the book he is too mad to be interesting. I am not sure how seriously Mr. McIntyre takes these metaphysicians who so often stop the story; I do not know, for instance, whether to suspect him of a desire to reveal the respectable world as by and large a less wholesome one than Thelma's; but anyhow I must set the fellows down as phonies, and make a note of my failure to believe that Pete could have tolerated their big talk for ten minutes.

It is as if Mr. McIntyre had lacked after all the courage of his talent, and had tried to soften what was otherwise so perfectly and so uniquely hard. He could have confined himself to tough talk and still reminded us that there are other realms of discourse. The desire of any ambitious novelist is to suggest that the world he gives us, no matter how large it may be, is part of the still larger one which no single mind will ever master. How the thing is done only a great novelist knows; though anyone may know that it is not done with clouds of words. The cheapness of Mr. McIntyre's device, matching as it does the essential cheapness of his story, makes it impossible to call his novel very valuable. When it keeps within its limits, however, and sets its people sassing one another over their whiskey, it is quite literally priceless. It could have had no serious competitor for the honor it recently won as American contender in the All-Nations Prize-Novel Competition. If it goes on and wins over its European rivals it may be diverting to hear what the wide world thinks about the City of Brotherly Love.

MARK VAN DOREN

Trotsky on World Trends

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL AFTER LENIN. By Léon Trotsky. With an Introduction and Explanatory Notes by Max Schachtman. Pioneer Publishers. \$3.

WHITHER FRANCE? By Léon Trotsky. Translated by John G. Wright and Harold R. Isaacs. Pioneer Publishers. 50 cents paper and \$1 cloth bound.

A BOOK by Léon Trotsky is always an aesthetic and intellectual event, whatever attitude one may take toward his political credo. "The Third International" and "Whither France?" are representative Trotsky works, with all the author's strength and weaknesses. I doubt whether any political writer of the last decades has achieved anything approaching that clarity of style, that pregnancy of phrase, and that lucidity in the expression of thought. Unfortunately, however, his works have become in an increasing measure polemic attacks on the domestic and foreign policy of the Soviet Union.

In the "Third International After Lenin" the caustic quality is less apparent, though this, the earlier of the two works, presents Trotsky's side of the Stalin-Trotsky controversy. Written in 1928 in Alma Ata during the first period of Trotsky's banishment, the volume includes two major essays the larger of which—"The Draft Program of the Communist International. A Criticism of Fundamentals"—was written for the Sixth Congress of the Communist International as an appeal against the author's expulsion from the Russian Communist Party. Few of the delegates to this July, 1928, Congress were given an opportunity to see that important document, and even those few saw only the garbled and much abbreviated version that survived translation.

In his critical analysis of the program as presented to the Sixth Comintern Congress by Bucharin and Stalin, Trotsky investigates economic and political conditions in the coun-

tries of Europe and the United States, and arrives at the conclusion—which he later qualified—that the Socialist revolution is “immeasurably closer” in Europe than in America. At the height of an unprecedented prosperity, in June, 1928, he foresaw that “the very next crisis [in the United States] will attain extremely great depth and sharpness.” True, this prediction was in line with the accepted position of the Communist International and the American Communist Party. He differed from the official view in this, however, that he did not, as did the Comintern and its followers, see in this coming crisis the beginning of the end of American capitalism. The Communist Party of America paid dearly for its failure to recognize this obvious truth.

This investigation of American economic development is merely incidental to a general examination of world trends undertaken to demonstrate the Trotsky theory of the world revolution. It was Trotsky's contention that no country can carry on independently of the rest and that, consequently, socialism in one country is a dangerous delusion. From this to a general condemnation of Stalinist policies is the next logical step. Trotsky takes it in his stride. With characteristic foresight he outlines the inevitable consequence of Comintern practice—that it must lead along opportunist paths to compromise with bourgeois groups and governments. That it would ultimately result in Russia's entry into the League of Nations not even Trotsky would have believed possible eight years ago.

As one follows the clear line of Trotsky's reasoning, one is impressed and fascinated by the force of his arguments and the irresistible logic of his theoretical presentation. But it is the tragedy of this truly great mind that it so completely fails to grasp realities, that it cannot see things as they are when they contradict preconceived opinions and contravene accepted standards of action. The way of Trotsky and his followers has been an Odyssey of tragic mistakes and inconsistencies. Brought face to face with harsh reality, Trotskyite intransigence gives way in the most unexpected places.

One need only read “Whither France?” with a mind attuned to recent developments to realize how completely Trotsky has failed to evaluate the forces at work in present-day France. In the five articles—written between February, 1934, and June, 1936—which make up this book (the last of the series, *The French Revolution Has Begun*, appeared in *The Nation*) Trotsky pleads for a united front of labor but denounces a people's front which would include the petty-bourgeois Radical Socialist Party, which, in his eyes, is synonymous with counter-revolution. Without deceiving oneself as to the true character of the party of Herriot and Daladier, one must admit, in all fairness, that its representatives in the Chamber of Deputies gave an unexpected demonstration of loyalty to the Popular Front in their support of Blum's far-reaching legislative program and in their attitude during the strike period.

When the 1936 elections, contrary to Trotsky's predictions, gave a sweeping majority to the democratic group in Parliament, the People's Front had no alternative but to shoulder the responsibility it had incurred when it challenged the forces of reaction at the ballot box. Fascism was the only other choice. It behooved the labor parties to gain the respect and confidence of those workers and small farmers who form so large a part of the Radical Socialist Party by an honest fight against the common foe. Trotsky would have sacrificed this chance to win their support by brusquely refusing to cooperate with them on any terms.

Pioneer Publishers, in offering these translations to the American public, have made an important contribution to current political discussion.

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DRAMA

Class Day

FOR reasons best known to himself the skilful and popular playwright Philip Barry has chosen to revise for Broadway production a college comedy called "Spring Dance" (Empire Theater) which was written by two young ladies while they were students at Smith and performed there on some academic occasion. Even in its original form the piece must have been quite a remarkable achievement for young undergraduates, but the trouble is that Mr. Barry has not been able to dispel completely the class-day atmosphere. By moments the play is amusing enough in a rather guileless fashion, but the machinery creaks, and the dialogue is full of intramural humor which, like the family joke, is a trifle embarrassing in public.

The story concerns itself with a beautiful senior in love with a young man who fancies himself singular in feeling that marriage is a handicap to the ambitious male. He is about to be off on a vague exploration of Russia and its wonders, but when he seems to have some difficulty in making any goodby final, the classmates of the heroine form a plot to bring him to his senses—if that is what it is. Now any play which turns upon the question of whether or not a determined woman will get the man she has picked out for herself is necessarily devoid of suspense. Hence "Spring Dance" is compelled to rely for such interest as it has upon a picture of college life which wavers between realism and satire, and upon humor which consists rather too largely in jocose professorial sesquipedalianisms or in flip citations from the more celebrated literary classics. One is seldom sure whether one is supposed to be laughing with or at the adolescent wit and wisdom, and the defect is fatal. Most of the student talk is rather too stenographic to be either very amusing in itself or very pointed as satire. Mr. Barry, in other words, has failed to provide the perspective which was hardly to be expected of the young authors themselves.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

VICTOR has followed Sibelius's Violin Concerto with the remainder of the Sibelius Society Volume 4: the symphonic poems "Night Ride and Sunrise" and "The Oceanides," played—with occasional wavering of pitch at the ends of records—by the B. B. C. Symphony under Boult (three records, \$5). These are works that I would expect a record company to issue only by subscription for the Sibelius-cultists, since I cannot imagine anyone else believing with Sibelius that his skill in construction and orchestration has succeeded in converting nothing into Something. And while I am on the subject, let me add a word about the Violin Concerto. It is, I said, mature Sibelius; but what is matured is the whole of Sibelius—the weak with the strong. Constant Lambert has observed, in defense of things like "Finlandia" and "Valse Triste," that it is better for the commonplace to be definitely segregated into a separate genre than for it to be an all-pervading aroma as it is in the music of Richard Strauss. But the

commonplace, in Sibelius, is not segregated in "Finlandia" and "Valse Triste"; and one finds it in the second and third movements of the Violin Concerto, and even in passages of the first movement, which is the one movement of impressive consequence in substance and structure—that is, in the principal theme and its development in the form of cadenza for the solo violin.

If I survive this I shall have to dodge the bombs of the Brahms-cultists for my opinion of Brahms's Sextet Opus 18, recorded for the first time by the Pro Arte Quartet with assisting artists (Victor, four records, \$8). With the first theme one is aware of the earnest young composer desirous of improving his moral nature; from then on one is aware of his desire to improve his technique of composition; and the result, to me, is a bore. The performance is adequate, the recording imperfect in balance.

Superb, on the other hand, in their richness of substance, vitality, spontaneity, and color is a group of Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, brilliantly played by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Vaclav Talich (Victor, four records, \$6.50). On a single disc, moreover, Victor has issued a charming Entr'acte from Johann Strauss's "Thousand and One Nights," beautifully played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Blech, and coupled, for some strange reason, with the Overture to Reznicek's "Donna Diana" (\$1.50). Another strange coupling is the Furiant from Act Two of "The Bartered Bride," and Leo Sowerby's "Irish Washerwoman," played by the Minneapolis Symphony under Ormandy (\$1.50). And there is "O del mio dolce ardor" from Gluck's "Paride ed Elena," with beautiful singing by Gigli, and the Flower Song from "Carmen" on the other side (\$2).

My discussion of hot jazz a few weeks ago ended with a reference to the performance of "Some Day, Sweetheart" by the Benny Goodman Trio, which will serve as an excellent introduction to another outstanding player, the clarinetist Benny Goodman, and to the brilliant drummer, Krupa. Wilson, Goodman, and Krupa play marvelously together; in some of their recent records there is, unfortunately, little but this brilliance of mere style. "Lady Be Good" (Victor 25333) is better than the others; but the group is at its best accompanying the mediocre singing of Helen Ward in "All My Life" and "Too Good to Be True" (Victor 25324). And as it happens, the finest examples of Wilson's recent work leading a small band are to be heard in performances of these two songs on Brunswick 7640 and 7673. Very good, also, are "If You Were Mine" and "Fenny Meeny Miny Mo" (7554), "Life Begins When You're in Love" and "Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes" (7612), "These n' That n' Those" (7577), and "Sweet Lorraine" (7520).

Goodman has his own superb band, which because of its size plays arrangements that afford only occasional opportunities for solos. What with the quality of the arrangements, the band, and the solos of Goodman and one or two others, recent performances of "Remember" (Victor 25329), "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" (25268), "Stardust" (25320), and "Basin Street Blues" (25258) have been about as good as such performances can be. But I prefer the more spontaneous performances he recorded with small bands a few years ago: "Basin Street Blues" (Columbia 2914-D), in which Teagarden's trombone solo and the spirit of the entire performance are superior; "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" (2835-D), "Texas Tea Party" (2845-D), and the masterpiece "Moonglow" (2927-D). (Teagarden plays, I believe, in all of these; Teddy Wilson in the last.)

B. H. HAGGIN

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"Whose Medicine?"

[The following letters are selected from many we have received about Mr. Rorty's articles on the medical profession.]

A SERVICE TO MEDICINE

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate *The Nation* on the service it has performed through publishing the series of articles on Medical Politics by James Rorty. The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for exposure of the political methods employed by "organized medicine" to prevent a change which will bring adequate medical care to all the people.

I was greatly impressed by Mr. Rorty's method of securing the facts upon which he based his series as well as by the remarkable manner in which he condensed and clarified a highly involved and very long story of the machinations of the medical politicians and the cabal into which they entered with big business in order to keep health insurance out of the Social Security Act and defeat it temporarily.

Personally I am glad to have had the "Case of John A. Kingsbury" fairly presented to the public in *The Nation*.

JOHN A. KINGSBURY

New York, August 15

A. M. A. METHODS

Dear Sirs: I have carefully read James Rorty's articles in your issues of June 24, July 4, and July 11. The fourth number has not reached me, and I assume that it has not appeared. As I am just leaving for Europe, it seemed to me best to write to you in regard to the three articles which have appeared, without waiting for the final one.

I think a distinct service has been done by stating the "Case of John A. Kingsbury" and the Milbank Foundation. As far as my own information goes, Mr. Rorty states the case correctly. I have personally felt that it was most unfortunate that the medical profession should use the method of the boycott in order to enforce its views in disagreement with the work of some of the foundations. Even a superficial knowledge of the circumstances which have led to the very rapid improvements in medical education during the last thirty years brings one unavoidably to the conclusion that medical education in this country is under a profound debt to many of the

foundations, such as the Carnegie Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Milbank Foundation, and some others. As a matter of fact, the original report on medical education in America made by Mr. Abraham Flexner was under the auspices, if I remember correctly, of the Carnegie Foundation. Today under the aegis of Dr. Fishbein and the American Medical Association these foundations have been violently and I think unfairly criticized for work which they have done and publications which they have put out in an attempt to clarify the situation in regard to medical care in this country. Whether one agrees with them or not, the work which they have done seems to me of basic value and of importance as evidence in the case, which must ultimately be decided not by the medical profession but by the public.

Mr. Rorty's second article discussing the objections of Dr. Fishbein and the American Medical Association to the development of group practice also seems to me a valuable contribution. I have long held the view that group practice is a very desirable development and one which in many respects is quite inevitable in the days to come. I have not felt that the American Medical Association has always dealt with these questions in a judicial manner, and at times it has been clear that it is in fact defending vested interests rather than trying to discuss dispassionately possible alterations in the pattern of medical service.

Mr. Rorty's third article, entitled *Whose Medicine?* does not seem to me nearly so valuable. He sheds considerable light upon the enormous advertising business carried on by the American Medical Association, but I do not find in his article any very helpful answer to the question which he asks.

HUGH CABOT,

The Mayo Clinic

Rochester, Minn., July 31

MAKING HASTE SLOWLY

Dear Sirs: Your magazine, and Mr. James Rorty in particular, is to be congratulated upon the splendid manner in which you have brought to the public's attention the great controversy now raging in this country regarding a more adequate spread of medical care.

Mr. Rorty, however, in his articles

displays the tendency of most laymen in not understanding the slow movement of medicine in adopting anything that is new. Medicine has always had false paths open to it, and if it had not been for its natural conservatism, it would not occupy at the present time the respected and scientific status that it enjoys. It is perhaps better for the public that medicine should progress slowly and cautiously rather than plunge hysterically into things without mature and deliberate consideration. Measures now considered conservative were deemed most radical fifty years ago.

Mr. Rorty's "prognosis" is undoubtedly true. There is one thing, and one thing only, that can change this "prognosis," and that is for organized medicine immediately to recognize the system of budget payment for medical service conducted by groups of ethical doctors, legitimize this form of practice, and supervise and control it. If it will openly approve and sponsor such movements there is little doubt in my mind that the idea will prove so popular that it will not be necessary to institute state medicine, and that this form of practice can go hand in hand in every doctor's office with the old system of private practice for those individuals who prefer it. A splendid public-school system has not put out of existence the private school.

I can speak as one who has suffered greatly through the intolerance of organized medicine and who has had to go through the fire of persecution; but I anticipated this when I became a medical reformer. For all my unpleasant experiences, I still feel that my profession is intelligent enough eventually to accept progressive principles in the economics of medicine, and have no doubt that we shall all live to see the time when organized medicine will accept such principles to safeguard itself in the future.

The outstanding success of the seven-year-old experiment of the Ross-Loos Medical Group in Los Angeles, which has adopted progressive principles in the economics of practice and conducted this experiment along highly ethical lines, demonstrates what can be done by others if diminished opposition to such a plan shall be forthcoming from organized medicine.

H. CLIFFORD LOOS, M.D.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 6

FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Dear Sirs: I have reached radicalism by way of *The Nation*. I believed—nay, swallowed hook, line, and sinker—its exposés of all kinds of rackets, political, industrial, economic, insurance, and so on. For the first time, in James Rorty's articles, I read an "exposé" of conditions of which I happen to know something, from a mere thirty years of practice of medicine.

If all *The Nation's* criticisms of present conditions are as unfounded, warped, misinterpreted as this series of articles on the medical profession, maybe the Liberty League is right and maybe I should vote for Landon (God forbid). If Rorty knew how unsatisfactory to both patient and doctor inefficient, unscientific, contract practice usually is, he would admit that that is the worst racket of them all. I, and every practitioner, can testify to the fact that many patients who are entitled to free medical treatment from their lodge doctor, their company doctors, and so on, refuse these treatments and go to private physicians and pay the regular fee.

A RADICAL PHYSICIAN

New York, August 16

PROBLEMS OF GROUP PRACTICE

Dear Sirs: Here are a few comments on James Rorty's articles on medical organizations, in recent issues of *The Nation*:

Article 1: Such terms as "medical hierarchy," "unscrupulous sabotage," "minority clique of reactionary politicians" tend to confuse readers, and conjure up emotions of anger and distrust. I have thought that statements of facts and principles might accomplish more. But I suppose that is a criticism of literary style, and you know your public best.

The story of Mr. Kingsbury's resignation, as Mr. Rorty told it, was very illuminating. I had often wondered about, and on one occasion tried to find out, the inside story of the loss to liberal medical progress which his resignation represented. Also, for my own personal information, what was the exact role of the editor of the *Detroit Medical News* (page 803) in the events which immediately preceded "the kill"? I have heard certain queer statements locally—something connected with a visit to Detroit of the Public Relations Counsel of the Borden Company immediately preceding the resignation, which made me think

that the directors of the Milbank Fund were listening to the loud voices of a very few medical writers in local or county medical bulletins. At the time I did not believe that these opinions represented the rank and file of the profession. . . .

Article 3. The characterization of the American Medical Association as owner of a successful commercial magazine, just as directly responsible to its advertisers as is any newspaper or periodical, was a revelation to me, and I am sure it will be to others.

I think the local, state, and other official societies loom too large in the layman's estimate of medical organization. They are only debating societies. . . . The real medical unit is the hospital, and many of them care very little what goes on in these county societies. Hospitals differ vastly in organization and outlook, but I am sure that the collective heads of hospitals generally—by that I mean the medical men responsible for the professional work in them—hold as a group a much more liberal view of what changes should take place in the practice of medicine than would seem to be indicated by the expressions of opinion of the American Medical Association or a few county societies. Witness the indorsement of group hospital insurance and other schemes by the American College of Surgeons and the American College of Physicians.

Article 4: . . . The problem of the development of group medicine on a scale adequately to serve large numbers of our population is not simple. After considerable interest in the matter, I came to the conclusion that the Committee on Medical Costs did not have any clearly worked-out program for its development, which is a vastly different thing from the announcement of its benefits. Most successful private group clinics are the outgrowth of large individual practices, usually dominated by one or a few men, who have volume of business enough and enough talent for organization to grow out of the "one-man medical-business" stage. . . . The Mayo clinic and the Crile clinic are so outstanding that for the average run of doctors they are not illustrative cases. The trouble as I see it is this: Unless there is a certain number of patients in a group the various diversifications and specializations of medical practice cannot be evolved or maintained, especially in larger cities. The banding together of a small group will not increase their combined practices sufficiently to offer very much better service than the public can get from their colleagues. On the contrary, the profes-

sional ostracism which this banding together produces is apt to militate against the doctors in the group in that their medical contacts, sources of referred patients, and so on cease. For these reasons I think most doctors under present conditions will prefer to develop their specialties in free hospitals and dispensaries and try to "go it alone" in their private practices. . . .

I personally do not think that group medicine serving large numbers of persons of moderate means will get very far without large subsidies, either from universities, wealthy individuals, or the state. . . . The immediate problem is not to demonstrate the worth of this form of medical practice but to persuade a sufficient number of people—lay and medical—that it is worth while, to make them demand such service on the one hand and supply it on the other. Short of socialized medicine, I think a few demonstrations of successful group clinics catering to persons of moderate means would be highly educational.

Now as regards constructive suggestions: . . . Further exposition of the personal viewpoints of the officials of the American Medical Association would, I think, be in order, including the Bureau of Medical Economics. How sound are its investigations and certain of its findings which have contradicted the opinions of recognized experts working in the privately endowed foundations? The movement for group organization in medicine seems to have slid back, and payment schemes for hospital care to have taken its place. To me, the latter is a mild reform, but I suppose an entering wedge. Why doesn't someone with the necessary money sponsor a few more experiments in the field? I mean actual demonstrations, not literature.

HARRY C. SALTZSTEIN, M.D.

Detroit, Mich., August 20

THE ONLY REMEDY

Dear Sirs: I read Mr. Rorty's articles with a great deal of interest. I don't agree with all of his deductions. Mr. Kingsbury was in charge of the activities of the Milbank Foundation for a number of years. During that time he, in the name of the foundation, did pretty much as he pleased. His attitude toward the medical profession was roughshod and impatient. The directors of the foundation did nothing to stop him. When he came back from Russia, a convert to communism, that was more than the directors of the Milbank Foundation, who are in

Wall Street, could swallow. So they used the pretext that he was antagonizing the medical profession and fired him. Can you see a doctor telling his patients not to buy Borden's milk because Mr. Milbank, the president of the Borden Company, is also president of the Milbank Foundation, and the foundation is sponsoring the view of its executive director, who believes that all the people are entitled to adequate medical care and should get it just as they get schooling or police and fire protection, without paying for it directly?

Does Mr. Rorty really believe that the American Medical Association is opposed to socialized medicine because Dr. Fishbein wants to hold his job as editor of the *Journal* and is afraid that if we have socialized medicine the drug houses will not advertise any more in the *Journal* and Dr. Fishbein will lose his job? The officials of the county, state, and national medical societies oppose socialized medicine because it is so different, so untried, and they are naturally conservative. Mr. Rorty can hardly accuse the doctors of withholding medical service from people who need it just because they haven't any money. In this city more than half of the sick are being treated in the free clinics by doctors who aren't getting paid, and I don't know how many more are being cared for without charge in the private offices of doctors. This, too, in the face of the fact that the average income of the doctors has dropped more than 50 per cent and they are having a hard time making a living.

More than 80 per cent of the people do not and never have earned enough to get adequate medical care when they need it. The various plans being suggested to provide medical service without imposing too serious a financial burden are proof of an almost hysterical search for a remedy. But lodge practice, contract practice, employers' or employees' aid associations, group practice, voluntary or involuntary insurance, and exhortations to budget incomes do not fill the bill. Competition in medicine should not be for the greatest financial return but for skill and ability. This can best be seen in the wards of the public hospitals, where the members of the visiting staff use all facilities and all their skill for their patients. These patients are poor, have no social standing, and do not choose their own doctors, but they get the best the doctor can give them.

That is why I believe that socialized medicine is the only remedy.

MORRIS ROSENTHAL, M.D.
New York, August 6

THE COOPERATIVE METHOD

Dear Sirs: The conditions which produce ten million unemployed and place twenty million on relief are precisely the conditions which place the majority of people in the United States outside the zone of adequate medical service. The fact that 38 per cent of our population receive no medical care at all when incapacitated by disease is a small part of the story. The important fact is that only a few of the rich—namely, the intelligent rich—enjoy the full advantages of the art and science of medicine. . . .

State socialization of medicine is coming as a result of indifference on the part of the people most concerned. It brings medical service to those not served without it. There is little tendency on the part of any government to relinquish it, once it is entered upon. Its advantages, in the absence of anything better, are obvious. It possesses the disadvantages inherent in the expansion of state functions and in the impersonal mechanization which characterizes governmental services.

The cooperative method of health protection represents non-political service in the interest of patients. In Denmark it is the prevalent method of medical practice. Yugoslavia, Sweden, and many other countries are steadily developing this method. In Holland there are consumers' cooperative health societies with as many as 122,000 members in a city of less than four times that population. Cooperative consumers' societies and cooperative banking unions are also employing physicians on salaries to care for their members. In the United States there are enlightened physicians who are advising their patients to organize themselves into cooperative health societies and employ a physician on a salary basis. . . .

This cooperative method offers possibilities of preserving the fast-disappearing family physician, who is being destroyed by the same forces which are destroying the family, forces which official medicine in the United States is so zealous in continuing in operation. The cooperative method, which preserves this useful person in something of a pastoral role, which addresses his attention to the prevention of disease, which guarantees his income and gives him a position of self-respect in the field of science, should have much to recommend it to the public and to the doctors.

JAMES PETER WARBASSE, M.D.
New York, August 22

CONTRIBUTORS

ALVIN JOHNSON, director of the New School for Social Research and president of the American Economic Association, aroused great interest with his article on the monetary problem, *Debt and the Devil*, which appeared some time ago in the *Yale Review*.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, coauthor with H. C. Engelbrecht of the widely read "Merchants of Death," is now on the staff of the *Living Age*. An article by him, *Arming the Industrialists*, appeared two weeks ago in *The Nation*, and to the September issue of *Asia* he contributes *Can Japan Withstand Sanctions?*

MARGARET MARSHALL, who with Mary McCarthy did a series for *The Nation* on *Our Critics, Right or Wrong*, contributed more recently *Waiting for Lewis*, an article from Pittsburgh on the meeting of the steel workers' union.

CARL VAN DOREN, critic and biographer and former literary editor of *The Nation* and the *Literary Guild*, is appearing currently in *Harper's* with an autobiographical series, *Post-War: The Literary Twenties*, which will be published in book form in the fall.

BROADUS MITCHELL, author of "A Preface to Economics," is associate professor of political economy at Johns Hopkins University.

EDA LOU WALTON, now writing a book on modern American poetry in its relation to social problems, is a poet and critic on the English faculty of New York University.

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The Shape of Things

*

CAMPAIGNS IN AMERICA ARE APT TO BE pretty much one-man affairs. This has never been better illustrated than in the invective and idolatry that have been woven about Mr. Roosevelt. The cause may be somewhere in the American intellectual climate or it may be in the deeper human need for the dramatic symbol. But one consequence of it will go hard for the progressive forces in America. Paul Ward's analysis elsewhere in this issue of the chances for the progressive bloc in the next Congress makes dark reading. When Congress assembles it will be pretty much of a reunion on Capitol Hill. The old faces will be there, and not many of them are turned toward the American future. In the fight for Mr. Roosevelt's reelection, Labor's Non-Partisan League and its allies have tended to forget about Congress. It is natural to concentrate all one's strength on the main objective, and it is natural also that as many conservative Democrats as possible should be pushed to the fore to take the sting out of the President's imputed radicalism. But it is none the less tragic. For Mr. Roosevelt, when reelected, is not likely to go toward the left but toward the right. Only a strong and militant progressive bloc in Congress could function effectively as an opposition and exert pressure on him to fulfil some of the implications of the New Deal. We appeal to American progressives not to forget Congress.

*

LABOR DAY THIS YEAR WAS A CHALLENGE TO both Presidential candidates to say something about labor. Both said it with dignity and good-will. It was good politics for Mr. Landon to deplore the split in the A. F. of L. and equally good politics for Mr. Roosevelt not to mention it. Beyond politics, we found Mr. Roosevelt's statements more satisfying. Mr. Landon reiterated his belief that collective bargaining must be free of "government coercion"—what Mr. Knox, in his more bitter speech, called the government's "iron hand." But Mr. Landon and his running-mate should know that in the present state of bargaining power between the two groups the lack of government protection for labor in its struggle for a living wage could lead only to company unionism or worse. Mr. Roosevelt made it clear that "practical protection" for the worker was a function of government, and that the achievement of economic freedom for all was tied inseparably to the fate of the worker. He showed the same realism in his comments on the drought—the com-

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ments of a man who is notably sensitive to personal experiences. If we had our way every American President would have to make an annual trip of three months through the nation's derelict areas.

*

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT ON THE STATE OF the nation's finances seems to have taken the wind out of Governor Landon's vague strictures on governmental waste. Owing to a substantial rise in federal revenues, it now appears that the deficit for the coming year will be only \$1,500,000,000—or a little more than half the amount of the last two years of the Hoover Administration. Of this amount, approximately \$560,000,000 can be attributed to the soldiers' bonus, which was twice vetoed by the President, leaving a net deficit of somewhat less than a billion dollars on the regular and emergency budgets. Considering the fact that relief needs have diminished but slightly and that many of the public-works projects are just beginning to be costly, the President's budget undoubtedly errs on the side of economy rather than extravagance. If Landon were elected, he might, like Roosevelt, make a few gestures toward economy in the early days of his Administration, but there is no reason to believe that he would come nearer to balancing the budget than Roosevelt will. Landon has asserted that he recognizes the need for "being generous in the spending of money for relief and emergency purposes," and as a first-term President he would find it bad politics to make substantial cuts in any direction. With Hearst behind him, he would be most unlikely to cancel the present Administration's unjustifiable increase in military and naval expenditures. Having lost economy as a talking point, Mr. Landon might as well carry out Mr. Hearst's wishes and conduct a silent campaign.

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SPAIN'S NEW COALITION CABINET UNDER the leadership of Francisco Largo Caballero appears to have instilled new life into the government's military forces. Less than three days after its appointment, the Madrid people's militia is reported to have inflicted a decisive defeat on the important rebel column advancing on Toledo and to have reentered Talavera de la Reina. The government also appears to have scored an important victory near Malaga, and to be pressing hard on both Oviedo and Huesca. Although these successes have been partially offset by the loss of Irun and Fuenterrabia, the fact that the government has definitely taken the offensive in the south is indicative of a greatly improved situation. The appointment of General José Asensio as commander-in-chief of all the loyalist forces in the Madrid area makes possible a coordination in the government's efforts which was hitherto lacking. Caballero's reputation as leader of the extreme left wing of the Socialist Party is being seized upon in many quarters as final proof of the "red" character of the Popular Front regime. Actually, however, Caballero appears to have been chosen not because of his left opinions, but because he seemed to be capable of offering the most vigorous leadership at the present moment.

In addition to representatives of the various Marxist parties, which are undoubtedly the most powerful in Spain at this time, the new Cabinet contains proportionate representation from all the more moderate groups in the Popular Front, including the Left Republican, Republican Union, Catalanian Esquerra, and Basque Nationalist parties. As such it seems admirably devised for rescuing the country from the depths to which it has been plunged by indecisive, incompetent republican leadership.

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BLUM'S ATTEMPT TO MAINTAIN NEUTRALITY toward Spain's life-and-death struggle with fascism has already nullified the auspicious beginning which his government enjoyed as a result of his successful mediation in the strike crisis. The entire working-class section of the Front Populaire—Communists, left Socialists, and trade unions—are angered by what they consider a betrayal of France's duty to extend aid to the Spanish government as permitted by international law. On September 7 the metal workers of Paris, 200,000 strong, carried out a one-hour strike as warning to the government of more vigorous protests to come. At recent large mass-meetings Blum, formerly exceedingly popular, has been greeted with a concert of cries urging aid for Spain. As sponsor of the neutrality proposal, Blum finds himself in an extremely difficult position as it becomes evident that both Germany and Italy are continuing their illegal aid to the rebels. Repudiation of neutrality not only would involve serious loss of face for the Premier personally but might conceivably precipitate, as he insists, a general European war. A rigorous enforcement of neutrality, on the other hand, might lead to a rebel victory in Spain that would plunge France into a civil conflict in which all the odds favored the fascists. Although either step involves great danger, a strong leader would probably run the lesser risk of calling Hitler's and Mussolini's bluff.

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AT NURNBERG HALF A MILLION GERMANS are gathered for the Nazis' fourth annual Party Congress. The congress opens as we go to press, but we may confidently predict that the dominant note throughout will be a call to arms against communism. And not only in the figurative sense. The half-million who have been herded there will listen to speeches rousing them to a pitch of chauvinism and hatred of "bolshevism." They will also watch the army stage a sham battle in which no true Nazi will have any doubt as to the identity of the enemy. As every stroke of recent German foreign policy has indicated, the enemy is the Soviet Union. It is not expected that there will be any new Jew-baiting decrees such as were the sensation of last year's congress. Laws announced in loud tones and written down in black and white bring forth unfavorable reaction from abroad. The party has learned how to achieve the same results with less publicity. Since the end of the Olympics it has steadily and ruthlessly been making every profession *Judenfrei*; Jewish merchants and industrialists, great and small, are being forced to sell their businesses, Jewish employees are being

discharged. The campaign against the Jews has now entered its worst stage—their noiseless annihilation through slow and persistent economic pressure.

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ALTHOUGH THE CRUSHING DEFEAT OF THE Liberal Party in Quebec does not portend a national repudiation of the Liberals, it has set the political pendulum swinging wildly. Quebec Liberalism has been the mainstay of federal Liberalism in that it has regularly provided 50 per cent or more of Liberal representation at Ottawa. But while Liberalism in the other provinces has more or less lived up to its name, in Quebec, under the domination of the Catholic church, it has been of another vintage altogether. For forty years, under the unbroken sway of the Liberals, Quebec was the most backward province in Canada, the masses living in almost unbelievable degradation. Their discontent, repressed so effectively by the Catholic church, has finally burst forth and swept in the Union National Party headed by Maurice Duplessis. United only by a common opposition to the former Taschereau regime, L'Union Nationale is a hodgepodge of everything from the ordinary garden variety of liberal to the outright fascist. Its program is dominated by French Canadian nationalism and for the rest is based on the usual paraphernalia of middle-class demagoguery. For Canada as a whole the significance of the Quebec elections—and of those in Manitoba, which had similar results—lies in the weakening of the Liberals. Whether it will be the Conservatives, or third-party groups like the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation or Social Credit, who will gain most from the Liberal loss, it is still difficult to say.

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THE LARGE MILK DISTRIBUTORS HAVE FOR some time been runners-up with the power companies in the great Consumer Unpopularity Contest. The present struggle in New York City has resulted in a rise of one cent a quart to consumers and an increase of about twenty-five cents per hundredweight of fluid milk in the rates paid to producers. The independent farmers, under the leadership of Felix and Starfley Piseck, are demanding a basic price of \$3 a hundredweight; so far the large distributors have granted a price of \$2.87. But the farmer, after deducting freight differentials and the loss on "surplus" milk, is receiving considerably less than \$2 a hundredweight. There are forty-seven quarts of fluid milk to a hundred pounds; a one-cent increase to the consumer, therefore, means additional revenue of forty-seven cents a hundredweight to the Borden and Sheffield companies. This would seem to be ample not only to protect the high salaries of milk-company officials and the poor, long-suffering stockholders, but to grant more than the highest price so far demanded by the farmers. Undoubtedly the farmers are underpaid for the milk they sell; but this does not mean that the consumer should have to pay more. The percentage which is taken up by middlemen operating between farmer and consumer has always been a public scandal. Milk as a public utility, sold by the city, is the answer.

The cooperation of the New York Department of Health in inducing several thousand stores to continue to sell milk at the old price of eleven cents a quart points the way.

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THE REPUBLICANS HAVE BEEN AWAITING the labor of the *Literary Digest* mountain with evidently bated breath. But the mouse that the straw vote has brought forth must give them small comfort. Twenty-four thousand votes from four states have been counted. The states are Maine, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. But no large cities were included. The results mean, therefore, that so far 1,800 Maine farmers who voted in the *Digest* poll are for Landon; rural New Jersey and Pennsylvania seem to be going for Landon, too; and—wonder of wonders—so does upstate New York! All this we might have known without the poll. The *Digest* deplores the fact that the large groups of unemployed workers who are now on New Deal relief, and who may be expected to vote themselves more of the same, cannot be reached by the straw vote. They would make Mr. Roosevelt's chances look better. But from the returns on the *Digest* poll so far there is small reason to believe that his chances are not still pretty good.

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MAGISTRATE CHARLES SOLOMON OF Brooklyn, New York, has introduced a pleasing reform in the matter of bail for pickets. Pickets are often arrested too late for their cases to be tried in day court; magistrates sitting in night court have often set bail as high as \$500. Frequently the defendant does not appear at night court; the bail is a routine procedure insuring the appearance of the defendant the next day. But as a result unions often find themselves hard pressed to raise the necessary funds, and high bail has on occasion been instrumental in breaking strikes. Magistrate Solomon, acting on the belief that pickets are not criminals and that they never fail to appear at the proper time, has lately begun to impose bail of \$1. Fourteen pickets whose cases were brought before him a few days ago were released on bail of \$14. The best part of this sensible and fair-minded procedure is that other magistrates are beginning to imitate it. Although Magistrate Solomon's bargain price has not been met, bail for the horrendous offense of being a member of a union picket line is coming down.

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TELEVISION HAS HOLLYWOOD WORRIED. While everyone else is worrying about war in Europe or the chances of the Giants, the film leaders fear that the threatened advent of television may render the cinema obsolete—as obsolete as today rendered yesterday. But they are fretting needlessly. Television, with all its knobs and gadgets, can never be half as funny as the movies—even without counting King Kong. Can television ever hope to give us a phrase like "Second Smash Week"? Or create a sound like the roar of the MGM trademark? Or produce a new blonde that can compete with Platinum?

Or the trailers—not tin-can tourist trailers, but Coming-Next-Week trailers—those breathless previews without which neighborhood (ninth run) movie houses wouldn't be able to stretch a two-hour show into a three-and-a-half-hour orgy? And then we have the movies to thank for the Cycle, the Close-up, and Fan magazines. For the Child Star, Will Hays, Frankenstein, and Westerns. For Double Feature, Bank Nite, and Screeno. For Super-Epics and Extra-Colossal-Spectacles. No, Hollywood need not worry, and even if television comes to the home, it will never keep us from those cathedrals of the cinema where sparkle the magic letters: "Also M. Mouse."

A Reply to Dorothy Thompson

IT IS only natural that the Republican Party should seek to make a campaign issue out of the 1936 corporation-tax bill. Here is a measure which in principle and effect is undoubtedly offensive not only to "economic royalists" but to all who believe in the sacredness of the profit motive. It is intolerable because it plugs up the last great leak in the income-tax law and makes fairly certain that in the future the income-tax burden will be closely proportionate to ability to pay.

Since the average voter is not very likely to get excited over the fact that wealthy stockholders will no longer be able to dodge their taxes, Republican tactics have been to becloud the issue as much as possible. With a fine display of logic Governor Landon described the tax law as "cock-eyed," and declared that it tied "a millstone around the neck of the little fellow." Other Republican spokesmen have inveighed against the bill, but have been very careful to avoid particulars. Ridicule and invective may not be sound in formal debates, but they are excellent weapons in political controversy.

Unfortunately for the Republicans, an outsider with more courage than discretion has inadvertently let the cat out of the bag. Writing in the staunchly Republican *New York Herald Tribune* of September 3, Dorothy Thompson attempts to show by specific illustration how iniquitous the tax bill actually is. The illustration is well chosen and on the surface carries a certain degree of plausibility. She tells of "a small but highly efficient industry in New England," situated in a small town, which pulled through the depression with a debt of \$250,000. During the past year the company has prospered again, and promises to show a net profit of approximately \$500,000. Then begins the sad story of what will become of these profits. To quote Miss Thompson:

One hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars must be repaid to the bank. Working capital for increased output and increased employment during the current year will take another \$175,000. The state income tax will take \$10,000 and the federal income tax will take \$73,500. That will leave \$106,500 presumably for the payment of dividends and for beginning a new reserve. But the undistributed-profits tax steps in here. It adds just \$94,500

to the tax load. For repaying its debts the industry will be taxed 20½ per cent of what it pays; for increasing pay rolls and employment it will be further taxed 20½ per cent on what it diverts to this purpose. And when it is all added together a company which showed a profit of \$500,000 will have left to distribute in dividends and to build up reserves against a rainy day precisely \$12,000.

In order to avoid controversy on non-essentials we will assume Miss Thompson's figures to be correct—though according to our computation the excess-profits tax would be nearer \$87,000. Taken as it stands, her illustration is very useful in portraying the principles behind the bill. The company may be a genuine one, but it has apparently been selected because it seems to show that the profits have been entirely eaten up by the wicked undistributed-profits tax. Actually, very few corporations are likely to divert 96 per cent of their profits, after deducting taxes, to new investment and debt retirement. The company, let it be noted, is not exactly a "small" business. A concern which earns \$500,000 in a single season would be valued, under prevailing rates of interest, at ten to twelve million dollars—not a great corporation but none the less far removed from the struggling shopkeeper class.

It will be observed that the company has approximately \$417,000 in profits available for dividends after payment of federal and state income taxes. If the directors choose to distribute this whole amount in dividends, it will have no further taxes to pay, but each of the stockholders will have to pay full income tax on the receipts. If 10 per cent—or approximately \$42,000—is withheld from the stockholders, the corporation will have a tax of only \$2,940, leaving \$39,000 for debt retirement or surplus in addition to dividends of \$375,000. But instead the company chooses to make a new investment of \$175,000—which like all investments provides "increased output and increased employment." In other words, the stockholders are choosing to invest their profits before they are distributed to them in the hope of thereby earning larger profits next year. This, of course, is perfectly legitimate. But under the old law this was a very neat way of investing one's profits without the formality of paying an income tax on the money reinvested. Since an overwhelming proportion of the corporation stock in the country is held by extremely wealthy men, it meant that a large part of the true income of this class was being reinvested before the progressive income tax was collected. Miss Thompson is very moderate in her selection; she could have chosen a company that devoted all its earnings to capital investment, thus eliminating dividends altogether.

Much the same can be said of the \$135,000 paid back to the bank. There was no compulsion to make a payment of this size. A corporation earning \$500,000 a year would have no difficulty in extending all or part of a note for \$250,000 as long as it liked. But the stockholders naturally desire to clear off this liability as soon as possible, and they vote to use part of their earnings to retire the debt. If they chose to pay it back in small instalments they could avoid the tax, but they weigh the alternatives and decide that rather than receive the money, pay an income tax on the dividends, and reinvest the returns, it

would be cheaper to pay off the debt. That is a simple matter of business judgment. If the shareholders choose to use the bulk of their earnings in these two ways, they must set aside approximately \$80,000 to compensate for the income tax that would otherwise be paid. This leaves only about \$26,000, and apparently the stockholders have decided that cash in the corporation till is more desirable than in their own pockets; hence the additional tax. That again is their business.

But how is the additional capital "for increased output and increased employment" to be obtained? Will not the tax tend, as Miss Thompson declares, "to freeze all industry in the present pattern"? The answer, of course, is that where there is genuine opportunity for expansion, industry will get the capital as it always has—by issuing new stock, by floating bonds, by taking advantage of the present low interest rates and borrowing from the banks, or, as in the present instance, by appropriation out of surplus after payment of tax. Capital has never been so plentiful or so cheap. The tax bill imposes no restriction on industrial expansion. It merely requires that the owner of the capital pay his income tax before the money is invested. And it serves as a sorely needed protection against the accumulation of unused surpluses which was a primary cause of the depression.

Dakota Wants Shakespeare

In a town of 1,000 people, 800 tried to get in to see "The Dictator," the first play ever given in that community.

A majority of the adults . . . report that they had seen no living actors for many years.

These three Federal Theater units, a dramatic company and two vaudeville groups, have played to 18,000 school children in Omaha and its suburbs. Ninety per cent, according to the statistical studies made by the director, had never seen a play, and could not believe that these actors were really not moving pictures. They clapped until the actors had to give eight curtain calls, and even then the children refused to go home.

WE HAVE been quoting from an article by Hallie Flanagan, national director of the Federal Theater Project, published in the project's monthly bulletin—a thirty-page mimeographed sheet in which the theater in all its phases comes alive with such force as to set first-night dilettantes and dowagers shaking in their swallowtails and ermine capes. Here is a swaggering, pushing, vigorous theater, lineal descendant of the early American troupers, giving its performances in public parks, cavorting in circuses ("The only reason we don't have elephants in this show is that none were on relief"), reviving vaudeville, setting marionettes dancing in a score of cities; and yet tackling with the same verve and with great success the intellectual niceties of T. S. Eliot, or combining Macbeth with Harlem and creating something new and satisfying.

The Federal Theater Project was designed to succor starving actors. Like the Federal Art Project it has loosed spring torrents of theatrical interest and talent, which are already seeping into Broadway.

It is impossible, in a brief account, to do more than touch upon the numerous activities of the project. Suffice to say that some 10,000 professional theatrical people are taking part in it all over the United States. Its productions are playing to large audiences, which are described as distinctly new audiences as far as the theater is concerned—admissions, when they are not free, range from 25 to 55 cents. Experimentation is going on in every branch of the theater from play-writing to stage lighting. The flesh-and-blood actor is being restored to the American scene. Vaudeville is being revived—certainly the lack of any striking new comic talent in the past few years is due in part to the wiping out of vaudeville, in which our best comedians have been trained. In its work with and for children the Federal Theater Project has broken new ground and is already achieving important results.

The Federal Theater would be worth while—and like the art project its budget is small in proportion to its effect—if only for the service it is undoubtedly performing in setting up active participation and local interest in the theater to counteract the deadly passivity that reigns in the plush seats of air-cooled movie palaces. In this connection a few notes on censorship are worth making. Early in the history of the project the issue rose very sharply in New York—as might have been expected. Lately it has risen in another guise. It is announced that on October 20 the Federal Theater will offer throughout the country twenty simultaneous productions of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here," which Hollywood refused to sponsor. For our final note on censorship we are indebted to the research bureau of the project, which is busy cataloguing plays in the attempt to supply, by return mail if possible, the demands of actors' groups for exactly the right production for the given locale. The bureau has unearthed what appears to be the first comic opera written in America. Its name is "The Disappointment." It was printed in 1767, but it will be produced for the first time probably this winter. "The Disappointment," it seems, was never produced in its time because it satirized some prominent Philadelphians and fell foul of the censor.

The Vatican's New Crusade

THERE could be no clearer declaration of the policy of the Catholic church toward its "children" and their relation with the temporal world than was contained in the comment of the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican's newspaper, on the activities of Father Coughlin. In the measured periods of the statement could be heard the voice of Mother Church speaking across many generations and many governments, sure in the knowledge that humanity would stop in its tracks and

listen. But if its tone was pitched above the battle, its content got down to cases with all the temporal energy of a ward politician.

Father Coughlin's conduct, it intoned, was improper because "an orator who inveighs against persons who represent the supreme social authorities, with the evident danger of shaking the respect that the people owe to those authorities, sins against the elementary proprieties." "The Holy See wants respect for all liberties but for all proprieties as well." Lest the world fail to understand, the Holy See, like any other regime, has unofficial spokesmen who fill in the lines. Thus it was "stressed" "in high Vatican circles" that while the Vatican did not approve Father Coughlin's attack on Mr. Roosevelt, it does approve the work he has done in interpreting the Pope's encyclicals on economic matters. The Vatican, "it was pointed out," does not want to see the respect of the masses for their authorities shaken by such an attack as that on Roosevelt. What happens when the masses lose respect for their authorities, the prelates said, now may be seen in Spain.

To the extent that the church is mighty it need not be consistent. It is necessarily on the side of the angels. But there is an inconsistency in its latest statement as big as the shell holes in Spanish churches, and its name is Soviet Russia. There the disrespectful masses went so far as to set up new social authorities against whom the church itself is now waging bitter warfare. Mother Church is obviously worried. The most recent pronouncements from the Vatican have been marked by the desperation hitherto reserved for temporal governments fearful of being overthrown. The Catholic chant against communism is rising stronger and stronger. It is no accident that the 10,000 alumni of Notre Dame University have dedicated themselves to an anti-red crusade; there is no doubt that Father Coughlin's perorations will center more and more on the Communist menace—they have been tending in that direction for some time, and Bishop Gallagher stands squarely behind him on this issue. There is already evidence that the church will not hesitate, when the moment comes, to align itself with that other great red-baiting force, German fascism. "Another set of laws," writes Frederick T. Birchall from Berlin, "previously expected, depriving Catholic orders of the right to teach are understood to have been stricken from the program as the result of the recent pastoral letter in which the Catholic church indorsed Hitler's stand against bolshevism." These are important and ominous developments.

Under the great concept of the right to liberty of conscience the Catholic church has built up in this country a tremendous vested interest in money and influence. To judge by recent announcements, it is now preparing to turn that power, as it has never done before, to the task of combating "communism." We have had more than enough proof that communism in this context means liberty of conscience, nothing more nor less. The alumni of Notre Dame would be well advised to stick to football as an outlet for their predatory instincts. As for Father Coughlin, he has a well-earned reputation as a sower of wind; he has not yet displayed the lineaments of a reaper of whirlwinds.

"The Truth Shall Make You Free"

READING the news stories of the discussions at the Harvard Tercentenary Conference, the layman knows that about mathematics he knows nothing, about the stars he knows somewhat less, and the intricacies of the higher logic are a closed book to him. Nevertheless, the spectacle of the ivory tower bending to examine the creature man in all his aspects cannot fail to be an impressive one. The scholars who are meeting at Cambridge are chosen from the best of the world; the internationalism of thought was never more convincingly demonstrated. England and the United States have sent their representatives, as have France, Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Australia, Germany, Sweden, Japan, Norway, Brazil, and many other countries. Unlike the regrettable demonstration at Heidelberg, politics here play no part. And contemporaneity is relegated to its proper place in the stream of history.

The keynote of the meetings was the speech of the medievalist, Professor Etienne Gilson of Paris. "There is a spiritual order of realities," he said, "whose absolute right it is to judge even the state, and eventually to free us from its oppression." The medieval world was unified not only by a common faith in God but by a belief in "the universal character of rational truth itself." For a thousand years the ideas of Aristotle as expounded by Thomas Aquinas were the yardstick by which man measured the worth and the meaning of his actions. When the authority of the church was challenged and largely fell, this unity dissolved into a group of nationalisms, of local philosophies, of conflicting ideas of statehood and behavior. In the twentieth century we shall probably not go back whole-souled to Aristotle; we shall have to invent our own rational and universal truth. But when we find it, the problems of fascism and communism, of economic crash and boom, will fall into a pattern in which also will appear the mosaics of individual obligation and allegiance.

This is rendering Professor Gilson rather freely, but the gist of his remarks are here. And the challenge to scholarship which he offers is clear enough. In the last few centuries our universities have shown themselves unwilling or unable to think except as separate entities, largely unrelated to the immediate needs of men in general; the physical scientists provide in some respects an honorable exception, but even science is threatened by dogmas of race and polity. What we must do in the reordering of a chaotic world is not only act but think and learn. We have had men of action who allowed their procedure to be governed solely by the needs of the moment: the largest navy in the world has been one result; a ruinous tariff has been another. We have had philosophic systems which nobody understood but their author. The universal truth which Professor Gilson hopes may spell salvation must be altogether different. It remains to be seen how much our universities can contribute to its formulation.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



Senator Couzens

Still the Same Congress

Washington, September 7

THE political monotheism that sweeps over this country in Presidential election years is having in 1936 its usual effect of killing off all chances for the development in Congress of the strong, cohesive, and disciplined progressive bloc which the nation always has needed and now needs more desperately than ever. The concentration of the electorate's attention on the race between the two major-party nominees, a concentration fostered and kept fixed by straw votes and party propaganda, again is preparing the way for the return to Congress of essentially all the shysters, demagogues, free-seed peddlers, chauvinists, Jew-haters, red-baiters, and lobby leeches who have dominated past Congresses, Republican or Democratic. It is easy for this gang to slip back into their places at the legislative machine's controls, with the voters lost in frenzied adoration of one or the other of the year's man-made gods, Roosevelt and Landon.

For every Blanton or Huddleston defeated and every Maverick or Marcantonio reelected there will be a dozen Copelands, Baileys, McFarlanes, Kramers, Robinsons, Bilbos, Tinkhams, Treadways, Robsions, Mays, Shorts, Hastings, Hales, Fishes, and O'Connors returned to Congress on November 3. And the proportions will not vary greatly from those of late years. If there is any material change at all, it is likely to be in the direction of a reduction in the progressive bloc and a more than commensurate increase in the conservative to reactionary ranks in Congress. That is bound to happen in the unlikely event that the Hearst-Landon-Liberty League crowd succeed in ousting

the Roosevelt Administration. It is only slightly less likely in the event of another Roosevelt landslide, for the great majority of the men who are coming back to Congress under the Democratic banner have no taste for the New Deal's avowed objectives. That is especially true of the Democrats who are certain of reelection and who, because of their seniority in the House and Senate, will monopolize the important committee posts. I refer, of course, to Democrats from the "solid South." Does anybody think that Robinson, Harrison, and Glass, for example, are New Dealers at heart and—to use the simplest definition of what is supposed to be the underlying principle of the New Deal—can be depended on to champion human rights over property rights? And is anybody so misguided as to think that the string of victories piled up by "New Dealers" in the primaries are veritable New Deal victories? They indicate nothing more than that the majority of the voters are heartily in favor of the Roosevelt who was presented to them on Inauguration Day in 1933 and who remains the same Roosevelt to them today because his enemies—the du Ponts, Sloans, Hearsts, McCormicks, and the rest—keep telling them that he has not changed.

Imagine, in view of that situation, how delightful it is for machine candidates for Congress to be able to avoid concrete issues and, taking their stand on the Roosevelt myth, to run for reelection on the plea that votes for them are not votes for them personally but votes in defiance of Roosevelt's enemies and in vindication of the President. Their resultant triumphs at the polls do not change their private allegiances any more than victory on a platform of mother-love would convert them all into impeccable sons and husbands. Furthermore, many of them are having what little fearful respect they feel for the electorate's New Deal inclinations dimmed by the inevitable campaign-year upsurge of opposition to those in power; and seeking to compromise with that opposition, they are being driven into positions more conservative than they held in the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Congresses.

Nor can it be said that Roosevelt or any of his most enthusiastic allies have made any substantial effort toward ameliorating the Congressional trend which promises to keep the progressive bloc at best in statu quo. Labor's Non-Partisan League, which might have been expected to take effective steps in that direction, has thoroughly shirked the responsibility, fearing that any intrusion into the Congressional field would split the labor vote and detract from Roosevelt's support. To that extent it has reduced itself for the time being at least to about as hopeful an incubator for a genuine third-party movement as the Business Men's League for Roosevelt which is in process of parturition with—reputedly—Walter Chrysler as one of its leaders. The other third-party nuclei friendly to Roose-

vult are on a comparable plane. The La Follette group is running around in circles, with the La Follettes themselves dodging any firm alliances with definitely leftist groups for fear of antagonizing their liberal-conservative support. Unanimity is achieved in this circle only on the point of supporting Roosevelt. In Minnesota the Democrats have put up weak candidates in exchange for the Farmer-Labor Party's support of Roosevelt and then have seen that support disorganized by the death of Governor Olson and the resultant scramble among his political heirs and assigns for new positions on the party ladder. As a result of that scramble two Farmer-Labor seats in Congress have been placed in jeopardy, with Ernest Lundeen, who has never been able to carry the state but was certain of carrying his Congressional district, being removed from his race for reelection to the House and placed in nomination for the Senate seat which Olson had had cinched. One heartening feature may be noted in passing, and that is that two third-party movements—the Townsendite and Coughlinite, or Lemke Union Party, movements—plainly are making no headway.

As for Roosevelt himself, his aid to the progressives has been negligible. To be sure, he has used his best efforts to persuade Senator Norris to run again in Nebraska, and he sought to make Couzens take the Democratic nomination for the Senate in Michigan, but neither gesture was made at any cost to himself; in fact, both were directed as much toward insuring his own political fortunes in the states at issue as toward keeping Norris and Couzens in the Senate. It is true, too, that he made some slight gesture toward aiding Maverick in his campaign for renomination in Texas. But consider the other side of the picture. In Maine his man Farley literally begged an anti-New Deal Democrat, Brann, to run for the Senate merely to increase the chance of a Democratic Party victory in Maine September 14, with a resulting psychological enhancement of Roosevelt's chances throughout the country in November. For similar reasons he did not lift a finger to bring about the defeat of Glass, who is coming back to the Senate and, now that his senior, Senator Fletcher of Florida, is dead, will take over the chairmanship of the Banking and Currency Committee. Nor did Roosevelt so much as move to throw his weight against the renomination of Senator Bailey in North Carolina, although Bailey has been well described by the leading group of Roosevelt supporters in that state, the Liberal Democrats of North Carolina, in a statement by their president, Dr. W. O. House. To emphasize the "Democratic above all else" character of his group, Dr. House asserted that its members "will even vote for the arrogant, insulting anti-New Deal Josiah William Bailey for Senator because he is on the Democratic ticket." And Roosevelt's chief ally in Massachusetts is the indefensible Governor Curley, a candidate for the Senate.

If you think I exaggerate the atmosphere of obscurity and neglect in which the Congressional campaign is proceeding, let me invite you to try to inform yourself upon its progress. Consult the files of your local newspapers and try to learn the primary results in the various states, and if you doubt the comprehensive qualities of your favorite newspaper, go to your public library and consult

the files of all the papers there. You will find not only that they fail to cover in anything approaching realistic fashion the Congressional campaigns and primary results throughout the country; you also will find that they fail to cover them in their own states. You will be hard pressed to discover complete figures on the party vote in each district, and you will be even more hard pressed to discover what sort of men are winning the nominations, why they won, and what forces they beat. When you have made that discovery, come down to Washington and consult the Democratic and Republican Congressional campaign committees and the Washington correspondents who are supposed to be profoundly informed as to the play of political forces and personalities in the states where are published the papers they represent here. These journalists in the great majority of cases will tell you they know next to nothing about the Congressional contests in their states because their papers pay little or no attention to them, and the party committees will be, if anything, less informative.

It is only by the most laborious ferreting that you will be able to piece together the Congressional picture for 1936, and even then you will have to depend on cold statistics. Those figures, however, are sufficient in themselves to show how small is the prospect of any material change in the complexion of either house. They are based on the primaries which have been held to date in thirty-six states. Primaries or nominating conventions have not yet been completed in Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New York, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Washington. In the thirty-six states where the party tickets are complete, nominations for 315 House and 28 Senate seats were involved, and in all but 56, or 16.4 per cent, of the 343 cases those who held the seats at the Seventy-fourth Congress won renomination. It would be pleasant to report that those fifty-six changes were effected by the voters, but ten of them were due to deaths and twenty-seven to retirements, leaving only nineteen resulting from the defeat of incumbents. All nineteen defeats were suffered by Democrats who, of course, were defeated by other Democrats who in the great majority of cases professed themselves to be as good or better New Dealers than the men seeking renomination. The number of defeats suffered by the 306 incumbents seeking renomination amounted to only 6.2 per cent of the total, and lest undue significance be attached to the fact that all the fallen were Democrats, the point must be made that 78 per cent of the 306 men and women seeking renomination were Democrats and only 22 per cent Republicans. Five of the nineteen who met defeat were anti-Long Democrats in Louisiana; they were beaten by pro-Long Democrats in a primary held soon after Huey Long's death but not before the Long machine had made peace with the New Deal. The others who went down to defeat were Representatives Claiborne of Missouri, Duffey and Fiesinger of Ohio, Gassaway of Oklahoma, Richardson, Berlin, Brooks, and Moritz of Pennsylvania, Blanton of Texas, Huddleston of Alabama, Hoeppe of California, Sears of Florida, and Darden of Virginia. None of them was a member of the

progressive bloc in the House and none represents an irreparable loss to the national fortunes. On the other hand, among their conquerors there is not a single likely addition to the progressive bloc.

There remains here only space enough to point out that the Democrats cannot possibly lose control of the Senate. There are only thirty-six Senate seats to be filled in November, of which at present twenty-three are held by Democrats, twelve by Republicans, and one by a Farmer-

Laborite, Benson. The Democrats are certain of recapturing eighteen of them because they are seats from Democratic strongholds. They have a definite edge in the race for four others and at least a fighting chance in nine. When these facts are added to the fact that the Democrats held seventy out of the ninety-six Senate seats in the last Congress, it becomes apparent that they are certain of keeping sixty-five of them in the next Congress and possibly may run their total up to seventy-eight.

How Dead Is Liberalism?

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE more often a thing is said and the more commonly it is accepted the less likely we are to ask precisely what it is that we mean when we find ourselves accepting it. Sometimes everyone seems to agree upon some formulating phrase because everyone is either giving it a private meaning of his own or letting it pass without asking whether or not it actually signifies anything at all.

"Liberalism is dead." So many people who seem to agree upon nothing else have agreed to accept these three sweeping words that one is justified in suspecting the simplicity of the phrase as the reason for the agreement, and it occurred to me that it might be interesting to ask the people whom I met on a recent visit to Paris and London precisely what it meant to them when they used it themselves or allowed it to pass unchallenged when uttered in their presence. How much, in the first place, does the statement include? How many of the institutions, convictions, and ideals loosely associated with the term "liberalism" are thus certified to have passed beyond human aid? And just how dead, in the second place, are we supposed to assume that each of them is? Are they dead completely and forever or, as some a bit too facilely assume, only pro tem? Which of them are to be dismissed as discarded experiments or exploded myths; which stand for something eternally desirable and either to be returned to at some happier time or approached from some new direction?

Certainly the Communist and the fascist would be the first to insist that their agreement is merely verbal and that they differ almost as much over what it is that is dead as over the question of what should replace it. But as I had suspected before and as I discovered upon question, members of the various subdivisions of the left also disagree among themselves in ways which are, perhaps, even more important for the very reason that they are less obvious, and that—if I may force the metaphor—the various doctors who sign the same death certificate have actually been examining a different corpse.

"Liberalism" obviously means different things to different persons, and, more especially, it includes very much more in the minds of some than it does in the minds of others. I know, therefore, no better way of beginning a

discussion like the present than by listing some of the meanings which the term may have. When anyone says, "Liberalism is dead," he may be meaning to assert that the world is done for good with any one or more of the following: (1) the Liberal Party of Great Britain; (2) the doctrine of economic laissez faire; (3) a political method of which the essentials are universal suffrage, free speech, and an insistence upon the maintenance of civil liberties at all times; (4) a philosophy of which the foundations were laid in the eighteenth century and which includes a belief in the natural goodness of man, in the doctrine of equal rights, and in the existence of a natural tendency toward progress wherever freedom is maintained; (5) what may more properly be called the liberal temperament—a quasi-aesthetic preference for freedom and variety over discipline and conformity and a tendency to regard them as ends in themselves.

In actual practice people have been found saying that liberalism is dead and meaning to affirm by that statement everything from a mere belief that the Liberal Party of Great Britain has ceased to be an effective force to the very inclusive conviction, which seems sometimes to be shared by some Communists and some fascists, that the whole tendency to regard the individual as important and individual opinion or action as even interesting is fundamentally pernicious. Hence the tendency to agree that liberalism is dead is the source of far more confusion than it is of clarification, and any man who wants to be understood will refuse either to affirm or to deny it. He will not take refuge in any statement so monstrously vague but will say instead exactly what are the methods, or institutions, or convictions, or preferences which the world, in his opinion, is done with at last.

Ten years ago one would, I think, have met more widely divergent answers to these questions than one is likely to get very often today. Many fascists, to be sure, would doubtless still use the phrase in the most absolute possible sense, but outside the ranks of such it would be much more difficult to find anyone willing to take a position so extreme or so simple. The most ardent advocates of proletarian dictatorship are usually anxious to explain that such a dic-

tatorship is at best a temporary expedient, and though that has, I believe, been always the official Communist position, there is no mistaking the shift which has taken place in emphasis. There is, for example, no disputing the fact that the new Russian constitution is a gesture at least, even though it may possibly turn out to be no more than that, and the gesture is inspired by a sentiment plainly evident in many other quarters. Communists of all parties are much more anxious than they formerly were to emphasize their positive aims and to picture the new society in terms far less offensive to the traditional liberal temper than they used to choose. Officially as well as unofficially democratic institutions like universal suffrage are spoken of with greater and greater respect, while at the same time—and this is of perhaps even greater significance—the emphasis upon the determination to distribute the goods of bourgeois society grows at the expense of the determination to substitute others for them. Jazz and cosmetics are no longer frowned upon but supplied generally, so we are told, to the people, and the Communist who a decade ago would have held that an interest in fashionable apparel was evidence of a dead soul today points with pride to the elegance of Moscow dress shops.

At the same time there is an equally evident tendency to regard the higher manifestations of bourgeois culture with similar favor. Eight years ago Eisenstein summed up for me his aesthetic creed somewhat as follows: There are only two kinds of art—bourgeois art, which consists in the imaginative satisfaction of unfulfilled desires, and proletarian art, which is preparation for social change. In the perfect state about to be created there will be no need for any art at all—no need for bourgeois art because there will be no unsatisfied desires, no proletarian art because there will be no more social change. Today Eisenstein is said to have lost official favor, and it would be difficult to find anyone who did not regard such a pronouncement as his as quaintly barbarous, or who would not hold a similar opinion of the statement made some years ago by Robert Briffault, that the entire culture of the past is so poisoned with a devilish ideology that it ought to be withheld in its entirety from the new people. In Russia RAPP is no more; *Pravda* has declared that the spirit of Soviet art is classic; and if a composer like Shostakovich is suddenly liquidated, it must be remembered that he was "revolutionary" and that at least apologists are eager to explain that his sudden disappearance was due, not to the watchfulness of a dictatorship determined to give the people what they ought to have, but to a surprisingly sudden loss of popular favor. Outside Russia even an official publicist for the Russian Communist Party like Ralph Fox is ready to admit to me that perhaps the Soviet government "went too far" in its condemnation of bourgeois artistic ideals, and an independent Communist like André Malraux declares roundly both that Russian literature since the revolution has been nearly worthless and that the revolutionary or non-revolutionary character of a work of art has nothing to do with its subject matter.

Eight years ago the manager of the Moscow theater in which "The Hairy Ape" had been given an eccentric production replied with lofty condescension to my inquiry

about "Strange Interlude." The Russian public, she said, could not possibly be interested in such a work because it not only dealt with love but dealt with it as a problem between individuals, while the Communist had passed far beyond any interest in "individual problems." Last winter "Romeo and Juliet" was said to have been one of the most popular plays of the season, and according to a dispatch in an American newspaper, one of the official journals in Russia not only gave its readers editorial permission to fall in love but urged some sort of public reproof for those who showed themselves incapable of this noble emotion. Mr. Fox, whether following the party line or announcing the results of his own lucubrations, assured me that the "problems of the individual" had undoubtedly been given far too little attention in recent Russian literature and that though they were being taken up again, much valuable time had been lost. For almost a generation the Russian citizen had been deprived of that opportunity to know himself which the more intimate sort of literature provides, and the newest writing would necessarily be crudely elementary until the spiritual development of the Russian had caught up with the past from which it had been detached. Indeed, he even went so far as to agree with my more or less fanciful suggestion that the perfect society would, after all, be one in which none but individual problems remained.

It might of course be argued that as the attempt is made in Russia to moderate the rigors of a revolutionary society by the readmission of bourgeois ideals, comforts, and diversions, as well as of bourgeois institutions, the vulgarities of such comforts and diversions as well as the injustice of such institutions must be admitted *pari passu*; that, in a word, the prospect for a sanctified and classless society fades as the convictions of the Communist approach those of the bourgeois liberal. But that is not the subject here under discussion. The fact remains that even the Communist who proclaims that liberalism is dead is far from asserting that the whole complex of institutions and ideals and standards of value associated with the term has been wholly abandoned. And to that extent the differences between him and the liberal democrat have not only diminished but diminished at least as much because the Communist has shifted his emphasis as because the democrat has recognized the working defects of the system he supports.

On the one hand, Bertrand Russell may take his stand upon a position which many would describe as far to the right. He may assure me, for example, that to him the phrase "Liberalism is dead" means no more than that *laissez faire* as an economic system has been shown not to work. He may go on both to affirm his faith in democracy, his conviction that it has already vastly improved the condition of humanity, and his further conviction that the best hope for the future is in the continual piling up of such small reforms as democracy has accomplished in the past. On the other hand, M. Malraux—and here his position does not seem very different from that of an orthodox Communist Party man—may assert that the whole method of liberalism is dead because it was never alive, that the liberal society never existed except in the minds of sentimentalists. To Mr. Russell's assertion that the citizen of France or Great Britain or the United States who insists that

nothing can be done now and that he must simply wait for the catastrophe of civil war is merely giving us an excuse for laziness, M. Malraux may oppose the conviction that democracy can never work until it has been reborn after a proletarian dictatorship. But wide as the divergence is, it is not as wide as it might be and not, I am convinced, as wide as that between the typical Communist and the typical democrat was ten years ago. Neither M. Malraux nor Mr. Fox talked about the "workers' civilization" as something beyond the comprehension of the bourgeois democrat. They talked only about the best method of getting in the greatest measure something which, like Mr. Russell, they agreed in thinking worth the having. Perhaps they found more of liberalism dead. But they were obviously as anxious as he that the whole should be restored to life.

To say all this is not to say that the Communist and the

liberal are therefore ready to unite as brothers along a common front. The differences between them are profound enough to wreck a world which may find no way of reconciling one with the other. But the agreements are sufficient to limit the particular discussion. The question "How dead is liberalism?" has come to mean—much more clearly than it meant ten years ago—how dead are liberal methods and the faith which intelligent men can have in them? Can liberalism best be served by defending the institutions through which these liberal methods have operated or by consenting that they should be destroyed to make way for others whose outlines can at present be only dimly perceived? In my conversations I met no one whose discussion ranged further afield.

[This is the first of a series of four articles by Mr. Krutch. The second will appear next week.]

Doriot—France's Would-be Führer

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, August 20

PIERRE LAVAL, in the days when he was a revolutionary Socialist, uttered words which sound like a prophetic description of his own subsequent career. "The bourgeoisie," he said, "no longer has any men. It is obliged to go and find them in the garbage heap where the proletariat throws its refuse." A more recent example is the case of Jacques Doriot. It has been evident for many months now that all was not quite well in the Croix de Feu camp. The fantastic unfitness of Colonel de la Rocque for the role assigned him was brought home after the elections even to the impresarios of fascism. Therefore these gentlemen, with no time to lose, set about looking for more suitable talent. They found it—or think they found it—in the mayor and deputy of the suburban town of St. Denis, the Communist renegade Doriot. Why he, of all the possible and eager candidates? The answer is that Duke Pozzo di Borgo—until some three weeks ago the Colonel's angel—and his general staff had been looking into the mechanics of the movement which had triumphed in Germany and Italy and which had so inexplicably failed in France. Their studies showed them that the counter-revolution, whenever it got anywhere, was led by a man of the people—in Poland and Italy by ex-Socialists, in Germany by a former workman; while in Spain, for instance, where an army officer tried his hand at the business, it was short-lived. Now Doriot fulfils all the requirements. He is a man of humble origin, has served his political apprenticeship in a proletarian party and in capitalist prisons, knows how to talk to workmen, is well versed in the "social" lingo of which Hitler made such excellent capital, is a determined, intelligent, able fellow, and the U. S. S. R. is anathema to him.

This last is a capital point. The other fascist chieftains could and did rave against "Moscow," but Doriot has the

goods on the Soviets. He is an ex-member of the Politburo, has had personal contact with the leaders of the Russian government, and can at least pretend to have inside documentary evidence of the aims and methods of the Comintern. He did a lot of "exposing" of his one-time comrades in the course of the recent elections. Indeed, it was this that in the first instance caused the 200 families to cock their ears in his direction. He possesses other qualifications also for the role he is being cast for. Though the working class and the politically conscious execrate a renegade, the unwary are apt to be drawn toward a "convert" who has seen the light; and Doriot exploits the pretension of being a peace-loving, patriotic—as well as, of course, an anti-capitalist—Frenchman who reluctantly parted company with an Internationale which was bent on involving his country in a war against fascism and for the defense of a foreign power, the Soviet Union. The facts are somewhat more complex and rather less flattering to his rugged sincerity. He was, it is true, forced out of the French Communist Party for a breach of discipline, his advocacy of union with the Socialists before the executive committee had got round to it. But having got out, he did not, like other dissident Communists, join either the Socialists or the P. U. P. (Party of Proletarian Unity). He took the path which Millerand, Laval, and their kind had blazed for him, setting up, first, his own *Doriotiste* machine and then swinging by rapid strides farther and farther to the right. In two years he had bleached completely white, the leading exponent of "integral" nationalism and anti-Sovietism in France.

His past, his versatile conscience, his common touch made him the very man to rally the scattered forces of the counter-revolution into a single movement. No sooner were the elections over than negotiations started. By the middle of July the one-town Doriotist seed blossomed

out into the Parti Populaire Français, before an audience of dowager marquises, bank directors, tricolor youths of both sexes, and residents of the Faubourg St. Germain, with the blessings, on the following morning, of the entire reactionary press, including the *Action Française* and the *Völkischer Beobachter*. In many circles, notably in Communist ones, Doriot is viewed with apprehension. Doubtless he is more dangerous than the preposterous La Rocque or any of his competitors. For the moment his advent has served to precipitate the collapse of the long-decayed Croix de Feu movement. But while the right-wing elements of this fascist army are flocking to Doriot, the anti-capitalist faction of it, that which took the Colonel's "social" aspirations seriously, is heading in the opposite direction, to the Socialists and the Communists. What is more, both La Rocque and his rivals decline to efface themselves before the new idol of the oligarchy, and having transformed their organizations into political parties to evade the dissolution decree, carry on at the old stand. The immediate result, then, of Doriotism has been but to bring another aspirant into an already overcrowded market. Time alone will tell whether his venture has solid ground under it. If it ever gains any effective following, it will be owing less to

Doriot's gifts of leadership than to the dawning crisis in the political and economic life of the republic.

In contemporary Europe a left victory at the polls is not necessarily the prelude to the strengthening or even the preservation of democracy. It may, on the contrary, be the signal for a final and desperate assault by its foes. This is all the more likely to be the case when the democratic forces arrive in office with an audacious program of social and economic reform. In every country where fascism has carried the day its triumph has been preceded by an electoral landslide to the left. The tragic events occurring in Spain today are but the latest and bloodiest instance of the truth that the counter-revolution effectively gets into action only where and when democracy throws down the gauntlet without at the same time boldly and swiftly taking the offensive. Indeed, fascism as a world phenomenon is historically and in its nature the counter-attack of the old order after the first victory of the new. In this sense the French reactionaries were not lying when during the campaign of last spring they warned that if the *Front Populaire* won the election it would mean civil war. It was a veiled hint that the oligarchy and the political parties at its service had no intention of abiding by the will of the people.

Sojourn in Hell

BY JOHANN SCHMIDT

THE concentration camp of Esterwegen, in which I was a prisoner, consists of two inclosures separated by a barbed-wire barricade in which there is a gate. In the smaller inclosure are the offices of the commandant and the administrative officials, garages, kitchen, dining-room, court, bath, and sleeping quarters for about 400 special guards (S. S.). The larger inclosure is the prisoners' camp, containing ten barracks, workshops, kitchen, bath, and court. Around this camp runs the "path of death," a sanded strip about thirty inches wide along which hang warning shields painted with skulls and crossbones. Whoever sets foot on this path may be shot by the sentinel without warning. It is inclosed by wires and barricades, and between these and the outer wall runs another path about forty-five inches wide on which sentinels walk incessantly to and fro. Over the gate between the two inclosures is a tower occupied day and night by a machine-gun unit. There are other towers on the extremities of the camp wall.

The prisoners number from 1,000 to 1,200. They are divided into the following groups:

Criminals. The Nazis classify as criminals persons who within a year receive more than five criminal sentences, including one of a half-year's imprisonment. Such offenders are kept in a concentration camp for two or three years as an additional penalty. The local police decide more or less arbitrarily whether or not a person is to be

classified as a criminal, and those so classified have no right of appeal and no other legal right. Criminals and political prisoners do the same work and suffer the same treatment, but wear different uniforms. Conversation between criminals and political prisoners is forbidden, although they work together.

Austrians. Many Austrian Nazis fled to Germany after the revolt of 1934. Some of these were enrolled in German Nazi organizations; the rest formed the Austrian Legion. If one of them was guilty of an infraction of discipline, or was politically suspect, or even showed a desire to go back to a civil profession, he was placed in a concentration camp as a "prisoner of honor." The Austrians at Esterwegen wear special uniforms, and are not obliged to do labor service. They are allowed to give the Hitler salute, and as a visible sign of their "honor" they are permitted to wear shining black leather puttees. But this honor is tenuous. Frequently they become political prisoners. The "prisoners of honor" are strictly forbidden to communicate with the criminals or the political prisoners, but this does not prevent them from begging Jews for half-smoked cigarettes. The Austrians commit most of the infractions of discipline. In special barracks, separated from the others, these National Socialist prisoners of honor show neither honor nor friendship.

Political Prisoners (in "protective custody"). There

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I SUPPOSE it is too much to hope that President Roosevelt may appoint Ross A. Collins of Mississippi, the former Congressman, to the post left vacant by the death of Secretary Dern of the War Department. Yet it would be an almost ideal selection. There has never been a more useful member of the House Military Affairs Committee than was Mr. Collins, who unfortunately resigned his seat in the hope that he might be elected Senator from his state—he was defeated by his demagogue opponent, Theodore G. Bilbo. Mr. Collins had served in the House from 1921 to 1935 and during most of this time was on the Military Affairs Committee. He took his work most seriously and studied the organization of the army, its personnel, its needs, and its methods of business with a thoroughness that nobody else had thought of giving to it. I believe it is true that he was the only member whom the War Department officials feared when they came before the committee, for Mr. Collins sometimes told them things about the army they did not know themselves. More than that, Mr. Collins is not a militarist. If he were Secretary of War, he would not go round the country making bombastic and imperialistic speeches, and he certainly would not permit the present Assistant Secretary, Mr. Woodring, to preach militarism and to attack violently the most outstanding clergymen in the country and the workers for peace in general merely because they stand for peace. It is just because Mr. Collins is such a civilized man and because he would insist on reorganizing the army and making it really efficient that it is too much to hope for his appointment.

Perhaps next winter, when Major General Johnson Hagood's new book on the army appears, this whole question of army organization and army efficiency may get a real ventilation in Congress. I say "may" and not "will" for the reason that two years ago a book on the United States navy appeared which would have caused the fall of any ministry in Europe if it had been written about the navy of a European country. It was called "Is the Navy Ready?" and it came from the pen of F. Russell Bichowsky, a former instructor in the Naval Academy and civilian official who was for some years employed in one of the navy's scientific bureaus. It was not that he had only his own opinions to offer which made it possible for the navy to ignore this terrible indictment of itself, its educational methods, and its efficiency as a fighting machine, for the author had gone through the back files for a number of years of the leading naval professional publication, the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*, and taken out criticisms of the service from the pens of officers of high standing. This book of Bichowsky's was reinforced after its publication by Admiral Sims's indictment

of our system of training naval officers, in which he declared that we were not producing any officers competent to handle the fleet in war time. This alone would have caused a governmental crisis elsewhere, and either the admiral making the charge would have been court-martialed and dismissed or reforms would have taken place.

Similarly in the army the criticisms of Major Generals Johnson Hagood, William C. Rivers, and Smedley D. Butler, the latter of the marines, go unnoticed. Just as the navy ignores aspersions upon its honor and efficiency, so the War Department simply ducks the criticisms of the few officers who have the courage and are in a position to say what they believe. Perhaps Major General Hagood's book will sting both Congress and the War Department into action, but the only definite assurance of this that I can think of would be the appointment of Ross Collins as Secretary of War.

The recent action of France in placing the army and navy under one head ought to make Congress consider creating a similar department of defense with one executive and three assistant secretaries to head the army, the navy, and the flying force. Was there ever anything more preposterous than the fact that the War and Navy departments are within sight of each other in Washington and yet have no more to do with each other in the matter of the nation's defense than they have with the Department of Commerce, or of Labor? Part of the air forces are assigned to the navy and marine corps and part to the army, yet Holland, France, Germany, and Italy are consolidating their army and navy air forces. Great Britain has long had only one air force. Opposition to the combining of our defense organizations under one head is based solely on the fact that it has never been done before and on the fear of the present departments that they will lose prestige and power. Yet if war should come, there would not be time to work out a coordinated plan for defense such as should be in existence today. There might be directly conflicting orders to the navy fliers and the army air men which would result in confusion and chaos, perhaps even collisions, not with the enemy, but with each other. The worst of it is that the money spent on preparedness is just fooling the public into believing that the arming of the country is going on in accordance with a detailed plan worked out in relation to a definite foreign policy of this government.

I sincerely hope that Major General Hagood will devote a good portion of his book to the astounding fact that our responsible political leaders speak of a defense policy without any genuine attempt to define such a policy, without understanding what such a policy calls for, and without seeing that unison of the armed services is the very basis of any defense policy which merits the name.

BROUN'S PAGE

PROFESSIONAL baseball is one of America's industries which have profited particularly by recovery. Although the magnates have not made any public expression they are decidedly in debt to the New Deal. Moreover, in their own system of government for the game they long ago abandoned earlier ideas of complete autonomy and set up a strongly centralized control under Judge Landis. But it would hardly be fair to call this fascism since Landis has to get himself elected every once and so often.

Still, at the moment I am not going to concern myself with the economic or political aspects of the national game, rich as these fields may be. My own reviving enthusiasm in the pennant races rests, I hope, upon the restoration of pitching to its proper place as an art form. Babe Ruth was a genius, and his own exploits in self-expression on the diamond will never be forgotten, but he did destroy all balance and form in the proper pattern of big-league baseball. Or at any rate one phase of the art was developed at the expense of the rest.

The Babe was the prophet of man's potentialities. He was the "yea" sayer of the diamond. Carl Hubbell is a sort of Housman marking in mournful numbers—chiefly zeros—the limitations upon human aspirations. In the days of Ruth it seemed a small world after all, and the fences were close and not particularly compelling. During the reign of Hubbell first base itself is a Marathon route.

All of which is just another way of saying that the pitchers are beginning to catch up with the hitters once again. If I choose to mention Dizzy Dean only in passing, it will be because in my opinion Carl Hubbell is the greatest technician the game has ever known, and I am not even excepting Mathewson. It is true that both Ed Walsh and Chesbro ran up strings of victories greater than those which Hubbell has achieved, but there was a certain brute strength in their triumphs. Hubbell prevails on sheer skill. He is a pitchers' pitcher and certainly the sort of ballplayer who would have delighted the heart of Ruskin or of Pater.

One of the most thrilling things which an admirer of perfectionism can do is to sit behind the plate and watch Hubbell work on one of his good days. And most of his days are good. One of the curious contradictions in his mastery of his medium is that he happens to be a southpaw. There may have been left-handed architects, authors, and painters who possessed control, but it is notorious that left-handed pitchers are universally a little whacky.

Some have made up for their aberrations by intermittent flashes of brilliant execution. The late Rube Waddell, for instance, was not an artist in the sense in which Carl Hubbell is, but he could upon occasion pitch practically unhittable baseball. It all gets back to the fundamental question of whether Willa Cather is more important than Theodore Dreiser. Dreiser can't write. He is distinctly

what the big-league pitchers call a "thrower," but when the perspiration is on him he often can manage to buzz the ball across even though it is straight as a string.

Hubbell, unlike Theodore Dreiser or Walter Johnson, plays for the corners. He gains his effects with a minimum of effort and by his precision rather than his power. Of course he has a good curve and he is a master of the screw-ball. Indeed, he is one of the few left-handers who has ever succeeded in perfecting this delivery.

When Carl Hubbell is right he is always ahead of the batter. I watched him once in a tight game in Boston when he did not throw more than three balls during the entire game which did not go precisely where he intended to place them. Naturally he was not throwing a succession of strikes although he almost always had the first on the batter before he undertook to make him go after bad ones. Too many pitchers with a two-and-none advantage will waste the next one so grossly that the current hitter cannot possibly be deceived into swinging. They will give the batter a ball two feet over his head or one which hits the dirt in the vain hope that he may go after it. But when Hubbell wastes a ball he uses more finesse. He doesn't waste it by much. He simply puts it in a mean spot, for he knows not only the corners of the plate but the territory just outside where a sharp-eyed batter or even an umpire may make a mistake.

Once in the annual all-star game Carl Hubbell struck out six (or was it five?) of the finest batters in the world in succession. But that was bravura stuff and unworthy of him. It was like Wagner (Richard) throwing a song hit into the middle of the "Ring" or Shakespeare stooping to write a "Taming of the Shrew."

I trust that we can agree that the chief function of a pitcher is not to give the batter something he can't hit but rather to serve the ball up to him in such fashion that he cannot hit it in the manner to which he had been accustomed. It is, of course, amusing to get a man to miss a wide curve by a foot, but there is more artistry in letting him get just a piece of a delivery properly placed for his undoing.

To be sure, Hubbell is tragically born either too soon or too late. He came to the game well after the fans had begun to forget all about the art of pitching or take any interest in it. They are beginning to show a greater appreciation for this old art form, but it is still too tepid. In the days of his glory excursion trains were run to bring the villagers into town to see Babe Ruth knock the ball over the fence. Even today it is considered expedient to let it be known in advance when Dizzy Dean is going to take the mound for the Cardinals. But my great admiration still goes out to Carl Hubbell, the quiet and inconspicuous left-hander in the pea-green business suit, who moves through the world with all the self-effacement of an Alfred Landon.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Gerontion in Cork

BIRD ALONE. By Sean O'Faolain. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THE principal reflection left by Mr. O'Faolain's third volume of fiction is that here is a young novelist who has mastered all the more important elements of his craft—to a greater extent perhaps than any of his contemporaries in either England or America—only to remain handicapped by a fundamental uncertainty or confusion as to his theme. This new work possesses all the qualities that made the short stories of "Midsummer Night Madness" and "A Nest of Simple Folk" among the few real consolations of recent book seasons. It is distinguished by the same controlled use of Anglo-Irish speech rhythms, the same brilliance of both narrative and descriptive detail, and the same rich handling of the *mise-en-scène*. But it is hard to discover in it anything that can be said to mark an advance over either of those earlier books. It is not that Mr. O'Faolain, turning from direct treatment of revolutionary materials, has failed to bring up to date the long chronicle of Irish social and political history begun in his first novel. For it would seem not impossible for a writer of his imagination to give us a novel of Irish life of such depth and breadth that the revolutionary subject would fall into his proper relation to the whole. It is rather that he has chosen to demonstrate the acknowledged perfection of his craft within the easy limitations of a minor and now rather too conventionalized pattern.

Taken conventionally, and it has already been so taken by the English reviewers, "Bird Alone" belongs to the class of romantic death idyl which has enjoyed such a lively vogue since the war. Future historians will doubtless discover some connection between this fondness for identifying the themes of love and death, as revealed in novelists as disparate as Michael Arlen and Ernest Hemingway, and the present state of our society. At the moment it is certain only that, in addition to providing an incontrovertible termination to a story, the necessity of death for the heroine renders almost unavoidable some very facile dramatic writing. This is a consequence doubled in certainty when death is allied with the other officially most effective of literary subjects; and like "A Farewell to Arms" Mr. O'Faolain's novel reaches its climax in a scene describing a childbirth. The truth is, however, that this central situation is so interwoven in the rich background of people and places that its melodramatic angles are considerably softened. Much more likely to remain in the memory than the over-ritualized love scenes are such figures as the narrator's unregenerate grandfather, his notorious Aunt Virginia from London, Mabel-in-the-Stable, and the evil-eyed Condoorum. Mr. O'Faolain's characters are on a somewhat higher social level than those in Frank O'Connor's stories and novel of Cork but they have no less capacity for rhetoric and absurdity. Perhaps the high point in all this humorous accompaniment to the main story is the epochal last confession of Grandfather Crone, in which the old man still keeps "an even balance between his loyalties, so that what with his *fortissimo* secularities and the *pianissimo* confession the thing was like an antiphon between this world and the next." But it is not possible by

any single character or incident to indicate the remarkable quality of density with which Mr. O'Faolain endows his presentation of the complex little world of Cork. The city itself, as has been said of the Dublin of Joyce's "Ulysses," is more real and interesting than any of its inhabitants. This is managed partly through the fluid poetic style and partly through a formal framework which makes possible the rapid transitions and vivid condensations of the memory.

The framework, which is distinctly reminiscent of Mr. Eliot's "Gerontion," is that of recollection: an old man looking through misty windows upon the city in which he has lived all the important experiences of his life. The symbolical division of the three periods of his life—The Dark Cave, The Jungle, The Desert—increases the resemblance to a lyrical monologue. To this choice of novel structure, despite its great advantages for Mr. O'Faolain's type of prose, there are at least two objections amply illustrated in the book. The first is that the novelist is practically forced to make his narrator employ language and rhythms more complicated than are plausible for his particular background. It is hard to believe, for example, that even a carpenter who knows his Shakespeare and Moore would describe his native city in this fashion: "Lovely under the faint webbing of the hearth-vapors of every house, linked from peak to peak into a communal smoke, covering her like a city-under-the-sea." The second and more serious objection is that rather tenuous poetic renderings and reflections are substituted for the orderly working out of a theme that we have come, rightly or wrongly, to expect from the novel form. It is never precisely clear what pattern of meaning we are to extract from the sequence of circumstances that have made Corny Crone a "bird alone" in his social environment. There is mention of a "whisper of wind" that seems to tell him that he has had too little sense of the claims of common humanity. But we know that the tragedy itself—the death of his fiancée on the lonely marshes and his consequent ostracism—has been as much the result of outside forces like ignorance and intolerance. The whisper of wind does not quite condense into a theme. It is as if Mr. O'Faolain himself, like Grandfather Crone, were trying too hard to keep a balance between his social and religious loyalties. Here again we are left, as at the close of his first novel, with an impression of conflicts unresolved, of ambiguities remaining suspended in a flowing current of exquisitely modulated language.

WILLIAM TROY

Now It Can Be Told

GOMEZ: TYRANT OF THE ANDES. By Thomas Rourke. William Morrow and Company. \$3.50.

THIS postmortem now-it-can-be-told story of Vicent Gómez, dictator of Venezuela—neither the first nor the last of the Ottoman-like tyrants of Latin America—pulls the veil back from the twenty-seven past years, during which, as the author notes, the real history of that backward oil and cattle country has been a blank.

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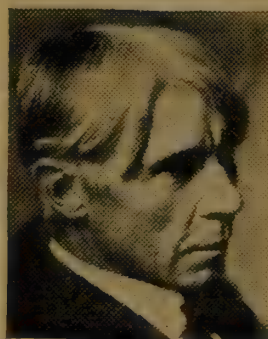
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all over the world were hounded, blackmailed, or murdered, and their well-nigh unbelievable stories stifled. At the same time through lavish subsidies for favorable publicity, the tales of the rotting torture holes, ruled over by known sadistic criminals, were concealed by sickening praise of Gómez and his regime in all the notable publications of the world, not excluding the *New York Times*.

But did not the great benevolent patriot eliminate all foreign debt? Did he not build fine roads? Well-paid publicists failed to mention that most of these roads were not built to benefit the nation but to accommodate the vast private estates of the dictator, and that their cost in money and human misery hit an all-time high. But did he not maintain peace in one of those troublesome countries, thus permitting honest American capital to operate?

Now, after twenty-seven years of regal pomp and might, the dictator has discovered that he also fits in something less than a six-foot coffin. Fourteen tons of the cruelest leg irons yet devised by man have been flung into the at Puerto Cabello. Venezuela breathes again. What next?

Rourke gives us little inkling, but he does tell the whole story of Gómez, succinctly and dramatically, without special pleading. A former oil engineer, the author of "Thunder Below," an intimate novel of Latin American life, Rourke—with his broad background of Venezuelan history, his first-hand knowledge of the people, their life and customs and institutions—in vivid, swift, and occasionally brilliant style contributes a worthy addition to the best literature dealing with the southern countries. He knows Venezuela better than most men ever get to know a foreign country, and this knowledge flows into his exciting narrative to give it validity, strength, and richness. The career of the sardonic ruler, his cattle rustling, his campaigns, his mistresses, his lust for gold and power, his cruelties, his fantastic energies and abilities—all are told.

It is too soon for a definitive biography. Confessions, hidden records, all sorts of data are still pouring into the pages of the liberated Caracas newspapers. During the long conspiracy of silence, which partly baffles even Rourke, the dictator had powerful allies—for hundreds of millions of dollars of American and British capital are invested in the country, until recently the second-largest petroleum producer in the world. There were dark and sinuous things in the dealings of many of the oil companies and other great investors, completely whitewashed by Rourke—shady concessions, bribed officials, false-bottom tankers, tricky gauges, connivances with corrupt officialdom to defraud the nation. A few of these things are on record, but Rourke does not give the story.

Now that there is talk of nationalizing Venezuelan oil, the country may well become a second Mexico, with thunderous notes speeding toward Caracas, and battleships with stripped decks and guns trained on Maracaibo. As in Mexico, some of the oil companies even before the death of Gómez had worked out emergency plans in detail to set up an independent oil republic. If and when these momentous events disturb the Rooseveltian dream of noble pan-Americanism, Rourke's book will provide us with no background for understanding them.

Personally I regret that he did not delve into the records of the relations of our State Department with the dictator. He might well have quoted some of the gushing eulogies by our outstanding diplomats and Congressmen at the Bolívar centenary, at a time when behind the scenes, perhaps to hide any signs of unrest from his silk-hat visitors, Gómez had embarked upon one of his most terroristic ram-

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pages: students were toiling in chains on the roads and live men were hanging with meat-hooks through their jaws in the public plazas.

I also wish that Rourke gave a deeper explanation—he gives it by implication—than that of mere political precedent for dictatorships in countries of such racial and economic cleavage as Venezuela. But he is so generous with information and understanding and has stuck so well to his essential task of narrative biography that quibbling is not in order. His book is exciting enough to warrant its being read by a public usually lethargic about the affairs of our southern neighbors.

CARLETON BEALS

The Jews of Lodz

THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI. By I. J. Singer. Translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE mood of this novel is of a piece with the mood of our time. Now that the Jewish problem is more than ever with us and the fate of the Jew swings in the scale of political events, a narrative depicting a wide panorama of Jewish life through a fusion of its national and social elements is something of a triumph of historic consciousness over the inertia of tradition. Not that Yiddish writers have not done it before, and, in the case of radicals like David Bergelson, with greater clarity and concentration. Yet the fact remains that most Yiddish writers have been content to immerse themselves in genre painting, provincial nostalgia, and the segregated patterns of a dying folk life. This seems to be the reason for the scarcity of translations from that language. Lacking a common denominator with scenes and values of literature in other languages, much Yiddish writing has inevitably found itself chained to the Wailing Wall. In a way Singer has himself been one of the romantics of national introversion. With this novel, however, he has thrust forward into the mêlée of modern experience, and this without surrendering a jot of his fidelity to the particulars of the classic Jewish world of Eastern Europe.

The story of Lodz, textile center of Poland, supplies the background of Mr. Singer's novel. Each character's destiny is, to a large degree, determined by the fortunes of the city itself—from its small beginnings in primitive accumulation on through the Industrial Revolution and the growth of monopoly. The brothers Max and Yakob Ashkenazi, sons of a pietist father, move through careers that involve a full recreation of their teeming environment—the all-absorbing business deals, the cycles of intimate life, the breakdown of orthodox mores, the rise of the labor movement with its strikes and revolutionary conspiracies, the World War, the Russian Revolution, and the birth of an independent Poland. Events are shaped by the combat of classes, individualized within the human void of wealth and in the agonies and struggles of the poor. The variegated national traditions of the city find their detailed representation in symbolic figures, such as Nissan, the workers' leader, who reenacts in revolutionary terms his father's messianic yearnings and ascetic frenzy; Huntze, the German textile magnate, who defends his peasant heritage in battling the social ambitions of his degenerate sons and daughters; and Flederbaum, the Jewish millionaire, who, having abandoned his religion in all but name, remembers in the nights the implacable God of his fathers and in fear and trembling pours his money into the synagogues and charities of the Jews to appease the jealous deity.

But of course it is Max and Yakob who carry the brunt of the story's movement. Max, a physical weakling and a brilliant Talmudic scholar in his youth, rises to wealth and power through countless cruelties and betrayals, while Yakob, a tranquil, self-indulgent type, alert to the enchantments of sheer living, makes his way through luck with women. The rivalry between the brothers, running its course through boundless hatred to reconciliation on the brink of financial disaster and death, is cast, it seems to me, in the Biblical mold of Cain and Abel. Nowhere is the deeply Hebraic nature of the author's imagination so patent as in the character of Max, in whom we discern the quality of evil absolutized as in some of the figures of the Old Testament. And as Max dies repentant, cursing, like Job, the day he was born—"his head fallen across the rumpled pages of his Bible"—his end serves to revitalize his origin in the mythology of his people.

The book ends on a note of interrogation, for though the author has welded the national and social elements of his subject, he has not resolved the problem of their interaction. As the story closes, the reader may be left with the impression that the classes are taking one road and the Jews another. Nissan's disappointment in the October uprising, the shattering of Feldblum's faith in a Poland free from tyranny and racial hatred, the ineffectualness of the money solution for the Jewish dilemma, as exemplified in the death of the brothers—are these the fears of the author or his answer?

It might also be said that frequently the haste of history stays the intensity of the writing. In its effect on specific emotions and perceptions, the author's rendering of the objective flow of events is at times more illustrative than profound. The orchestration is perhaps a trifle too geometric, the characters too devoted to the destinies mapped out for them. The world of this social novelist suffers from an excess of rationalism. Given the intensity of pauses and the relief of a more plastic humanity, this novel could have reached a higher imaginative level. But even as it is, "The Brothers Ashkenazi" seems to me the most important novel of Jewish life so far published in English.

PHILIP RAHV

Small Pink Bloom

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS. By Audrey Wurdemann. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

MISS WURDEMANN is so gracefully depreciatory of her talents in certain of the poems here that one is tempted to take her at her own estimate. The opening lyric, for example, draws a useful comparison between the activities of the locust and the labors of the poet, both of whom, it appears, are concerned with the portage of "a single grain" "to a paltry storehouse." Farther on, in a sonnet descriptive of the resurgence of the arbutus, "a natural growth, a thing of the very soil," Miss Wurdemann pauses somewhat wistfully to register the hope that her own "twisted thoughts" may some day "put forth a small pink bloom." Elsewhere she proceeds to define the full life as one devoted wholly to seeing "With the eye Of the fly," tasting with the "tongue of the bee," hearing with "the furred ear Of the deer," smelling "As a dog can tell Trouble and terror," and touching "With the pink splayed hands of the mole." It would be excessive to suggest that Miss Wurdemann has not been to some extent successful in achieving each of these modest objectives; she has, in the present volume, carried a single grain, put forth a small pink bloom, and reported the "splendors in the grass"—which are hardly those Wordsworth meant—through

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what may be politely fancied as the eye, tongue, ear, nose, and hand of a fly, bee, deer, dog, and mole respectively.

More than this, there is little to be said, except that the volume embarrasses definition by its complete colorlessness. Miss Wurdemann writes trippingly, without intensity or distinction. She is content to speculate as to the shape, sound, and consistency of cold, to note the flight of pigeons and geese, the figures in a tapestry, the details of unicorns, new moons, spiderwebs, and her face in the mirror, and to devise literary nosebags out of traditional flowers. It is a little beside the point to cite incidental echoes of Millay, Dickinson, and Léonie Adams which occur in several of the lyrics here, for Miss Wurdemann's models, like her observation of natural phenomena, have yielded her only their platitudes.

BEN BELITT

Revolt of the White Collars

A TIME TO REMEMBER. By Leane Zugsmith. Random House. \$2.

THIS is not only the best novel that Miss Zugsmith has written, but one of the best social-minded novels that anybody has written, and one of the sanest approaches to the broadly anonymous—but no longer wholly inarticulate—population of our time. Of the fiction of the left, this is an exemplary novel to set before an open-minded reader because, starting from scratch, he would have no choice but to end up in a partisan mood. To some extent this would be due to the effect of the book on his emotions—with its human characters, its pathos, its touches of personal drama and social passion, "A Time to Remember" has a decided emotional appeal—but it would be chiefly due to the effect of the book on his mind. Miss Zugsmith, nowhere seeking to intoxicate the reader with belligerent indictments, has simply shown that the modern business world, even minus its most flagrant abuses, makes life hopeless for one's self-respect, one's human growth, one's sense of being fully alive: she makes us see it as a chain we drag around with us, if it isn't a heavy boot that bashes in our heads. Her novel, in other words, goes beyond showing that the methods of present-day capitalism are incompatible with human dignity; it shows that their very goal is incompatible with human freedom (the freedom of the bosses hardly less than the freedom of the workers).

"A Time to Remember" deals with white-collar employees in a department store. We become familiar with them as so many human beings before we observe them banded together as fellow-workers and, more significantly later on, as fellow-strikers. They are not much alike, mentally or temperamentally, in background, education, or social consciousness; most of them, however, are typical American products swallowing the myths of democracy and opportunity as a gesture against fate. For the most part they are not imaginative or self-assertive by nature; some of them are possibly grateful to have so few responsibilities, even toward themselves. But they are subtly worn down or dried up by the simple facts of their situation—the long hours of work under unpleasant circumstances for inadequate pay. And with the clash that arises through the formation of a union, when they are spied upon, blackmailed into giving information, bounced for becoming members, a capacity for leadership and action begins to assert itself.

Miss Zugsmith neither glorifies her strike nor distorts its meaning. For both bosses and workers it is a time of enlightenment and a time of confusion, and people on both sides, granted their bias, behave like human beings. Nor, though the

strikers win, is their victory more than, to quote the author's own words, an "armed truce." Indeed, the clearest perception which the book brings home to you is that nothing is really settled by the here and now of her story, since it reflects but a moment in a struggle that is basic and irreconcilable. The system has got beyond repair; the people, taken individually, have ceased to count.

That is the final verdict, the verdict of our minds; but it is the business of fiction to attack our minds by way of our emotions, and to make people, taken individually in a different way, count for all they are worth. Miss Zugsmith, aware of this, has never allowed the immediate realities of her novel to be swallowed up by its implications. Here are people involved in a process; but here, to begin with, are people. People, many of them, quite ignorant of the process, and only beginning to learn as the process jumps a cog. People with families, with love affairs, with modest, absurd, unruly desires, with all kinds of prejudices, all degrees of courage. Even those who are prepared to fight and know what they are fighting for, work with conflicting emotions: one of them has a sick, pathetic, uncomprehending father; another has a jealous, pathetic, uncomprehending wife.

Thus through the material itself, through telling a vigorous story about interesting men and women, Miss Zugsmith leads us step by step to an understanding of their place in society; and then leads us one step farther, to understand the structure of that society, where the pay envelopes and the blocks of stock, the bouncings and the promotions, are all equally enslaving. "A Time to Remember" is impressive both for what it has to say and for the way it says it.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Bunga-Bunga Tree

ANTI-SEMITISM HISTORICALLY AND CRITICALLY EXAMINED. By Hugo Valentin. The Viking Press. \$3.

"WHEN the bunga-bunga tree yields abundantly, the Australian blacks allow the stranger to share its fruit; when the yield is moderate, they may not do so; and in time of famine they eat the stranger." In this behavior Professor Hugo Valentin finds the prototype and explanation of modern anti-Semitism; for, as he adds, and many observers will agree with him, "civilized man is the twin brother of primitive man."

Civilized men, however, do not eat the stranger raw. They insist on seasoning him with spicy vices and cooking him over elaborate and complicated grills of theology, nationalism, or racialism; and by the time they have wiped their mouths it would appear that they have not devoured an innocent stranger but baffled a dangerous enemy. For men who want to know the whys and hows of anti-Semitism, as well as men who honestly regard the Jews askance, we urge the bestowal of two or three hours on Hugo Valentin's candid work, "Anti-Semitism Historically and Critically Examined."

The author is a Swede, a Christian, and a distinguished historian at the University of Upsala. The Jews of Sweden, it should be noted, number about 7,000, or one-tenth of 1 per cent of the total population—a mere fleck proportionately one-tenth the former size of German Jewry, which itself was proportionately a quarter the size of American Jewry. As a consequence, this Nordic student of the Jewish question—he has given years of study and devotion to it—can look with superb and certainly impartial peninsular isolation upon the madness which has overrun Central Europe and threatens the two Americas. His isolation from psychic contagion of either a philo- or anti-Semitic nature, his even temper, such as one expects but does not always find in a historian, and his wide and competent familiarity with the subject are a guaranty and a clear gain for the reader. Indeed, as a result of this book Professor Valentin will doubtless be ranked with G. F. Abbott and Leroy-Beaulieu as a dispassionate interpreter of Israel to the Gentiles.

The 300-page volume opens with a few brief chapters devoted to anti-Semitism in ancient and medieval times—a survey, it must be confessed, that smacks too literally of the encyclopedias and standard histories from which it was drawn. But the succeeding hundred pages, devoted particularly to Germany as the country which gave birth and classic expression to modern anti-Semitism, will reward the inquirer with a succinct, accurate, and highly readable account of why and how Germany and many of its neighboring lands, when the bunga-bunga tree went back on them, took to eating their Jews. The concluding and larger portion of the book details the leading charges brought against these victims—charges especially prevalent in Germany, echoes of which are not unfamiliar in America—such as racial inferiority, a conspiracy to rule the world, overweening financial power, secret Talmudic doctrines, radicalism, bolshevism, and parasitic habits. Each charge is examined in the light of its historic origin, the facts which can be distinguished among its fancies, and the interests which keep it alive. Such an examination explodes rather than refutes the charge. The accusation vanishes from the realm of fact, to linger, as the author says, only in minds that live on fiction.

The author's splendid isolation is perhaps responsible,

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however, for certain deficiencies which, in view of what the book otherwise achieves, must be regretted. Probably because Sweden, with its high and equitable standard of living and its low percentage of "strangers," is free from any menace of Jew-hatred, Professor Valentin gives scant space to the practical and intimate details of how anti-Semitism is fostered, not by its blind, honest, or fanatic adherents, but by the political demagogues and the industrial and financial leaders who take profit rather than pride in Jew-baiting. So, too, the author dwells too little on the menace of anti-Semitism to the Gentiles. Since they far outnumber the Jews, it should be made evident that it is the Gentiles who lose most when, in the course of depriving the Jew of his liberties, they must surrender their own. In a literal and ominous sense anti-Semitism is a Gentile problem.

Although the author clearly understands the economic basis of current anti-Semitism, he fails to draw from it either a prognostication or a program for the future. He is, to be sure, shrewd enough to see that nothing the Jews may do as Jews will alter their general lot. Whether they "assimilate" or act with "tactful restraint," whether they cling to their past or create a new future in Palestine, they will not be helped. "For it is not the Jews who are hated but an imaginary image of them." With respect to the Gentiles, "so far as we can see," he says, "this hatred will flourish for generations," to be vanquished only by that messianic reign, dear alike to Christian and Jew, which "lies in the mists of the future."

Yet it seems to a careful reader of this valuable book that hatred for the Jew, with all the evils it brings upon the hater as well as the hated, would vanish tomorrow, as it has vanished from time to time in the past, if we could get the bunga-bunga tree to yield us all enough food and security. Here, it seems to me, lies the chief and immediate task for Jew and Gentile; and if we need example or advice in the husbandry of that tree or in the distribution of its fruits, Professor Valentin's own Sweden can provide us with both.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Shorter Notices

WASTE—THE FIGHT TO SAVE AMERICA. By David Cushman Coyle. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 50 cents.

In a brilliantly written little book Mr. Coyle dramatizes the great economic and social waste which characterizes present-day America. The chapters on mud, dust, water, land, and power are superb examples of the art of popularizing technical engineering problems. It is safe to say that no American can read the book and remain indifferent to such problems as soil erosion, flood control, and the conservation of our natural resources. If the chapters on human erosion are somewhat weaker, it is not so much owing to any deficiency in Mr. Coyle's writing skill as to uncertainty regarding the solution. Engineers know how to bind the soil so as to prevent erosion; they can control floods and conserve our natural resources. but if we are to judge by Mr. Coyle's exposition, our social engineers are still in a pick-and-shovel age, prepared to repair but not to prevent the damage wrought by our economic cataclysms.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE CONCEPT OF NATURE IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH POETRY. By Joseph Warren Beach. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

Mr. Beach represents the enthusiasm for nature in certain English poets between Wordsworth and Meredith (and in

such foreign poets as Goethe, Emerson, and Whitman) as a substitute for the religion which Europe had been losing since the Renaissance. He is doubtless correct in this, as he is in his diagnosis of poetry since Hardy as revealing both a lack of religion and a lack of any such substitute; for the nineteenth-century concept of nature is in our time wholly gone. If it were not already dead Mr. Beach's dull book would have buried it. It is not so much that Mr. Beach is dull as that his subject is. Much of what he has to tell about what the poets thought, and most of what he quotes from them, is indeed preposterously dull. Their world is well lost, since it was built on nothing but pious hopes. Mr. Beach himself indulges such a hope when at the end he predicts that the poetry of the future will warm itself up again with the social theme. But perhaps the best poetry, now or long ago, can be said to burn with its own inner fire—as the best of Wordsworth does, for instance, whatever Wordsworth may have believed about the hierarchy of creation. Any history of poetry not purely formal in its concern tends to take a vast deal of second-rate verse too seriously because it furnishes proof that certain subjects were "developed" from author to author. This may be interesting as history, but it tells us little or nothing about how first-rate poetry comes here or there into being.

MARK VAN DOREN

NEW PROVINCES. POEMS BY SEVERAL AUTHORS.

The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Now out of Canada comes a little book representing various younger poets. Robert Finch, Leo Kennedy, A. M. Klein, E. J. Pratt, F. R. Scott, A. J. M. Smith all have a group of poems in this collection, which reminds one, immediately, of the early collections of the younger English and American poets. Here is poetic criticism of the social system, satirical disillusion; here also the imprint of Eliot and the denial of Eliot's later religious values. Here again is the effort in poetry to use ideas only to make them felt. Of the poets represented Robert Finch appears to be working most carefully with syntax. A. M. Klein fixes upon Jewish life and character the satirical eye of the young T. S. Eliot. F. R. Scott reminds us in his materials of our more ironic and revolutionary poets. Almost all the poets included are attempting to fuse a scientific understanding of the world with a sensuous perception of its significance to man. Much of this poetry is very interesting. Almost none of it is as yet perfectly achieved. But these young poets are working in a new technique and with new materials. And this may be the first book to point the way which Canadian poets are taking. Romanticism is out. The illusion of the importance of the individual is gone. These poets face their world to criticize and to reevaluate it.

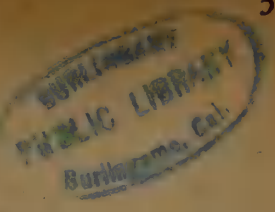
EDA LOU WALTON

I'M FOR ROOSEVELT. By Joseph P. Kennedy. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.

The former chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, an economist and man of means, tells why he supports President Roosevelt for reelection. Emphasis is laid primarily on economic factors—on the recovery which resulted from devaluation, on the benefits resulting from relief expenditures, and on the salutary effects of the legislation for the regulation of corporate financing. Little is said about the NRA, the silver policy, the Social Security Act, or any other of the more dubious of the New Deal "experiments." Despite these omissions, the main thesis of the book—that Roosevelt has brought recovery—is so well documented that the Republican National Committee would be well advised to ignore it—if it can.

M. S. S.

Letters to the Editors



Journalistic Distinction

Dear Sirs: The article in your issue of July 16 on Campaign Press Agents was a rather disingenuous fulmination by Paul W. Ward, whose facile presentation obviously wasn't hindered by facts. The article terms Alfred H. Kirchhofer, managing editor of the Buffalo *Evening News* and publicity chief for the Republican national campaign, "a dour fellow of no particular journalistic distinction." Surely Mr. Ward should know that *The Nation* itself, a few years ago, acclaimed a particular journalistic distinction earned by Mr. Kirchhofer. *The Nation*, in naming its selection for *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1931, chose in the field of journalism: "the Buffalo *Evening News*, for its admirable work in improving conditions that amounted virtually to peonage in the employment and housing of laborers on state public works."

This "admirable work" was conceived and directed by the man whom Mr. Ward airily dismisses as "of no particular journalistic distinction." I know because I was the reporter he assigned to it.

Mr. Ward's article also referred to Mr. Kirchhofer as the man who "runs, as managing editor, a paper, the Buffalo *Evening News*, which is capable of discerning boondoggling in a project to disconnect the sewage-disposal system from a community's water supply." For Mr. Ward's enlightenment there's no sewage-disposal system here to be disconnected from any water supply; the system is just entering preliminary stages of construction. The *News's* fight revolved around political selection of an engineer for the \$15,000,000 project. Sufficient to say that the revelations by the *News*, under the aforementioned Mr. Kirchhofer's direction, led Public Works Administrator Harold L. Ickes in Washington to toss overboard the engineer chosen by the local politicians and to divorce the latter completely from any connection with the project.

J. L. MEDDOFF

Buffalo, N. Y., July 29

—and Boondoggling

Dear Sirs: Mr. Meddoff and I are at loggerheads on only one point. We differ as to the meaning of "journalistic distinction." I reserve that category for

men such as Ben Stolberg, Louis Stark, Paul Y. Anderson, Heywood Broun, John T. Flynn, and H. N. Brailsford. I doubt that even Mr. Meddoff would put his boss, Mr. Kirchhofer, in that company. Certainly Mr. Kirchhofer's former colleagues in the Washington press corps do not. In fact, what I wrote of him was based squarely on what more than a dozen members of that corps—men who had worked with "Kirk" and liked him—told me of him. I had consulted them because I myself knew Kirchhofer only casually. They were unanimous in picturing him as a meticulous workman, a plugger, without brilliance or any remarkable talent.

As for my reference to the sewage-disposal project, Mr. Meddoff does me something less than justice. I did not have in mind the project to which he refers. If Mr. Meddoff needs to know what I had in mind, I refer him to the paper's "daily boondoggle" series. My reference was merely an attempt briefly to characterize the frequently bizarre nature of the anti-New Deal trend of the news columns over which Mr. Kirchhofer presides.

PAUL W. WARD

Washington, August 30

In Defense of Dr. Kubie

Dear Sirs: I wish to protest that Grace Adams's review of "The Practical Aspects of Psychoanalysis" by Lawrence Kubie is grossly unfair both to Dr. Kubie and to psychoanalysis. Judging by the distortions of its contents that fill each of her paragraphs, I doubt whether Miss Adams has done more than glance through the book with hostility and wilful misunderstanding. Nothing she says about it is entirely true and the half-truths are twisted with malicious stupidity.

ESTHER D. HAMILL

Cambridge, Mass., August 18

—and of Psychoanalysis

Dear Sirs: Among the book reviews of your issue of August 8 appears the expression of Miss Grace Adams's feelings about my own book. That in her comments she should call me some harsh names is a matter of no moment to anyone else. That she should make this an

opportunity to misrepresent and attack psychoanalysis by completely falsifying and distorting the contents of my book is a matter which cannot pass without correction.

In the first place, lest you be misled by her first paragraph into thinking that the book is not an accurate presentation of the subject, I can tell you that up to now all reviews in technical analytic journals have been highly favorable, that Freud wrote to me praising it warmly, and that the International Psychoanalytic Press asked for the translation rights.

Secondly, I would point out that Miss Adams, except for one or two passing thrusts at matters dealt with carefully in earlier chapters, leaps gaily over the entire volume and focuses on the final chapter. By so doing she misses the whole spirit and purpose of the book, and often makes it seem to support the very evils it was in part written to attack.

The book is avowedly written for "prospective patients," in order to make them



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approach analysis cautiously, with open eyes, forewarned against its hardships, its duration, its sacrifices, its expense. Little is said of rewards. Not one glowing picture of a cure is given. Instead of claims, as Miss Adams states, that "everyone who is correctly analyzed by a properly trained Freudian gets well," the reader will find records of mistakes, failures, and obstacles. The isolated position of the analyst is portrayed not as something he arrogates to himself, as Miss Adams implies, but as something which he himself deplores but which is forced upon him by the inexorable facts of practice in this field of medicine. Furthermore, the book describes to the layman those facts which he must seek to know whenever he tries to judge the course and outcome of any particular analysis, thus guiding the "outsider" to a clearer view if he wishes to acquire one.

I could point to many other glaring errors, such as the misrepresentation of the careful discussion of the problem of financing an analytic treatment; and other merely silly comments. It seems to me, however, that I have said enough to prove to you the justification of my protest.

LAURENCE S. KUBIE

Ontario, Can., August 17

Mr. Thomas Loses a Vote

Dear Sirs: In the coming election I, as a liberal favoring "scientific" socialism, would naturally vote for Norman Thomas. But in the United States, where prejudice and propaganda rule over reason, there is little likelihood that a Socialist candidate will be elected, surely not until economic conditions become so acute that my own class, the white-collar class, is compelled to sink its prejudices and to swing its support to the wage-earners, where its economic interests belong.

It follows that if Roosevelt is not

reelected, Landon will be elected. Although I am not so beguiled as to believe that Roosevelt is a modern Moses to lead us out of the wilderness of economic and political chaos, I think of him as somewhat less reactionary than the Landon connections. It is a choice between the lesser of two evils—the support of Roosevelt to checkmate reaction—and possibly an American form of fascism.

R. W. G.

Detroit, Mich., August 20

Worm Bites Professor

Dear Sirs: September 8, 1936, is the 125th anniversary of the birth of Francis Bowen, the New England intellectual. His is a unique distinction. He was the only American professor to be ousted for insufficient radicalism. When the worm of "academic freedom" turned, it bit Bowen.

In 1850-51 American sympathies were violently aroused for Kossuth and the Hungarians and their unsuccessful struggle "for Freedom and Democratic Institutions, against the Despotism, Usurpation, and Perfidy of the Austrian empire." The only anti-Hungarian note was struck by Bowen in the *North American Review*, which he edited. Bowen defended the Austrians in his magazine, apologizing for Haynau, Metternich, and the whole reactionary Hapsburg regime.

Our patriots, for once, were indignant at this violation of the American tradition, and they became sore enough to cause Bowen to lose the Maclean chair of history at Harvard. A few years later, of course, he was given another chair at Harvard, but the existence of that almost mythical American genus, the teacher dismissed for reactionary political views, had been definitely established as real, although rare enough to be virtually extinct.

FRANCIS ARMINSON

New York, August 26

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CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH has recently returned from a visit to England and France, where he talked with T. S. Eliot, Rebecca West, Bertrand Russell, André Malraux, Ralph Fox, and other leading literary figures. These interviews will be incorporated in a series of four articles beginning in this issue.

M. E. RAVAGE, author of "The Malady of Europe," has traveled as a journalist throughout Western and Central Europe and is now in Paris as *The Nation's* French correspondent.

JOHANN SCHMIDT is the pseudonym of a German business man who spent six months in the concentration camp described in *Sojourn in Hell*. On his release he came to this country.

JOHN STEINBECK has received critical acclaim for two very different books during the last year. The first, "Tortilla Flat," was a romantic love story laid in Mexico; the second, "In Dubious Battle," was a proletarian novel dealing with a strike among California apple-pickers.

WILLIAM TROY, a frequent book reviewer for *The Nation*, is on the English faculty of Bennington College.

PHILIP RAHV is one of the editors of the *Partisan Review and Anvil*, a radical literary journal.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL has recently published "The Jews of Germany," a historical study of particular timeliness. His earlier book, "A World Passed By," dealt with Jewish civilizations in Europe and North Africa.

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Mexican Maze," a life of Porfirio Díaz, and other books, is a journalist who has visited and written about many countries of Latin America. In 1928 he contributed to *The Nation* firsthand accounts of Sandino's revolt in Nicaragua.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER, editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse" and more recently of "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany," is one of New York's leading book critics.

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The Shape of Things

*

HALF A LANDSLIDE IS BETTER THAN NONE, but the Republicans cannot take unmixed comfort from the Maine results. Paul Ward has pointed out that in every campaign since 1892, with one exception, when the Republican margin in September has failed to exceed 25,000 the Democrats have captured the White House in November. But here are three widely variant margins. The Republicans elected a governor by a majority of some 40,000 votes. They elected three Congressmen by majorities under 20,000, thus giving the Republicans two more votes in the House. Senator White was reelected by less than 5,000 votes, although he made an anti-New Deal campaign. To be sure, his rival, Governor Brann, has been a popular candidate in the past—in this fight he carried twelve of twenty cities, including Lewiston, the home city of both men. Moreover, he did not run as a New Dealer—on the contrary he expressly stated some weeks ago that the New Deal was not an issue. In both cases there were complicating factors. Senator White has supported New Deal favors to Maine, and Governor Brann grew less specific toward the end in his attitude toward the New Deal. Certainly the Maine election this year can scarcely be taken as a conclusive guide to the November outcome. The Republicans can point to the 40,000 lead in the governorship; the Democrats can add up the three sets of figures, divide by three, and get a majority smaller than the crucial 25,000. It is just possible that rural rock-bound Maine is losing its significance as a political indicator for urban industrial America. Meanwhile it is a pleasure to record that Georgia has sent the cracker-dictator 'Gene Talmadge to a well-earned obscurity. We shall be spared his presence in the Senate, and he has given place to a new governor in Georgia.

*

IT WAS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION THAT THE National Progressive Conference in Chicago would endorse Roosevelt's candidacy. It is in the light of 1940 that its manifesto and personnel take on significance. The manifesto in tone and content is the expression of a group of sincere progressives hoping to bring about genuine democracy by democratic methods. The principles it sets forth are unimpeachable; what it lacks is a quality to be found, for instance, in the utterances of John L. Lewis, a will to power which might galvanize the progressive forces of the country into a fighting instrument. Between the hopeful general program of today

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and a specific winning candidate in 1940 or 1944 lies the primary job of organizing labor industrially and educating it politically. It is encouraging to find that 27 of 100 persons who attended the conference were labor-union officials, giving to the meeting a higher degree of specific gravity than has been noticeable in former progressive gatherings. But the mere fact that the conference so wholeheartedly indorsed Roosevelt indicates at least one variety of danger that besets its path. The Democratic Party will make every effort to keep the progressives captive; it will concentrate especially on labor and its leaders, who have a long tradition of yielding to political blandishments. The industrial-craft-union dispute can be used to aggravate this tendency. The task of the progressives lies mainly in the lower ranks of labor's organizations. Can they overcome the barrier of political as opposed to economic freedom which has hitherto separated progressive leaders from their logical supporters—labor and the farmers?

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THE LOSS OF SAN SEBASTIAN AND THE PORT of Pasajes, while expected, is the most serious defeat suffered by the Spanish government since the first week of the civil war. As a city San Sebastian is of little significance, being primarily a resort town, but with Pasajes it gives the rebels a much-needed opening to the sea. In contrast to the situation at Cadiz, where the navy has enforced a reasonably effective blockade, the government is helpless to prevent supplies from coming in from the north. On the other fronts Madrid appears to be holding its own. Despite the use of airplanes manned by German and Italian aviators, the rebel offensive at Talavera seems to have been checked. Elsewhere the stalemate continues, with the government profiting by the delay to train and equip its citizen militia. The danger of active foreign assistance to the rebels has increased as a result of the breakdown of the non-intervention conference at London, but in the end such aid may prove a boomerang. Nothing is so likely to coalesce the entire nation against the military clique as the knowledge that the latter's battle is being fought almost exclusively by Moorish mercenary troops supported by foreign munitions and money.

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A SINO-JAPANESE WAR LOOMS AS A POSSIBLE outgrowth of the settlement reported to have been reached between Chiang Kai-shek and the Kwangsi militarists. Although the agreement has been hailed in Nanking as strengthening the power of the central government, it is apparent that Chiang, under tremendous popular pressure, has conceded everything of importance demanded by insurgent leaders. Nanking troops are being removed from the border areas, where they had been sent to prepare for an attack on Kwangsi; the members of the Kwangsi faction have been reinstated in the Nationalist Party and given positions of responsibility in the civil administration; Chiang Kai-shek's arch-foe—Tsai Ting-kai, leader of the famous Nineteenth Route Army—has been put in command of one of the Kwangsi units with financial assistance from Nanking. It is probable that Tsai Ting-kai

has Nanking's support in refusing to permit Japanese naval authorities to investigate the murder of a Japanese subject at Pakhoi. Alarmed by the wave of anti-Japanese sentiment which has culminated in the slaying of three Japanese within a fortnight, Tokyo is reported to have suddenly softened its demands; but its position is rendered difficult by a revival of activity on the part of the fascists, who are demanding a more vigorous policy toward China. Similarly, Chiang has been embarrassed by the sudden appearance of an anti-Japanese Communist army, 70,000 strong, at the gates of Titao in Kansu. With the governments of both countries under strong pressure, developments may be expected momentarily.

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THE THIRD WORLD POWER CONFERENCE served to dramatize the difficulty of obtaining the full use of our natural resources in a profit-making society. The conference was supposed to be highly technical in character, devoted to the problem of how to increase man's command over nature. Actually, as Mr. Coleman points out elsewhere in this issue, the gathering was confronted at practically every session with the futility of seeking to expand our power resources as long as private interests throttled consumption by exorbitant rates. In the interest of "fairness" the utility magnates were allowed a period of time equal to that of the sponsors of public ownership. The result was hardly elevating. Floyd L. Carlisle, chairman of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, sought, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, to prove that the rates of municipal power companies are higher on the average than those of private companies when taxes are taken into consideration. His figures on the publicly owned plant at Los Angeles were immediately challenged by two Los Angeles engineers, E. F. Scattergood and William Peterson, who accused Carlisle of using "incomplete figures, so carefully selected" as to be "decidedly on the side of misrepresentation." The struggle against the utilities will not be won on the debaters' rostrum, but the sooner the average American realizes that he must choose between cheap electric power for himself and profits for the utilities the sooner the showdown will come.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES IS A GREAT NEWSPAPER. As a "red" friend of ours remarked only recently, it will be a shame when the revolution comes because it will probably be necessary to suppress the *Times*. We should sorely miss those unbelievable front-page names—Will Moscow, Hugh Byas, Otto D. Tolischus—heading the stately columns of news that cover the world as it has never been covered before. We should miss the voice of Augur (speaking for the British government over a world-wide hook-up). We should even miss the Monday reports of Sunday sermons with their quaint headlines: Swearing by Women Found on Increase; Science Is Blamed for Moral Chaos; Sees God "Put in Attic." Until September 11 we never thought we should miss the editorial page. On that date our copy of the *Times* walked up the stairs by itself

and broke down the door; taking its stand, it flew open at the editorial page and shouted these words at us above the roar of campaign speeches and Spanish guns:

Once we suppress the right of free speech and assembly for any group, however small or obnoxious, we violate the basic principle of liberal democracy.

The *Times* was speaking of and denouncing George U. Harvey, a local martinet who happens to be Borough President of Queens, New York City, for refusing a request of the Queens Communist Party for a permit to hold a meeting in Jamaica Town Hall. Since then a judicial martinet, one Supreme Court Justice Paul Bonyng, has taken his place beside Mr. Harvey as a violator of the Constitution. He has upheld the ruling, to the loud cheers of the American League Against Communism. The *Times* has taken up the cudgels in defense of civil liberties not a moment too early. They must not be laid down, especially since Mr. Harvey has now expressed his determination to take the Communist Party off the ballot. We know of no other single force, at present, which could dislodge the two little dictators in Queens as quickly as a few well-placed *Times* (editorial) bombs.

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LAST WEEK SCIENTISTS WERE MEETING ALL over the place and announcing results which are vaguely disturbing to the layman even when, as seems so often the case, they offer the solution of problems he didn't know existed and hold out hopes for the cure of diseases he didn't know he could have. Most of us, for example, did not know that any number can be expressed as the sum of not more than four squares; so most of us were probably just a little better off before we heard that one of the learned men meeting at Harvard can demonstrate the fact in 120 hours. Slightly more immediately arresting were the pronouncement of a doctor at the American Council of Physical Therapy meeting in New York, who issued a solemn warning against cold baths, and that of two other savants at Harvard who contributed the news that the beauty of the human body depends upon electricity and that the "engineer" which controls the development of an embryo can be transplanted from one to another and continue to boss the job in its new environment. If, on the other hand, you are more interested in abolishing idiocy by dietary methods, keeping alive after the suprarenal gland has been removed, or producing a substitute for choline, then the meeting of the American Chemical Society at Pittsburgh is the place for you. Choline, or its equivalent, which we need imperatively even if we didn't know we had it, can be got either from the bile of cattle or—at the rate of one-tenth ounce per ton and a half—from mushrooms. Eye of a newt and toe of a frog. . . .

★

REAR-END PLATFORM APPEARANCES FROM Kansas to Maine and "fireside chats" from Hyde Park and Washington have alike been empty of reference to one of the gravest issues confronting the American people today. It remained for one of that despised race, the professors,

to grasp the nettle of the Constitution, to point out that we are facing a "constitutional crisis of unpredictable gravity," and to suggest a solution. In his lecture on the Constitution at the Harvard Tercentenary, Professor Corwin said we must choose between the Constitution as symbol and as instrument. Today it serves as symbol and as such is static, a taboo, a thing dead on its feet whose function is "the protection of private advantage as against the public power." But it is as an instrument of public power to create a "feasible national existence" that the Constitution was thought of by the men who made it, and into such an instrument we must remake it now. Professor Corwin quotes Governor Landon as saying that "the Constitution was not framed to give us anything but to protect inherent rights already possessed." The very opening words of the document indicate how prejudiced is this interpretation. They show that the Constitution was meant to *do* something, not to stamp, seal, and ratify something already done. But we cannot remake it by thinking of it as a thing inviolate and perfect. Whenever he heard a eulogy of the Constitution, said W. H. Crawford, one-time Presidential candidate, he felt "an involuntary apprehension of mischief." What we must do, says Dr. Corwin, is to change our idea of the Constitution, "enlarge our idea of power to include economic power," and then the court will inevitably follow. Freed of the fear that the ax will drop, creative national legislation may really function.

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NEWS FROM LONDON INDICATES THAT WHILE England may have conquered half the world in a fit of absent-mindedness, she can concentrate hard when she wants to. Today three vital issues absorb her: the rat menace, what to wear for the coronation, and was that really a sea monster off the coast of Norfolk? The monster was seen galloping through the water at ninety miles an hour by an ex-Lord Mayor of Norwich, an ex-Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and an ex-M.P., who were all walking on the beach one day (which is rather suspicious in itself). But some fishermen found that on close contact the black humps of the serpent dissolved into clouds of sea birds. As for the rats, there are two kinds, brown and black. While the Rats and Mice (Destruction) Act of 1919 was all right for the brown or sewer rat, the black rat (who is really brown too, but who has a *long* tail which he wears curled *over* his ears) continues to gnaw at buildings unmolested. This is pretty awful; and the London *Times* and its readers are daily telling each other how terrible they feel about it. Meanwhile cloth designers are anxiously trying to work out a "satisfactory red, white, and blue blend" in patriotic designs for women's tweeds in preparation for the Great Occasion next spring. But their dilemma is as nothing to that of the pottery makers. They are afraid that if the King marries before he is crowned they will have to replace all the mugs they have made bearing his portrait with others picturing both him and his consort. So Lloyds' has been approached for insurance against the sovereign's marriage and is for perhaps the first time in its history at a loss about what to do.

Democracy in Retreat

IF any doubt remained regarding the gravity of M. Blum's blunder in proposing non-interference in Spain's struggle, it has been swept away by the events of the past week. Internally, his action has destroyed, possibly for all time, the unity of the Front Populaire. Although the Communists have declared that they will not allow the issue to provoke a break with the Blum Cabinet, the wave of strikes developing throughout the country presages more than a mere governmental crisis. It is not impossible that France, like Spain, will be plunged into civil war because of the shortsightedness of its Popular Front government.

The most serious repercussions, however, have been in the international sphere. As might have been anticipated, the neutrality pact has been a complete fiasco. Representatives of twenty-six European nations gathered in London on September 9, nearly eight weeks after the outbreak of the Spanish revolt, but their efforts to devise a method for international limitation of arms shipments to Spain were thwarted by the obstructionist attitude of the German and Italian delegates. Portugal, which has been the chief offender against neutrality, was not even represented. Recent reports indicate that all three fascist countries are still actively engaged in aiding the Spanish rebels, while France and the democratic nations are consistently refusing to assist Madrid. Thus the Socialist Premier of France finds himself in the unenviable position of initiating

a policy calculated to overthrow the Socialist government of Spain.

An even graver repercussion of Blum's policy could be seen during the past week at Nürnberg. Spurred by the paralysis of the democratic powers in the Spanish crisis, fascism has very definitely seized the offensive in Europe. Whereas a year ago the world was talking of welding an iron ring around Germany and of imposing drastic sanctions on Italy, it now appears to be fearfully awaiting the day when the fascist armies will march. The Nazis' fanatical opposition to bolshevism is scarcely news, nor yet is their desire to make a new place in the sun for the Reich. But the lengths to which Hitler, Goebbels, and Rosenberg have gone in denouncing the Soviet Union indicate an arrogant self-confidence hitherto lacking in the Nazi leadership. Hitler's reassertion of the German demand for colonies at this moment is a further indication of his contempt for the democratic powers.

Responsibility for the weakness of democracy in the present crisis does not lie entirely with M. Blum. As in the Ethiopian conflict, the British government has trembled at any action which might lead to war. Doubtless this recent timidity is due partially to the sudden discovery of England's vulnerability to air attack. But it appears to be primarily the result of a sharp division within the ruling class regarding the value of democracy itself. Winston Churchill, for example, has declared in reference to the Spanish crisis that no "constitutional and parliamentary regime is legally or morally entitled to the obedience of all classes when it is actually being subverted and devoured



GEOGRAPHY LESSON FOR BLIMPS.

from day to day by communism." He adds that "a constitutional government . . . must prove itself capable of . . . protecting life, freedom, and property." Paraphrased, Churchill appears to be saying that he favors democracy only as long as it preserves capitalism. And if we are to judge by actions, many of the British conservatives would qualify their oath of allegiance to the king to make it apply only as long as the demands of patriotism did not conflict with property interests. For how else can one explain the fanatical zeal with which many of the Tories have supported the Spanish rebels when it is evident that a rebel success would spell the end of British domination of the Mediterranean?

The French and British governments are in a most unenviable position. They have a choice of seeking to patch up a non-intervention agreement which would actually prevent fascist assistance to the rebels, or of admitting their error and throwing their full assistance to the legal government of Spain. If non-intervention could be made a reality, it would undoubtedly be of value to the Spanish government, since the rebels could not carry on without foreign aid. But if there is any method, short of blockade and war, by which Italian and German assistance can be stopped, it has not been disclosed. There is real danger, moreover, that half-hearted attempts to enforce such a pact will lead to growing friction until the world is plunged into war to preserve neutrality. On the other hand, grave risks are involved in an active support of Madrid even though such action is clearly permitted under international law.

But this policy is dangerous only if Germany or Italy is desirous of an immediate war. This, as Mr. Stewart points out elsewhere in this issue, is extremely unlikely in view of the fact that both countries are facing a serious if temporary shortage of strategic raw materials. Meanwhile, war will not be averted by surrendering all the positions to the enemy in advance. Fascists have only contempt for conciliation and compromise. If democracy is to survive in any country it must turn and face the enemy. As the events of the past few weeks have clearly shown, the enemy is not to be found only in Germany and Italy, but is already entrenched within the gates of democracy.

The Row Over Milk

NEW YORK'S battle over milk continues. On September 4 the three largest distributors announced an increase of one cent a quart to consumers. The consequent protests made some 8,000 retail stores continue the old price of eleven cents. Upstate, the farmers of twenty-nine counties have banded together and threatened a strike if their price of \$3 a hundredweight of fluid milk is not met. And the distributors have already granted the farmers an increase of from \$2.70 to \$2.87 a hundredweight.

At the meeting in Albany on September 12 before Commissioner of Agriculture Ten Eyck, at which the farmers' demands were presented, Governor Lehman tried to pour oil on the troubled milk while the decision of the Milk Control Board was being formulated. If it could be estab-

lished that the cost of feed had increased owing to dry weather, the Governor thought that the farmer was probably entitled to a higher price; but it must be remembered, he added, first that milk was a necessity, and it was very doubtful if the consumer would stand an increase, and second that a higher price would mean a smaller sale, with the farmer losing out in the long run. This argument would seem to leave the farmer about where he is today at the same time that it ignores the basic difficulty of the milk question—the middleman. Recently, when the Milk Control Board announced a twenty-five-cent increase for the producers, Dr. Shirley Wynne, spokesman for the large dealers, was quoted as saying, "This increase will bankrupt the distributors." Perhaps Dr. Wynne spoke too soon. In 1931 the National Dairy Products Corporation (Sheffield) earned 18.36 per cent on invested capital; in 1932, at the bottom of the depression, it earned 10.74 per cent; and in 1935, having traversed the hard years, it still earned 8.92 per cent. Since its organization in 1924 the company has never ceased to pay dividends. For the first six months of 1936 National Dairy netted \$5,928,095, almost twice the sum for the corresponding period last year. In 1935 the president of the company received a salary of \$108,680, and nine other officers received salaries ranging from \$35,500 to \$60,733. Borden's, though a smaller company, presents a comparable report. As early as April, President Milbank of Borden's declared that the company expected to increase its earnings in 1936. With such financial statements these companies still claim that in order to pay the farmer a larger price they must either take an extra cent from the consumer or face bankruptcy. But these facts Governor Lehman did not mention.

The farmer complains not only that he is paid too low a price per hundredweight of fluid milk. He objects also to the "classification price" under which his milk is sold. This is the process of paying a certain rate for all milk sold as fluid milk and a much lower price for "surplus" milk used in the manufacture of ice cream, cheese, and so on. The distributor, however, decides how much milk will be paid for as surplus. The average price to the farmer per hundredweight in July was, according to a member of the Dairymen's League, \$1.76.

The consumers have already banded together to protest the extra cent per quart. Headed by the Consumers' Union, a Milk Consumers' Protective Committee has been formed, representing settlement houses and church and consumer groups. The New York Department of Health has been publishing a list of retail stores at which milk can be bought at the old price. But it is equally necessary for the farmers to unite. If their demands are not met, as it seems unlikely they will be, a strike may serve to dramatize the issue sufficiently to bring the producers and the consumers closer together. Only by exerting pressure above and below can the middlemen be squeezed into a conciliatory frame of mind. But the real solution, as the consumers recognize, is either consumer cooperative distributing plants or a municipal milk supply. The consumers' committee has already requested Mayor LaGuardia to establish a city pasteurization plant as a yardstick for distributing costs.

Faking the Spanish News

WHEN we read in our daily papers accounts of the civil war in Spain we rarely stop to question their sources. *The Nation* has received a communication from an American correspondent in Europe telling something of what happens to the news as it passes over the wires on its way from Spain to the American headlines. As he is still active as a journalist, our informant, who has had ten years' experience in Europe with both agencies and individual newspapers, must remain anonymous. We reprint his letter here, without comment, save for some exhibits from the American press which may serve to illustrate his story.

"For seven weeks I have spent fifteen hours a day watching the news of the Spanish civil war pour over my desk and I have finally reached the point where I must let off steam or burst. What has eaten into this fairly thick hide, strengthened by something like a decade of reporting from Europe, is the complete tossing overboard of all standards by American correspondents in the reporting of the Spanish war. Competition has long been eating at the dikes of the professional scruples of foreign correspondents, so that there has always been a premium on sensationalism. But that does not excuse the technique of simply inventing a story in cold blood to catch the headlines; and it is all the more maddening because that system has been greeted with complete success. The news agencies are the greatest offenders. They are battling for the headlines and the headlines go to the most sensational story. I am in a position to know fairly well what goes out of Europe, and it is my opinion that many of the sensational stories carried by at least one news service are written, not in Europe, but in New York. It is amusing to read them on this side of the water when the New York papers arrive ten days late. Day after day the papers carry smashing headlines which have been proved false one or two days after. But by then the new fake is being bannered across the front page and the old one has been forgotten. No one apparently notices these daily

fabrications. Denials and corrections are not news.

"From Spain, of course, no true stories at all can be filed. Neither the government nor the rebels permit anything to go out that is not completely biased in favor of the side that is doing the censoring. Correspondents, therefore, rely mainly on three other sources: Lisbon, in complete sympathy with the rebels; London, cursed by a press entirely without scruples; and Paris, where almost any paper can be bought for a picayune sum. One would have thought that credulity regarding atrocity stories had ended with the last war. But all the hoary anecdotes are with us again. It suffices for the *Daily Mail*, for example (perhaps the most vicious of all the English sheets), to print the story that the government forces have filled a cell with women and children, doused them with gasoline, and set them on fire, for every paper in the world to pick up the story as sober truth on no further authority than that one prejudiced and unscrupulous paper has printed it. I have interviewed many refugees myself and heard a variety of horrible tales—all hearsay. In not one case had anyone actually seen any atrocities.

"The average newspaper reader never seems to remember what he reads for twenty-four hours. He may have read the vivid Associated Press story describing the heavy artillery bombardment (from Pamplona, which would

indicate that the rebels possessed replicas of the Big Bertha which fired on Paris!) preceding the attack on Madrid, which began at dawn and appeared on New York newsstands some ten hours before dawn in Spain—the result of a slug 'hold for release' having been dropped off in transmission—but he failed utterly to note the next day and the next and the next that there hadn't been any attack on Madrid. He may have read how President Azaña had fled to Valencia on his way out of Spain because all was lost but honor, but it did not occur to him that there was any discrepancy with the news two days later that Azaña had left Madrid to review the troops along the Sierra frontier, returning to the capital in the evening. Can anything be done to end the barrage of fake stories? Nothing, I think, as long as the newspaper reader continues to accept everything that is printed and divests himself of whatever critical sense he may ever have had."

"I See by the Papers—"

The New York *Daily Mirror*

Slaughter All in Rebel Drive. August 18
 Reds Execute 6,000. Spanish reds tar bishop, August 23
 then burn him at stake.
 Rebels Claim War Won! Seize four-fifths of August 25
 Spain. Fall of Madrid imminent.
 President Flees Madrid. Azaña a virtual pris-
 oner in Valencia, where he went to take ship. August 26
 Reds Start Murder of 3,000 foes. September 2
 Reds Slay 120 Girls. Thirty priests slaughtered September 3
 by radical mobs.
 Plot to Drag U. S. into War! September 3

The New York *Evening Journal*

Shots Peril Knickerbocker. Red shots rake car August 21
 of writer.
 Rebel Victory Sure Says Knickerbocker. September 1
 Reds Torture Soldiers, Women, Children, Berlin September 2
 Paper Reports. Spanish Communists nailed pris-
 oners and pierced women and children to fences
 and then set them afire. September 2
 114 Monks Massacred Says Knickerbocker. September 9

The New York *American*

Reds Sink Ship Loaded With Priests and Nuns. August 26
 Horrors of French Revolution surpassed.

The New York *Herald Tribune*

Defeat of Loyalists Predicted. Their cause August 24
 desperate.

The New York *World-Telegram*

500 Hostages Burned Alive in Spain. August 17

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Campaign Gossip

Washington, September 14

EACH Presidential campaign kicks up its own cloud of anecdotes, and the time has come to set down some of the current ones. The teller of the first one is a leading Kansas financier, a Landon intimate and adviser, and the warmest Landon supporter I encountered at Topeka. In case doubts later assail you that he is a true friend of the Republican Presidential nominee, let me emphasize that the gentleman is also a contributing member of the Liberty League.

I had asked him to tell me about Landon as a human being, and he had reached a point in his discourse where he referred to Landon as "frugal." He emphasized the word in a way to indicate he meant something more than frugal and gave me cause to express a mild astonishment, which accelerated my friend's discourse. "Is he frugal?" he fairly snorted, his voice rising. "Is he frugal? Say, I guess I shouldn't tell this but I can't help it. You know, he gets \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year from his oil properties and he's very comfortably fixed, but I could never live the way he does. Why, do you know, back in 1932 when he had just been elected Governor or was about to be elected, his first child by this present wife was born. Now, Theo, his wife, she's a mighty fine girl, daughter of the town's leading banker, been used to living, if not luxuriously—'cause we don't live luxuriously out here—at least living well. Well, when that first kid was born, do you think he'd buy her a nice baby carriage? Not on your life. D'ye know what he did? He went out and paid \$2.25 for a second-hand baby carriage!"

Indignation had nearly robbed my friend of breath by the time he ended this tale establishing Landon's claim to the Coolidgean mantle, and I sought to give him a breathing spell by setting off against his narrative one of my own. I said that a few days earlier there had departed for the East a New York journalist and that, on the eve of his departure, Governor Landon had presented a five-pound box of candy to the journalist's wife, a former show girl. The financier groaned. "I'd suspect the worst, I'd suspect the worst," he said.

It was also from a Topeka banker and ardent Landonite that I collected another anecdote casting light on the Republican nominee's character. This gentleman was trying to impress me with Landon's stubbornness. He said that once Landon had made up his mind, there was no power under heaven that could change it. To illustrate, this money changer told how Governor Landon a few years ago had been persuaded to address a bankers' convention and had insisted on including in his speech an attack on the House of Morgan. "What could he possibly have

against Morgan?" I asked, incredulity in my voice. The banker made haste to assure me that Landon had nothing against Morgan. "It was," he said, "just a piece of demagoguery. Landon felt he had to stick in something like that for public consumption." Then, he went on to tell how he had labored to get the Governor to erase the passage, and how other Kansans had joined in these labors but to no avail. He narrated these labors in detail because he was rather proud of Landon's resistance and, after all, he had referred to Landon's stubbornness as one of the Governor's chief virtues. But he could not bear to leave the story there and hide how, through his own agility, Landon finally was overcome. He said that when it became certain that no local influence could persuade Landon to omit the attack on Morgan, he, the banker, had called up a certain Eastern gentleman, who thereupon had telephoned Landon "in his usual diplomatic way" with the result that the Governor immediately struck the name of Morgan from his speech. The banker had referred by name to this successful Eastern intermediary, and I asked who the gentleman was. "Oh," he said, "I thought you knew. Why, he's the Washington 'front' for —," and he named the president of one of the Morgan banks at New York.

So far the campaign has added nothing to the store of Roosevelt anecdotes unless the story of the circumstances surrounding his acceptance speech at Philadelphia can be placed in that category. You doubtless read at the time many highfalutin stories attaching profound significance to the manner in which the President delivered that acceptance speech. Some found in its slow and measured pace tired and discouraged notes, which they immediately interpreted as symptoms of defeatism. Others interpreted its pace in terms of deep religious and even messianic significance. And there were others who—but there's no need to lengthen the list; the important thing is that all the interpreters were punditical and no two agreed. And the truth of the matter is that the manner affected by President Roosevelt in delivering his acceptance speech had no political significance whatever. In the great stadium where he spoke; the amplifiers down at the far end threw back his phrases at him seconds after they were uttered, and he had to affect a slow deliberateness in order to keep from seeming to himself at least to be making two speeches at one and the same time. The moments before the speech was delivered were no less unhappy for the President than the acoustics which accompanied the address. As he sat on the platform trying to compose himself for the most important address of his career, Philadelphia's Mayor Wilson insisted on pouring into his ear the minutest details of the city's preparations to guard against the President's being assassinated, details about the thousands of cops stationed about the stadium, the thousands of fire-

fighters reinforcing them, and the machine-guns on the roofs. Then, to make matters worse, Senator Robinson, who was to speak four minutes in introducing Roosevelt, lost his manuscript and spoke only one minute, thereby catching the President unawares. A few minutes earlier Roosevelt nearly had lost his own speech, for as he came up the ramp to the platform one of his braces came unfastened and his son, kneeling to fasten it, put down the manuscript he was carrying for his father and a gust of wind scattered its pages among the feet of the trampling throng of ward-healers and Roosevelt worshippers.

It might as well be told here, too—since years hence in some debunking biography it surely will be told—how the President of the United States first met the President-pretender, Landon. They bumped into each other at Des Moines last month as Landon was coming through a doorway marked "Men." Roosevelt said, "Hello." Landon said, "Hello." And that was that. As a matter of fact, it was not the first time they had met. Landon had been a White House visitor in 1934, and the Republican boast that he gave Roosevelt his drought-relief ideas is based upon that visit. But there exists in the office of one of the most violently anti-New Deal newspapers incontrovertible proof that Landon made so little impression upon Roosevelt at the time that he later could not recall ever having seen the Kansan, and his memory failed him on this score under circumstances in which there was no political advantage for him in feigning forgetfulness.

Journalists trouping with Landon come back to Washington bringing word that—no matter how thoroughly publicized by Hearst and others the Kansan may have been—a great many Americans do not know his name and many of them that think they do call him "Langdon." The rest, they say, refer to him as "that other fellow." Those who repeat this observation with chagrin take delight in telling that near Rapid City, Iowa, the correspondents following Roosevelt on his recent drought tour found a woman who did not know Coolidge was no longer Pres-

ident." As the Roosevelt train pulled into a little Iowa town, this woman detached herself from a group beside the track, ran up to the President's son, Franklin, Jr., and, they insist, cried: "Oh, Mr. Coolidge! Won't you please get your father to come out and speak to us?"

As a contretemps this was minor, of course, compared with what happened at the recent American Legion convention that Landon addressed in Kansas. Mr. Landon was all set to deliver, and did deliver, a speech on "tolerance" which was in line with his "teachers' oath" speech at Chautauqua. But one of his ardent supporters, Verne Marshall, a Cedar Rapids editor, preceding him on the platform, roused the audience to fever heat with a flag-waving, red-baiting speech, and Mr. Landon's speech, following the Marshall effusion, was received like that memorable herring that glittered in the moon and stank. Mr. Marshall, incidentally, is the editor who received a Pulitzer prize for a graft crusade a day before the Iowa Supreme Court dismissed all the indictments his campaign had produced.

Mr. Landon's agitation as he heard Marshall heating up that audience must have been something like the agitation felt by Jimmie Williams, the editor Mr. Hearst has sent chasing around at Landon's elbow, when he received his advance copy of the Republican nominee's Chautauqua speech and saw the teachers'-oath passage in it. Williams, the Hearst editor who figured in the Black committee's exposure of Hearst's telegram damning the late Representative McSwain as a Communist, had quitted the Landon entourage at West Middlesex, but having been apparently tipped off that the Chautauqua speech would contain something distasteful to his master, had scrambled back aboard the campaign train at New Castle. Once aboard the lugger, he began pounding on doors and angrily insisting to the Landon retainers that the teachers'-oath passage be deleted. It is pleasant to recall that Mr. Williams's exhortations achieved nothing but the elevation of his own blood pressure.

Can Europe Afford War?

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

TO THE man in the street, preparedness for war has only two aspects—the military and the financial. After considering the military factors he is almost certain to ask: "But how can nations afford a war so soon after the depression? Are they not already on the verge of bankruptcy?"

The fallacy is a deep-seated one. Prior to 1914 there were experts who insisted that large-scale war was impossible in the twentieth century because no country could stand the financial strain. At most, they asserted, hostilities could only be carried on for a few weeks before the belligerents were forced into bankruptcy. But we ought to know better today. The World War lasted more than four

years and cost at least two hundred billion dollars, yet financial stringency played little or no part in the outcome. The same would inevitably be true of any war. Given basic economic strength, finances can be manipulated—by taxation, borrowing, inflation, or confiscation. Without a strong industry and essential raw materials, a healthy budget is of little significance except as it may affect the possibility of obtaining supplies from abroad.

It is generally agreed that man-power will be relatively unimportant in the war of tomorrow. In a short struggle airplanes, tanks, and mechanized infantry are expected to play a crucial role. In a long-drawn-out conflict the advantage will lie with the country having the greatest resources.

A highly developed, diversified industry would be of the utmost significance in either case; and where the two sides were about evenly matched, the availability of foodstuffs and raw materials would almost certainly prove decisive. The next war, even more than that of 1914, will be fought and won in the laboratory, machine-shop, and mine. As Mr. Hanighen pointed out in *The Nation* of September 5, it is not the airplanes and tanks which a country has at the beginning of a war that count; it is the ones that are built during the conflict. No country can have an effective war industry without these fundamentals: (1) an established iron and steel industry; (2) an established machine industry; (3) an established chemical industry; (4) assured supplies of coal; (5) adequate supplies of iron ore; (6) adequate supplies of oil.

Of all the European countries Germany undoubtedly possesses the most advanced and most diversified industry. The magnificent resistance which it put up during the World War when it was virtually cut off from foreign supplies is a significant indication of its essential strength. Despite the losses resulting from the war, the Reich leads the whole of Europe in steel output and rolling-mill production, and is a close second to the Soviet Union in pig iron. With the exception of the United States it is the world's greatest producer of chemicals. It stands next to Great Britain and the United States in the fabrication of textiles, and is first in Europe in the production of electric power. It also ranks immediately after the two Anglo-Saxon powers in the output of motor vehicles—an extremely important factor in modern warfare.

Although its industry is undiminished in strength, Germany is materially weaker in natural resources than in 1914. Of the four most essential raw materials—coal, iron, petroleum, and cotton—post-war Germany is adequately supplied only with coal. Good coking coal is the most important material asset a country can possess. It is essential in the making of steel and is basic in the chemical industry. Explosives, medicines, disinfectants, and solvents are but a few of the indispensables of war which are indirectly derived from this basic commodity. Before the World War the Reich possessed 40 per cent of the coal and about one-third of the iron ore of all Europe. The Treaty of Versailles robbed it of 10 per cent of its population and 12 per cent of its area, but took 26 per cent of its coal and 75 per cent of its iron ore. Part of the coal has been restored with the Saar, but nearly seven-tenths of the Reich's former iron ore passed to France with the cession of Lorraine. At present most of the Lorraine output is being purchased by Germany to supply its blast furnaces, and a smaller amount of high-grade ore is being imported from Sweden. The latter supply, however, would be far from sufficient for Germany's needs in the event of a general conflict which would cut off the French source. Apart from coal and potash Germany is deficient in practically all the minerals. It has no petroleum. Most of its once abundant zinc supply was located in the territory lost in the World War. It produces small but far from adequate quantities of copper, lead, sulphur, nickel, rubber, chromium, manganese, tungsten, bauxite,

tin, mercury, and mica—all important as sinews of war. As a substitute for gasoline Germany has made rapid progress in the production of benzine but finds it a relatively expensive luxury. Despite a highly developed agriculture Germany also lacks essential foodstuffs, the deficiency in proteins and vegetable oils being particularly serious.

In a war in which Great Britain was not involved, Germany might obtain the bulk of its needed supplies abroad. But with a blockade by the British navy the situation would gradually become critical. Neither the Scandinavian states, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, nor Poland is in a position to remedy all of these major German deficiencies. And it must be remembered that Germany has practically no gold reserve and no credit; and its exports would suffer severely in the event of war. Owing to the lack of foreign exchange, the Third Reich has been drawing heavily on its raw-material reserves during the past year, leaving no backlog for the exceptional demands of war. Barring devaluation of the mark and rehabilitation of the export industries, it is difficult to see how this shortage can be remedied.

Italy's deficiencies are far more serious in character. Because of lack of coal, iron, and other mineral resources, it has never developed its industry to an extent comparable to the other great powers. In pig-iron production in 1934 Italy stood twelfth among the nations of the world; in steel output it ranked tenth, just below Luxemburg. Its machine and chemical industries are weak. It has an ample supply of silk, hemp, sulphur, mercury, and zinc. It produces some lead and antimony but is wholly dependent on foreign countries for other minerals. In time of war the deficiency of oil, coal, and copper would be most serious. It is generally believed that an oil embargo at the outset of the Ethiopian campaign would have brought Italy to its knees within three or four months. Like Germany, Italy has widely advertised its experimentation with substitutes, but with few exceptions they are unsatisfactory and relatively expensive. And despite desperate efforts to attain self-sufficiency in food, Italy is dependent on foreign countries for meat and fish, and in bad years for wheat. With practically no gold reserves and a normally adverse balance of trade, it would find it difficult to repair these deficiencies even if it were not blockaded by the enemy.

For the initial stages of a conflict French industry is probably not so well equipped as German. Despite its possession of the rich Lorraine iron-ore deposits, France produces less than half as much iron and steel as the Reich. Its coal output is utterly inadequate to the needs of a great industrial nation. It has a surplus of bauxite, but otherwise is deficient in all the strategic minerals. Unlike Germany or Italy, however, France is practically self-contained as far as foodstuffs are concerned. Providing the seaways are open, it can obtain chromium, nickel, graphite, and vegetable oils from its colonies. And it has, next to the United States, the world's greatest gold reserve. With a neutral or friendly England to assure physical access to supplies, France would be able to maintain its strength for a comparatively long period. It was

this capacity, as much as anything else, which eventually turned the tide in the World War.

As compared with the Western powers, the economic strength of the Soviet Union is practically untested. Its enormous population, its vast area, and its tremendous store of raw materials make it potentially the most formidable power in Europe. In the past few years its industrial growth has been unprecedented. From the fifth country in Europe in the production of steel in 1926, it has become second only to Germany. It has the good fortune to be the one country in the world which possesses within its boundaries an adequate supply of all three of the essentials of steel making—iron ore, good coking coal, and manganese. It is also alone among the great powers in possessing an adequate supply of chromium, which is likewise of considerable importance in steel. Certain other of Russia's recently developed industries are of strategic importance. The chemical industry has received especial attention in the second Five-Year Plan, and is believed to be nearly adequate. The U. S. S. R. leads the world in the production of tractors—a fact of great significance in considering the relative effectiveness of a mechanized army. Automobile production has grown many fold in the past five years. No figures are available on the construction of aircraft, but the Russian output is known to be one of the largest in Europe.

Next to the United States, the Soviet Union undoubtedly has the greatest range and supply of raw materials of any country in the world. In addition to being self-sufficient, or practically so, in coal, iron, petroleum, and cotton—the four great essentials—it has abundant supplies of phosphates, potash, mercury, asbestos, platinum, flax, vegetable oils, and timber. Its most serious deficiency appears to be in copper. Although copper production is more than double the pre-war output, it is still well under the country's expanded needs. The same applies to zinc and lead, though these metals are of less strategic importance. Aluminum production is still in the experimental stage but is being rapidly expanded. Until recently the U. S. S. R. was thought to be without substantial deposits of bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is extracted, but several fairly rich deposits have been discovered in the Urals. It is almost completely lacking in tin, nickel, tungsten, vanadium, antimony, jute, hemp, and sisal. It grows no rubber, but has developed tau-sagiz and the Crimean dandelion to the point where a fair amount of its rubber requirements could be met from these sources in an emergency. Like France, the U. S. S. R. is wholly self-sufficient in foodstuffs. And it is second in gold production, thus making possible substantial foreign purchase if the trade routes can be kept open. Russia's great weakness lies in its transportation system. Although the railways have made tremendous strides under Kaganovich's direction, it is exceedingly doubtful whether they could bear the added strain of war.

If forced to depend on its own resources, Great Britain would be a negligible factor in a general European war. While equipped with an excellent industrial plant and possessing an adequate supply of highly skilled labor, England is almost entirely dependent on the empire and

outside world for raw materials. If blockaded by enemy submarines or aircraft, it would be able neither to feed its population nor to obtain the resources to keep its great industrial plant in action. Of all the key resources, coal alone is abundant in Britain. The United Kingdom produces approximately 20 per cent of the world's coal, being second only to the United States. It has a fair supply of iron ore, and a trace of tin, tungsten, and lead.

It is usually assumed, however, that the British navy and air fleet would be able to keep the shipping lanes open. If able to draw on empire sources, Britain need have no fear of an extended war. Taken as a whole, the empire is perhaps the most nearly self-contained of the world's political units. It has rubber in Malaya and Ceylon, tin in Malaya and Nigeria, manganese on the Gold Coast, bauxite in British Guiana, vanadium in northern Rhodesia, and phosphates in Nauru and the Christmas Islands. There are deficiencies in petroleum, cotton, potash, antimony, mercury, and molybdenum. Of these the most serious are in petroleum and cotton. Although both Egypt and India are important cotton producers, England would suffer very seriously if American cotton were cut off by blockade or embargo. The empire petroleum deficiency could be very nearly made up by the British-owned fields in Iran, Iraq, and Mexico.

The obvious conclusion of such a survey of the economic resources of the great powers would be that Germany and Italy, as the two chief disaffected powers, would have very little chance if they became involved in a protracted war with France, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain. There are, however, many factors which might modify this conclusion. In the first place, it is evident that the fascist powers would be greatly strengthened if they obtained the active or passive support of the Balkan countries, particularly of Rumania. The recent change in the Rumanian Cabinet which forced out the anti-Nazi Foreign Minister, Nicholas Titulescu, might easily swing the balance in the next war. The rich Rumanian oil fields would be of utmost value to either Germany or Italy. In addition, there are substantial bauxite, chromium, and copper deposits in Yugoslavia and some iron in Czecho-Slovakia. If by reason of deficiency of foreign exchange or sanctions these supplies were withheld, it is highly probable that they would be seized. Germany may be expected to make a sudden, powerful thrust for the Lorraine ore fields on the outbreak of war. It might also be possible for Germany to seize quantities of raw materials in occupied cities as it did in 1914.

Still, it cannot be denied that this rather somber analysis yields a ray of hope. If it is true, as many people believe, that the next war will be fought only when Mussolini and Hitler are ready, the chances would seem overwhelmingly against a conflict within the next few months. Both Italy and Germany have an abnormally small supply of fundamental resources at the present time. Although Mussolini would be the last to admit it, the evidence gathered by the League authorities indicates that Italy has been seriously weakened by economic sanctions. With practically no gold and very little foreign exchange its supply

of strategic commodities can hardly be brought to the 1935 level until many months have elapsed. Similarly, Germany has suffered far more than it is willing to admit in the battle for foreign exchange. Commodity reserves, never very large, are virtually non-existent. While statesmen, particularly in fascist countries, are not noted for their foresight, the military leaders of these countries

must be aware of the situation. They may feel that their strength in the air and their mechanized forces—their undoubted superiority in a quick thrust—are sufficient to offset their lack of fundamental resources. But it is difficult to believe that they will take the offensive at the present moment when they might be much less handicapped a year hence.

England Betrays the Jews

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, August 23

FOR eighteen weeks Palestine has been the scene of destruction and murder. At least 1,000 persons have been killed. The witches' holiday reached its peak in two atrocities. On the evening of August 13 Arabs entered a Jewish house in Safed and shot to death three sleeping infants, killed the mother who attempted to protect them, and blew the father to pieces with a bomb. Four evenings later two Jewish nurses were shot as they were entering the government hospital at Jaffa.

For these happenings the British government alone is responsible. The disturbances could have been stopped in any week of the past eighteen. Even before the British army was moved here, and when the police force was less than half its present strength, Spicer, the chief of the Palestine police, offered to end the disturbance in forty-eight hours. Military officers assure me even now that if given a free hand the soldiers could restore order in two or three days. Britain has crushed greater colonial revolts in the past.

However, it is not alone a reluctance to drown the revolt in blood which has stayed the hand of the government. The Arabs made it perfectly clear at the very beginning that they would not cease violence until they were given what they wanted. They told the government that they would continue the strike and the disorders for a year if necessary, and they meant it. Their demands were clearly stated: stoppage of Jewish immigration, prohibition of the sale of land to Jews, and a representative national government instead of the present colonial administration. If the government did not wish to put down the revolt by force, as it could have done, the logical thing would have been to yield to Arab demands immediately and not to wait until hundreds were killed. The Zionists would of course have cried to high heaven, but the mandatory power is not bound to take orders from them. Besides there is not the slightest doubt that ultimately the disturbances will be ended by the government promising to stop immigration.

For eighteen weeks Britain has taken no decisive action. That is its crime. It has not adopted the stern measures necessary to end the disorders nor has it yielded to the Arabs. So many inexplicable things are done here that if one did not assume an imperialistic method behind the

madness, one would be forced to doubt Britain's sanity. Extreme anxiety to suppress the disturbances is evinced; at the same time fuel is added to the fire by subtle and not so subtle hints to the Arabs to continue their work, and by carefully chosen pro-Jewish measures calculated to provoke the Arabs still more. Finally, the Jews have been annoyed in a way which can mean nothing but a desire to incite them to reprisal.

When the riots broke out in Jaffa on Sunday, April 19, the government had 4,000 men under arms. On Friday and Saturday I had been in Tel Aviv and Jaffa and watched the political temperature rising steadily. When I returned to Jerusalem on Saturday evening, excited young Arabs told me that dozens of their brethren had been massacred in Tel Aviv. They spoke of revenge. Yet the government used neither the press nor the radio to dispel the baseless rumors. When the explosion actually took place, the soldiers were many miles away and even the ordinary police force seemed smaller than usual. The soldiers had strict orders not to shoot, which the Arabs interpreted as official approval of their acts. No suspects were arrested; no rein was put on the Arab press, which carried on a persistent and vigorous campaign of agitation. No attempt was made to check the movements of the leaders, who set out on cross-country journeys to draw the hinterland into the struggle. Crops were put to the torch, trees were uprooted, and before half of May was gone, the number of Jewish dead was above thirty.

The government simply marked time. Not a single one of the incendiaries was apprehended, not a single murderer. Even the triple murder at the Edison Cinema in Jerusalem, when an armed terrorist fired point-blank into the theater crowd, killing three persons, could not move it from its Olympian calm. When Hassan Sidky Jejani, a Jerusalem ambulance lawyer masquerading as a nationalist leader, published a "flagrantly subversive" leaflet calling for mass terror, a fine of \$125 was all the government cared to impose on him, although many a suspected Communist has received a long sentence at hard labor for a great deal less. All the government did during those terrible weeks was to pour in more troops and to issue daily communiqués in which "No arrests; police are investigating" appeared at the end of nearly every item of destruction, incendiarism, and murder.

Government officials explained the inactivity as a tactical move to avoid making martyrs of the nationalist leaders and to deal a death blow to Arab morale by allowing the strike with its attendant disorders to collapse of its own weight. But as the Hebrew press pointed out, far from collapsing, it gained momentum. For the first time since the British occupation began, the villagers were given a chance to enter the struggle. Gangs of terrorists sprang up. Cautiously at first, as if to test the government, but more boldly later on when they became convinced that they could carry on their operations with immunity, they attacked travelers on the road. Soon they even began attacking military patrols. On June 2, six weeks after the strike began, an Emergency Ordinance empowering the district commissioners to order the reopening of shops was finally enacted. But the ordinance has remained a dead letter. Another emergency law, passed on June 13, providing the death penalty or life imprisonment for persons firing on the military forces or interfering with public utilities and the water supply, has never been applied. Hundreds of terrorists have been found to be possessed of bombs and loaded revolvers. But so far only two Arabs have been convicted of manslaughter, and they have been sentenced to twelve and fifteen years, respectively. The lesson is not lost on the Arab population.

Symbolic of the government's lack of desire to end the bloodshed is the statement of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, that suspension of Jewish immigration is "subject to a decision . . . in due course on the merits of the case." Both the Arab and Hebrew press interpreted this to mean that if violence is continued long enough, immigration will be suspended. To confirm further the view that if the disturbances go on long enough the government will yield, negotiations with the leaders directly responsible for the terror continue. Official communiqués have even informed the country on two occasions that His Excellency the Commissioner found it necessary to visit the leaders incarcerated in a concentration camp and to discuss with them the political situation.

On the other hand, the Jews have been indirectly incited to retaliation. How else, for example, can one explain the removal of the army from Safed just before the attack? Young men who volunteered to watch fields and citrus groves were given hunting guns for defending themselves against Arab rifles. In order to maintain "administrative balance," Hebrew newspapers which certainly have not advocated violence have been suppressed because Arab papers have been forbidden, and there is now talk of imposing a collective fine on a Jewish village because an Arab was killed in the neighborhood, although there is not the slightest evidence that a Jew committed the crime. When Jews are shot at, it is always the work, as far as the official communiqué is concerned, of "unknowns," but when one wounded Arab claimed that a Jew fired at him, the identity of the assailant was twice announced over the radio. The Colonial Secretary told Parliament that 120 Arabs had been arrested and 32 Jews, but he did not specify that the Arabs were arrested for murder, incendiarism, and incitement to violence, and nearly all of the Jews for no greater crime than breaking curfew. The administra-

tion, in short, goes to any length to give the impression that a civil war is going on.

What does the government want? What imperialist scheming explains this queer situation? The government's tactics are too simply explained by attributing them to the weakness of the High Commissioner, as some do, or to the anti-Jewish bias of certain officials. The explanation lies far deeper. And it is clear that the policy is followed too consistently not to have been laid down by London. The revolt came just in time to provide Britain with a needed excuse for converting Palestine into a military base. When the Mediterranean was threatened last summer, thousands of British soldiers were poured into Egypt. But Egypt was in far too restless a state to endure this or other manifestations of imperialism, and an Egyptian treaty was the result. One of its stipulations is that British troops are to leave Cairo and Alexandria. Another place had to be found, and Palestine is the ideal spot. But although Palestine is being fortified surreptitiously, the mandate prevents its being converted into a second Singapore. Now under the guise of settling internal trouble, the juridical difficulty has been removed. Permanent military barracks are being built at the expense of the Palestine government. Military airports need not be built secretly any longer. One has just been completed near Janin, another is being built near Gaza, many others have been completed, all at the expense of the Palestine government. Tel Aviv is being developed as a commercial port; Jaffa, whose waterfront has been completely cleared since the riots started there, would be useful as a naval port.

In the second place, London probably felt that a little knocking about would teach the Zionists their place in the imperialist scheme of the future. Large-scale immigration and prosperity during the past two years had led the Zionists to believe that their National Home was just around the corner. But London is no more interested in a strong Jewish Palestine than in an Arab Palestine which is a member of a strong Arab federation. It is to British interest to keep the country divided as long as possible. This will insure Britain a permanent job. A strong Jewish state would attract the interest of other states. Already Czecho-Slovakia and Switzerland have begun commercial pourparlers with the Jewish Agency.

There are further and more serious considerations. The Mandates Commission of the League of Nations has been demanding an explanation of the curious situation here. Also there is the Royal Commission to consider. Though the Zionists will probably not expose the administration, both commissions might ask embarrassing questions: Why has the government failed to protect the lives and property of one section of the population against the onslaughts of the other? Hence the administration eagerness to prove that civil war is going on. But the Jews have been too clever for them. They have borne their dead sensibly and not retaliated. As week follows week, the administration is driven into more and more extreme measures to provoke the Jews to reprisal. Police officers have even promised not to interfere. So far there has been no result. Britain must think up another device by which it may keep Palestine under its control and properly subdued.

Private Versus Public Power

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

THE president of one of the largest holding companies in the country was sitting in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel reading a "paper" contributed by the Russian delegation to the Third World Power Conference. This "paper" was a bound volume of 496 pages printed in Moscow and presented to the conference by G. P. Brailo, chairman of the Russian delegation.

The holding-company man had gone no farther than page eleven when he read a speech of Lenin's beginning:

A report on the electrification of Russia has been included in the agenda of the Congress of Soviets, so that the single economic plan for the restoration of national economy that we have been discussing may be outlined from the technical standpoint. Unless Russia is placed on a different technical level, higher than before, restoration of the national economy and communism are out of the question. Communism is the Soviet power plus the electrification of the whole country, for without electrification progress in industry is impossible.

At this point the jowls of the utility executive turned a deeper purple. The Edison Electric Institute and the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association had come through with \$100,000 for the expenses of this conference, and now the papers were likely to use front-page space to emphasize the advantages of public over private ownership of the nation's electrical utilities.

The program for the third meeting of the power men of the world (the first was held in England in 1924, the second in Berlin in 1932) might have been written by H. G. Wells in collaboration with Lewis Mumford and Norman Thomas. As a matter of fact, the proceedings were outlined by two American engineers, Morris Llewellyn Cooke and O. C. Merrill. Mr. Cooke, head of the Rural Electrification Administration and a valiant fighter on the people's side in every matter involving public resources, and Mr. Merrill, who more than any other one person is responsible for the water-power policy of the country, have been working on the content of this conference for more than a year. They succeeded in obtaining for it an appropriation from Congress of \$25,000.

Hearing of this, the private power gang, through their sounding-boards, the Edison Electric Institute and the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association, fished up \$100,000 for the expenses of the delegates. As a result the conference was attended by a bizarre collection of private-ownership press agents, genuine engineers, government yard-stickers, and out-and-out public-ownership advocates.

At the outset what Amos Pinchot calls the "kilowatt klan" took over the social side of the conference. To impress the 700 foreign delegates with the orthodoxy of the affair, orders were sent out that evening clothes must be worn by those listening to the speech of Secretary Hull at

the opening session. Hired engineers in hired dress suits applauded the Secretary of State; the president of the conference, Dr. Julius Dorpmüller, an impressive figure covered with medals grouped around the Iron Cross; and his press agent, Carl Krecke, who went on about the status of power under Hitler.

The next morning, however, the collectivists had their innings. Judge Robert E. Healy of the Securities and Exchange Commission presented a doughty paper in which he urged the utilities to free themselves from "the jugglers of finance." His entire paper was a blistering attack upon the holding-company regime, and when it was summarized by the official reporter of the conference, several utility men walked out in high dudgeon. Immediately afterward, in order to offset the unhappy impression made by Judge Healy's paper, Max Frederick Horn, of Belgium, gave a paper which stated that the holding companies were the potential saviors of civilization.

Maurice P. Davidson, former Water and Gas Commissioner, and Langdon W. Post, Tenement House Commissioner of New York, made subversive remarks about the possibilities of rate regulation, intimating that it was impossible to regulate the utilities under the status quo. Whereupon three appointed spokesmen for the companies who were to discuss the New Yorkers' papers solemnly withdrew their names, which had been written on slips and put into a hat. And so the convention went, with the recurrent theme of private against public ownership underlying every paper.

One group interested in the production and distribution of cheap and abundant electrical power not represented at this gathering was the consumers. No one seemed much exercised by the discussion of rates except a woman from Yonkers, New York, who wondered audibly why she had to pay so much for juice in Yonkers. She was promptly relegated to the background. Yet if the more than 300 papers presented to this conference could be condensed in popularized form, they would form a "true cyclopedia" of power, as Morris Cooke said, and might be read with benefit by consumers everywhere.

A traveling show of the really dramatic exhibits set up here by the Federal Power Commission, the Department of Labor, and the Department of the Interior would also have enormous educational value. At long last the government is taking a leaf from the book of the private-power propagandists and is turning out material in the best advertising technique. Pictures of the TVA and the fight against soil erosion displayed in the lobby of the Hotel Mayflower here are profoundly eloquent of the possibilities of public ownership.

The swarm of press agents for the private companies which was buzzing around every meeting place of the del-

legates may be counted on to modify, so far as the newspaper reading public is concerned, the genuine educational value of the conference. It was a bad day for the rate-payer when the conference management consented to accept the donations of the Edison Electric Institute and the appliance makers. So great was the stress on the showmanship angle that the dinner to the delegates was held in the waiting-room of the Union Station. It could, of course, have been held in a large Washington hotel, but then the grandeur of the "social lobby" of the utilities would have been dimmed. On the whole, the conference, with every chance to make a genuine contribution to the world's knowledge of falling water and heat, saw its aims sadly distorted by the American utility executives, who assume that power in every form is their natural monopoly.

Landon Slide

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

TIME: Seven weeks before November 3.
PLACE: A hotel room overlooking Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Colonel Knox is sitting on a couch surrounded by piles of straw votes which he is plaiting into a pattern. He wears a disgruntled look as of a man with an inferiority complex or a Republican vice-presidential candidate in 1936. Charles D. Hilles remains unaffected. John Hamilton paces the floor, stopping occasionally to look at a large picture over the fireplace. It is an old-fashioned tinted photograph of Alfred M. Landon. It depicts him standing simply—upright with his feet on the ground. In one hand he clutches a large sunflower; with the other he is pulling out petals. Some of these lie on the floor and are labeled with the names of states.

MR. HAMILTON: Well, Colonel Knox, anything new about our candidate?

COLONEL KNOX (bristling): *Our* candidate?

MR. H.: Oh, don't get huffy. Is there any news?

THE COLONEL: According to the *Digest* poll, *your* candidate (he pauses and glares) will carry Elizabeth, New Jersey, and New Rochelle, New York.

MR. H. (stopping in his tracks): My God, don't tell me. (He hastily pulls out of his pocket a long sheet, obviously a list, and scribbles two lines upon it.) There. That fixes that. We'll just have him make a couple of rear-end speeches in those towns. Anything else?

THE COLONEL: The redcaps of Grand Central have come out for Landon and have collected a contribution.

MR. HAMILTON: Redcaps? Redcaps? It's a plot. So they're trying to hang the red label on us are they? That's easy. We'll have *our* candidate (he glares and pauses) make another speech for the open shop. That'll make the labor vote solid. How about New York City?

THE COLONEL: The best of news. Walter Lippmann has come out for Landon. We can depend on him to mop up what few votes there were left in that sector.

MR. HAMILTON: Marvelous. Go on.

THE COLONEL: The latest reports from Connecticut

indicate that Landon will make a record-breaking run in that state. He will come nearer to losing Connecticut than any Republican candidate since 1912.

MR. HAMILTON (rubbing his hands): Fine. Fine. I suppose that's the best we can do. We can't expect even Mr. Landon to lose Connecticut. How about California?

THE COLONEL: Now California, there's a state! The only Landon territory is San Simeon and even there sentiment for Roosevelt has been detected in the sixth swimming pool in the servants' quarters. I tell you, Mr. Hamilton, in this country we do things right.

MR. HAMILTON: And you'll admit, Colonel Knox, that the Republicans have it all over the Democrats when it comes to engineering a landslide.

COLONEL KNOX: You said it, Mr. Hamilton. That stroke of getting Hearst behind Landon right from the beginning was nothing less than genius. (They go on congratulating each other. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Hilles draw up their chairs and help Colonel Knox with his weaving. Presently there is no sound but the roar of Chicago traffic and the gentle rustle of straw votes. A knock at the door breaks the spell. Mr. Hamilton answers, and a bellhop hands him a telegram. He tears it open.)

MR. HAMILTON (his face falling): Curses!

MR. HILLES and the COLONEL: What is it? What is it?

MR. HAMILTON: It's a telegram from the Republican state chairman for Maine. (He reads.) "In spite of your magnificent strategy in sending Landon just before primary, we failed to lose Maine. However, without doubt rear-end speeches from Kansas to Portland have cut down Republican vote in other states."

(Mr. Hamilton stuffs the telegram in his pocket, picks up his hat, and is about to leave the room dejectedly when the telephone rings. He answers—and then turns with shining eyes to his colleagues.)

MR. HAMILTON: Gentlemen, that was Herbert Hoover. He's just heard about Maine and he's all cut up. But he's got a way out. He says he's ready to begin speaking in favor of Landon in the middle of October and he guarantees that if he leaves any Republican majorities standing he'll start wearing low collars.

COLONEL KNOX: Mr. Hamilton, I think the populace should be informed of these significant developments.

(Mr. Hamilton takes an air of confidence off the mantel and carefully adjusts it. He throws open the door to the balcony and steps out. There is, miraculously, complete silence on Michigan Avenue as he begins to speak.)

My countrymen. I wish to announce that a vast groundswell is moving across the nation in the direction of the Landon-Knox ticket. The reports by the committeemen substantiate this. (Colonel Knox and Mr. Hilles smile at each other.) Reports from California are exceedingly gratifying. I should like to challenge Mr. Farley . . .

(At this point the lights change, the traffic starts up again, and the voice of Hamilton is drowned in the roar. Meanwhile Mr. Hilles and Colonel Knox are putting the finishing touches on their design. They lay it on the floor and look down at it with admiring eyes. Through the large straw mat, which is a beautiful Hearst yellow, is woven the slogan: WE DON'T WANT LANDON.)

The Used-Car Racket

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

THE old-time confidence men who unloaded worthless oil stock on unsuspecting widows or sold gold mines which existed only on highly lithographed paper were as innocent as babes in the woods compared with the cutthroat fraternity which today makes its living selling used cars that are fit only for a junk pile.

There is virtually no car which cannot be temporarily doctored to look and sound and run like a second-hand car in excellent condition. This doctoring process will keep the car running long enough for the sucker to put his name on the dotted line and congratulate himself on getting a good used car at a bargain. The guileless customer drives off and for a day or so everything is all right. Then things begin to happen.

By this time, of course, the "gyp" used-car dealer has transferred the account to a finance company, if the customer is paying for the car on the instalment plan—which, incidentally, in many cases is a racket in itself. The dealer then blandly informs the complaining customer that the car is out of his hands and in the hands of the finance company. At this point the customer figures that he has made so much of a down payment that he might as well go along a little farther, and tries to repair the car properly. Finding it virtually impossible, he may drop the whole thing, whereupon the car is sold again to some other victim. If he has paid cash he is licked completely.

Some racketeering dealers give lofty-sounding written guaranties with the crates they sell. Like the cars, they are practically worthless because in most cases they promise only to replace "defective" parts. It is up to the customer to prove that the part was "defective" when he bought the car and is not the result of his own work, and that is not the easiest job in the world, even if the dealer is honest.

When, in rare cases, the dealer agrees to replace the "defective" part, the customer will find that the guaranty merely called for the "replacement" of the part. It says nothing about payment for the labor involved. The customer will find he has to pay for this labor. He also will find that the "labor" alone will cost more than the whole job—labor, parts, and all—would have cost in a reputable repair shop.

It should be clearly understood at this point that the writer is not making a blanket accusation against the entire used-car industry. Many used-car dealers are reputable merchants who are as careful to guard their good name as any other neighborhood merchant. But there are also racketeers in the business, ruthless men who lost their consciences with their baby teeth and have been going along on instinct ever since. These dealers specialize in wrecked and useless cars that a reputable dealer would not touch. The turnover of used cars in New York City alone is approximately 100,000 vehicles a year. This includes the

used cars handled by honest and dishonest dealers. The figure means that about \$2,000,000 changes hands annually for used cars—and the gyp dealer gets a large piece of the total.

The first thing the gyp dealer does with the crate dumped at his door is to turn down the speedometer. That's just a matter of a few minutes with a screwdriver. The mileage is cut about in half; not too much or it might look suspicious—they know when to stop. The car is then painted. A shiny car half sells itself. But even in this simple job the future customer is being duped. The cars the gyp dealer gets are usually covered with rust patches. He won't go to the trouble of "curing" the patches. He won't have them sandpapered down and burned clean. He will simply spray a fresh coat of paint over the car, rust spots and all. The result? What appears to be a shiny, new-looking car is in reality a diseased car, rusting under its bright coat of paint. Before long holes will appear where the rust spots are; the fenders, when they are eaten through, will begin to flap like the wings of an unhappy crow. The customer will blink his eyes—if the car has lasted that long—and wonder what has happened. He knows that he has kept his car polished and clean and sheltered; he never saw it rust. If the car were left unpainted, the customer could at least see the rust patches and clear them up. On a newly sprayed car he not only can't see them but has no reason to suspect them.

The dealer knows all too well that the potential customer, after he has been enchanted by the shine of the car, will next examine the tires. In most cases the tires on the dilapidated crates which are dragged to the gyp shop are practically gone; the tread is worn smooth. But that is a simple matter to remedy. If enough rubber is left it is engraved with beautiful grooves which give it the semblance of a fairly new tire. On the floor of the groove, of course, there may be only an eighth of an inch of rubber covering the tube; a sharp pebble will go through it. But it looks fine. Sometimes the tire is worn down too much to be "retreaded." But there is another trick. Take long strips, or shells, of rubber, smooth on the concave inside and treaded on the outside. Spread glue over the interior of the shell and place the strip around the worn tire. It looks swell. After a little bit of riding, to be sure, the friction and the heat and the pressure will loosen the shell, and the ancient tire will be exposed in all its unhappy nakedness. But that is the customer's hard luck.

The customer, when he tries a used car, will always test the brakes. They seem to grip splendidly. In reality they are probably useless. The simplest device for producing the effect of good brakes is to "take up" on the brakes as far as possible. Even though the linings are gone the mechanic can take up enough to make them grip. Of course,

without the lining it is simply a question of steel gripping against steel. In the end this means that not only new brake linings but new drums will be necessary. Brakes can also be tightened by the insertion of shims, or thin wedges, between the brake linings and the brake shoes. This will give the impression of brand-new brakes—while they last. Hydraulic brakes are even easier to adjust with shims than are mechanical brakes.

As for the battery, if it is too good the dealer removes it, because he can make a few dollars selling it. If it's not worth much he has it charged to its fullest and keeps it charged until the customer wants to try out the car. Even though one of the cells is dead, he can usually charge it high enough to make it work decently—temporarily. He also boosts the generator so that the motor charges the battery higher than normal and keeps it working for a while.

Suppose a battered, wrecked car is hauled into the shop. The frame is broken; the body is dented. But it is a very easy thing to straighten out body dents. The hard job—and the important job—is straightening out and repairing the frame. The proper straightening of a bent frame is a long and costly job. The body of the car must be lifted off and the frame recast in its original mold. Even if the straightening job is done by a competent welder the frame must be gone over—after the body has been taken off—with a ruler, inch by inch. That takes time and costs money. The dealer doesn't bother with all that. If the frame is broken too badly he may have it welded. He doesn't bother to have it properly straightened. He merely realigns the wheels to compensate for the off-true frame, often shifting the front axle as much as an inch.

What happens? First, there is a constant unnatural pull on the body which eventually will cause it to rip open somewhere. But what is really important is that the drive shaft is forced out of line and is liable at any time to snap from the strain. Also it is tugging on the universal—the part where the drive shaft connects with the transmission—and will eventually ruin that important mechanical part.

Another part of the car which has a tendency to go bad as the machine ages is the clutch. A slipping clutch can be detected even by a novice driver; so it has to be "fixed." It is very simple. Phony dealers have discovered that fuller's earth—yes, fuller's earth, the soft powder mothers use for their babies—inserted through an oil hole in the transmission of certain cars will temporarily restrain a slipping clutch. This method can be applied only to what is mechanically known as a "dry clutch." Most of the smaller cars, the bulk of the used-car trade, have dry clutches.

Bushings and king-pins wear out rather easily, and then the front wheels shimmy. What to do? The car is jacked up and ordinary sand is thrown into the bushing. It fills up the spaces caused by the wearing out of parts and temporarily makes the bushing hold. The wheels stop shimmying, for a while. The sand runs out very quickly, however, and the steering wheel begins to jump in the driver's hands. What is more, while the sand is in the parts, it is further wearing down the bushings, and possibly getting into other parts. Another trick, when the king-pins and bushings are too worn for the sand cure, is to remove the pin, a round piece of metal, and hammer it

until it is egg-shaped. Then it is replaced and the sand is tossed in. Egg-shaping the pin makes it broader, causing it to fill more space in one direction and giving it a greater grip—for a while. Or the unscrupulous dealer can burr the pin with a chisel—raise a series of nicks along it.

Suppose the springs are shot. Instead of being curved, they lie flat—dead metal without resiliency. Just tighten the shackles, pull them into a curve again, give the lifeless metal brief new life. Eventually the weight of the car and passengers, the bumps on the road, burst the inordinately strained shackles. The car descends with a bump. The axle snaps. Perhaps something else breaks. Who cares?

Is the transmission gone? That can be detected when the car is put into second speed. There is an unmistakable chatter which means that the bushings are worn. It is very simple to force into the transmission oiled, pulverized cork or sawdust. The thick molasses-like substance closes around the worn bushing, fills it. The chatter disappears. But the trouble is still there; and not only will the noise reappear when the filler wears thin but, worse, the transmission is not getting the proper lubrication, and the repairs which are soon necessary will cost almost the price of the used car itself. Fiber grease, instead of oil, is used to dam up the filler. A faulty rear end can be doped in the same fashion.

The same heavy mixture can also be inserted into the crankcase—mixed half-and-half with regular oil. There it will accomplish seeming miracles. Bearing knocks are eliminated, motor noises are silenced, loose connecting rods are reinforced. Of course, your car is not being lubricated. Metal is rubbing on metal; friction is ruining moving parts. The damage usually finishes the motor. If this heavy mixture is put in the crank case, it will act favorably, for the moment, on the action of a worn oil pump. The density of the mixture will hold up the diaphragm of the pump, making the meter on the dashboard read normal when the pump may not be working at all, or very little. The customer will see a high reading, if he bothers to look; in reality there is no pressure at all.

Even so serious a damage as a cracked motor can be fixed. The block can be skilfully welded. Grease spread over the welding will then cover the signs of it. But eventually the welded line will reopen. It cannot be welded again because metal will not take a second welding in the same place. A new motor is needed.

The dealer is full of simpler tricks. A quantity of ether in gasoline will work wonders. It will eliminate a carbon knock—while the gasoline being exploded contains the ether. It will improve motor performance and power to an unbelievable degree. However, it also so heightens the explosive heat of the gasoline that it may blow off the cylinder head. The old trick of backing a car uphill is a favorite device for proving the strength of a motor. Not many persons know that a car has greater power going backward than in any other speed.

Dealers develop trick remedies for unusual individual cases; they are limited only by their ingenuity. In one case, where a piston was broken, the dealer put an ordinary screwdriver blade in its place; it worked long enough to sell the car.

How Dead Is Liberalism?

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

II

IN ITS broadest sense the term "liberalism" includes both a political method and a conception of the good life. As I indicated last week, Marxians in general and Communists in particular have tended during the last three or four years to center their attacks more and more upon the method alone and to emphasize a conception of the good life — it is supposed ultimately to emerge which is not significantly different from that of the nominal liberal whom they have so much despised. Only the fascists maintain consistently that contempt for liberal ideals per se which, at an earlier period, the Communists seemed often to exhibit, and to the liberal it seems that Moscow and Berlin adopt, for the present, methods which are strikingly similar while intended ultimately to produce governments and societies diametrically opposed. Whether or not either is destined to be successful is another question, but one is sometimes inclined to feel that liberalism could protect itself from its enemies on the right if only someone would manage to protect it from its friends on the left.

Among those with whom I talked André Malraux gave the clearest, the most complete, and the most assured account of the convictions of the intellectual Communist whose ultimate aims are purely liberal. Like so many Frenchmen of his political complexion, he by no means subscribes to all the tenets of the new Russian orthodox church, and in France, he insists, the structure of the present economic order is such that the revolution must be bourgeois-proletarian rather than merely proletarian. Far more important from the standpoint of the present discussion is the strength of his emphasis upon the identity of the life which communism is determined to achieve with the life which liberalism professes to desire.

To him the phrase "Liberalism is dead" is true in two senses. The liberal society is dead because it was never alive; liberalism as a political method is dead because experience has shown that it does not work. The way lies through dictatorship because only through a dictatorship is it possible to make those fundamental realignments of power which are necessary before a truly liberal society can begin to function, and thus the purpose of an anti-liberal revolution is not to kill liberalism itself but to make it work.

In all this, moreover, the intellectual and the artist have a very important role to play because it is primarily through art that the continuity of the liberal conception of the good life is maintained and that—this strikes me as almost too neat and ingenious a solution—the arbitrariness of political acts is prevented from having any significance larger than themselves. They establish no precedents and no presumption that dictatorial methods

are generally justified, because both art and the artist are preserving intact the ideals which remain inviolate while, for reasons of pure temporary expediency, they are being violated.

For this reason, also, both the artist and the intellectual have a relation to party policy and to party discipline quite different from that sometimes assumed. So far as the latter is concerned, it is of a particular sort and strictly limited to the field of specific political acts. The party leaders are assured by the artist or intellectual that he will not obstruct political measures, that he will do what he is told to do and refrain from any attempt to interfere in any way with political acts. But in return for this loyalty he will demand absolute freedom of thought and of creation because those are as clearly his fields as the field of political action is clearly theirs.

To ask of him any more or to grant to him any less means inevitable stultification, and most so-called revolutionary art has been bad because it has been an effort to promote political revolution instead of an effort to define, encourage, and celebrate that dignity of the human spirit for which political revolution is attempting to establish the necessary material conditions. Many writers, of whom Louis Aragon in France is a typical example, have all but destroyed themselves out of a mistaken conception of what service in their cause required. To them bad art has come to seem a positive duty, and Aragon, especially, has reviled and trampled upon his natural inclinations. He has taught himself to despise his special talents and peculiar sensibilities because he felt it wrong to be distinguished from the mass, and has developed a masochistic impulse to destroy himself as well as everything he loves out of a conviction that only in that way could he serve the people.

Actually the artist best serves the revolution by serving in his own way the ultimate end toward which he and revolution are both working—namely, the ennoblement of the human spirit. It is true that once when he had been listening to music Lenin was asked if it was not his duty to protect "all this," and that, looking out of the window at a crowd of people in the street, he replied that it was they who had made the revolution and therefore they who came first. It is true, in other words, that the problem of art in a revolutionary society sometimes comes to be a question of quantity versus quality, that the common man has a right to art which the common man can appreciate. But that need lead to no assumption that what he can appreciate is actually the best. The duty of the intellectual and the artist is to see that the best is not lost and that the tradition of the best is not broken. Indeed, it is less true to say that the purpose of art is to promote revolution than it would be to say that

the purpose of revolution is to promote art—provided, of course, that one does not define art in too narrow a way. It is through art that the human spirit has achieved that dignity which it is the business of revolution to make available to all mankind.

In certain other respects M. Malraux's philosophy of art is even farther removed from the orthodox Marxian doctrine that literature "reflects social conditions." To him the history of art is essentially self-contained, a history of forms and styles rather than a history of social conditions. It does not react to or against "life" but against other works of art, and "revolutionary art" is not art which deals with revolutionary social conditions but art which finds new forms and expresses new feelings whether the subject matter be traditional or not. Thus M. Malraux, though a Communist, is in these respects nearer to a pure aestheticism than the nominal liberal usually is, and to many of his fellow-Marxians must seem positively counter-revolutionary.

We are, however, here concerned with literary opinions only in so far as they demonstrate the increasing tendency of the Communist to differ from the liberal chiefly in his willingness to adopt anti-liberal methods; in his conviction that it is, indeed, only through them that true liberalism may be reached. And the first thing that must be said of his obviously paradoxical position is that, like the more grotesque position of the "infantile leftist," or for that matter of the Nazi, it lends itself to very neat formulation on the purely conceptual level. Even the aesthetic doctrine of Eisenstein which I summarized briefly in the first article is marked by a logic and an internal consistency which make it seem superior to far more adult conceptions so long as one is content to accept the implied premises and to argue them out without reference to an actual aesthetic experience. In the same way M. Malraux's political theory—one might almost call it political metaphysics—has obviously the same sort of superiority over the apparently fumbling doctrines of the democrat, who may exhibit a more realistic sense of the difference between the formulation of a logical chain of conceptions and the control of a political process but who is prevented by that very fact from evolving so complete or so complacent a doctrine.

Even one as suspicious as I myself am of political theorists who are sure that they have solved the problems of the world because their own equations balance, and because there is no break in the chain of logic from their premises to their conclusions, recognizes what may be called the theological superiority of any one of the three or four mutually contradictory Communist "ideologies" over that of the liberal democrat who is more concerned with what is happening to the liberties of mankind than with philosophical disquisitions designed to demonstrate that dictatorship is an inevitable prelude to liberty. But it may very well be that this superiority is purely theological and that the liberal temper—with its direct and positive reaction against specific injustices and specific cruelties—serves humanity at least as well as the theological temper which accepts any particular injustice or cruelty that it can defend as the means toward some

still remote end. After all, many of the bloodiest wars have been fought by those who claimed to love peace, and the rulers of the Inquisition were cruel, so they said, only in order to be kind.

Stephen Spender was not in England at the time of my visit, but it was kind enough to write an answer to my questions in terms not very different from those of M. Malraux. From such representative liberals as Rebecca West and Bertrand Russell I got, on the other hand, no such positive assurances as M. Malraux and, to a lesser extent, Mr. Spender were ready to give. Indeed, to both it seemed that the imminence of war rendered almost fantastic any plan for the future of mankind, which can hardly be drawn up until we know how much of the present world and how many of its inhabitants have survived the catastrophe which is almost certain to arrive before present tendencies, good or bad, have had time to develop much farther. And when I turned from them to T. S. Eliot in the hope of finding a conservative philosophy ready with absolutes to oppose the absolutes of the Communist doctrine, I discovered both a tendency to moderation and a tendency to submit concepts to the criticism of current actualities which reminded me less, let us say, of St. Augustine or Trotsky than of any liberal democrat.

One might suppose, for example, that Mr. Eliot would agree with Stalin, Mussolini, and the Pope upon the necessity of controlling expressions of opinion when such opinions run counter to official pronouncements. So indeed Mr. Eliot does—as far at least as pure theory is concerned. When one knows the truth, or rather *if* one knows the truth, it is one's duty, he says, to suppress error, and that conviction is anti-liberal to the extent that it denies the liberal faith (*vide* Mill) in the utility of error itself as a challenge to truth. But Mr. Eliot adds hastily that the difficulty is, of course, the difficulty of finding an authority competent to decide what is true; and when I ask him if he knows any pretenders to such competence which he would today be willing to trust, he answers, not as I half expected with "Lambeth Palace," but with a simple "No"—thus ranging himself, on purely practical grounds, not with the orthodox Communist who would reply "the Kremlin" nor with the oppositionist who might propose the council of his own party, but with the liberal democrat who has not that much faith in the infallibility of even other democrats like himself.

Thus we are led to another conclusion which complicates the conclusion arrived at in the discussion of last week. It is true that the Communist and the liberal tend to agree more and more closely concerning the character of the good life as it may ultimately emerge. But they differ widely in the degree to which systematized "ideologies" inspire them with confidence. Even the churchman, if one may generalize from Mr. Eliot, has lost a good deal of his faith in the sufficiency of merely logical or theological solutions to the problems of society, while it remains for the Communist to compose elaborate treatises which challenge those of the schoolmen in self-consistency and finality.

[Mr. Krutch's third article will appear next week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SECRETARY HULL'S admirable peace speech to the International Power Conference in Washington is a fitting corollary to that of President Roosevelt at Chautauqua. Nothing could have been stronger than the Secretary's denunciation of war as "death to youth, death to hope, death to civilization," and his solemn appeal to the men of science and the engineers before him to use their influence to keep the nations from drifting into a final war because of the armament race and "the dangerous ambitions and conflicting political philosophies" which vex the world. Mr. Landon, too, spoke well for peace on Labor Day to the Kansas American Legion. He urged tolerance and demanded that the Legion uphold complete freedom of speech, but he especially stressed the preservation of peace and the "utter futility," the "waste," the "meaningless cruelty" of war. It is to his credit that he did not accompany this utterance with the usual politician's banality that there is "something worse than war," or refer to our national honor.

Surely we could not have better anti-war speeches than these; yet the fact remains that we are preparing for war as never before in the ridiculous belief that preparedness means safety from war. Mr. Roosevelt knocked the bottom out of that nonsense when he declared at Chautauqua that in the last analysis it made no difference what laws were written to keep us out of war if the President and Secretary of State did not stand fast against our going to war when the emergency came. That only intensifies our anxiety to know how we can keep a President and his Secretary of State from putting us into war. It is certainly alarming to have Ernest K. Lindley assure us that a recent poll of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet showed that a majority believed that the United States would fight if Japan attacked Canada—which seems quite at variance with the earnestness of Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to the peace elements to keep him out of war at all times.

All of this, and especially Mr. Hull's speech, emphasizes anew the truth that it is the governments and not the peoples—despite the conflicting political philosophies—which are the danger points. This is the case not merely with the dictators like Hitler and Mussolini, but with practically all governments, many of which are warring upon all individuals who declare that they will not take up arms on any terms. It is interesting to note that while Mr. Roosevelt declares that peace must be finally safeguarded by the anti-war elements, his Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Woodring, recently went out of his way to assail as shockingly unpatriotic the 14,000 clergymen who declared that they would in no manner help the government in the next war. Mr. Roosevelt did not rebuke him; nor has he rebuked the numerous admirals and generals who

are daily attacking all who work for peace and charging every peace lover with being a craven "red" in the pay of Moscow. Mr. Roosevelt not only tolerates this but more than any other President has strengthened the hands of these intolerant, un-American militarists. Even the governments which sincerely protest that they want peace above all else refuse to allow their people to vote upon war, to dissent from armament policies, or to decline to fight. Yet some of those very governments have shown themselves incompetent to prevent war. They are heading for war again, according to the testimony of President Roosevelt, Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Hull, and many other statesmen, and still they will not assent to any limitation of their complete control of peace and war.

There lies the vicious circle. The people don't want war, the statesmen admit, and don't make war. But they must not have any voice in the decision because diplomatic secrets cannot be shared with millions, and because modern war can be made overnight and, as in the case of Ethiopia, can be begun and ended without a declaration of war. So the people cannot have the right to say whether their sons shall go to almost certain death, whether they themselves shall have death rained upon them from the sky. Is it any wonder that the feeling that governments are the chief enemies of mankind in this matter of war and peace grows steadily? Has not the time come, therefore, for the peace movement to concentrate not merely upon establishing collective security and inculcating the spirit of peace among men, but upon depriving governments of their supreme war-making powers? "But what nonsense that is," multitudes will say, "when in many countries there are dictators in power who can make war without asking anyone's consent, and who have the ability to lay a neighboring capital in ashes overnight." The continuance of the present system certainly does not make those dictators less dangerous, or safeguard any country from their attack. Armaments are bleeding the world white, yet guarantee no peace; on the contrary, they bring war nearer. We could not be any worse off if we sought a way out by some other means. At least part of the world *must set the example* of giving the people the war-making power and of disarming, even at the risk of injustice and the loss of territory, such as China has suffered. China's plight is dreadful; yet if the alternative is the destruction of civilization by a wholesale war, that situation, bad as it is, is the better. The way to disarm is to disarm. The way to end war is to have the peoples decide and not any small group of men swayed by political considerations. If this sounds wholly unrealistic, then we must face, as Mr. Hull said, financial ruin and "death to youth, death to hope, death to civilization."

BROUN'S PAGE

WHEN first I read in Mr. Hearst's New York *American* that the *Herald Tribune* was "willing to aid and abet communism" I was as you might say a little incredulous. I just had not noticed it. However, I decided to investigate and so I went to Blake's restaurant and into the bar. This is just ten feet removed from the entrance to the *Herald Tribune* building, and I have always found it the place where one can get the most candid evaluation of Ogden Mills Reid as a journalist. I was fortunate enough to run into a minor executive who is very articulate about his paper but perhaps, also, a little reckless. I have made no attempt to confirm the extraordinary story which he told me. He says that within the month America was saved from communism by nothing more than a typographical error in the *Tribune* composing room. Whether the story is accurate in every detail cannot concern me now. I want to scoop Hearst.

"The first thing that made us suspicious in the editorial room," said my informant, "was the fact that we noticed that Ogden Reid was always whistling the 'Internationale' under his breath. And whenever he got to 'arise ye prisoners of starvation' he would get up and go down to Blake's. I wasn't able to follow him, but it is possible that he contacted Yipsels in the back room."

"I've always found the place very neat and clean myself," I objected.

"Don't be a fool," said the *Tribune* man who was telling the story. "I didn't say contracted. I said contacted, and a Yipsel is a member of the Young People's Socialist League. Ogden would have preferred to join the Young Pioneers but that is harder to get into than the Yipsels. It is about like the Union Club as compared to the Racquet, and anyhow Mr. Reid already belongs to the Union. But somehow or other he couldn't seem to make the YPSL. Of course he didn't quite get the idea. He thought that if he hung around long enough somebody would tap him on the shoulder and say, 'Go to your room.' That's the way he made Skull and Bones at Yale, but nobody tapped him for the YPSL."

"Perhaps they thought that Mr. Reid was too old to join a Young People's Socialist League," I suggested.

"Not at all," explained my friend, "there are Yipsels with long white beards. It wasn't Mr. Reid's maturity which kept him out but his class position. That hurt his feelings very much because he had a great ambition to be an agit prop in the A. N. P. A."

"It would make it a little easier," I complained, "if you would drop the radical jargon."

"I will forgive your ignorance," he continued, "but the A. N. P. A. is not a radical organization. It is the trade union of the newspaper owners and its full name is the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Up to a short time ago Howard Davis, the publisher of the

Herald Tribune, was the president of the A. N. P. A. It is a closed shop and it maintains an active lobby against the child-labor amendment and other legislation which might diminish newspaper profits. At any rate Ogden Reid got the idea that he might bore from within. Unfortunately he is not a good inside worker. When he sets out to do anything he does it frankly and openly. He began to activize the *Herald Tribune*, and to all reporters who had been on the paper more than twenty-five years he passed out Browder buttons.

"The next person on whom Ogden Reid's radical propaganda had a distinct effect was Geoffrey Parsons. Mr. Parsons used to be an amiable person who would come down to Blake's in off hours and play the match game. But of late it has been impossible to get him to take his nose out of 'Das Kapital.'"

"Just how far Ogden Reid got outside the office there's no telling. I hear that he approached both Butch Howard of the Scripps-Howard papers and Arthur ('Bugs') Sulzberger of the *Times*, but that they both threw him down. At the very least they said that the time was not yet ripe. Of course, Ogden Reid felt that he would have to make his move before Walter Lippmann got back from Wading River. In fact they do say that he planned to have the 'I' key on Mr. Lippmann's typewriter wired to an infernal machine. Thus when Walter returned from his vacation and started to prepare his message the bomb would go off, killing the commentator and vastly amusing all the bystanders.

"There were others in on the plot but the cell, or nucleus, was very small—just Ogden Reid and his friends. Lippmann was to be back on a Tuesday, so the revolution was scheduled for Monday morning. The signal was a piece of copy sent out in Mr. Reid's own hand. It ran, 'Red Revolution at 10 a.m. punctually. This means you.' At the bottom the publisher penciled, 'O. M. R.—must.' Then, just to be on the safe side, he added, 'B. O. M.,' which means Business Office Must. Yet in spite of these precautions a proofreader spoiled the whole thing. He saw the item 'Red Revolution' and thought to himself, 'Isn't that silly! That ought to be Reid Revolution.' And he changed it accordingly.

"The make-up man asked, 'What the hell does this Reid Revolution mean?' 'I guess it means there's going to be a new towel in the washroom,' said the foreman of the composing room, and they both laughed and threw it on the floor.

"The next day Walter Lippmann returned and came out for Landon. They didn't even get around to putting the bomb in Mr. Lippmann's machine. Still Ogden took a mean revenge. He sneaked into Walter's office when he was out and penciled a mustache on his autographed picture of Governor Landon."

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Life of a Critic

THREE WORLDS. By Carl Van Doren. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

IT IS Mr. Van Doren's peculiarity that, in the gusty office of literary critic, he has always kept his head. If this seems to be a commonplace achievement, then try to think of another who has done the same. All the rest, once they get above writing the review for the book, sprout the horns of evangelists and begin to gore heretics. But not Van Doren. He has had some hand in all the literary controversies that have souged over New York since he first came to town, and in more than one of them his weight has counted, but I can't recall a time when he ever failed to be both just and polite to an opponent, or forgot the issue in the heat of the fight.

But to say so much is certainly not to accuse him of what he himself denounces, in this frank and amusing review of his first fifty years, as "the lazy, timid trick of thinking there is something to be said on both sides." His position has always been quite clear, and whenever there has been any direct challenge to the values he cherishes he has been an active partisan. But he has yet managed to remember that there is a ponderable difference between mortal error and mortal sin, and if that capacity has made him singular, then it is a singularity that has had its plentiful uses.

His basic doctrine is simple, and, as I think, completely sound. He is in favor, in the battle of ideas, of the utmost enduring degree of liberty, and he is in favor of any honest attempt to ascertain and state the truth. No rigid a priori theorizing. No harsh, hampering dogmas about the social, or political, or theological function of literature. Its one and only aim, as Joseph Conrad said, "is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, above all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything."

The end is thus always the same, but the routes to that end are almost as numerous as the pilgrims who tread them. Herman Melville tramping the sands of his forlorn shores. Elinor Wylie tripping along her street of transcendental gift shoppes. Dreiser stalking through the mud puddles down behind the railroad tracks. Dos Passos riding the parallels of latitude. Van Doren saw what was honest and significant and true in all of them, and, seeing it, he tried to make others see it too. It seems to me that his judgments, taking one with another, have been equitable far beyond the common, and that no other critic of his generation has been less upset by loud noises, loud colors, and loud smells.

His book deals with his literary adventures only in part. His writing is at its best, and the story he has to tell is most interesting, in his earlier chapters, which have to do with his nonage in a small Illinois village. It is a pleasure, in these days of autobiographical tear-squeezing, to discover an author who had a grand time as a boy, and plenty to eat, and no Freudian hallucinations, and a father who made a good living and was his own boss.

This, his first world, was the most spacious and charming. His second, the world of pedagogy, was narrow and stuffy, and he began to bulge out of it the moment he got into it. His third, in which he still moves and has his being, is wider but still not wide enough for a man of his enterprise and energy. More

than once, tiring of writing about other men's books, he has ventured to concoct books of his own. So far, they have got much less notice than his critical works—mainly, I suspect, because he tried to put something of his critical precision into them. But in the present volume there are touches of a more Dionysian spirit. His self-imposed rein is looser. He exults and lets himself go; there are moments when he even whoops.

What a novel he could write about the literary quacks of New York!

H. L. MENCKEN

Our Paramount National Problem

RICH LAND, POOR LAND. By Stuart Chase. Whittlesey House. The McGraw-Hill Company. \$2.50.

IF THE average substantial citizen is asked to name the most important problem that confronts the American nation, his reply will be, balancing the budget. By that he means the budget of income and outgo of the federal government. If we were to continue with deficits on the present scale for one generation, the burden of debt would be unbearable, and we should have to resort either to repudiation or to inflation. A grave problem, but there is another budgetary problem that is far graver. That is our budget with our natural resources. Deficits have been running against us since the landing in Jamestown. We have met them out of our national capital, and are still meeting them by this imprudent method. By overcutting our forests, overgrazing our pasture lands, overcultivating and carelessly cultivating our farm lands we are making heavy drains on that natural capital. It would be safe to say that our whole farm production is subsidized to at least 10 per cent of its value by drains upon our diminishing natural capital. We are reaching the limit, and if we go on with this kind of deficit production we shall in one generation encounter, not a paper redistribution of wealth among our citizens, such as repudiation or inflation involves, but actual hunger, bread riots, widespread social disorders.

To this paramount national problem Stuart Chase addresses his book, "Rich Land, Poor Land." It is a marvel of a book, text clear as crystal, illustrated by skilfully drawn charts and brilliant photographs by Charles Krutch. A fascinating book, in spite of the deeply discouraging story it tells, of a hundred million acres, which might have maintained a million families, utterly destroyed by water erosion; of nine million acres destroyed by wind and hundreds of millions of acres more yielding rapidly to wind and water erosion; of forests slashed to the quick and the ground burned over; of grazing lands turned into desert; of the tragic upsetting of the hydrologic cycle which has turned into disastrous run-off the water that should have been held in the soil, to support vegetation and to percolate to the lower levels and feed wells and springs. Our exploitative handling of forest, grazing, and tilled lands exaggerates floods and reduces the dry-season flow of our rivers to almost nothing. In the drought of the early nineties it required the skill of an Indian to swim across the Missouri at Sioux City. Last summer a man waded across.

Whether this acceleration of the flow of water to the sea affects the actual rainfall is not known. What is known is that the effects of a drought are far more disastrous when the water

table sinks below the reach of tree roots and below the level of wells. It is known too that floods must become more severe as the run-off becomes more precipitate. Add to the fact of a greater occasional river flow the raising of river bottoms through silting, and one can see why a river in its lower reaches becomes a more and more treacherous neighbor. We are now engaged in a desperate race between the levee builders and the Mississippi. Every year the river bottom rises; the levees must be built higher, with broader bases, at staggering expense. As Stuart Chase puts it, we are setting the river up on stilts, where it may look far out over the surrounding plain. Sooner or later it will stumble, and we shall have our really record-breaking Mississippi flood. That is, if we continue our ruinous practice of exploitation.

There are, however, signs that we shall not continue it. Scientists and nature lovers had dinned the approaching national disaster in our deaf ears for a generation. The effect would have been negligible except for the luck of the American people in drawing from the Roosevelt family two powerful Presidents with economic-geographic minds. The first Roosevelt impressed upon us the meaning of forest conservation. If we are still cutting five times as much lumber as we are growing, nevertheless our area of national forests, scientifically managed, has been greatly extended through the impetus given by Theodore Roosevelt. Since his time we have built up a magnificent corps of forest administrators, fit to serve as a nucleus for the broader service of natural-resources administration we so desperately need. Franklin Roosevelt is no less alive to the need of forest conservation, but his imagination ranges forward to the whole problem—erosion control, the regulation of river flow, flood control, silt control, hydro-electric power. Future ages will count it a fortunate dispensation that a grave depression coincided with the administration of a statesman with a keen appreciation of natural resources. The unemployment crisis brought adequate support for the Tennessee Valley Authority and the systematic reconditioning of a river basin almost as large as England. Pity that a jangle over power competition should obscure in the minds of many good people the fact that we have in the Tennessee Valley project the most intelligent and majestic public enterprise in American history.

The depression gave us the C. C. C. and the opportunity to send out some hundreds of thousands of young men to learn the art of soil conservation and to serve as missionaries for this most important of causes. Two other pieces of American good luck will be noted by the future historian: the Supreme Court decision invalidating the old Triple-A and shifting crop control to the field of soil conservation, and the great drought, which has made even the most exclusive clubs realize that the protection of the natural base of our national life cannot properly be called boondoggling.

Stuart Chase has a geographer's sense of contours, an engineer's sense of quantities, a poet's sense of woods and ranges, wild nature, once lovely rivers now enslaved, defiled, rebellious. When he approaches finance his compass behaves erratically. To put our national estate in proper shape would cost, he estimates, five billion a year for twenty years, and the continuous labor of five million men. We know where the men are to come from. Our advancing technology assures a liberal supply of the unemployed. But the money? Stuart Chase darkly hints at what the government could do if it were its own banker. One surmises that some non-Euclidean fiat-money scheme is lurking in his mind.

What we must do to preserve our natural resources we shall have to pay for out of taxation revenues, although in time of

depression we should use our credit boldly. If five billion a year is needed to protect our normal seventy-billion national income against irretrievable disaster, we can find it. But this earthy problem is not advanced toward solution by astronomical figures. It is not necessary for Washington to hold all the top soil of the United States in its official hands. The farmers of France and Germany have done this at their own expense from the time of the Caesars. The farmers of the United States will do a great part of the work of conservation, once we have developed a sound system of permanent agriculture. The help of government is needed to repair ancient mistakes. But the man who mixes his labor with the soil has always been the chief agent of conservation. Presently we shall find out how to let him live in comfort on his own unencumbered land and to develop that love of the soil without which no government, however wise, can maintain intact the basis of the food supply and the national life.

ALVIN JOHNSON

Whose Jefferson?

JEFFERSON IN POWER: THE DEATH STRUGGLE OF THE FEDERALISTS. By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$3.75.

TODAY, as a sideshow to their war for votes, both of our great political parties are conducting what can only be called an ideological battle. Both turn to history and invoke the name of the vigorous ghost, the "patron saint" of democracy, Jefferson, to justify their ways to voters, rich and poor, black and white, Jew and Gentile. Whose Jefferson, we ask? The G.O.P.'s, or the New Deal's?

With this fairly burning question in our eye we come to Mr. Bowers's timely work on the Virginia philosopher-President for light on the real nature of the doctrines and interests that clashed in those other days of the republic. But "Jefferson in Power" yields only a few random hints in all its lengthy chronicle. Mr. Bowers's historical method is *simpliste* in the extreme, and allows of no sociological interpretation. As in his other books, all the world (of politics) is a stage. The scenery is noted; the "actors," quickly described at the beginning, are easily and simply ranged as heroes and villains. Then, dipping his heavy brush in all the colors of partisanship—for Mr. Bowers avows himself a "Jeffersonian"—the author rushes away upon a long, theatrical, and quite breathless word-painting of Jefferson's epoch, day by day, season by season.

An eventful and even tumultuous period in our history, these eight years; but also a highly intellectual age. Jefferson was a son of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, carrying forward a profoundly important and novel experiment in popular government. His letters and public papers and policies are the manual of democratic rule which he has left us. And though Mr. Bowers heartily champions Jefferson, he touches chiefly the surface of the man's thought. A magnificent subject, we must distinguish for ourselves its grand lines in the highly charged, rather heavyweight prose of Mr. Bowers's narration.

Jefferson's victory in 1800 was a "peaceful revolution" at the polls, as he said. A popular party, supported by landowners, chiefly in the South and West, overthrew the junta of Federalists under the direction of Hamilton, who habitually "mistrusted" the people. Jefferson aroused the country, in the tones of 1776, against the Federalist "money changers" and "royalists." In his first inaugural address he projected a "wise and frugal government" whose economies would lessen the burdens upon the masses of people and prevent privileged groups from exploiting them unduly. Diminished military and naval

forces would remove further the menace of a possible autocratic rule. At his "court" in Washington the new President introduced the most austere democratic etiquette. All this ran counter to the policies of Hamilton, which had served the financial and manufacturing class so well, and appealed instead to the planters and farmers who composed more than 70 per cent of the population. The other phase of Jefferson's democratic action which is significant to us today is the contest he opened with the judiciary, which had been "packed" with Federalists under the Adams Administration. Here was a citadel of the government, the federal courts, greatly expanded, in which the adversaries had intrenched themselves for life; Jefferson proposed to reduce the provisions for its support, limiting thus its growing power over the rights of the states, not to speak of the federal legislature and the executive. On this front Jefferson came at once into collision with the formidable John Marshall, who "nullified," as we know, part of the legislative action of the majority party and established precedents and issues which run like a thread through our history.

So far, the action is all characteristically "Jeffersonian." But thereafter comes a tale of compromise and conciliation. As the Napoleonic wars engulfed Europe there were dangers and opportunities which could not be ignored. No "strict construction" of the Constitution, such as Jefferson argued for, could ever show any authorization for such a tremendous territorial acquisition as the "extravagant" Louisiana Purchase; and the embargo against trading with the belligerents of Europe, an emergency measure taken in the self-denying quest for peace and neutrality, certainly trampled on states' rights as no decree of King George had ever done. In many a public expression Jefferson used the ideology of the Enlightenment, with its dogmas of popular sovereignty, egalitarianism, and the ultimate triumph of the common man. But between theory and practice there was a large hiatus. Jefferson favored, but did not effectively advance, universal suffrage.

If Jefferson and his lieutenants had any consistent policy at heart, it was, as Henry Adams said bitterly in his "History," one of furthering in the national government "ideas and interests peculiar to the region south of the Potomac, and only to be understood from a Southern standpoint." Jefferson instinctively feared and hated the money-lending and capitalist class, while holding the tillers of the soil to be so far as he was concerned "the Chosen People." At the same time, he showed a vehement dislike and misunderstanding of the urban proletariat, the "mobs" of mechanics and artificers "piled upon each other" in the cities.

In truth, Jefferson presided as chief magistrate over a small, simple, agricultural and mercantile society which flourished wonderfully and which he trusted could be kept flourishing so long as it retained its overwhelmingly agrarian character. It was a very charming idyl—but neither of the great political parties of today, whose spokesmen profess to admire Jefferson, seriously consider returning to that bucolic idyl. Neither party proposes to abolish our General Motors companies, our monopolies with their billions of horse-power—phenomena which Mr. Jefferson could not foresee.

What would Jefferson with his eighteenth-century philosophy make of our Pittsburghs and Chicagos? Would he take his stand with Mr. Landon and the party which now stumps for government economy, reduction of the federal bureaucracy, and even, in some measure, the strengthening of states' rights? Or would he join with Mr. Roosevelt in his sallies against the Supreme Court's legislative vetoes? Would he applaud the Roosevelt solicitude for impoverished mechanics and farmers, and the Roosevelt philippics against finance capitalists—or the

Liberty League's defense of "individualism" and the freedom of large business enterprises from government control? The former stockbroker, James Truslow Adams ("The Living Jefferson"), apparently contends that the philosopher-President would have cried anathema on the New Deal and all its public works; while the Democratic office-holder, Claude Bowers, suggests he would have given aid and comfort to Roosevelt.

The truth is that Jefferson, inconsistently enough, altered his doctrines in accordance with economic and partisan realities. Mr. Bowers does not seem to be aware that on the question of judiciary power Jefferson formerly stood in agreement with Hamilton, Adams, and Marshall in counting upon the Supreme Court to check the majority power of Congress. When he became President and found the court in the hands of his opponents, he underwent a change of heart. Who, then, is "Jeffersonian" now, and what is Jeffersonism?

If there is any useful parallel between Jefferson's age and our own, it is that once more a fundamental class struggle, broader, more complex than in the early republic, is discernible in the formal contest between the great professional parties. The old Roman of Monticello might well be appalled by our era of war, mass life, boom, and depression. But surely he would be too intelligent to be "Jeffersonian" in 1936.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Too Much Love

LETTERS TO AN ARTIST: FROM VINCENT VAN GOGH TO ANTON VAN RAPPARD (1881-1885).

The Viking Press. \$3.50. (Limited edition, \$10.)

SINCE Van Gogh has become America's favorite painter (as this is written, the traveling exhibition of his work has already been seen by more than 700,000 people, and by the time it goes back to Holland probably over a million will have seen it), the publication in this country of the artist's recently discovered early letters, translated from the Dutch by Rela van Messel with an introduction by Walter Pach, is both timely and appropriate.

Ours are today an unsentimental land and age—except where Van Gogh is concerned. So this shall be a sentimental review. Futility is pathetic; realization of futility is tragic. Fortunately for us all, Van Gogh was not tragic. He never became convinced that the world did not want him. So we have again the old story: human beings breaking an artist's heart and then taking it back on their bended knees after he is dead.

Van Gogh, inept and heavy handed in personal relations (words were not his idiom, though he spoke and wrote well at times), was over tender and longing in spirit. Attempts at companionship with the aristocratic academician to whom these letters were written, attempts at making group artists out of peasants, attempts at rendering an ailing, abandoned mother, and two children, happy—these are all of a piece with his later attempts in France to found in good-will a painters' commune, to be a comrade to the bullying Gauguin, to befriend prostitutes. All his career was consistent, including his final insanity and suicide. He was a man who loved too much.

Even in these early letters "To love what we love" is his battle cry, and he asks how people can give their best efforts elsewhere, "treating that which they love as a stepchild, instead of surrendering themselves frankly to the irresistible impulse of their hearts." "The more we love the more we act," he wrote. Until one finds this clue to its strangeness, his life will seem like a string of beads without the string.

It all becomes clear in the first of the letters now before us.



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Van Gogh's touching eagerness for visits with Rappard, his desire to praise Rappard's work reveal this life-longing for affection. Yet he could not endure the condensed milk of art, and had to shout that the academicians are "not worth a dime."

The next year, however, found Van Gogh still writing letters. He explains anew why he took in the sick woman, "one foot in her grave, mentally as well as physically," her only chance of recovery "in a normal, regular home life." He is undaunted. "Notwithstanding some nasty, yes, very nasty experiences since I took this woman and her two children into my home, the encounter has brought me a certain serenity. . . ."

He is working furiously, has a vision of "art . . . not made only by hands, but of a deeper source." He preaches to Rappard; the friendship totters. Another year. Van Gogh reproaches Rappard for not writing, humbles himself under past criticisms. He beseeches Rappard to come and visit him. He longs for "a chance to find understanding." But he cannot forbear stabbing back again: "The worst of all evils is self-righteousness." He still loves too much.

The last year. Van Gogh—a child hurt in the dark—"I have just received your letter. . . . I hereby return it. . . ." In it Rappard had called his work "superficial," "unreal," "exceedingly weak!!" "Such work cannot be taken seriously," writes the superior academician. "Art is too great a thing to be treated so carelessly!" Van Gogh replies that Rappard is "insulting." Again affection intervenes. "Do you want to break with me?" he sadly asks. "I put too much heart in my work to be insincere . . . your letter was not just . . ." he cries. Then, "Do not quarrel with me." But Van Gogh cannot endure it. "Time will show whether your criticism of my work and of myself were justified or not," he challenges. Finally more pleadings: "We must stop bickering. . . . I am at the end of my wits . . . do not fight with me. . . ." But he cannot help calling Rappard "more tedious and drier than ever!"

Van Gogh had once more loved, and told the truth, too often. He did not want to lose a friend; but nothing infuriates people like receiving justice—and he lost one. The rest is hopeless. Difficult? Of course Van Gogh was difficult. To his dying day he never learned that the love of an uncomprehending soul implies no honor.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT

Mr. Eliot Glances Up

ESSAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THIS is a new edition of "For Lancelot Andrewes," the slender volume of essays which Mr. Eliot published eight years ago with a preface announcing his position as royalist in politics, classicist in literature, and Anglo-Catholic in religion. He omits the preface now because it has "more than served its turn" and because it has misled too many readers into supposing that in his mind "all these three were inextricable and of equal importance." The italics are Mr. Eliot's, and refer to an ascending importance which time has established among the famous three. Nothing is said any more, indeed, about royalism at all. And classicism informs but a single discourse. The emphasis is all upon religion; by which Mr. Eliot means the Christian religion and more particularly Anglo-Catholicism; and in the high light of which he examines the contemporary world. Two of the essays which he has struck out of the present edition, those on Middleton and Crashaw, were perhaps too merely literary to please him. The essay on Machiavelli would have continued to serve his purpose had he kept it here where it so brilliantly belongs.

For some reason he has not kept it; but for certain very plain reasons he has added three uncollected pieces on the eternal aspects of literature, politics, and education, and he has been content to represent himself as a critic of writing with two further pieces on Pascal and Tennyson.

The position he maintains here—maintaining it with that unique talent of his for being at the same time delicately ironic and fanatically firm—was anticipated in the essay on Irving Babbitt's humanism which he has held over from the earlier book. Mr. Eliot's objection to Mr. Babbitt's morals was that they were after all personal to Mr. Babbitt; lacking the religious reference as they did, they were simply one more attempt by modern man to save himself. Mr. Eliot has grown more and more sure during these eight years that man cannot save himself, and his review of the current chaos is a series of nods in the direction of schemes which will not work because their authors have taken the short view and ignored "the primacy of the supernatural over the natural life." Contemporary literature is by and large "degrading" because it knows no other life than this one; contemporary affairs are mismanaged because we have lost respect for that "other-worldly wisdom" without which worldly wisdom can never be complete; and contemporary education is meaningless because most teachers have forgotten that their problem is at bottom religious. The universal sin is secularism, under whose blind guidance we follow low ideals to the inevitable moment of disillusion—it is only the Catholic, with his absolute ideals and his moderate expectations, who cannot be disillusioned—and then stumble off, still hopeful, in another wild direction. Fascism and socialism, not to speak of the elective system in education, are heresies because their glance is ahead, not up; and because they subscribe to the tragic faith that man is sufficient unto himself. Confidence in the League of Nations is for Mr. Eliot an illustration of "that exaggerated faith in human reason to which people of undisciplined emotions are prone"; and the notion of letting students educate themselves is a sign of our having forgotten that "no one can become really educated without having pursued some study in which he took no interest—for it is a part of education to *learn to interest ourselves* in subjects for which we have no aptitude."

All of this is interesting, and it would be folly in the present state of affairs to assume without question that it is untrue. There is more truth in Mr. Eliot than there is in many a contemporary prophet to whom he will sound archaic and fantastic. The strange thing is that he speaks in the end with so little force and gives so little assurance that it is the world which he desires to save. The suspicion that it is himself—that he is only one step beyond Mr. Babbitt in the personal race for cover from the hailstones of our unbalmy time—arises if nowhere else from the circumstance that his essay on Pascal's "Pensées" is so much the most powerful essay here; and from the intimation of an affinity which he has felt for one who possessed in such high degree "the sensibility to feel the disorder, the futility, the meaninglessness, the mystery of life and suffering," as well as the need to "find peace through a satisfaction of the whole being." But the suspicion may be entertained by any serious reader on any page of this after all too tentative book. Mr. Eliot has suggested rather than substantiated a human world order, and his humility in doing so is perhaps more exquisite than it should be. What are we to make, considering the sternness with which he has announced the necessity of our learning to interest ourselves in subjects for which we have no aptitude, of his protestations again and again that he knows almost nothing about politics, economics, and science? How then are we to know

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The New Deal Reviewed

HALF WAY WITH ROOSEVELT. By Ernest Lindley. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

A PROGRAM FOR MODERN AMERICA. By Harry W. Laidler. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$2.50.

MR. LINDLEY'S new study of the Roosevelt regime places him in the front rank of commentators on the American political scene. He observed the future President day by day when Mr. Roosevelt was Governor, and from the time Mr. Roosevelt was nominated until Mr. Lindley was sent to report Governor Landon's doings he chronicled Mr. Roosevelt's career every single day for the *Herald Tribune*, with a detachment creditable alike to that newspaper and to himself. But Mr. Lindley has not been content to be a mere recorder of the President's doings; he has made himself a most careful student of men and events in Washington, where he has himself grown in his powers of analysis and interpretation, his sureness of touch, his ability to portray the political scene as it is.

For all Mr. Lindley's liking for the President, he discusses him with an obvious effort to be critical. He writes so well that the story grows steadily more absorbing, and compels admiration for its clarity of style and its remarkable handling of the mass of material with which the author was confronted. It is interspersed with subtle humor, with complete understanding of the genius politician and of the stupidities of the "economic royalists" who have so long been the masters of America, and with extremely clever use of quotations from Theodore Roosevelt, from Hoover and other reactionaries, and from the recent decisions of the minority of the Supreme Court. Despite its bias in favor of the New Deal it is hardly too much to say that no one who has not read this book can discuss the Roosevelt regime with complete knowledge and understanding. Those who disagree with Mr. Lindley's attitude will have to admit that they have learned a lot and that Mr. Lindley is frank and candid throughout except in his title, deliberately chosen, I suppose, to puzzle us as to its exact meaning. The book ought to be on every editor's desk for its facts, figures, and interpretations, and on every business man's, too.

As for his criticisms, Mr. Lindley feels that the NRA was a total failure from which the President was luckily rescued, and that the President made a bad beginning in the field of foreign policy. He thinks Mr. Roosevelt ought to have done something in 1933 about the Supreme Court, but he is free to confess he does not know what. The President was too optimistic about the forces of natural or semi-natural recovery, and, *mirabile dictu*, Mr. Lindley accuses him of not having adopted an aggressive spending policy! That one of his worst

failures was in not making a comprehensive attack upon the housing problem Mr. Lindley records, and also his slowness and inadequacy in resorting to taxation to encourage spending, and his failure to see that he was sure to lose generally the support of big business, industrialists, and financiers, and therefore must waste no time seeking to compromise with them. He also frankly admits that the President is a poor disciplinarian and slow to rid himself of incompetent aides.

As for the credit side, Mr. Lindley lists sixteen achievements, such as the TVA, the social-security legislation, such as it is, the humane relief policy, the President's efforts to protect collective bargaining, his taking a long step toward establishing the principle that everybody is entitled to a job. He sums it all up thus:

In the aggregate Mr. Roosevelt's accomplishments in three years have been prodigious. Most fundamental of all, he revived faith in the democratic system of government by proving that it was not helpless in the face of a great crisis. He has given the nation a chance to make fundamental adjustments and created at least a moderate amount of hope that it can continue to make them in an orderly manner. He has set or encouraged several trends which point toward a reasonable degree of economic democracy, without which we might as well ring down the curtain now and look around for a totalitarian dictator.

Finally, it must be added that there has been no more thoughtful or searching study of the President himself, his character, the effect upon him of his antecedents, his inherited wealth, and the other influences which have made him what he is. Mr. Lindley insists that the President has had a social philosophy all the way through. About Mr. Farley, too, he takes the unconventional viewpoint: "Eight years of observation of Mr. Farley have convinced me that he is one of the most energetic and efficient men in public life. In my opinion he is better as an administrator than as a politician." This may be true, but Mr. Farley has profoundly affronted the moral sense of the country and therefore served the President and the nation extremely badly.

Were there space I should like to question Mr. Lindley's attitude toward the Hull tariff policy, the big-navy policy, and other phases of the New Deal. But I am compelled to admiration by Mr. Lindley's achievement as a whole, and especially its complete demolition of the absurdities of those who charge the President with trying to "scrap the Constitution," ruin our institutions, "destroy the American system," and make us all bolsheviks. Unfortunately the book suffers from slovenly proofreading and especially from the absence of an index.

Mr. Laidler's volume is an even greater storehouse of facts and figures concerning the New Deal and cognate happenings in other countries, and in addition makes an effort to supply a socialistic program. It is by no means as entertaining as Mr. Lindley's book. It is more a study of the general situation of the United States than a specific inquiry into the New Deal as such. The book would be improved by printing the program in a couple of pages instead of compelling the reader to fish it out of every chapter. But it is, like all of Mr. Laidler's work, an honest, sincere, and painstaking bringing together of valuable facts necessary to an understanding of the existing situation in the world. The reader must be prepared, however, to find that Mr. Laidler believes in nothing short of abolishing the profit system and "a complete reorganization of our social order." There is an excellent appendix on the cooperative movement. These two books together will supply the inquiring mind with all the information needed for an understanding of where we are and what is before us.

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Rubber: A Realistic History

RUBBER. A STORY OF GLORY AND GREED. By Howard and Ralph Wolf. Covici-Friede. \$4.25.

"ROMANCES" of great commodities are numerous. Some of them are interesting, a few even charming. Most of them, however, are distortions of reality, opiates that dull the critical senses. This book on rubber is refreshingly free from romancing. What is more, it is consciously and severely realistic, honest to the core.

The story of rubber is told against a grandiose panorama stretching from the jungles of the Amazon, the Congo, and Malaya to the centers of modern rubber-using industries and again to the remotest corners of the earth to which automobiles and electric cables reach. As background there is a magnificent chiaroscuro of glory and greed, of the unselfish devotion of such inventors as Goodyear and Nieuwland, and of bestialities that would be truly incredible if they were not documented by government reports and court records.

Rubber is a newcomer among the great commodities. Its drama unfolds in less than a century. To be sure the Indians of Central and South America for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years had been making numerous tools and utensils from various gums: but as a commodity in the modern sense rubber did not come into its own until steam opened up the vast transportation system of the Amazon and its tributaries, and until Goodyear through vulcanization unlocked the myriad-fold utilities of rubber. From then on the drama unfolded with a swiftness which left man dumbfounded, groping in the dark, realizing the true significance of rubber developments long after the event—usually too late.

The volume is divided into five books. The first is merely a prologue, covering the pre-commercial stage. Book Two is the story of wild rubber, its orgies in both South America and Africa. Its high marks are the condensed accounts of the Putumayo and Congo atrocities. Book Three is the story of plantation rubber. It covers not only the agricultural and technological aspects but also the financial, managerial, and other economic and social phases of this great venture of the white man in the tropics. Surprising to many readers will be the suggestion that the small-patch native rubber grower, especially of the Dutch East Indies, may well come out ahead in his struggle with the highly rationalized corporation-controlled plantation. Book Four contains the record of the great inventions and technological achievements on which the modern rubber-manufacturing industry rests, while Book Five tells the story of this industry itself with its ups and downs, its labor troubles, its titanic struggles between industrialists and financiers.

Throughout this volume we meet with real people of flesh and blood, villains as black as those of the cheapest melodrama, heroes whose unselfish devotion to great ideals arouses not only our admiration but our affection. Among the villains there stands out a certain "Coburg," better known to most readers as Leopold II, King of the Belgians. Among the heroes may be mentioned Edmund Dene Morel, and Benjamin Saldaña Rocca, who deserve much of the credit for having exposed conditions in the Congo and Putumayo and who through this courageous publicity contributed much to their alleviation. It would be easy to point to at least a score of biographical sketches and characterizations which are veritable gems. Throughout this study we run into any number of interesting people in the most unexpected places. We encounter Joseph Conrad as Captain Korzeniowski on the Congo River; we meet André Gide in Equatorial Africa. We find Thomas Fortune Ryan of Tammany Hall and New York traction fame in the company of King

Leopold. We learn that Thomas A. Edison dabbled in Mexican rubber stock, being associated with the Obispo Rubber Plantation Company.

Of equal excellence are the technological and economic discussions. The difficult and often highly intricate material is handled with unusual skill, so that even the general reader can not only gain a clear insight but fully appreciate the significance of underlying forces and hidden trends. The story of the technological progress is indeed astounding. The best that the wild-rubber industry had ever been able to do was to furnish a maximum of forty thousand tons of rubber at a minimum normal price of seventy cents a pound. Today the plantations and native growers actually furnish close to a million tons and could readily supply very much more than that amount at a cost which probably ranges as low as three and not much over eight cents a pound.

Viewed as a whole the book is an excellent illustration of the destructive power of the early get-rich-quick form of commercial capitalism. At the same time it holds out the hope that a broader and wiser view is gaining ground. The short-run commodity viewpoint of the trader appears to be yielding in many instances to the longer resource viewpoint of those responsible for the billions invested in giant plantations and huge factory agglomerations. The story of wild rubber is perhaps the most impressive object lesson in killing the goose that lays the golden egg, showing that exploitation of man and nature does not pay. If this book had no other merit than that of driving home this point—and it has many more besides—it would deserve a place of honor in the library of the generally cultured reading public.

ERICH W. ZIMMERMANN

A Modern Robin Hood

PRETTY BOY. By William Cunningham. Vanguard Press. \$2.

MUCH as William Cunningham is to be commended for his ingenious attempt to extend the area of social fiction into the underworld, the value of his proletarian gangster as a social symbol is highly questionable. Based on the life and legend of "Pretty Boy" Floyd, one of the recent claimants to the title of Public Enemy No. 1, "Pretty Boy" is the story of a romantic and humane desperado. Reckless, brooding, sentimental, Pretty Boy speeds through a succession of bank hold-ups until his nerves break and he is trapped and shot down by a company of G-men. His funeral is attended by thousands of neighboring farmers, who mourn him as the "friend of the poor." A Robin Hood in modern dress—robbing the rich and helping the poor—Pretty Boy is presented as a small-time gangster who hit the headlines but was really being exploited by the more powerful racketeers who make more money with fewer risks. Cunningham plausibly suggests that Pretty Boy was launched on his anarchic career by the poverty and injustice he suffered in early life. But in his social philosophy of sympathy for the poor working people and hatred for the bankers and their gangster hirelings, Pretty Boy is evidently unique in his profession. Hence Cunningham's portrait of him as a social rebel has more meaning as biography than as fiction, for the significance of the gangster today is that of a "fit" rather than a misfit. In general, "Pretty Boy" hovers between biography and fiction. Other characters emerge only in fragments, and the action lunges, for the most part, through a single dimension. In many places the story reads like one of the telescoped biographies in the novels of Dos Passos.

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Egon Petri's performance is that of an excellent musician; the first movement is without Schnabel's technical imperfections; the second movement is recorded with greater clarity; and its concluding section is not broken. That, however, is because the second movement is played on four records instead of Schnabel's five; and this is achieved by a somewhat faster tempo than Schnabel's and at the cost of the repose, the spaciousness of his performance, which are essential to a full realization of the movement's emotional implications. But those who are not under my disadvantage of having Schnabel's performance in mind will be impressed by Petri's, and rightly.

Columbia's September list is further enriched by Beethoven's Quartet Opus 59 No. 1 in the performance of the Roth String Quartet (five records, \$7.50). The Roth group is not heard at its best pumping up vigor for Beethoven; but this is Beethoven in a less vigorous, more reflective mood, and played with beautiful sensitiveness and warmth. And notable, also, in its beauty of tone, distinction of phrasing, and technical ease is Emanuel Feuermann's playing in Haydn's Concerto for 'Cello (four records, \$6). The accompaniment by an unnamed orchestra under Malcolm Sargent is not, however, equally distinguished.

In two-record sets (each \$3) Columbia offers an excellent performance of Wagner's "Faust" Overture by the London Philharmonic under Beecham, with the Prelude to Act III of "Lohengrin" on the fourth side; and Fauré's Ballade for Piano and Orchestra Opus 19, to which the suave superficiality of Marguerite Long's playing is better suited than it was to Mozart. The orchestra is not named; the conductor is Gaubert. And on two single discs (\$2) is some charming music by Grétry—a ballet suite, "La Rosière Républicaine," which ends with the "Carmagnole" but which in other parts shows as much relation to the French Revolution as Shostakovich's music—the music, not the words or the accompanying ideology—showed to the Russian Revolution even before the change in official party line on the subject. It is well played by the Grand Orchestre Philharmonique under Selmar Meyrowitz.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

The Masses in Russia and in France

Dear Sirs: Léon Trotsky is right when he writes in your issue of August 8 of "the distrust or the half-trust of the workers" in the People's Front government and its willingness and ability to satisfy the workers' demands. But as everyone knows, France is primarily a country of about 5,500,000 small landowners, of approximately 1,000,000 small independent shopkeepers and innkeepers, and of over 1,500,000 state employees. Allowing two dependents to each representative of the three preceding classes, we find a total of some 25,000,000 out of 42,000,000 souls in France in what may be called the nucleus of the petty bourgeoisie. Rightly or wrongly, most of them feel that their interest lies in the so-called liberal capitalistic status quo. As for "the 200 families" and their hundreds of thousands of upper-class followers all over France, they *know* that their interest lies in the status quo. The working class, industrial and agricultural, lies somewhere within the remaining 17,000,000. On the basis of numbers alone Trotsky's predictions of a new French Revolution of the proletariat seem far-fetched. . . .

Like the United States, France has had too long a democratic tradition to allow itself to engage in such a proletarian revolution as Trotsky imagines. Trotsky cannot get over the amazing ease with which a handful of scattered, exiled revolutionaries and a few thousand strikers led 160,000,000 peasants without land. They led them autocratically and they have held them thus ever since. (The new Russian constitution is as yet only a very bright light in the future.) Anyone even superficially acquainted with Russian political and economic history can easily understand the traditional obedience of the Russian masses to their despotic masters. These masses were illiterate, down-trodden, unorganized, used to vague communal land tenure based on supposedly recurrent redistributions. In France there is no majority class with all these traits.

Briefly, in Russia the masses meant unorganized peasants without possessions; in France they comprise three main groups—small landowners, small business people, and small bureaucrats. The Russian

masses were badly exploited before 1917 and craved a change; the French have been less and less exploited since 1789 and are inclined to maintain things pretty much as they are. With such an attitude predominant in France, I really believe that when the crisis comes, the fascist counter-revolution of which Trotsky writes will have the best chance of survival, at least for some time to come.

ALFRED J. BINGHAM

New York, August 9

"America Under the Trees"

Dear Sirs: We have read with great interest the article *America Under the Trees*, in your August 29 issue, in which reference is made to certain conditions in Kansas City, and specifically to the newspaper situation.

The *Journal-Post* is listed and is conducted as an independent newspaper and is not violently Republican as the article stated. Ever since the two major-party conventions we have attempted to analyze as closely as possible what we held to be the weaknesses in both platforms and campaigns to date, rather than to take sides specifically "for" one candidate.

Toward the end of the article the statement is made that in Kansas the Democratic vote in the primary "showed a surprising total of over 200,000, at least 53,000 more votes than were ever polled by Democrats in any Kansas election." Our Topeka, Kansas, correspondent, W. G. Clugston, a man who pays close attention to political and state matters, advises me that the official count shows that in the recent primary the Democratic candidates for governor received 153,704 votes, and that the all-time high record of Democratic votes in any Kansas primary was set in 1934, when the total vote for governor was 155,355.

W. LAURENCE DICKEY,

Editor, *Journal-Post*

Kansas City, Mo., September 5

Mr. Ward Apologizes

Dear Sirs: I have taken *The Nation* for quite a number of years because I admire its breadth of view and independence of thought. I have come to rely in most cases on the accuracy of statements in the articles appearing in your publication, but in your issue of August 8, in the article by

Paul Ward, his inaccuracy in regard to Minnesota is so glaring that it makes me distrust his whole article. He says: "To this list were added five states, Indiana, Iowa, Idaho, Minnesota, and Oregon. All have Democratic governors."

Governor Olson of Minnesota was elected by the Farmer-Labor Party, is not a Democrat, and has never professed any allegiance to that party.

Later on, in referring to Landon's chances in Minnesota, Mr. Ward says: "Minnesota has one Democrat and no Republicans in Congress." As a matter of fact, Minnesota is represented in Congress by five Republicans, one Democrat, and three Farmer-Labor Congressmen.

THOMAS F. WALLACE

Minneapolis, August 10

Dear Sirs: Mr. Wallace has me on the hip. I must plead guilty to both of the errors charged. In extenuation I hope he will let me plead that the errors are as inexplicable to me as apparently they are



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to Mr. Wallace. The chart I had worked out as the basis for the article had the distribution of Congressmen in Minnesota properly noted and on that basis I can say at least that the misstatement in this respect in no wise affected the conclusions of the piece. As for the error in giving Minnesota a Democratic governor, I think it immaterial in the context in which it was used, and even if that were not enough, there follows soon after the error a sentence correctly stating that Minnesota's governor was a Farmer-Laborite. I regret that these two slips have made Mr. Wallace distrustful of the whole piece. So may I add that since receiving his letter I have carefully checked and rechecked all the statements of fact in the article, comparing them with official records and finding no other flaws. PAUL W. WARD
Washington, September 5

Maybe a Little Better

Dear Sir: Your editorial in the issue of August 15, grieves me much—awful much. How could you? It is probably O. K. to call Moe a gunman and a racketeer. But *Nation*, dear *Nation*, there is a limit. Why was it necessary as a parting shot to say he is no better than the Chicago Tribune? JOHN WILLARD
Minneapolis, Minn., August 17

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CONTRIBUTORS

McALISTER COLEMAN is a journalist with long experience in power politics. He has been head of the information bureau of the Utility Users' Protection League of New Jersey and codirector of the National Committee on Coal and Power.

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of an American journalist who has been in Palestine since the beginning of the Arab strike. He has run all the personal risks of the war correspondent in obtaining first-hand information about one of the bitterest national struggles of the present day. His article, *Why Arabs Kill Jews*, published in *The Nation* last spring, has been widely reprinted.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD, a feature writer for the New York *World-Telegram*, is the author of two novels, "True Love" and "Personal Combat," the latter to be published in November.

H. L. MENCKEN, as editor of the *Smart Set* during the Literary Twenties, first brought to national recognition many of the writers discussed in Carl Van Doren's book. Mr. Mencken has

lately published a revised edition of his pioneering work on "The American Language."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of "The Robber Barons," a study of the great American capitalists, is now planning a book on nineteenth-century American politics and politicians.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT is director of the College of Fine Arts of the University of Denver and of the Denver Art Museum.

MARK VAN DOREN, poet and critic, reviews books regularly for *The Nation*. Next week he will resume his column of movie criticism.

ERICH W. ZIMMERMANN, professor of economics at the University of North Carolina, is the author of "World Resources and Industries" and "Foreign Trade and Shipping."

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The Shape of Things

★

ALTHOUGH GOVERNOR LANDON HAS NOW climbed on the crop-insurance band-wagon, there appears to be a vast difference between the scheme he has in mind and the plans being drawn by the Administration. Mr. Landon is intentionally vague, but seems to be thinking of insurance in actuarial terms, possibly to be carried out by the private insurance companies. Secretary Wallace, on the other hand, is more realistic in insisting that it is far too big an undertaking to be handled by private organizations. We have learned from the Social Security Act that a complicated, expensive form of insurance involving the accumulation of huge reserves may be worse than none at all. If crop insurance is to be cheap enough to attract the average farmer, it is probable that the insurer will have to take losses. Unlike the private companies the government can afford to do this, if only as a means of reducing relief costs. Mr. Roosevelt has gone beyond Landon, moreover, in recognizing that neither crop insurance nor land conservation will solve the fundamental problem of the ever-increasing number of landless tenants and sharecroppers. Whether cheap government credit will prove an adequate solution depends entirely on how cheap it can be made. Long-term mortgages at 3½ or 4 per cent would merely place the average tenant in permanent servitude to the government. An abundance of government money at 1 or 2 per cent, on the other hand, might usher in an agricultural revolution by returning the land to the men who work it.

★

THE REVOLT IN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS over the seating of the Ethiopian delegates indicates that the League has not been wholly taken over by the big powers. On September 18 Italy announced that it would consent to resume its seat at the council table if the Ethiopian delegates were refused credentials. The Credentials Committee contains nine members, usually drawn from the smaller nations, who carry on the perfunctory business of deciding on the right of delegates to sit. This time, however, the business was not perfunctory, and England and France were reluctantly obliged to provide two members of the committee before any others would consent to serve. As finally constituted, the committee was made up of representatives of England, France, the Soviet Union, the Netherlands, Greece, Czecho-Slovakia, Turkey, and Peru; and much to the chagrin of the first two, only Peru unequivocally

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cally supported them in opposition to Ethiopia. French pressure on Professor Gaston Jeze forced that fiery champion of the Negus out of the council room altogether. As a substitute, A. E. Colson, former American financial adviser at Addis Ababa, consented to serve. It is probable that the Credentials Committee refused to agree less out of a passion for simple justice than out of fear that the ouster might serve as a boomerang for other League members at a later day. It is proposed to refer the matter to the World Court, suspending the Ethiopian delegation pending an opinion. But to ask the court for an opinion requires a unanimous vote, and the Ethiopian delegation promises to vote no. A very embarrassing situation all around, particularly for Great Britain, which does not want to take the responsibility of forcing the Ethiopians out and wants still less to offend Mussolini by permitting them to remain. The Duce himself is reported to be exceedingly annoyed. For a Cæsar it is always annoying when right shows a tendency to prevail over might.

*

NEWS FROM THE SPANISH FRONT IS CLEARLY unfavorable to the government forces. Aided by superior equipment, the Moors and Foreign Legion under General Franco are reported to have captured the strategic city of Maqueda, while the troops of General Mola have made appreciable progress toward Bilbao and Santander. The government offensive against Huesca and Oviedo seems to be at a standstill. Although the government's desperate attempts to seize Toledo's Alcazar are strategically of minor importance, popular interest has centered chiefly on this battle. In making the terrible decision to dynamite the ancient fortress, the government appears to have been moved by a desire to strengthen the morale of the government forces by a decisive victory, and anxiety to release the well-equipped army of 5,000 men which has been held in Toledo to prevent the fascist force from emerging from the fortress and attacking the government's lines of communication. Many of the Alcazar's defenders have been killed in the dynamiting, but the remainder, if not carefully guarded, could cause damage to railroads, bridges, and telephone lines in the loyalists' rear. With thousands of fresh government troops being thrown into the battle along the Maqueda front and the loyalist air force once more on the offensive, it is probable that the decisive battles of the war will be fought this week.

*

TENSION BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN HAS been increased by the killing of a Japanese consular policeman at Hankow on September 19 and a near clash between Chinese and Japanese troops at Fengtai, near Peiping. The policeman was the fourth Japanese to be killed in China in less than a month, but the first instance in recent years of a Japanese official assassinated by a Chinese. Although four Japanese would seem few as compared with the thousands of Chinese slaughtered since the fateful incident of September 18, 1931, the Tokyo government is reported to have dispatched a naval expeditionary force to back up its demands on Nanking. Hitherto Chiang Kai-shek has

given way to Japan whenever pressure was applied, but recent reports have indicated that he is preparing for eventual resistance. A decision to fight Japan would not be as suicidal as is commonly supposed. During the nine years he has been in power, Chiang has built up the finest fighting force in the history of China. He has hundreds of modern airplanes, together with tanks, artillery, and other modern equipment. A war with Japan would unify the country and bring to Chiang's assistance not only the Chinese Red Army, described by Mr. Hanwell elsewhere in this issue, but the large, well-trained forces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. Since the Japanese have not yet succeeded in establishing control over the whole of Manchuria, they would seem most unwise to attempt to take over additional sections of China now.

*

THAT EARL BROWDER WILL GO ON THE AIR over Station WCAE at Pittsburgh calls for three cheers and a loud horse laugh. The cheers are for the Federal Communications Commission, which decided that Mr. Browder, as Presidential candidate for a political party legally on the ballot in almost all the states, had as much right to make a political speech over the radio as any other candidate who could pay for the time, including Governor Landon. Station WCAE, which denied Mr. Browder the right to speak on August 28 on the ground that his party was controlled by the Communist International, was forced to eat its denial, and Mr. Browder will be heard on October 23 and 30, in addition to his broadcast on September 21. The horse laugh, of course, is for Mr. Hearst, who owns Station WCAE. After his latest apoplectic seizure over President Roosevelt's support from the Richberg reds and the Tugwell bolsheviks, not to mention Felix Frankfurter, the arch-Stalin of them all, it is amusing to think of Mr. Hearst being forced to permit the candidate of the Communist Party to speak over the Hearstian ether.

*

MR. SHAW IS ALWAYS AT HIS HAPPIEST WHEN he is engaged in a tiff. This time it is with the Catholic church, which is a pretty good tiffer itself; the occasion is the proposed motion-picture version of "Saint Joan." According to Mr. Shaw the screen version of the play was read by a group calling itself "Catholic Action," and not only innumerable words and phrases—including "God," "paradise," "halo," "damned," and "babes"—were marked for omission, but whole sections of the play, notably Joan's recantation of her recantation. Mr. Shaw rightly believes this to be censorship at its stupidest; unfortunately his alternative, federal censorship, has not been shown to be any better. But his challenge has been taken up with considerable loud-breathing by Catholics in this country as well as by the Hays office in Hollywood. Father Talbot, editor of *America*, thinks Mr. Shaw is muddled; Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, is even more unkind—he calls it just another Shavian publicity gag. Mr. Hays says that there is no such thing as Catholic Action, which is a slight error that may be

pardoned an elder of the Presbyterian church; he adds that nobody in Hollywood ever thought of screening Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan," and most important of all that there is absolutely no censorship before production on the part of Catholics or anybody else. The New York *Times*, however, gives the whole show away, we like to think with malicious intent. In its news story of September 15 the *Times* says that although a script of "Saint Joan" was not officially considered in Hollywood, it was reported that Joseph Breen had carried on "unofficial conversations about it." This is sometimes done, it seems, "to prevent a record being made."

*

CALIFORNIA FARM LABOR AND EMPLOYERS are moving toward a new showdown. The first clash came on September 16 in Salinas, in connection with a strike of lettuce workers. From all reports it followed the usual brutal course of a California mob of respectable citizens on a law-enforcement spree. About 250 citizens were deputized by the sheriff and sent through the city to disperse and drive out the pickets. Many of them were armed. They were accompanied by police who threw tear-gas bombs into the crowds of pickets, while the state highway patrol convoyed strike-breaking lettuce trucks. The workers of the Salinas Valley are strongly organized in the Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. For three years the union has had contracts with the growers. This year, as a result of a statewide campaign by the Associated Farmers, a group of large growers and packers, the Salinas Valley farmers are refusing to renew union recognition. In other words the Salinas riot in the name of law and order was not a local or isolated incident but an indication of the way in which the growers intend to handle labor trouble wherever it crops up.

*

AN AROUSED CITIZENRY CAN ACT IN VARIOUS ways. The Black Legionnaires of Michigan have shown us one; the citizens of Highland Park, Michigan, have recently demonstrated a better. Last spring 75 per cent of the teachers of Highland Park, a suburb of Detroit, voted their lack of confidence in Superintendent of Schools Allen, and on the promise that there would be no political reprisals, campaigned actively against his reelection. With a majority of just 72 votes out of 4,000 he was, however, returned to office. Whereupon he immediately discharged 42 teachers because of his "lack of confidence in your ability to cooperate in a satisfactory manner." It took no time for Highland Park to translate resentment into action. A mass-meeting was called, a Citizens' Emergency Committee formed, resolutions adopted, petitions signed, and a subcommittee sent to mediate between the Board of Education and the teachers. Step by step the pressure of united public action forced the board and the superintendent to retreat. They didn't want to accept the arbitration of the mediating body, but they had to. They didn't want to give the teachers a hearing, but they had to. They didn't want to make any reinstatements, but first they

made ten and later all but six. Here is a group of average middle-class Americans (the chairman of the Emergency Committee is a broker, a staunch Republican, and a member of the American Legion) setting an example of the power that lies in orderly collective action.

Recovery Takes the Stump

MR. HEARST'S attack on President Roosevelt indicates among other things that he is discouraged with the campaign made so far by his chosen candidate, Alf M. Landon. It also tops off a picture of confusion designed to make the average voter feel as Governor Landon must have felt when he found himself riding on a merry-go-round at the Kansas Free Fair while the calliope played "Happy Days Are Here Again."

What has happened to the Presidential campaign of 1936, which as late as July was touted as sure to go down in history as the closest and bitterest fight in years? A few weeks ago the issues seemed clear-cut, the candidates ranged on opposite sides of the field. Landon, advocating the open shop, seemed to be saying that the Liberty League, Hearst, and the right in general had decided that the time had come to make a fight to the finish on the radical tendencies which were undermining the American system. Labor rushed with renewed enthusiasm to Roosevelt's standard, since it had neither party nor candidate of its own. Even the Communist Party, while nominating its own candidate, made it clear that keeping Landon out was the main consideration. Only the Thomas wing of the Socialist Party remained true to socialism, thus providing the final paradox on the left. Mr. Thomas himself must be startled at times to find himself far to the left of the Communists, while the presence in his ranks of a group of the followers of the revolutionary Leon Trotsky gives an added fillip to the present role of the gradualist Norman Thomas.

But if confusion finds its strangest forms on the left, it is no less rampant on the right. Mr. Landon's open-shop speech, though cold and dull, had the merit at least of being relatively clear and firm. Since then what seemed like fixed issues have shifted like twigs in a rising river. The freshet which has set everything loose from its moorings is of course the continuing recovery. It is flowing through a bed long dry with depression. On its surface float issues, candidates, and voters irresistibly drawn toward the middle. Business interests, reports the New York *Times*, appear indifferent to the outcome of the election! "Some signs of pre-election hesitation," it reports, "should be discernible in industry at this point, but after passing through a summer when there was not the usual slackening, it now appears that even a national campaign will have little effect upon the upward surge of business." It seems hardly likely that the Hearst headlines can offset the propaganda of rising profits.

Mr. Roosevelt, of course, is the gainer all along the

line. Having taken labor into camp he has not needed to make any gestures to the left which might frighten the middle class. On the contrary, in proposing a power pool in the Tennessee Valley he is taking a tack which will tend to mollify the public-utility crowd and will not arouse the criticism of his supporters if only because the issues involved are complicated and have been given little publicity. His proposed conferences with business leaders are part of the same tack. He will probably continue to make "non-political" and highly literary speeches about green pastures and point to the increase in farm income.

One eloquent guide to the effect of recovery is the course of the Landon campaign. At the beginning the dominant note was a "common-sense" crusade on un-American practices, put forth to be sure in the guise of a defense of true liberalism and true democracy against the "autocracy" of the New Deal. Recovery having dulled both the voter's fear of autocracy and the business man's passion for a change, Landon slid, and was allowed to slide, back into his true character as a mild liberal. In recent speeches he has been offering not an end to government spending and interference but merely less of both. The relative positions of the two candidates were strikingly illustrated on September 18 when Roosevelt was celebrating freedom of the mind in the magnificent setting of the Harvard Tercentenary, rich with scholarly prestige and American traditions, while Landon was pleading for a "free America" in the vastly less impressive purlieus of the Topeka City Auditorium.

But if Landon was allowed to go his way, Knox was also given his head by the Republican Party. While the Presidential candidate was courting the liberals, denouncing teachers' oaths, and admitting that there has to be some government regulation of business, Colonel Knox has been trying to continue the fight in the spirit set by Landon's open-shop speech. The Colonel has come to seem quainter and quainter with his advocacy of employee stock ownership as a solution for our troubles and his admonition to labor to stay out of politics. It was not even quaint, however, when the Colonel made the statement that today no life-insurance policy or savings-bank account is safe. He not only went against the strong recovery psychology. He also gave the Democrats a chance to say that on September 28 it would be a whole year since a national bank had failed, and put himself in the same class as Father Coughlin, who also thinks that the banks are broke. No wonder Herbert Hoover, attending a meeting of the directors of the New York Life Insurance Company, refused to comment on his fellow-Republican's demagogic talk.

As we write, the election is six weeks off and the campaign is entering a new phase. Al Smith has announced an anti-New Deal speaking tour, Hearst apparently is about to conduct a red-hunt, and Landon is preparing for a new foray. But Al Smith and Hearst are not what they used to be, and Landon is not what he was cracked up to be. The President, meanwhile, is said to be planning fewer and fewer speeches. Obviously he intends to let recovery speak for him—and recovery has a golden tongue.

Stay Out of Germany!

HOW safe is an American citizen in Germany? For that matter how safe from the Nazi police is an American citizen on American territory? These questions arise out of the case of Lawrence Simpson, born in Chicago, for fifteen months a prisoner, first in the Fuhlsbüttel concentration camp near Hamburg, and now in Moabit Prison in Berlin. Simpson is an American seaman who was taken from his ship, the *Manhattan*, in Cuxhaven harbor on June 28, 1935. His locker was searched, alleged Communist documents were found in his possession, and he was seized forthwith. (Incidentally Simpson has never engaged in Communist propaganda while in the United States and has never been accused by the police of such activities.) Charges of treason and espionage were preferred against him, although the indictments have never been made public. The first charge was based, according to the police, on the documents found in his locker; the basis of the second charge has not been revealed. Simpson's trial was first scheduled for late in July of this year, but since that was evidently uncomfortably close to the Olympic Games, it was postponed until September 28. He will be tried in the German People's Court, at a trial from which foreigners and the public generally will be excluded except for an unofficial observer sent by the State Department. His lawyer has been appointed by the court. During his incarceration he has seen no one except the American consul and one other American, Gifford Cochran, who attempted to obtain for him an American attorney who would be associated with his Nazi lawyer. The interview with Cochran, however, took place in the presence of a Nazi guard and a none-too-friendly American consul. Mr. Cochran was not permitted to ask Simpson anything about his arrest. It is small wonder that the prisoner, suspicious of everybody, politely refused to have anything to do with him.

About a month after Simpson's arrest representations were made to the American State Department, which promptly promised that "the American authorities in Germany will render Mr. Simpson all appropriate assistance." This assurance, however, has borne little if any fruit. The case so far is being handled by the Bureau of Western European Affairs. The bureau points out that German law provides that an American citizen, if he makes invidious remarks about Hitler in America, may be arrested and charged with treason if he enters Germany. But the fact that Simpson not only was arrested on an American ship, which is American territory, but has been held so long without a trial, seems to the Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, which is attempting to defend him, to involve a violation of international law. The committee cites President Cleveland's speech of 1886 in which, referring to citizens charged with crime committed in a foreign land, he declared that "a fair and open trial . . . will be demanded for them." It also quotes from the proceedings of the Baldwin case between the United States and Mexico in 1842: "If Mexico wishes to main-

tain rank and fellowship among the civilized nations of the earth she must place her laws on a footing with the laws of other nations, so far as related to intercourse with foreigners."

In other words, it is the privilege of Nazi Germany to hold its own citizens under "protective arrest" for as long as it pleases, although individuals in other nations may unofficially criticize such action as unwise and unjust. But when it so treats a foreigner whose own country has not yet forgotten habeas corpus and trial in open court, the situation demands more than individual protest. The American Department of State, in addition to sending an "observer," should be urged to make a vigorous diplomatic protest against this high-handed treatment of a citizen of the United States.

Newton D. Baker and the Last War

NEWTON D. BAKER'S eighty-six-page article in *Foreign Affairs* depicting the reasons, as he sees them, for our entry into the World War is a nice illustration of the ancient art of setting up a straw man and then demolishing it with a show of valor. Mr. Baker has heard a great deal recently about munitions makers, bankers, and foreign loans, and is apparently incensed at the idea that such influences could have affected the Wilson Administration in its decision to wage war on Germany. With a naivete that ill befits a former Secretary of War, he interprets the economic argument in anthropomorphic terms and sets out to prove that neither President Wilson nor any member of the Cabinet was aware of, much less susceptible to, the direct influence of munitions makers or international bankers.

On questions of fact Mr. Baker is ordinarily very scrupulous. Consequently it is extremely mystifying to find no reference in his detailed analysis to the famous Sunrise Conference of April, 1916, which is described elsewhere in this issue. It is possible that he did not know of the conference at the time, but it seems hardly likely that he has not run across references to it in his recent researches. The omission is significant, for the Wilson who could have called such a conference has little in common with the Wilson whom Mr. Baker describes as being preoccupied at that very time with the vision of America's special mission as peacemaker in a warring world. In fact, Mr. Baker declares categorically that there was nothing in German-American relations between May, 1916, and the declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare in January, 1917, which threatened serious trouble. He pictures the submarine campaign as coming at a time when the President was still hopeful that the war might be ended without victory for either side.

Apart from this, there is little in Mr. Baker's elaborate exposition to which exception can be taken. Nearly half the article is given over to a résumé of the immediate causes of friction between the United States and Germany.

Mr. Baker reviews the diplomatic correspondence between the two countries in great detail, and is able to show, triumphantly, that nothing is said about the Morgans, the armament makers, or the basic economic forces which have been discussed in recent years. The notes to Germany dealt almost exclusively with legal questions pertaining to America's neutral rights and were in a lofty tone far removed from such mundane matters as trade, profits, and loans. Mr. Baker admits that there may have been bankers who were pro-Ally, but ridicules the idea that any of them could have had any direct influence on the President.

It is probably true that neither the President nor Mr. Baker was aware of any attempt by financial or business leaders to bring the United States into war. Yet only an incredibly naive person would insist that an individual's utterances, public or private, may be taken as accurately reflecting the forces which impel him to action. Doubtless Mr. Wilson had reason to be suspicious of the bankers after their fight on the Federal Reserve Act. If they had come to him directly and pleaded that the United States declare war on Germany, he would certainly have refused. But this does not mean that the forces which caused the bankers to desire war did not also affect the President. On the contrary, it is quite clear that he was driven, step by step, into actions which made war inevitable. The first step was a negative one. In the interest of general prosperity no effort was made to limit American exports of raw materials and war supplies, even though it was apparent that this trade was advantageous to the Allies. Mr. Baker himself points out how a year later it was suddenly discovered that a loan to the Allies was necessary if this trade was to be maintained and a serious depression to be avoided.

From this point the die was cast, although Mr. Baker insists that "no one for a moment considered any departure from our rights and duties as a neutral." The United States was placed in a position where it had no choice but to defend its "right" to trade. Once this step was taken, Germany's unrestricted submarine campaign was certain to follow; some measure had to be taken to stop American assistance to the Allies if there was to be any hope for ultimate victory. Even when faced by the threat of an "illegal" submarine attack, President Wilson, if he had really wanted to prevent war, could have withdrawn all American ships from the war zone and prohibited American citizens from traveling on belligerents' ships. Why did he not do so? Mr. Baker does not directly meet the issue but implies that it was because the United States "declined to yield to any aggression upon its rights as a neutral which involved the loss of American lives." But what was there about our neutral "rights" that justified our plunging into a conflict that was to take 50,000 American lives and cost more than \$25,000,000,000? It is begging the question to say that we had warned Germany and had to back up our threat. We had warned the Reich because we were determined to preserve not abstract "rights" but an extremely profitable trade in war supplies. Words, Mr. Baker, are used as frequently to conceal as to express realities.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Can the Presidency Be Bought?

Washington, September 21

PRIMARY returns, registration figures, and the straw-vote crop to date leave little room for doubt that Roosevelt will be reelected in handsome fashion on November 3, but that little room is thoroughly and efficiently filled by a single question: "Isn't it still possible for big business to buy the Presidency for Alf?" My own belief is that the answer is no. I hold that the Presidency—at least this year—is not purchasable and that, even if it were, the price would be too high for the Liberty League. But I do not urge that belief upon you here. My purpose, instead, is to set down a few clinical notes and let you draw your own conclusions.

The first thing with which you must acquaint yourself is the part which money actually plays in campaigns. There seems to be a popular superstition that it is used to buy votes. As a matter of fact, the amount of outright vote-buying in a Presidential campaign is negligible; it is a practice in which political bosses and their employers can afford to indulge only in small election contests where the electorate is not emotionally aroused and the difference between the contending candidates is scarcely discernible to the naked eye. The money that counts is spent not on buying votes but on getting out the vote, and the rest is spent on propaganda. Enormous sums are spent on printing or broadcasting the output of the campaign committees' research and publicity divisions, and most of it is stupid, ineffectual stuff. At best the output of one division tends to do nothing more than cancel that of its rival; only the appeals to racial, religious, and class prejudice click in substantial fashion, and these must be handled not only gingerly but also subterraneously, for they cut both ways. The money that counts, the money spent on getting out the vote, goes for hiring cars to take voters to the polls and for hiring runners to see that the cars are kept busy and filled. Some of this money, and no inconsiderable part, goes into the pockets of ward-healers and other professionals whose chief stock in trade is their ability to make friends with a controlling minority of the residents of their bailiwicks, and much of that money is spent in turn on cultivating these friendships by providing the residents of ward and precinct with sandwiches, cigars, free beer, and clubrooms in which to hide away from their families, play poker, and acquire the feeling of being wise and valued members of the community.

The belief of those who lay out the dough in this manner is that the friendships so cultivated are transferable and that a substantial number of the citizenry who have enjoyed the hospitality and confidences of the precinct captain or ward boss automatically will mark their ballots

for the candidates whom they have heard praised by their friend and benefactor. Sometimes the belief is baseless; it is less likely to be so if the professional leader has been more than a jolly host. If he has been able to get parking tickets torn up, a street paved, an alley repaired, a son freed from police clutches, or jobs for the faithful, the loyalty and size of his following are many times the capacity of his till to buy. And unfortunately for the Republicans in the present campaign, what the Democrats lack in cash they more than make up for in ability to do the favors that make votes, for they not only have control of the federal government but also hold the reins in a majority of state, county, and municipal governments.

For that same reason the Democrats also have the edge this year in getting the small money that fills the chinks in campaign coffers. There is a vast army of men and women holding civil jobs under them, and they will be tapped for contributions, down to and including the janitors and charwomen. Most of the small money comes from this source, and prior to 1932 its output poured into the Republican till. The rest of the petty cash comes from the emotional fringe of the so-called independent voters and from fanatical party loyalists, but the contributions from these two sources divide themselves about equally between the two major parties. The big money comes of course from the only possible source—the men and corporations that have it to give.

The size of their donations is determined not only by the depth of their purses but by the tax laws, which also to a certain extent govern the manner in which they distribute their largess. If you examine the lists of contributions at the end of the campaign, you will notice few individual gifts in excess of \$5,000. But you will note that in many instances each member of a family has donated \$5,000 and also that some individuals have given many times \$5,000 but have distributed it in parcels of \$5,000 each to several different campaign organizations. The federal gift tax allows an exemption of \$5,000, with the result that a man who gave \$20,000 to the Republican National Committee would be taxed on \$15,000 but would escape the tax if he gave \$5,000 to the National Committee, \$5,000 to the Liberty League, \$5,000 to the National Jeffersonian Democrats, and \$5,000 to the Republican gubernatorial campaign committee in his home state. And perhaps you will discern in this some explanation why the Morgans, Rockefellers, Sloans, and du Ponts donated \$50,000 to the Republican campaign in Maine in lots of \$5,000 or less apiece instead of contributing direct to the Republican National Committee, where their bid for a Republican victory in Maine could have been kept hidden from the Lonergan committee and escaped publicity on the eve of the election in that state.

You will also note, if you examine the list of contributions to the Liberty League, that the tax laws play their part in yet another way. You will discover that a huge proportion of the league's working capital is made up of "loans." Most of these loans mature immediately after election. If the league is unable to repay them, their makers will have to write them off as bad debts and will then be entitled to deduct them from their income-tax returns, a thing that would not be possible if they had been "contributions." When the Liberty League reported to the clerk of the House a few days ago that its receipts between January 1 and August 31 had totaled \$384,847, it set down among its receipts more than \$90,000 in "loans" from seven different du Ponts. Others reported included "loans" of \$10,000 apiece from Alfred P. Sloan, John J. Raskob, and Ernest T. Weir, and of \$15,000 apiece from J. Howard Pew and George M. Moffett.

You will be foolish if you think that in the present campaign all the big money, considering its general source, will be piped exclusively into Republican, or anti-Roosevelt, coffers. The rich are not all Roosevelt haters. Joseph M. Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News*, already has given \$20,000 to the Democratic National Committee and leads its list of donors. Ambassador Bingham, doubling his 1932 contribution, has given \$10,000. Joseph P. Kennedy, who played party angel in 1932 to the tune of \$50,000, and Vincent Astor, who gave \$25,000, are only a few of the loyal pursemasters who have not yet disgorged but surely will. They will be followed by the usual horde of seekers after Cabinet posts, ambassadorships, standing invitations to the White House, and tax, tariff, and illegal legal favors. Then, too, as the campaign nears its climax and the fats cats backing Landon become more doubtful that they have put their money on the winning entry, there will be a rush to hedge those bets; corporations whose presidents have given thousands to the Landon campaign will produce vice-presidents eager to put up at least a few thousands for Roosevelt.

Already some of the market letters put out by financial houses are breaking the news to their clientele that

Landon's chances, never good, are growing steadily worse and that Roosevelt's reelection is inescapable. There is even a chance that the money tide already has begun to turn. It seems to be definitely true that, lavish though the Landonward flow of funds has been, it has fallen far short of Republican expectations. Persons indubitably close to the Republican high command report that men from whom thousands had been expected have come through with hundreds. One of the party's solicitors of high-powered cash tells me he has found more than a few rich men who are afraid to give in proportion to their hatred of Roosevelt. They are afraid, he says, that Roosevelt will win in any event and that he will single out for some dire punishment all those who have registered in the upper bracket of Republican contributors this year. This fear, it seems, feeds upon a widespread belief that Mr. Roosevelt's consistency on the power issue is traceable solely to his knowledge of the power trust's grandiose expenditures in the fight to beat him four years ago. It is noteworthy in this same connection that the G. O. P. contributors' list so far is lacking in names of prominent utilities magnates and that a power-trust lobbyist recently informed me, in a moment of bibulous frankness, that his employers were afraid to put heavy dough on Landon and would knight any man who could tell them how to place their money in John D. M. Hamilton's hands without getting caught.

It is not possible now and it never will be possible to make an accurate estimate of the amount of money the campaign to defeat Roosevelt will draw. Reports thus far filed with the clerk of the House show that approximately \$3,000,000 has been spent to date on the Republican side, as against a little over \$1,500,000 on the Democratic side. Both sides will file another set of reports a few days before the election. In its election-eve report four years ago the Democratic National Committee registered campaign receipts totaling \$1,441,117 as against \$1,454,179 for the Republicans. Both sides already have passed those marks with the election six weeks away, and the campaign is just beginning to move into the final phase when purse-strings become ropes of sand.

Harvard's United Front

BY JOSEPH BARNES

Cambridge, September 19

TO the surprise of almost no one, the ambitious plan of Harvard University on its three-hundredth birthday to synthesize the specialized branches of modern scholarship into a unified and coherent system of thought and belief progressed no farther than the titles of the symposia. Even the most remarkable assemblage of scholars ever to gather in the United States, including eleven Nobel Prize winners and representing institutions which span the entire genealogy of the university tradition

from Abelard to Antioch, could not produce from all their academic mortarboards the white rabbit of spiritual and intellectual unity.

But this is not to say that the Harvard tercentenary conference did not have large meaning for America both as symbol and as fact. As the first it was a reminder, at a time when many of its graduates may have needed a gentle hint, that Harvard, like the nation it helped to build, was conceived in dissent and developed in the spirit of rebellion. As fact it was notable for the open expression of

ideas which have become in recent years steadily more repugnant to the groups in American life which Harvard College is supposed to represent.

The very organization of the symposia in the social sciences and the humanities represented a striking departure from the traditional procedure of learned congresses. After physiologists and psychologists had discussed *Factors Determining Human Behavior*, the conference moved as a whole unit to a group of symposia on *Authority and the Individual*. The state and economic enterprise, stability and social change, the place and functions of authority in life, and finally classicism and romanticism as illustrating the central intellectual problem of the eighteenth century formed the pattern within which social scientists went to work. Finally, except for the physical and biological sciences, the conference closed with a series of symposia for the humanists under the cumbersome, yet for American letters meaningful, title of *Independence, Convergence, and Borrowing in Institutions, Thought, and Art*.

The contributions were made for the most part by specialists preeminent in their fields. As the Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, John Harvard's school, pointed out at the close of the conference, the Western educational system, by its largess of learning to poor scholars on the basis of competitive examination, has speeded up the trend toward specialization. With a few notable exceptions, such as John Dewey, Dr. Etienne Gilson of the Sorbonne, and Professor Masaharu Anesaki of the University of Tokyo, few of the scholars could go farther than a vague indorsement on what proved to be the central and recurring theme of the conference—a realization of the need for an intellectual unity as stable and as universal as that which Christendom enjoyed in the Middle Ages.

Yet this was something. And before the tercentenary celebration closed on Friday with President Roosevelt among the 5,000 alumni in attendance, the problems of the contemporary world had already reared their ugly heads.

For the discussion of the state and economic enterprise, the conference brought together three distinguished economists—Wesley Clair Mitchell of Columbia, Dennis Holme Robertson of Cambridge, and Douglas Berry Copland of the University of Melbourne. All three acknowledged the growing trend around the world toward collective interference with the patterns of economic life, and all three found in it promise of a richer life for human beings. Dr. Edward Corwin of Princeton University, a former president of the Political Science Association, spoke of the Constitution and the Supreme Court in words which the Liberty League could accept only as treason. Professor Anesaki challenged the whole tradition of Western culture as based on exploitation.

Much that was said by liberals at the conference was phrased in scholarly obliquity which left conclusions to be drawn by those who wanted them. The sessions of the alumni association of the Graduate School of Business Administration captured the true spirit of medievalism more successfully than all the regalia which Harvard

College and its invited guests could muster. But in the social sciences and the humanities there were fewer stuffed shirts and more rolled-up sleeves than anyone had expected. With honorary degrees from Harvard awaiting them at the end of the conference, many of the invited guests in the liberal arts rivaled their colleagues in the physical and biological sciences in the toughness of their empiricism and in the roughness with which they handled some of the traditions long since grown mellow in American learned journals.

It was partly its heavy foreign tinge which accounted for the conference's careless way with some American totems and taboos. But there was enough reminiscent speech-making about Harvard's own three hundred years to point again in fresh terms the old paradox of Harvard College as a breeding place of radicals and dissenters and at the same time a private tutoring school for the aristocracy of New England.

"The very name of Harvard is stench in the nostrils of fundamentalists, patrioteers, fascists, and Nazis," the tercentenary's official historian, Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, reported. The names of Henry Thoreau and Theodore Parker and John Reed were mentioned in the proud surveys of Harvard's past with which the conference closed as often as those of any other of its graduates. The Adamses placed five men in an unofficial Hall of Fame of Harvard men selected for the occasion, and none of them was wrapped in patriotic mist.

At the same time, the financial and industrial groups in American life which in the last hundred years have made Harvard rich and powerful were represented at the conference. Both their State Street core from Boston and the younger branches by which Harvard has become tied to the industrialism of the continent beyond New England gave to the closing days of the celebration especially the authentic ring of a national and not a parochial festival. Economic royalists sang "Fair Harvard" in chorus with members of the Brain Trust, and the only dissonances audible in a week of dignified festivity were those inevitable to age and class reunions and a fitful September wind among the elms.

The explanation of the paradox may lie in Harvard's venerable three centuries or in the three open books bearing the word VERITAS which President Dunster in 1643 adopted as the college arms. It is more likely that it is to be found in the kind of emotional and intellectual synthesis, unconsciously developed for sections of American life, which Harvard's invited scholars were assigned consciously to seek for the entire world in the academic discussions which made up the bulk of the celebration. This synthesis, it may be, will no longer hold for Harvard. This was a retrospective pageant of the past, and newspapers and primary elections served to remind at least some of the delegates that there are new forces in American life threatening to break out of the Harvard pattern. But in the search for a new unity for the world, Harvard has made an impressive demonstration that scholars may turn for evidence of how such unities are formed and nurtured not only to the Middle Ages but to America's own past.

Are Annuities Safe?

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

THREE times within the past fortnight I have been besieged by agents who were anxious to sell me an annuity. Now the arguments for an annuity are far more intriguing than those for an ordinary life-insurance policy. Instead of taking money from you during your entire lifetime which is to be repaid to your survivors, if any, after your death, the annuity provides a guaranteed fixed income for life. In the case of life insurance, you can only beat the company by dying soon, so that your beneficiaries can collect more than you paid in. With annuities, on the other hand, you can win if you live longer than the company expects you to. A few hundred Methuselahs, if they had the wisdom to buy substantial annuities, might wreck any life-insurance company.

The principle behind the annuity is extremely simple, and is just the reverse of that behind ordinary life insurance. On the basis of experience, the insurance companies know, or think they know, just how long the average man of a given age is likely to live. Consequently they are willing to enter into a contract under which in exchange for a lump sum they will pay a fixed amount of money each year for life. The amount of the required deposit naturally varies with the annuitant's age, being high if he is young and reasonably low if he is of advanced age. Theoretically it represents the sum which, with accumulated interest at a given per cent (usually 3 or $3\frac{1}{4}$), will last just long enough to meet all payments and provide a small margin sufficient to defray the company's overhead. There are many variants. Instead of paying a lump sum, one may pay so much a month until sixty or sixty-five and then receive a fixed income for life. There is a joint-survivors annuity which provides that the income, naturally a somewhat smaller one, shall continue until the death of a husband and wife.

The idea of a secure income for life, even though it be small, is attractive to almost anyone, but there is something about the zeal of the agents which arouses suspicion. What lies behind the sudden anxiety on the part of the companies to sell annuities when formerly they tended to play down this type of business? The heavy losses which everyone has suffered in other forms of investment may account, in part, for the public's increased interest in annuities. But why the sudden emphasis on annuities by the insurance companies? The New York Life Insurance Company, to take only one example, collected \$41,654,538 on annuities in 1935 as against only \$30,898,349 in premiums on new life insurance. Although they are still overshadowed by the \$193,000,000 receipts in old life insurance, annuities are coming to represent a far from inconsiderable portion of the company's business.

One rather obvious fact may explain why the annuity

leaped to prominence during the depression. Annuities bring in spot cash, and during the depression many of the insurance companies were sadly in need of cash. On paper they have always been more than solvent. Even at the worst stage of the crisis their reserves and surplus totaled approximately twenty billion dollars. But like all other financial institutions their assets were tied up in investments which could not be liquidated except at large losses. About 40 per cent less insurance was written in 1933 than in 1929, but the payments to policy holders in settlement of death claims, matured endowments, annuities, surrendered policies, and dividends were more than 50 per cent higher than in the boom year. Moreover, there was a tremendous demand for cash in the form of requests for policy loans. None of the large companies failed, but in New York and other states insurance commissions forced them for a time to refuse policy loans except in cases of dire necessity. In need of ready cash, it is only natural that they should have looked around for a new source of income that would restore their liquidity. Whether by plan or accident, annuities fulfilled this purpose.

Taken at its face value the annuity appears to be an ideal form of investment. It involves a minimum of effort and worry on the part of the annuitant. It is devised to afford the maximum security in life, and is a logical supplement to life insurance. No other gilt-edged investment promises such a high return. With savings banks paying $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent, and long-term government bonds yielding only 2.75 per cent, why not take advantage of a guaranteed rate of 3 or $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent? Thousands of wealthy men have done that very thing.

Before leaping, it seems wise to consider the possible disadvantages. In the first place, there is the question of liquidity. Irrespective of what the agent may say, a lump-sum annuity ties up one's money irrevocably. Regardless of what happens it cannot be recovered during the lifetime of the annuitant. The instalment variety is nearly as bad. If you deposit \$100 as a first annual payment, the most that can be reclaimed during the year is \$60. During the second year, after two such deposits, only \$154 may be recovered; and it may be as much as ten years before the full amount, less interest, may be obtained. This is an important consideration for anyone who does not have liquid funds immediately available for a possible emergency, and it is also extremely relevant in case of inflation. (If you want to see a life-insurance agent lose his composure, merely utter the word "inflation.") For all its merits, an annuity is obviously the very worst possible type of investment in the event of a sudden skyrocketing of prices. In exchange for \$1,000 the insurance company can guarantee you, say, \$54 a year. But it cannot guarantee what that \$54 will buy. Even a mild rise in prices, such

as we have had in the last three years, can play havoc with an agreement of this kind. A man who invested \$1,000 in an annuity in the spring of 1933 has already lost more than 10 per cent of his investment owing to the reduced purchasing power of his money. The same \$1,000 turned into real estate, wheat, copper, or stocks would have a greater buying power today than it had three years ago.

In case of inflation the annuitant would have at least a good chance of getting his money back. Without it the prospect does not seem quite so favorable. The present annuity contract provides for a payment of 3, $3\frac{1}{4}$, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest. In order to fulfil this contract the company obviously must find an investment which yields at least this high a return. Prior to the depression this was not difficult. There were a number of excellent investments available to life-insurance companies, including railway bonds, real-estate mortgages, and the obligations of states, counties, and municipalities, which paid 5, 6, and even 7 per cent. Today there are extremely few satisfactory new investments paying as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and long-terms interest rates are steadily declining. Most of the companies have a substantial share of their funds in government bonds, although the maximum yield on these securities at present prices is 2.75 per cent. The return on first-class state, municipal, and railway-equipment bonds is but slightly more. As I write, the state of Rhode Island is issuing fifteen-year bonds which yield less than 2 per cent, and the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Equipment Trust is marketing ten-year certificates that offer a return of just 3 per cent. In the mortgage field the insurance companies must meet the competition of the government-financed Federal Savings and Loan systems and the Farm Credit Administration, which means that the day of the $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 per cent mortgage is definitely over. New mortgages pay no more than 4 or 5 per cent, and it is extremely difficult for the companies to obtain any volume of sound investments at these rates. Policy loans at 6 per cent constitute by far the most attractive investment obtainable today, but with the restoration of better economic conditions these have dropped off. At the recent conference of insurance executives at the White House, it was reported that loans to policy holders, which had totaled approximately 18 per cent of the insurance companies' resources in 1933, had declined to 14 per cent of the aggregate resources. This means another sharp loss to the companies.

It simmers down to this. If I buy an annuity, I want to be reasonably sure that the insurance company will be able to live up to its obligation. If it guarantees me $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, as does the Prudential Insurance Company, it is evident that it will have to invest my money at a rate at least that high in order to break even. Today this is virtually impossible. For 1935 the average rate of interest earned by Prudential on all investments was only 3.46 per cent. The Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company did somewhat better, earning 3.99 per cent on all investments. But what really counts is the investment of the funds now being received, for the old investments are rapidly being called in. The Provident Mutual admits that its average return on new investments for 1935 was

only 3.10 per cent; the other companies are doing little, if any, better.

As long as they are glutted with funds for which they cannot find suitable investment, the companies are not likely to be troubled by any immediate financial strain. But what of the future, particularly if annuitants as a group live longer than is anticipated under the life-expectancy tables? For years the life-insurance companies have been using a table of American mortality based on nineteenth-century death rates. The fact that the present generation appears to be living somewhat longer than the table indicated worked to the advantage of the companies as long as they concentrated on life insurance. But with annuities the reverse is true. According to American Men Table of Mortality, widely used as a basis for computing annuities, the average man of 42 years may expect to live 27.66 more years, while a man of 62 should live 13.06 years. But a computation of life expectancy on the basis of the 1920 census shows that the average man of 42 may look forward to 28.08 more years, and that the man of 62 may expect to live 13.85 years. Analysis of the 1930 census has not been completed, but it is said to show an even longer life expectancy for men under 60. This is making no allowance for the fact that annuitants, because of their financial security, are notoriously long-lived—though complete figures are lacking—nor for the fact that they are a highly selective group. A recent study by the United States Public Health Service reveals that the death rate for professional men in general is only 74 per cent of that of all gainfully employed individuals; proprietors, managers, officials, and white-collar workers also have a lower than average death rate, while that of semi-skilled and unskilled workers is far above the average. The types of men who can make substantial lump-sum payments for annuities are likely to be among the most vigorous and prosperous of the more favored categories and may very well live, on the average, several years longer than is anticipated. New mortality tables especially designed for annuities are coming into use, but many companies are still using the old tables.

All of this, of course, involves taking a long look ahead. For the moment the companies need have no fear of insolvency. Insurance companies are probably fully as strong as the banks. They have profited from their life insurance by the same factors which threaten their stability in the case of annuities. It may be that to pay their annuities they will simply draw upon the profits which they have obtained from selling life-insurance policies. This, however, is only possible if annuities do not become, as they richly deserve to do on principle, more popular than life insurance. It is true that the companies can raise their rates on new business sufficiently to compensate for any loss on the old. But what if something should happen to make people stop buying both annuities and life insurance? Assuming that the interest rate continues to drop, until, as Keynes predicts, it approaches zero, could the companies meet their obligations? Such development is not at all impossible. The failure of one big insurance company might lead to distrust of private insurance in general. Or, what is more likely, the government may recognize its

obligation to its citizens by going into the annuity, and possibly the life-insurance, business for itself. The companies had to fight tooth and nail to prevent an annuity scheme from being incorporated in the Social Security Act, and it is just possible that a future Congress will not be as subordinate to private interests as the present one.

For the government is clearly the ideal agency to maintain a system of annuities. It could throw overboard the most vicious element in the present annuity scheme—the dependence on interest—and base a national system of retirement allowances and old-age assistance entirely on the contributions of the existing working population. Annuities could also be sold for cash, as now, or in instalments and the interest factor could be either eradicated

or greatly reduced. This does not mean that government annuities need be more expensive than those sold by private enterprise. Elimination of the ubiquitous agents would make possible a substantial saving. It might also be argued that instead of paying interest, which is an indirect tax on production, the government would be justified in assuming at least a part of the administrative expense necessary for setting up a comprehensive scheme of old-age security available for the entire population. The old-age-insurance scheme established by the Social Security Act merely scratches the surface of the need. It is conceivable that a more adequate program will not be forthcoming. Meanwhile, I am keeping my money out of the grasp of the insurance companies.

Red China on the March

BY NORMAN D. HANWELL

THE sudden appearance of a portion of the Chinese Red Army, 70,000 strong, at the gates of Titao, fifty miles south of the capital of Kansu, indicates that Chiang Kai-shek's repeated campaigns for the "eradication of the Communist menace" have not been conspicuously successful. The Kansu army, under the combined leadership of Chu Teh and Hsu Hsiang-ch'ien, is only one of the three main Red armies which are now well established in the western part of China. A second army, under Mao Tse-tung, has its base in northern Shensi and has penetrated into western Shansi. A third, led by Ho Lung and Hsiao Ke, at one time reported to be completely surrounded in Hunan, has followed the trail of the main Red forces last year, and is now in western Szechuan and Hsikang.

Why are these Red Army advances not reported in the daily press? Simply because the semi-official Central News Service, aided by press censorship, misreports them as government victories and Red Army defeats. For example, government troops following the main Red Army through Kweichow, and occupying cities purposely evacuated by the Reds, reported a new victory at each reoccupied town. In Szechuan the occupation of towns evacuated by the northward-advancing Red Army was also reported as a victory over desperate Red "remnants"—a favorite government misnomer for any Red Army group. After repeated reports of the successes gained by Shansi troops in this region against Reds attempting to cross the Yellow River, news suddenly leaked out that the Reds had occupied more than ten *hsien* (counties) in the western part of the province and were continuing their advance to the central plain of Shansi. Since most government victories have proved to be of this character, is it any wonder that one begins to substitute the word "defeat" whenever a supervised dispatch reports a government "victory"?

Why have the Communist armies been able to wander at will in the western provinces of China—Kweichow,

Szechuan, and Shensi? General economic unrest and the geography of the region have certainly aided them, but there have also been special conditions contributing to their ease of movement.

Szechuan, a province so rich and fertile that its natural resources should insure all its inhabitants an adequate livelihood, has been completely under the thumb of war lords who amuse themselves by playing at war as others play at bridge. Land taxes in this province have in some instances been collected beyond the year 1985; and not only has the amount of the tax increased, but the number of collections a year has risen from two to as many as fourteen. The land surtax, legally limited to an amount equal to the basic land tax itself, has in some cases been more than twenty times as great. Figures show that land taxes in this province are four times those of any other province of China, almost ten times as great as in Japan, and approximately 2,100 per cent higher than the average farmland tax rate in the United States. These exorbitant demands by the military leaders have led many farmers to refuse longer to cultivate their land. Small wonder that the Communist troops have been welcomed with open arms wherever they have appeared.

In northern Shensi Communist propagandists have been at work for almost ten years, and aided by the poverty of the inhabitants and the rapacity of the government, have been so successful that they have actually been able to conduct open meetings at district fairs; magistrates are afraid to test their strength by arresting them. Northern Shensi has not been under the provincial government of Shensi for many years, control being exercised by opium-trading subordinates of the Shansi ruler, General Yen Hsi-shan. At present this region contains both organized Red armies and a new generation of communized youth, willing to fight for its ideals. Government troops marching into these regions have frequently been ambushed by the peasants, and whole divisions de-

stroyed. Front-line government units have been cut off for long periods from their bases, unable to maintain contact with main headquarters except by air.

General Yen Hsi-shan, overlord of Shansi and northern Shensi, recognized the dangers of the present land situation and introduced what he called "village ownership of land." But this plan had to be abandoned because of the pressure of the Red armies. The trend in Shansi has been for owners to sink to the level of part owners, and for part owners to sink to the level either of tenants or of mere farm laborers. Such statistics as are available show that a disproportionate amount of land is held by small groups of landlords. In northern Shansi one *hsien* reports that 25 per cent of the total number of families owns 53 per cent of the land, or seventy-three *mu* (about thirteen acres) per family—considered a large holding in China! Further south concentration of the land in the hands of a few is even more marked; one *hsien* reports that 7 per cent of the population holds 44 per cent of the land and 86 per cent of the families only 39 per cent of the land.

Such, briefly, is the situation in those regions in which Red Army units have been active. What are the conditions existing in other provinces of China? The phrase most encountered in conversation and articles by both Chinese and foreign observers dealing with the economic conditions of rural China, the China of the masses, is *nung-ts'un p'o-ch'an*—"rural bankruptcy." Taxes, in spite of manifestoes claiming reductions, have not been decreased. In some sections the rates have not been increased but the decrease in farm income caused by low prices has made the burden actually heavier. Oppressive conditions of land tenure under which more than half the crop goes to an absentee landlord persist without even a verbal promise of improvement. More than 90 per cent of the rural loans in China are obtained from landlords, rich farmers, merchants, pawnshops, or money shops; less than 10 per

cent from the much-publicized cooperative societies, with their lower interest rates.

This widespread state of bankruptcy has resulted in much unrest in provinces bordering on those in which Red armies are active. Both Honan and Hopei—neighbors of Shansi—have active groups of armed Communists—small, it is true, but constituting nuclei which can grow in suitable conditions. In addition, with educational facilities growing and the literacy rate of the peasants rising—by reason of adult mass education as well as a larger number of regular schools—more articulate discontent has developed among the peasants. This discontent of the masses makes them receptive to proposals for ameliorating their lot. The Communists offer radical reform of the prevailing system of taxation and land tenure, and the abolition of usury.

The present National Government of China is frankly unable to cope with the prevailing inequalities and distress. It is supported primarily by the exploiters of the peasantry—landlords and usurers. In addition, it has failed to offer resistance to Japanese aggression, a failure which an increasing number of Chinese consider treasonable. Growing recognition of Nanking's subservience to Japan has added to the prestige and the opportunities of the Communists.

Meanwhile, Japanese activity in the north has brought about a tardy revival of national feeling on the part of the student class. The central government has not only refused to accede to the students' demands but has adopted drastic repressive measures in an effort to stem the tide of patriotic fervor. But its attempt to prove that all students are Communists merely because they do not wish to turn their country over to a foreign invader has had unfavorable repercussions. Students whose interests and bias were naturally anti-Communist have turned in great numbers to the support of the Red Army simply because it appeared to be the sole defender of Chinese independence.

Geographic factors have also contributed greatly to the enhanced prestige of the Chinese Soviets. As long as the Soviet districts were confined to Kiangsi and remote sections of Szechuan, the anti-Japanese slogans of the Reds had very little meaning. But with their recent invasion of the province of Shansi, where only scattered Soviet districts previously existed, the Communists constitute not only a serious obstacle to Japan's immediate plans for a five-province "buffer state" but a formidable threat to the Japanese flank in the event of an attack on Outer Mongolia. The Communists' offer of a united front for a national war against Japan has become a practical proposal.



Drawing by Gropper

How Dead Is Liberalism?

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

III

THE keystone of Communist thought is the paradox which states that true liberalism can be achieved only through the violation of liberal principles. Without this paradox there would be no possibility of reconciling the aims which the Communist professes with the means by which he proposes to reach them, and it is not unnatural perhaps that he should turn to equally paradoxical solutions for other difficulties.

Anna Louise Strong, for example, once argued in the *American Mercury* that even the temporary dictatorship in Russia was really less a dictatorship than a Higher Sort of Democracy, and supported the contention with the following ingenious argument. The success of the enterprises carried out under the dictatorship was proof that what the people had been made to do was what, in their deepest selves, they willed to do—even if it was not what their shallower selves would have voted for had they had the misfortune to live under a government so unwise as to consult these shallower selves instead of accepting the mandate conferred by its mystic insight into the depths of the popular will. Miss Strong would, I presume, refuse to consider the success of the Ethiopian venture as proof that Italian fascism is also a truer sort of democracy than that which is crudely represented by civil liberties and the ballot box, but it is hardly worth while to argue the point or to indicate that her reasoning is precisely that of the church, which has always maintained that the only true liberty is the liberty to obey one's spiritual superiors.

For reasons which were, I hope, sufficiently indicated in the last previous article of this series, the liberal is less inclined either to match with the Communist such theological ingenuities as these or to look for flaws in the logic which links his concepts than he is to appeal to psychology on the one hand or to history on the other. When M. Malraux, for example, elaborates his theory of a purely political dictatorship which leaves the artist and the intellectual free to think and to create as their genius commands, the difficulty lies not in anything which is wrong with this quasi-utopian conception as such but in the fact that there is nothing in past human experience to suggest that it could ever be realized. With the exception of modern fascism, most dictatorships have, as a matter of fact, accepted "in principle" M. Malraux's thesis. Even the censorship of the Catholic church professes to concern itself with nothing except that which affects faith and morals, just as—so I was assured by Mr. Fischer during the darkest period of RAPP—the censorship of the Russian government differed significantly from all previous censorships in maintaining that its aims were purely political. But was anything ever found which

could not, in actual practice, be shown to affect faith and morals on the one hand or to have political implications of some sort on the other? If the Catholic church could forbid the teachings of Galileo on the ground that the question whether or not the earth moves is a moral question, if the Russian government can take up an official position on the place of love in the good life on the ground that the question is, at bottom, a political question, then M. Malraux's solution of the problem of intellectual liberty under a political dictatorship is the purest moonshine.

Obviously the difficulty is not in reaching an agreement to limit dictatorship to political matters; the difficulty is in maintaining any practical agreement upon a working definition of political significance. And if M. Malraux actually believes that the matter has been settled when an artist or an intellectual walks in on a meeting of the Central Executive Committee to announce that he offers political submission in exchange for a charter of intellectual liberty, then M. Malraux is, to put it mildly, better as what I believe the Communists call a "theoretician" than he is at understanding the practical workings of government.

For the present, at least, I am not considering the proper limits (if any) of free discussion. I am illustrating with a concrete instance that tendency of the liberal to differ from the Communist, not over the ends proposed, but over the extent to which theoretical programs can be assumed to solve the difficulties in the way of achieving them. The difference is, if you like, largely a temperamental one; but it remains, for all that, very far from superficial. Nothing sunders more completely M. Malraux, let us say, from a typical liberal like Bertrand Russell than the fact that to the one the temporary dictatorship inevitably gives way to the new and true democracy because it is arranged in his ideology that it should do so, while to the other both history and psychology seem to indicate that dictatorships give birth to dictatorships just as wars give birth to wars.

The orthodox Communist may point to the new Russian constitution as evidence that the inevitable is happening. The liberal replies that the constitution provides neither for any possible candidates except those selected by the government nor for any modification of the present anomalous situation under which a person whose official position is nominally minor may rule with dictatorial power. He adds that there was no indication in the recent state trial of any disposition to grant the defendants the advantage of that legal machinery which is supposed to guard the rights of the meanest criminals under the democratic system, and he is likely to agree with the conclusion which Mr. Russell expressed to me in con-

versation: the new Russian constitution might possibly become significant if the present dictators should die without obvious successors. It is bound to remain merely a gesture so long as those rulers remain alive or leave behind them others sufficiently strong to establish a claim to succession.

It is the temperamental difference which is responsible also for the fact that so many of the attempts made by liberals and Communists to argue out their differences end in a pointless comparison of the compromises and failures of a working democracy with the neat perfections in the blueprints for a Communist paradise. The thoroughgoing Marxist is ready enough to point out how the society which the liberal philosophy imagined never actually came into being because the existence of money power stood in the way; but realist though he claims to be, he is quite unwilling to grant even the possibility that factors—like the power of bureaucracy—unrecognized in his blueprints tend to make Communist practice as significantly different from Communist theory as the actual liberal society is different from liberal theory. And it is, I think, rather through innocence than guile that he is always proposing for debate some such questions as "Can war be prevented under capitalism?" instead of another which the liberal, if he is sufficiently sly, would much prefer—namely, "Can war be prevented?"

According to early liberal theorists war was, of course, to be abolished by democracy. "The people," it was said, had nothing to gain from fighting one another, and "the people" therefore would be always for peace. No doubt the Communist can explain with clarity and truth why it did not turn out so, but he is little inclined to submit his own plans to a criticism conducted in an equally realistic spirit. On paper the Communist state would abolish that economic rivalry which is assumed to be the only cause of military conflict, and if a single Communist state were actually world-wide then obviously no war except civil war would be possible. But so would it be under any rule which was actually effective over the entire globe, whether it happened to be Communist or not.

In theory, no doubt, Communists ought to be able to get together and to form such an international state, but so, for that matter, ought democrats, and up to the present at least there is no evidence that to be a Communist implies any agreement with other Communists closer than the agreement at present existing between democrats. Does anyone seriously suppose that a Union of Soviet Republics under Stalin would necessarily live at peace with, let us say, a Union of Franco-German Socialist Republics under Trotsky? The basis of economic rivalry between them would be precisely the same as that of the rivalry between any other two states, and it is difficult to see how anyone who is familiar with the language used recently in Russia about the "Trotsky gang" can doubt that two Communist states could easily hate each other with a righteous hate indistinguishable from that which has proved so useful in the wars between "the peoples" of other nations.

M. Malraux, to whom I posed these questions, promised a reply by mail, which never came. Mr. Russell ex-

pressed opinions identical with my own, and under the circumstances it is perhaps not surprising that he reached the almost cynical conclusion that the *sine qua non* of peace is not any particular kind of international government but merely an international government of some kind. Half-seriously he said: The end of the next world war will find most of what is left upon the globe under the rule of American capitalists who will have financed the conflict in exchange for economic controls very much like those which they have demanded and received from the republics of South and Central America. It will not be a very good government—but it will do.

Not very long ago *The Nation* published two articles by its Moscow correspondent, Louis Fischer, on the new abortion laws in the Soviet Union. In one of them was a letter, obviously intended to reveal a more or less typical condition, from a woman who protested that she could not afford to have more babies because she was then living with three other persons in a single room.

I need hardly add that the letter was not intended to draw attention to housing conditions in Moscow, but it does so nevertheless and in a manner all the more striking because the conditions described are taken for granted. I know of course that it will be immediately replied that Russia has not had time to catch up; but the meaning of the situation has not been fully explored until it is added that many persons in the Soviet Republic are far better housed than this woman and that four people who live in one room have not been given their equitable share of what is actually available. It must be admitted, in other words, that neither plenty on the one hand nor equitable distribution on the other has been achieved, and it is hard to see how a society which, after twenty years, has established neither a decent minimum standard nor an equitable sharing of the little that is available can be said to have advanced very far toward a classless society.

No wonder that many of those who call themselves Communists tend—it seems to me in increasing numbers—to insist that one should evaluate communism not by the study of the only actually functioning Communist society but by the blueprints for a different one. It is possible of course that they are right. It may be that the failure of communism in Russia to approximate the truly liberal society in the midst of plenty which the Communist specifications call for is the result of mismanagement plus the peculiar conditions under which the experiment has taken place. But as long as Russia remains also the *only* experiment so far conducted, there is at least some justification for the suspicion that the failure is no greater than is to be expected when any plan is put into operation—no greater, for example, than the failure of actual working democracies to achieve all that the theory of democracy provides for. The liberal and the Communist do not disagree concerning the beauty of what the Communist is sure he sees just beyond the civil war and the temporary dictatorship of the proletariat. But to the one it is a Pisgah sight. To the other it may be only a mirage.

[Mr. Krutch's final article will appear next week.]

The Sunrise Conference

BY ALEX MATHEWS ARNETT

THE story has long been current that in April, 1916, when the submarine controversy reached its gravest crisis prior to the eve of hostilities, President Wilson held an early morning conference at the White House with a group of Congressional leaders at which he vehemently urged upon them that the time had come for a breach with Germany. They are said to have countered with equal heat that if he attempted such a move they would fight it on the floors of Congress, and as large majorities in both houses were firmly opposed to war, they would block any war resolution. The meeting was allegedly held at an early hour to avoid publicity, and thus it is referred to as the "Sunrise Conference."

In the absence of sufficient authentication, historians—with one or two exceptions—have not heretofore accepted this story. Some months ago, however, while examining the papers of Claude Kitchin—now available in the library of the University of North Carolina—the writer came upon correspondence in which Kitchin definitely confirmed the basic points. More recently, further confirmation has been obtained.

It seems that the first published account of the conference appeared in an article by Gilson Gardner in *McNaught's Monthly* in June, 1925, under the title *Why We Delayed Entering the War*. It was based largely upon hearsay evidence with some apparent confirmation from Claude Kitchin and Mrs. Champ Clark. Mr. Gardner had written to them, relating the story as he had heard it and inquiring about its truth. Both replies were apparently confirmatory, but upon scrutiny neither appeared conclusive. They left no doubt that some such conference was held, but Kitchin made no reference to what the issue was or what was said. Mrs. Clark only raised doubts as to whether she had in mind a conference in April concerned with the Sussex crisis or one of the secret meetings known to have been held in the preceding February.

If the Sunrise Conference was held in February, it would appear to have been much less significant than if it actually accorded with the traditional account. On the former occasion President Wilson apparently was not pressing for immediate hostilities, whereas in April he seriously considered such a move. It is known that he had Lansing prepare a note to Germany severing diplomatic relations, but he put it aside and wrote another which left the door open for our continued "neutrality." Why did he change his mind?

On March 24, 1921, C. H. Claudy of Washington wrote Kitchin:

I have been told that in 1916 President Wilson called a conference between the Honorable Champ Clark, the Honorable Mr. Flood, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and yourself, that this conference took place early in the morning in order to avoid the presence of newspapermen, and that at this conference President Wilson expressed his desire to declare war against Germany

but was persuaded not to do so by you three gentlemen, who told him that if he attempted such a thing, you would fight him on the floor of the House.

If this is a true story (and my informant said that his information came from you) it is, of course, something that the country would be very much interested in hearing. If it is not a true story it ought not to be spread.

I, therefore, am writing you and asking you if in the first place it is true; and, in the second place, if it is a fact, would you be willing to give me an authorized interview to that effect or sign a statement to that effect, looking to publication?

To this Kitchin replied on April 2:

I have just been handed your letter at my residence by my clerk. I would rather see you in my office and talk with you about the matter as soon as I am well enough to go down to the Capitol regularly than to write you about it at this time.

Champ Clark, Flood, and myself did have early one morning, between seven and eight o'clock, such a conference with the President. At that time he seemed anxious to go to war with Germany immediately. This was in April, 1916. Champ Clark, Flood, and myself have talked about the matter dozens of times and our recollection as to just what was said exactly coincides.

As said above, some time after I get well enough to be at the Capitol regularly, you can come up and I will have Flood come in my office and we will talk with you about it, and you can have our recollections of the matter, but this is not written for publication at this time. When I recover my health and strength, I will give you the whole story, perhaps for publication.

Kitchin had suffered a stroke in April, 1920, from which he never entirely recovered; but his mind and his remarkable memory remained as clear as ever. So far as is known he never elaborated further upon the conference except in private conversation. He often discussed it in confidence with members of his family, his colleagues, and other friends. His son, Mills, who was an adult at the time, remembers having heard him talk of it then and often thereafter. He is quite positive that the conference occurred in April. Judge E. Yates Webb, who was then a colleague of Kitchin's, writes:

I do remember (and I think it was about this same conference) Hal Flood's coming to me on the floor of the House, rather much agitated, and saying that it looked like we were going to get in the war, judging from the President's attitude. I remember Flood's saying that he and others in the conference asked the President what we, the United States, would do in case we did get into war, and he said that the President replied, "Well, we will lend the Allies some money, send a few ships over there, and wind up the war."

Allan L. Benson also confirms the story. He was with Kitchin, he says, within a few hours after the conference; he found him "deeply stirred" and "indignant" as he told of the dramatic encounter. "He said that Wilson pounded the table with his fist and said that if this country were to declare war at once hostilities would be ended by August."

Shortly afterward the country was ringing with the campaign slogan, "He kept us out of war."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE Harvard Tercentenary was worthy of the finest traditions of that great university. What higher praise could there be than that? I do not mean merely the traditions of scholarship, or those of Brahmin Boston, which have often controlled it to its hurt, but the traditions of academic freedom, of the right of the scientist, the scholar, and the teacher to think their own thoughts, hold their own beliefs, and express their own opinions. That was the keynote of the proceedings put forward by President Conant with the support of President Angell of Yale and the President of the United States. Of course Harvard has sometimes honored this in the breach. Was not Professor Charles Follen driven from his chair because of his anti-slavery views? Did not the university share Charles William Eliot's hostile opinion of its graduate who was probably the foremost American orator and the most eloquent champion of liberty, Wendell Phillips? Is there not even the case of the conservative professor who was ejected because he criticized the public ovations to the revolutionary Louis Kossuth? But these and other inconsistencies and failings of the past only emphasize the more the admirable statements of what Harvard should and must stand for in our national life if it is to serve the Republic. Also the occasion stressed again the university's extraordinary good fortune in having as its new president a man aflame for the cause of academic freedom, who dared before that conservative audience to declare that the university must dissect "the forces of modern capitalism" just as it would establish "the origin of the rocks." The cheers with which his utterances were greeted were most hopeful signs that the tide of reaction is beginning to turn in this country.

I found the whole gathering, the entire procedure, profoundly impressive, but nothing impressed me more than the absence of uniforms, the total lack of marching hosts and helmeted heads. The few military officers present were in attendance upon the President and the Governor of Massachusetts. The ununiformed undergraduates who marched to their seats raised up no arms in salute and clenched no fists. They did not keep step; they bore no banners of prejudice, hate, intolerance, and war. Theirs are unregimented minds, and the three who spoke for their undergraduate fellows seemed determined to emphasize their freedom by the most outspoken criticism of their elders, of the university, of authority. Of course the ceremony was not as spectacular as the recent display at Heidelberg. There was no goose-stepping, no martial music, none of the thrills that come when thousands and thousands march in unbroken ranks. But one sat there and thanked God that one was an American, and that

whatever the future holds, today there are men, the whole learned group, free to stand up for the most worth-while things in human life—the unfettered mind, the unimprisoned soul. Heidelberg? Well, its 550th anniversary last month did not bring out the most important fact about that university today, that in the last four years forty-seven of its professors and teachers have been driven from their chairs, more than 24 per cent of the entire faculty. That is all one needs to know to decide not to send one's son there—a place where men may teach but dare not say their souls are their own. Quite properly in all that great assembly of scholars there was only one official delegate from a German institution; and honorary degrees were conferred on a number of Jews.

There were other things to make one proud. The President of the United States rose to the occasion, not only as the foremost Harvard man but as the leader of the country. His speech measured up to all that was uttered on those two days. It was graceful, able, of literary flavor, and perfectly attuned to the moment and the occasion, without, of course, the slightest trace of partisanship, save one humorous reference to the fact that when Harvard was 200 years old the direful Andrew Jackson was President, and when it was 250 years old the Democrat, Grover Cleveland, "and now *I* am President." The applause and acclaim with which Franklin Roosevelt was received on that occasion will never be forgotten by those who heard them. Probably the majority of those in Sanders Theater who rose for the President when he entered will vote against him in November. That exhibition of tolerance, sportsmanship, and good-will to a political opponent should be written down in letters of gold in the annals of Harvard. For many of those who welcomed the fourth Harvard man to be Chief Executive of the nation are really deluded into believing that he plans to overthrow our system of government and deliberately to play traitor to the Republic.

Two days of ceremony and oratory and not a single false note! Two days without an official reference to the government—the President spoke before the Alumni Association and not at the official university celebration. Two days of stressing the things of the spirit, the glory of the intellectual life, the nobility and the continuing challenge of the search for truth within academic walls, and not merely Harvard walls, but the walls of every university in America. For this was the final prayer of President Conant—that a hundred years hence it be manifest that all the universities of this country "have led the way to new light, and may the nation give thanks that Harvard was founded."

BROUN'S PAGE

I HATE to hear phrases cry out in agony. The practice of being cruel to words has gone on for centuries, but it seems to me that certain refinements in torture are peculiarly characteristic of the modern world. As far as I know, the Greeks and the Romans never took popular slogans and placed them on some rack by which they could be stretched wholly out of their natural shape and length. Perhaps they did. If so, the Greeks and the Romans were very much at fault. The present political campaign has proved that "freedom" and "liberty" may be transformed into brass knuckles with which to club the unfortunate. One of the favorite devices of the day is to address rhetorical questions to jobless ones asking them whether they are not sufficiently patriotic to insist upon self-reliance and starvation.

But of course the honey of the lot is "freedom of the press" as it is employed by publishers. Consider, please, the current situation in Seattle, where the *Post-Intelligencer* has suspended publication because of a strike by the American Newspaper Guild. Mr. Hearst and all his cohorts in the A. N. P. A. insist that this successful labor battle against a newspaper constitutes a violation of the constitutional guaranty of freedom of the press. As I read the amendment in the Bill of Rights, it does no more than specify that there shall be no form of censorship before the printing of the word. It does not say that a publisher may not be sued and punished for libel, obscenity, incitement to riot, or many other crimes and misdemeanors. I will admit that I would like to see it go much farther. But as it stands the pledge does not go beyond the promise that the man who has the power to print may do so without asking anybody's permission as to the quality of his reports or opinions.

However, I find nothing in the constitutional guaranty which says that the government must aid and abet each and every citizen in his desire to print. To be specific, I hold certain opinions just as stalwartly as any in the Hearst quiver are held. It so happens that I am not in a position to get out my own newspaper. I believe that condition is unfortunate, and yet I hardly feel that I am empowered to complain that natural rights have been taken from me. Much of what I want to say goes into the *World-Telegram* and into *The Nation*. But I do not control the policy of either publication. Certain ardent sentiments I swallow, or hold for the time being within my mouth as a cow retains her cud. Like the cow I am for the most part contented. It may even be that mastication will mellow and improve some of my political opinions. In all these matters I assert that I am far more reasonable than William Randolph Hearst. If a strike disturbs the publication of his *Seattle P.-I.* that is, from his point of view, unfortunate. But it is not a violation of any guaranty of free press. Mr. Hearst can print that paper as well as all his others the moment he is ready to discuss working conditions with

his organized employees. Surely none will contend that reporters, printers, pressmen, stereotypers, and photo-engravers must proceed upon their endeavors regardless of pay and hours for the sake of the freedom of the press. Around the theater it is said, "The show must go on," but that obligation exists only when those who make the backbone of the show have entered into fair contracts with the entrepreneur.

Of late I fear that publishers have grown both greedy and heretical. Within the last few years there has grown up a feeling that provisions which obtain in other establishments must not be urged upon newspapers without a loud squeal on their part concerning tyranny. It is difficult to reduce the argument to its logical absurdity because none can be stated which certain newspaper owners have not seriously defended. For instance, I might set forth a hypothetical case about as follows: Suppose an American newspaper were printed in a building so flagrantly out of line with the building restrictions that it constituted a fire trap. Could anybody conceivably say that the municipal authorities might not call upon the publisher either to provide fire escapes or shut up shop until such time as the premises were made safe for the workers? And yet a case of this kind arose in Boston, and the newspaper concerned refused to put up fire escapes or so much as provide a rope for any beleaguered printer or reporter to slide to the street. The newspaper contended that the city of Boston in calling upon it to spend additional money was interfering with the freedom of the press.

Advocates of the child-labor amendment are familiar with the fact that their strongest adversary is the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. This organization maintains both state and federal lobbies to block any legislation which would make it impossible to use youngsters as carriers or newsboys. Children, of course, can be hired more cheaply than adults, and the organized newspapers of America contend that any change in this condition would constitute an interference with the freedom of the press.

I was arguing with the editor of a morning paper about the fake story which Mr. Hearst's *Mirror* ran concerning the murderer of Mrs. Titterton. J. David Stern exposed this shocking piece of invention in his *New York Post*. I asked my friend the editor why he had not done the same thing. "I just didn't think of it," he answered. "Well," I continued, "don't you think it would be a good thing if the Newspaper Guild were strong enough to pass and enforce a rule that none of its members should ever be compelled to write flagrant and manifest lies?"

"Oh, I couldn't go for that," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why, that would constitute an interference with the freedom of the press," he told me.

HEYWOOD BROUN



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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Here Comes the Mower

By IRVING FINEMAN

Here comes the mower with whirring wheels
and clickracking ratchet, hauled by two horses,
beasts driven by man perched on high,
his head high against the blue heavens:
Ineluctable will driving force,
force driving the patterned process
to inevitable consequence. Tall tender grasses
fall from the grace of this green life,
fall to the endlessly fruitful and greedy earth,
fall to feed forces that enrich,
destroy for enrichment . . . O proud tender grasses,
do not despair! Do not bow to the oncoming reaper.
Stand and draw with delight the last sweet drop of dew
as sharp death cleaves your side.
Nor fear nor vilify the knife
that cuts you down to the pleasant
earth that brought you forth
and, relentless, will hold you to the knife.
Nor curse ratchet and wheels
nor the driven beasts nor the will
poised upon clouds; for this
is all our destiny—even proud man's.

Stranger Than Fiction

CRADLE OF LIFE. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers.
\$2.50.

I NEED not remind the readers of "Laughing in the Jungle" and "The Native's Return" that Louis Adamic is a writer of unquestionable ability. In "Dynamite," as well as in articles for *The Nation*, he has shown himself to be one of the most energetic, most persuasive publicists in contemporary journalism. Because his writing is infused with great personal charm, I find it difficult to resist anything he has written. And with that charm he has employed a social conscience to excellent advantage. His treatment of peasant character in "The Native's Return" should serve as a model for young proletarian novelists, for Louis Adamic is one of the few writers of our time who have invested the peasant with human dignity and admirable strength. Mr. Adamic's autobiographies are read with the ease that we associate with the reading of fiction; his fiction, on the other hand, is read with the slow embarrassment that accompanies the reading of the falsified yet "true" confession story.

His "Cradle of Life" is a second novel, told in the first person of Rudo Stanka, an illegitimate descendant of the Hapsburg line, son of a Moravian countess and Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. Under the shadow of mystery attending illegitimate birth we are led to expect a romance as fantastic as the story of "A Prisoner of Zenda," the romance that our mothers read, reread, and lent and borrowed. The expectation

is not entirely denied. Illegitimate birth is followed by exploits in which men faint and out of which good, old-fashioned Balkan heroes and heroines are made. The plot and circumstance are of a pattern I had thought was broken long before the Theater Guild revived "Arms and the Man." There is scarcely a device of pre-Shavian operatics that remains unused: young Rudo's long memory (which defies even the most rudimentary laws of human psychology), his genius for attracting birds and animals, his disaster in a fire are here set down in the approved manner of our earliest imported romances of Central Europe—and there is no lack of action on any of these pages.

And yet, under all this melodrama that so closely approximates opera bouffe, there is a layer of careful observation, a genuine use of economic history, an understanding of peasants and their way of living, a perception of natural phenomena and their beauty. Rudo's wet-nurse, Dora, is the character that one remembers; it was her business to take charge of illegitimate children and then destroy them. Mr. Adamic derives the title of his book from the cradle rocking at her side, a cradle of life for some, of death for many—and when one thinks of the Yugoslavia that Mr. Adamic has created for us in "The Native's Return," the symbolic reference of Dora's cradle has emotional reality. But this reference has only the most tenuous relation to the artificial machinery by which Mr. Adamic propels his present story. The episodes in themselves might well have had their basis, I suspect, in the familiar record of phenomenal truth that is always stranger than fiction, the kind of sensational fact we encounter in the "Believe-It-or-Not" syndicated feature of the daily newspaper. Such fact, unrelated to symbolic reference or to psychological motivation, remains stranger than fiction and immeasurably less convincing.

HORACE GREGORY

A Study of Brahms

BRAHMS: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Karl Geiringer.
Translated by H. B. Weiner and Bernard Miall. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

THIS is the first good book on Brahms that I have encountered. As custodian of the collections of the Society of Friends of Music in Vienna, Geiringer has had access to hitherto inaccessible letters in the possession of the society; and he has supplemented these with other unpublished or unfamiliar Brahms correspondence. What is more important, however, is his use of this material: the author admires his subject but does not flinch at a wart on his nose; and writing with understanding as well as honesty, he has produced a credible portrait of a credible human being.

For his discussion of the music Geiringer has compared sketches in the possession of the society with the final manuscripts, and these with printed copies bearing Brahms's notations of changes for possible future editions, also in the possession of the society. These enable him to make interesting observations that stay, however, within the limits of complete acceptance of the music, instead of breaking through them. A critical revaluation of Brahms's music is still to be written.

Geiringer does lay the basis for such a revaluation in a con-

cluding chapter on Brahms as man and artist. "A discord, a conflict of opposing forces, pervaded his whole existence, coloring his life and his work alike." In the man the conflict was between the "urge to freedom" and a "desire for subjection" to order; in the work this became a conflict between "fantasy" and "obedience to law"—between "his extravagance of feeling and his romantic enthusiasm" and "the striving for clearly articulated structure and established form"—or, Geiringer does not add, between over-sweet sentimentality and preoccupation with technical device, and sometimes not a conflict between them but a combination that is hard to endure.

Geiringer also makes the all-important observation concerning Brahms's variations that "the master's imagination rose to the greatest heights when under the constraint of the strictest laws." Brahms was essentially a lyricist, and as such a composer of small forms, and he was a marvelously skilful musical craftsman. Where he used his craftsmanship to inflate something small into something big—as in certain first movements—it is, like the music, an affliction. But in the variation form he was called on to exercise his craftsmanship on the task of saying one thing in a series of different ways, and to produce a large form by the process of writing a cumulative series of small ones. And his finest achievements are the sets of variations on themes of Händel, Haydn, Schumann, and Paganini, and the final passacaglia of the Fourth Symphony.

B. H. HAGGIN

From Surrealism to Socialism

THE BELLS OF BASEL. By Louis Aragon. Translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

WHEN Louis Aragon, one of the founding fathers of dada and surrealism, turned to the proletariat for regeneration, he did so with that splendid violence characteristic of the cults he once championed. At that time the literature of the left was not so much being created as erupted, and Aragon's percussion effects and suave brutality went well with its dominant style. His poem, "The Red Front," brought down the wrath of the authorities upon his head, as their police minds would not put down to poetic license his open advocacy of the shooting of prominent politicians.

In time, however, Aragon's initial intoxication gradually gave way to the more sober tendencies in the literature to which he was now organically bound. And it is a tribute to the integrating powers of the doctrine he embraced that his first novel written under its influence should surprise us by its gravity of intention and maturity of performance. This poet of cosmopolitan rhetoric has turned into an eager student of history; and in his aspiration to the role of social analyst, he must needs rehearse the parts he once neglected. Like other contemporary novelists, Aragon returns to the pre-war scene in order to find and correlate the elements that shaped our present destiny. And the world he discovers in his expedition to the past is a world that cannot survive.

But in treating this material he adopts a particular angle of vision. His novel is built around the lives of three women, who become the focus of his insights into the society that produced them. Thus the story gains from the specific nature of its major theme, the theme of woman as a social animal. Diane, the first of the three, is an old-time courtesan, a worldly Maupassant heroine salvaged from her purely sexual existence in the traditional novel of passion and invested with the significance of a type representing the past of her sex. The second, Catherine, who claims most of our attention, takes all the lovers she

has a fancy to, but is primarily afraid of love, for to her it is "the great swindle, the assertion of man's power over woman." To Catherine the revolution means the liberation of women from their debasement as creatures who either "sit with their embroidery behind window curtains" or pace the street corners waiting for men. Essentially she is the transitional type, attracted to revolutionary ideas, but unable to go beyond a mere tour of the classes in search of purpose and repose. Through her contacts with the anarchists we enter the submerged world of blind rebellion, which is contraposed to the world of Victor, the Socialist worker, who incarnates the discipline of consistent struggle. In the Epilogue, dealing with the International Socialist Congress in Basel, we are given an ecstatic portrait of Clara Zetkin. It is she who foreshadows the woman of tomorrow. Here the novelist sinks back into his poetic self, and the narrative dissolves into marine metaphors suggested by Clara's "measureless, magnificent eyes . . . blue and mobile, like deep waters crossed by currents."

But the mists of the happy future into which the novel vanishes cannot altogether conceal its defects. As with some other French writers, the charm and fluency of Aragon's prose is at times more expressive of the current level of French literary achievement, smoothly functioning in all of its works, than it is of the individual accents of an original creation. Catherine is somewhat too exotic to suit the part the author has assigned her within his social scheme; and Victor, intrinsically the same type as Edmond Maillecottin in Jules Romains, is nowhere realized as freshly and vividly as Edmond is in that remarkable seventeenth chapter of "The Earth Trembles." In fact, the whole section bearing Victor's name, which describes the great taxi strike in which he is involved, seldom rises above the plane of reporting. Aragon's problem, already solved in some measure by other revolutionary artists, is to wrestle with and overcome the tendency of his sociological facts to become the limbo of his imagination.

PHILIP RAHV

Markers for the Dead

POEMS OF PEOPLE. By Edgar Lee Masters. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.50.

MASTERS first occupied himself with the writing of "poems of people" in 1923, selecting his subjects at random from history, imagination, and personal experience, with the idea of projecting—in the barbarous idiom of the dust papers—a "summation of life, of tragedy and comedy, of heroism and failure, of courage in battle and the walks of peace, of happiness and suffering, resignation and rebellion." To this end—a more pretentious one, surely, than the poet himself would be likely to confess to—the graveyards of Spoon River and the American dream tradition once more yield up their dead. From Spoon River in effect if not in fact are recruited the wraiths of Luke Crockett, "By the town worsted and his fight with solitaire and booze," of Tom Barron, destroyed equally by his will to life and "the cost of being good," of Dick Woodward, who renounced respectability for "the life of the loafers, quitters, and the dodgers." On the other hand a large portion of the book is devoted to patriotic eulogy of Washington, Jackson, Beauregard, Boone, Pickett, Lewis, and Van Buren, among others, all of whom are exhibited more as public monuments than as "people" and celebrated with aphorisms and limping meters. When every allowance has been made for the enormities notorious among ballad-makers, lines like the following must be set down as something less than heroic:

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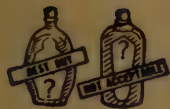
Whether you equip your car with one brand of tires or with another may mean an actual difference in cost to you of from forty to a hundred dollars in each 25,000 driving miles. A report in this issue, based on actual road tests of over 300 tires, shows striking differences in mileage costs of leading brands. Twelve brands, including Firestone, Goodyear, U. S., Dunlop, Federal and Goodrich, are rated in this report—three as "Best Buys," six as "Also Acceptable" and three as "Not Acceptable." (Note—this report is not in the \$1 limited edition.) The current issue also reports on women's fall coats (including fleece, tweed, fur and fur-trimmed coats), men's and women's rubbers, hot water bottles, and other products. The labor conditions under which many of the products are made are also described.

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Number of pounds required to burst outer vamp lining	261	319
Number of pounds per inch required to tear or pull apart vamp leather	103	131
Total rating on all of nineteen points	694	854

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Clear heads should call for one of the seven "Best Buys" out of thirty-two leading brands of American whiskies—but not for any of the nine rated by liquor experts as "Not Acceptable" in the current issue. To the left is one of the seven best buys—to the right, one of the most popular American brands—selling at the same price but listed as "Not Acceptable." This report—the first of a series of three on liquors and wines—also covers Scotch and Canadian whiskies. Included in the ratings are Seagram's, Vat 69, Calvert's, Old Overholt, Mt. Vernon, Hiram Walker and other well-known brands.

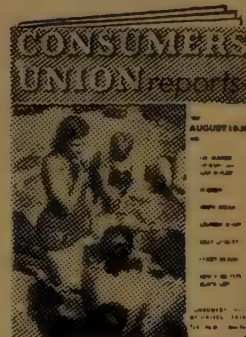
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In the concluding portion of the volume, where a more personal note is struck, the tone is one of mordant nostalgia for the past, of contempt for the sterility and possessiveness of modern life, of proud personal estrangement, and of a general insistence on the stoic virtues of soldierly self-reliance and the "heroic will." The significant fact to be noted about the book as a whole, aside from its unrelieved triviality, is that, though it appears to have been assembled over a period of thirteen years, the tense throughout is that of time past. Mr. Masters's story from the very beginning has been that of the stone-cutter who has devoted a lifetime to the carving of markers for the dead, and comes, in the end, to see life backward; which is another thing from seeing it whole.

BEN BELITT

A Parochial Orbit

NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE, AND OTHER STORIES.

By Morley Callaghan. Random House. \$2.

I HAVE never cared much for Mr. Callaghan's novels, each of which, in spite of an interesting theme, seemed flat and pedestrian, more like a careful exercise than a freely moving narrative. But his short stories, if they have hardly more verve, are natural products of an artistic emotion; their sobriety, instead of mirroring the author's studious conscientiousness, emerges as a way of looking at life. Nor are they sober only: if they lack the transforming power of passion and wit, they have warmth and kindliness. In his novels Mr. Callaghan is often merely sympathetic with character, merely reportorial with events, merely plausible with causation, and the effect is too meager. But by choosing, in his stories, to treat of average people in simple situations, he does not use up all his ability on the stories themselves, and can employ what is left to deepen his moods. His people, studied with a single-mindedness that is almost an equivalent for the intensity he lacks, become after a while the symbols of common humanity with its pathetic helplessness and touches of tragic dignity. His people, furthermore, are in line with his own capacities: there are no heroes, no villains, no geniuses, no powerful personalities among them, as in Mr. Callaghan's writing there is no talent for being heroic, for being demonic, for being inspired, or for being richly personal.

This is a book filled with domestic situations, a book about mothers and sons, fathers and daughters, young husbands and wives, young lovers, brothers, friends, priests, old women. Almost all these people are destined for the same sort of existence, with the same problems, misunderstandings, difficulties, rewards; they live, almost all of them, inside a purely parochial orbit. It would not be difficult to sentimentalize them, particularly since Mr. Callaghan has none of the tough-mindedness of, say, a James Farrell; and perhaps by treating them over and over again, with no departures into worlds beyond their experience, Mr. Callaghan does finally leave a faintly sentimental impression. Still, the fault may be ours, may be due to our own over-cultivation, our own possession of too much sensibility and too little sentiment. For Mr. Callaghan handles his people honestly enough; his treatment has nothing in common with the homely pathos contrived by writers for women's magazines.

His stories vibrate, however slightly, with the lasting, immemorial emotions of circumscribed family life, and end by inclosing for our view a particular kind of existence.

But just that may constitute a danger. Mr. Callaghan's people seem too neatly labeled: they are what a less social-minded age used to refer to as "the little people." They are caught fluttering in a cage—not an economic cage but an environmental one which I think comes in for over-emphasis, as though they were incapable of separate identity. When so many short stories, written over a period of time, are collected in one book and leave so unified an impression, our first thought is that we must have been given the truth; but when we find so unified an impression based upon so rigid an interpretation, we may begin to wonder whether some of the limitations the author ascribes to his characters do not belong to the author himself. Perhaps his characters grope less and vary more than Mr. Callaghan has suggested; perhaps by narrowing their world he puts us in a position, not to understand them better, but to misunderstand them worse—to find them all alike, to think of them as performing a routine cycle, to depersonalize and isolate them. The result, in terms of reading matter, is a slight monotony; in terms of interpretation, a kind of completeness without fullness. Because Mr. Callaghan is lacking in temperament does not necessarily prove that his characters are.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Popular Front in France

FRANCE TODAY, AND THE PEOPLE'S FRONT. By Maurice Thorez. International Publishers. \$1.75.

FRANCE FACES THE FUTURE. By Ralph Fox. International Publishers. \$1.25.

MAURICE THOREZ is secretary-general of the French Communist Party, and Ralph Fox is a British Communist journalist. These two authors undertake to interpret the present situation in France by glorifying the policy of the Communist International. They achieve this by clearly presenting a revolutionary situation and as clearly failing to draw revolutionary conclusions.

The policy of the Comintern toward the French situation is guided entirely—as it is the world over—by the needs of Soviet diplomacy. Right now this diplomacy, at least in the opinion of the Soviet dictatorship, needs an alliance with liberal bourgeois forces, to the end that no proletarian revolution whose success is not contractually guaranteed may weaken the Franco-Soviet military pact. Therefore Soviet diplomacy requires the French Communists to abandon the revolutionary struggle and to unite in a popular front even with the leaders of the Radical Socialist wing of French finance capital.

It is already clear that the Popular Front government has miserably failed. The fascist leagues—whose dissolution M. E. Ravage, in *The Nation* of August 8, showed to be purely legalistic—are steadily arming. Even *l'Humanité*, official organ of the French Communist Party, interlards the triumphant oratory of M. Thorez and other Communist leaders with articles showing that the French army is being prepared for a fascist coup d'état by the reactionary. Every reactionary force in France at this moment is taking its place in a calm and deliberate preparation for a fascist coup, which M. Blum prepares to meet exactly as Severing and Braun prepared to meet the Hitler coup, as Azaña prepared to meet the Spanish fascist rebellion—with the traditional paralysis

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of a Social Democratic government in the face of a social crisis.

To make the Popular Front seem the hope of France, Messrs. Thorez and Fox have to do two things: they have to rewrite the past and they have to misrepresent the present. About the past of the Comintern they are very glib. The party line has zigzagged in the past decade to suit the exigencies of Soviet diplomacy. These zigzags are deftly smoothed out with the fantasy that the strategy of the International since 1920 has been one continuous effort to achieve the united front. In 1924 the united front was proposed to the Socialists in a letter which called upon all workers "either to join the Communist Party in order to carry on a united working-class struggle against the entire bourgeoisie whether right or left, or to join the Radical Party against the Communist Party, which absolutely refuses to practice inter-class collaboration." The Socialists answered that they considered the letter an insult. In 1928 the offer was repeated, accompanied by an assurance to Communists that the party knew the Socialists would not accept, but that it was necessary to appeal to the Socialist rank and file over the heads of their leaders—in other words, the famous "united front from below." Later, in the hysterical days of the "third period," the Comintern discovered that all Socialists were fascists. And a united front with Social Democrats, let alone capitalist parties, was declared to be a counter-revolutionary crime. Then suddenly these fiery revolutionaries turned into reformists, not only united with quondam "social fascists" but practicing "inter-class collaboration" with capitalist parties. The reason, of course, is Hitler.

So much for the consistency of Communist strategy as dictated by the Comintern. The policy did not change. Ever since Stalin came to power it has been dominated by the obsession of "socialism in one country," and hence, of course, revolution nowhere else. Popular Front reformism today, like the infantile leftism of the "social fascist" period, is paralyzing the Western working classes in the face of the rising tide of fascism. "Social fascism" raised up a fanatically anti-Soviet fascism in Germany. Popular Front reformism seems well on the way to raise up an allied fascism in France. Soviet diplomacy, for all its reputed cleverness, seems once more to be defeating its own end.

It is unfortunate for these authors that their books appear in the midst of the fascist rebellion in Spain against the Spanish Popular Front government. For they give no intimation that fascism is to be defeated only by the arming of the working class against a fascist coup, by revolutionary changes in the military personnel, by reorganization of the police, by a desperate fight against finance capital. On the contrary they depend upon a Popular Front government pledged to carry out a reformist program which, according to M. Thorez, "can be realized within the framework of the capitalist regime." The revolutionary aims of the Communist Party can wait. But revolutionary situations do not wait upon reformist programs.

Faced with fascist preparations, the best M. Thorez can offer the French working class is bombast, bourgeois pacifism, and the slogan "Defense of the Soviet Union in all cases and by all means." But leaders who mean business do not lead against gas bombs and machine-guns masses of untrained followers armed only with a will to peace and the clenched fists of the Communist salute. Therefore one must assume that M. Thorez does not mean business. But the fascists do. Theoretically, of course, the Popular Front government controls the army; but we have the Spanish rebellion to show what that means. And a popular militia improvised at the last

minute will stand no chance against the most efficient fighting force in Europe if that force can be led by fascist generals to throw in its lot with the reaction. One cannot read these two books without being reminded of Marx's caustic comments on the French democrats in "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte":

Weakness had, as it ever does, taken refuge in the wonderful; it believed that the enemy was overcome if, in its imagination, it hocus-pocussed him away; and it lost all sense of the present in the imaginary apotheosis of the future that was at hand, and of the deeds that it had in *petto* but which it did not yet want to bring to the scratch.

Now, as Marx said then, "the days are gone by when the cackling of geese could save the Capitol."

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

DRAMA

ALL of those concerned in "The Golden Journey" (Booth Theater) seem to have worked almost too hard. At least one of them, the director, Harry Wagstaff Gribble, is an expert in his line, and if doing one's best went as far toward making a good artist as it is said to go toward the making of a good man, then the piece would deserve high praise. The author not only tries to be funny but tries to be funny every minute and arranges for someone to fall down or pull someone else's hair whenever nothing else is happening. The actors act all over the place, and just to show that they are not sparing themselves, rush back and forth across the stage even if there is no very good reason for doing so. In addition, two goldfish, a canary, two dogs, a monkey, and a macaw are introduced at various points, thanks to an ingenious dramatic device which provides that any animal commonly stocked by the pet shops can be appropriately introduced at any moment. Unfortunately, however, the tale of three young would-be writers who are living on nothing a week in a rather handsome apartment is neither very convincing nor very pointed.

Several times it looks as though the author might be meaning to say that his protagonists are preposterous frauds typical of post-depression decadence. Several other times it looks as though he might be meaning to say that the *vie de Bohème* is still going on. In the end it is evident that he is not meaning to say anything at all. Perhaps it was only because under such circumstances one is grateful for small favors, but Leona Powers seemed quite good as the publisher's wife with a talent for making gigolos out of aspiring authors, and Raymond Bramley seemed amusing in a wildly farcical way as the publisher himself.

Many plays are now on the eve of production, but at the present writing the theatergoer can do no better than to stick to the D'Oyly Carte Company, which is continuing at the Martin Beck and which reached new heights with "The Yeomen of the Guard." Probably none of the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas brings any company quite so surely to the test. It hasn't the unquenchable gaiety, the jiggling, self-sustaining vivacity of some of the other more popular pieces. As a matter of fact, it is almost somber; it neither sings nor acts itself, and those who have heard it only in mediocre performances may wonder why devotees sometimes declare it the finest of the operas. But the preference is not hard to understand when it

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is given as the D'Oyly Carte Company gives it—with vocal perfection and a very high degree of dramatic skill.

Undoubtedly Gilbert was indulging in a bit of not too obviously appropriate self-pity in his conception of Jack Point, the tragic jester. He may himself have had a broken heart, but he was certainly not unappreciated or unrewarded, and the character could easily be maudlin. Martyn Green, however, is superb. It is the best of his impersonations so far, and it is very rare indeed to find anyone who can dance, sing, and act, all nearly equally well. Gilbert and Sullivan were always demanding that almost unrealizable combination of talents, but it is not often that their unreasonable demands are so adequately met. Special praise is also due to Marjorie Eyre, especially for her singing of "Were I Thy Bride," one of the loveliest, though not one of the most obvious, of all Sullivan's melodies.

"Iolanthe," my own particular favorite, is current this week.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

Stationary War

THE ROAD TO GLORY" (Twentieth Century) illustrates once more a defect in the Western Front as material for fiction in any form. Once more a war is going on in which there are no battles. Millions of men are in a deadlock the monotony of which may best be expressed by saying that both the noise and the danger are constant. The story can neither rise nor fall to a climax, just as it can have no hero and just as it can have no end. Movement, the life blood of story, can be only illusory here, where to be sure trenches are occupied and reoccupied and individuals go once in a while to incidental death, but where there can be no movement in the large sense necessary to drama. This is why "The Road to Glory," like "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End," is ultimately depressing in spite of the fact that for an hour and a half it seems to be and is exciting. The excitement of the spectator is never healthy. It feeds his claustrophobia and is fed by it, the result being in fact a sort of madness in the mind which corresponds to the madness of the theme and which if prolonged would grow intolerable. The emotions involved are the last thing from liberating; the soul goes on no journey.

If this is true it is most true where motion pictures are concerned. The capacity of the sound film for reproducing the pandemonium of a European war is fatally great; we are no sooner convinced that we have never heard so authentic a barrage as this one in "The Road to Glory" than we are reminded in a new degree of the meaninglessness of all such things. So too with the other properties which Mr. Sherriff has made traditional: the neurotic captain, the enlisted man who reads irrelevant letters from home, and the dugout which for everybody is a living grave. T. S. Eliot recently dismissed the kind of war we have today as "degrading." It was both an aesthetic and a moral judgment, and hence applicable here. The story of a war without movement is a story without morality, which is to say without meaning.

Mr. Eliot presumably prefers an older kind of war; and, leaving aside the question whether any kind is desirable in

nature, it does seem plain that only the mobile kind is desirable in art. "The Last of the Mohicans" (Rivoli) makes the difference felt at once. It is a relatively inept film, with a great many incredible Indians in it and with a bulky fable which it is not always careful to keep clear. But Cooper's very noble narrative instinct drove him to occupy a large area with figures and forces the significance of whose comings and goings cannot be questioned; and the American forest which he bequeathed to all romancers after him is undeniably here. The British army, the French army, the self-interested settlers, and of course the Indians compose a moving background against which Hawkeye (Randolph Scott) can serve freely and spaciouly as the hero that fiction was created to have; and the death of the Colonel at Fort William Henry is a human event, as nobody's death is in "The Road to Glory." "The Road to Glory" is a better picture of its kind, and for the moment tells a more exciting story; but the kind is not so good, nor, since it is incapable of development, can it be said to have so much future.

"The General Died at Dawn" (Paramount) is set in contemporary China, where the war lord Yang (Akim Tamiroff) and the young American champion of oppressed provinces (Gary Cooper) fight it out over a wide field of intrigue. Clifford Odets, who wrote the scenario, has therefore not been trenchbound; and the result of his collaboration with the camera is a superior film, continuously interesting and often quite genuinely terrible. He has, however, made a number of minor mistakes; as when he puts into the wry mouth of his American hero pious words that do not belong there, and as when he lets his love story lapse into the commonplace. He may very well have lacked a free hand with the love story, but it is doubtful that anyone in Hollywood directed him to write the set speeches. They are right, but this charming and modest fellow would not have said them. Fortunately the war lord does not understand himself so well; it is he who merely by continuing to be himself carries the excellent moral with which Mr. Odets has been concerned.

MARK VAN DOREN

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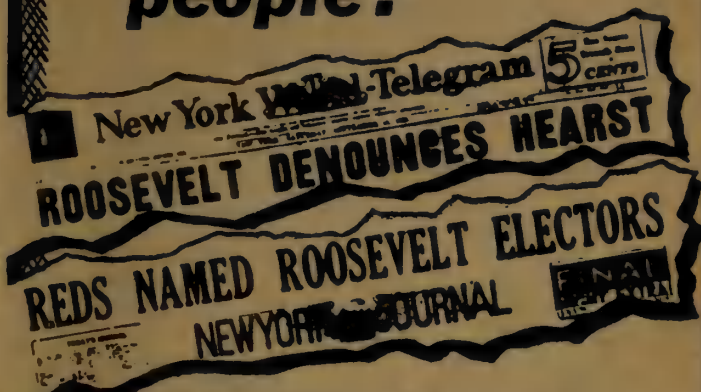
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Letters to the Editors

Horace as Reformer

Dear Sirs: Alvin Johnson's review of the Modern Library edition of Horace, in your issue of August 29, admirable as it is in many respects, shows quite clearly the danger of passing judgment on any poet without proper consideration of his age and environment. Surely any comment on Horace's attitude toward slavery should begin with mention of the fact that Horace was the son of a man who had been a slave. If his acceptance of the institution of slavery seems too complaisant, would it not be well to remind the reader that Roman law provided a certain safety valve for the injustice of slavery, namely, the fact that a slave could be set free, and that thereby he became a Roman citizen, subject to few if any disabilities?

To say without reservation that Horace "accepts the existing situation," merely because his book is generous to overflowing with the joy of transitory pleasures and delight in simple things, is to see but a part of the picture.

The outstanding fact of Horace's first thirty years of life was a world torn asunder by civil wars; and the outstanding cause of those civil wars, a cause cited almost without exception by every contemporary historian, was greed—greed for wealth which passed imperceptibly into greed for power. Exploitation of the provinces brought much capital to Rome. Capital was most safely invested in land. The dispossessed, unable to compete with the slave labor on the large estates, flocked to Rome to swell the ever-growing mass of *clientes*. This large restless body of unemployed and propertyless men proved an easy prey to the demagogic appeal of adventurers in search of an army. From Marius and Sulla through Catiline to Caesar and Octavian the broad outlines were the same. The army followed the leader who promised most, and significantly what was most frequently asked and promised was land. The result was civil war.

It is in the light of these conditions that Horace is to be read. Why is it that again and again, in Odes as well as in Satires, the extreme from which Horace wishes to turn men proves to be the extreme of wealth? Nor can it be wholly accidental that these Odes are all contained in a book which begins with a

cry of protest against the folly and destruction of civil war. Indeed, Horace's preoccupation with this vice is to be explained only by the experience of the times and the fact that, far from lacking even "a scintilla of social sense," he was deeply concerned for his fellow-men.

To say that Horace was "not a reformer, even in his most unguarded moment," is strangely to misread his moralizings and to mistake the function of his satire. If Horace was no reformer, then neither were the muckrakers of the first decade of our century. That Horace was fully aware of the social consequences of avaricious accumulation, apart from the issue of civil war, and was deeply moved by them is apparent from the Seventeenth Ode of Book II, with its picture of the peasant driven from the farm, clasping his household gods to his breast and followed by his wife and ragged children, all because a greedy patron coveted their lands.

JOHN BRIDGE

Greenwich, Conn., September 15

Abortion Is a Serious Business

Dear Sirs: This is a long overdue comment on Louis Fischer's article on abortion in Russia in *The Nation* of July 25. I was much amused to think Mr. Fischer could write such a glorification of what after all must be a rather unpleasant experience. It might interest some of your readers to know that when I was in Russia during the summer of 1925 I heard a great many Russian physicians and women leaders comment on the abortion situation. The general opinion seemed to be that while abortion in individual cases might be desirable, its unregulated practice was taking a frightful toll in the health of women.

The usual comment was that during the hardest years following the revolution the practice of abortion was economically justifiable, since food was so scarce and the problem of an additional child was often almost tragic. Today there is almost no such justification. Obviously no one could wish the enormous birth-rate of pre-revolutionary times to prevail. But isn't it rather far-fetched to promote abortion as a means of birth control?

MABEL A. ELLIOTT

Lawrence, Kan., September 4

Dakota Has Shakespeare!

Dear Sirs: I write to object! Dakota wants Shakespeare? Surely, but why single out Dakota in the heading of your editorial, in *The Nation* of September 12, which says nothing about Dakota? Omaha is in Nebraska.

The implication is, of course, that Dakota is culturally illiterate. At Jamestown, North Dakota, each year the Jamestown College students present a Shakespearean play for townspeople and students. In addition, a small but competent troupe of Shakespearean players has visited the community at least two or three times during the last six or seven years.

Not only do we have Shakespeare in Dakota; we also have grand opera. Presentation of a standard work is the major project of the music department of Jamestown College each year.

HAROLD V. KNIGHT

Jamestown, N. D., September 20

Only a Few of Them Left

Dear Sirs: I do not miss a single issue of *The Nation* and one of these days I will send you my yearly subscription. . . .

I have just received a letter from the Republican National Committee asking me to become chairman of a taxpayers' division in my county. I thought you might be interested in my reply:

I am sorry to decline your above kind offer. I was associated with the Republican Party in this county for several years until I discovered that it was operated by William Randolph Hearst and the international-banking racketeers. In 1932 I switched over to the Democratic Party. The only fault I find with the New Deal is that it does not go far enough with its program. . . . I do not know whom to suggest to fill the above place in this county. Outside of the few financiers in the county I do not know of a single Republican left.

H. O. EKERN

Thompson Falls, Mont., September 10

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The Shape of Things

*

DESPITE THE LOSS OF TOLEDO THE SPANISH government forces appear to have rallied appreciably in the past week. The opening of the flood gates at the Alberche River dam not only was an effective weapon in stopping the fascist advance on Madrid, but, what is more important, symbolized a determination and imagination in the government defense that had appeared to be lacking at Maqueda. Government forces also are reported to be engaged in bold flanking attacks on Maqueda and Talavera which may appreciably hinder the fascist drive on Madrid. At Bilbao, the seat of an important government munitions factory, the situation has been greatly improved by the arrival of three loyalist warships from Malaga. The warships have succeeded in lifting the rebel blockade which threatened to starve out this important center, and their guns have proved an important factor in checking the rebel advance. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the capture of Toledo and the relief of the Alcazar is a serious blow to civilian morale. Owing to an unjustifiably rigorous censorship, the civilian population in Madrid, Barcelona, and other government centers had been led to believe that the loyalist forces were everywhere victorious. When Spanish supporters of the republic learn that they have been at least partly deceived, their confidence in the government is likely to suffer, although recognition of the true situation may spur the people to greater sacrifices than they have made thus far.

*

ALTHOUGH THERE ARE AS YET NO GROUNDS for despair, the gravity of the government's plight cannot be underestimated. Thanks to Hitler and Mussolini, the rebels are well equipped with the best of modern airplanes and essential war supplies, while the government forces, because of the virtual blockade imposed by France, Great Britain, and the United States, are desperately short of both airplanes and munitions. Since the bulk of the fascist troops, consisting of conscripts, civil guards, and fascist volunteers, are wholly unreliable, the fighting has been carried on almost exclusively by the Moors and the Foreign Legion, concerning whose fighting ability there can be no question. Should the superior equipment of the rebels prevail against the superior numbers and determination of the loyalist forces, a heavy weight of blame will rest not only on the French Popular Front government, which is directly responsible for the present unequal "neutrality," but on all democracies which have failed to

render legitimate assistance to the Spanish government. As Julio Alvarez del Vayo, Spanish representative at Geneva, pointed out in his recent speech before the Assembly, Spain merely happens to be the stage on which the initial battle of an impending world conflict between democracy and oppression is being waged. If collective security has any meaning, the League of Nations must undertake to protect its members from "rebellion and disorder fomented and aided from outside." It is too much to expect the League to take a stand, even though its existence is at stake. But, apart from the League, M. Blum or Mr. Baldwin might yet remove the embargo and save Spain from the terror of fascism.

*

POLITICAL POINTS WON AND LOST OVER THE past week are as follows: The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, owned by the Pulitzer family, takes its lead from the Baltimore *Sun* and formally announces that it will not support the President in the coming election. It goes farther than the *Sun*, indeed, and comes out for Governor Landon, although it "holds itself free to criticize" his views. Mr. Roosevelt's alleged substitution of federal bureaucracy for constitutional government is the main reason. . . . On the other side, the President seems to have won the American Bankers' Association if not to his support at least away from bitter criticism of the New Deal. The bankers, meeting in San Francisco, stressed the importance of a non-partisan attitude, and while they deplored high taxes they expressed enduring faith in the credit of the country. The bankers are waiting to see which way the cat jumps. . . . The New York *Times* declares that President Roosevelt's part in the negotiations which resulted in the devaluation of the franc is the sort of master-stroke which turns elections; it will inspire the public with new confidence in the Administration's handling of foreign affairs. . . . Mr. Knox, Republican candidate for Vice-President, returning from a trip to the Pacific Coast, admits that California is Democratic at the moment, "although if the Communist element in the Democratic Party gets any stronger, decent Democrats are going to enter the Republican Party." . . . The annual convention of fortune-tellers, meeting in Trenton, New Jersey, predicts that the Yankees will win the World Series and President Roosevelt will be reelected. . . . With all due respect to the *Post-Dispatch*, not to mention the *Literary Digest* straw vote, this seems to add up to a gain of a considerable number of yards for the President.

*

GOVERNOR LANDON HAS NEVER BEEN ON stronger ground than in his vigorous criticism of the old-age section of the federal Social Security Act. He justly points out the gross inadequacy of an old-age insurance scheme under which those who are insured—only about one-half of America's workers—would have to work twenty years at \$125 a month to qualify for a monthly pension of \$37.50. He is also sound in pointing to the unnecessary hardship imposed on the working class by the 3 per cent tax on wages and pay rolls, and especially in

denouncing the absurd and dangerous \$47,000,000,000 reserve fund. He is undoubtedly right in criticizing the unwieldy bureaucracy made necessary by the complex nature of the machinery established by the act. But when it comes to proposing an alternative, the Governor bogs down completely. While approving of economic security in principle—what Presidential candidate today would dare oppose it?—he would abandon the old-age annuities altogether and leave unemployment insurance to the states, knowing full well that the great majority, including his own Kansas, would never adopt such a law without federal prodding. As a sop to the millions of insecure workers in America he holds out the promise of old-age pensions for persons sixty-five years of age and over who are actually in need. Thus, instead of building a system of social security comparable to that possessed by every other advanced country in the world, Mr. Landon would go back to a plan almost indistinguishable from the old American program of poor relief. Much as we disapprove of the details of the Social Security Act, we cannot but admire John G. Winant's courage in resigning from the board in order to defend the Administration's hard-won gains against ill-concealed reaction.

*

TO SECRETARY MORGENTHAU MUST GO FULL credit for uncovering the latest Moscow plot to induce panic in the money markets of the world. A few years ago, it will be recalled, Russia was accused of starting the depression by dumping wheat at a price which was alleged to be below the cost of production. The capitalist countries counteracted that bold gesture by selling wheat at even lower prices. In the present instance the Soviet Union is accused of selling \$5,000,000 in pounds sterling "at the market," on the day on which France abandoned the gold standard, with a view, allegedly, of wrecking the British-French-American tripartite currency agreement. Unfortunately, no one was able to suggest a plausible reason why the Soviet government should wish to break down the stabilization agreement, or why, if such was its intention, it threw as little as \$5,000,000 into the market. Nor has anyone found an effective reply to the Soviet government's statement that it needed \$6,870,700 to meet a payment due to the Swedish General Electric Company. Possibly the Soviet attack on capitalist institutions is more insidious than Mr. Morgenthau has suggested. It has been whispered that even the bankers' faith in the capitalist system has been shaken by the Soviets' record of meeting obligations promptly.

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WHEN AL SMITH WAS A CANDIDATE FOR President in 1928, American liberals and radicals defended him, in the name of freedom of conscience, against the vicious anti-Catholic bigotry which was largely responsible for his defeat. On September 20, before the national convention of the Holy Name Society, Al Smith challenged the theory "that religion is individual and not social." In language more resembling a papal bull than a Smith speech, he said, "We further challenge the theory

that it makes no difference what you are if you keep it to yourself"; and he ended by identifying himself with the Catholic drive against communism which has already become a flaming crusade. The transformation of the genial and tolerant Al Smith into a spokesman for religious bigotry matches his shift from East Side derby-hat democracy to high-hat Liberty League reaction. It also parallels the shift in the attitude of the Catholic church from one of watchful tolerance to a violent declaration of war against the forces which threaten its power. Spain was the immediate signal for alarm; to the church the defenders of the Spanish republic are "diabolical, blood-crazed enemies of God and of His Church" (Cardinal Hayes). The church is desperate and has made it clear that it will give no quarter and will enter every field. At present Father Coughlin is the outstanding political crusader in this country. To be sure, he has gone too far to suit some of the more sedate church officials. Moreover, the chant against communism has been accompanied by a fervid chorus of support for democratic forms of government, and Coughlin's attacks on President Roosevelt are sour notes in this song of loyalty. But Coughlin is merely the fascist vanguard of a reactionary hierarchy which may object to his more violent language but will not hesitate to use him in the main drive.

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BY THE TIME THESE WORDS APPEAR, THE SAN Francisco waterfront may be deserted except for pickets and police. On September 30 the agreements and awards which grew out of the general strike of 1934 expire. The shipowners, taking the offensive in what seems to be a deliberate attempt to provoke a strike, are asking for drastic modifications in new agreements; the unions are not only determined not to yield any gains but are making a few new demands. Negotiations have been proceeding, but as we write there are no settlements and the two positions are obviously far apart. The objective of the shipowners is written in their demands. They want longshoremen to handle "hot" cargo; they want "neutral" instead of union dispatchers in hiring halls; they want what amounts to longer hours; in a word, they want to wipe out the gains of 1934, which means that they are trying to take back from the maritime unions the measure of control over the waterfront so far won. The employers are strong. The maritime unions, with 37,000 members, are also strong. Strategically they are in a good position because the agreements of all the unions expire on the same day, giving them an organized mass power which has some relation to the organized power of the employers. Add to this the talent for strategy of Harry Bridges, and there is at least a chance that the port of San Francisco will remain peaceful and busy.

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THE DOUBTFUL BLESSING OF HAVING A Hearst newspaper for breakfast is still denied the population of Seattle. So far the inhabitants of that city seem to be bearing up well under the strain. At present Edwin S. Smith, of the National Labor Relations Board, who is con-

ducting a hearing into the American Newspaper Guild's complaint against the *P. I.*, is providing the city and the nation with some valuable lessons in labor's difficulties in maintaining its rights. The representative of Hearst, in an attempt to obscure the issue, has charged the guild with a national boycott of the Hearst press; he has also accused the labor movement of Seattle of maintaining a dictatorship of violence with the help of the maritime unions. So far Mr. Smith with admirable skill has kept the issue clear, and Hearst has failed miserably in rousing public opinion to defense of his version of freedom of the press. At least one of Seattle's leading citizens has expressed the hope that another conservative newspaper would settle there, thus restoring the working force to its jobs without restoring the Hearst voice to the journalistic chorus. Certainly it would be a gain if even one snake on the head of the Hearst Medusa could be lopped off.

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IT TOOK THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT FIFTEEN months to bring Lawrence Simpson, an American seaman arrested on an American ship, to trial for treason. It took the Nazi People's Court half a day to convict him and send him to prison for three years, less fourteen months for time already served. Simpson was convicted of "treasonable activities," the more serious charge of espionage having been dropped. On the witness stand he freely admitted that he had brought with him stickers and handbills inscribed with "Death to Fascism" and similar slogans, intending either to distribute them on board ship or to drop them over Hamburg. This was the extent of his "treason." Owing, one may suppose, both to the official protests and to news stories in this country, a group of correspondents and two American consuls were present at the trial. The severity of the sentence was a surprise. It is not possible to appeal the verdict to a higher court, but Simpson may appeal for a pardon. Secretary Hull, when asked after the trial what further action was contemplated by the State Department, replied that no action would be taken until he had received a full report of the proceedings. Surely a further protest should be made, and it should be published along with the German reply.

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IN DRESDEN DR. FERDINAND SAUERBRUCH, the leading surgeon in Germany today, has just said outright what many Germans have been afraid to say during the last four years. Speaking before a national congress of doctors and scientists, he warned that science would be ruined if it allowed itself to be flattened out by the steamroller tactics of Nazi ideology. "Liberty," he said, "remains an essential characteristic of science, and spiritual and intellectual freedom is a necessity for scientists." Contrast these words with those of Dr. Ernst Kriek, professor of philosophy at Heidelberg and a good Nazi: "The epoch of 'pure reason,' of 'objective' and 'free' science, is ended. Absolute academic freedom is absolute nonsense." Even though he is one of the most widely respected men in Germany and Hitler's personal consultant whenever the *Führer* has one of his periodic frights about cancer of the

throat, Dr. Sauerbruch probably risked his life for his convictions in saying what he did. It is too much to hope that he has made the party leaders stop and think. But the many who heard him will not forget.

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THE BIG NEWS GUNS ARE ROARING AND THE shrapnel of world events is falling thick and fast. But we have picked our way among the shell holes of French devaluation, Spain's civil war, and Japan's new "peace" offer to China to inform our readers of some really important developments in American life. Major Bowes, according to *Variety*, hires professionals to keep his "amateur" hour bearable (the last word is ours). What is more, "amateur night" in local theaters within a 300-mile radius of New York is more likely than not to be staffed in the same way by a Broadway booking office. Most of these amateurs are "show-stoppers who have worked up sure-fire acts." Our only doubt of the accuracy of this story arises from the fact that we have never seen an amateur night which showed signs of being anything else. . . . The Summit Hotel in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, has bought John Gilbert's bed and installed it in the bridal suite. Price, \$1,250. "I have looked over the situation," said the manager. "I anticipate a tremendous demand." Romance, obviously, is just around the corner. . . . A troupe of Doukhobors are being billed, again according to *Variety*, "as a freak attraction for American platforms. Religious sect flourishes in Canadian Northwest, with nudist angle a part of their theory." . . . You can now get a B. S. degree at the University of Wyoming for courses in dude-ranching. "You know," says Dr. Arthur G. Crane, president, "dude-ranching is becoming a big business in Wyoming, totaling \$10,000,000 annually." The horses, as we understand it, will be in a class by themselves. . . . When Roosevelt speaks over the radio on October 1, it won't be the first time Al Smith has given F.D.R. the air.

Will China Fight Back?

JAPAN'S ambitions on the Asiatic mainland are sharply revealed in the new demands presented to China. Heretofore Tokyo has been content to move slowly, absorbing China province by province. While these tactics have not been unsuccessful, their success was threatened if Chinese opposition crystallized into open war. During the last few months this has proved more and more difficult to prevent. Anti-Japanese feeling has swept the country. Leaders of the opposition groups have brought increasing pressure on Chiang Kai-shek to force him to abandon his policy of cooperation with Japan. As a result Japanese penetration has been effectively checked. The anti-Japanese movement in China proper has spread to North China and prevented Tokyo from exercising even there the control that it believed it had won.

Angered by this turn of events Japan has shown its hand. The Japanese Ambassador at Nanking has demanded that China accept three "principles" which, if

carried out, would transform the whole of China into a second Manchoukuo. The first "principle" calls for "cooperation" in the suppression of communism in North China; wherever Chinese government troops are facing the Communists they must have an equal number of Japanese troops brigaded with them. Since struggles have been going on with the Communists in practically every province of China, this demand is obviously designed to subject the entire country to Japanese military control. Japan also asks that Japanese troops be permitted along the Soviet and Outer Mongolian frontier, a move that is scarcely open to misinterpretation. As a second "principle," Japan suggests that China accept Japanese advisers in all branches of the government, including both the military and civil departments. This is not only calculated to put an end to anti-Japanese agitation through control of the police, the press, and the schools, but would provide a means of closing the door of economic opportunity to all except the Japanese. As a final "principle," Japan demands that the power of the puppet government in Hopei and Chahar be extended over the five provinces of Hopei, Shansi, Shantung, Chahar, and Suiyuan as was projected last fall. Thus the former Republic of China would be divided into three "autonomous" states, fully outfitted with Japanese advisers and dominated by Japanese military garrisons in the principal cities.

Left to himself it is probable that Chiang Kai-shek would prefer to capitulate to these demands rather than risk defeat in war. In the past he has always found a basis of concession which left him master at Nanking. But China is no longer the China of 1932 and 1933. The wave of assassinations which have precipitated the crisis indicates that the Chinese people are thoroughly aroused against Japan. Although the Japanese may wish to lay the murders to the innate lawlessness of the Chinese, the facts are against them. Until recently political murder was practically unknown in China. That resentment against its imperialist neighbor should have penetrated so deeply as to provoke five political murders within thirty days in widely separated sections of the country is highly significant. One must assume that Chiang can no longer guarantee the safety of Japanese nationals while their country continues its aggressive tactics.

Since neither Nanking nor Tokyo is in a position to yield on essential points, the danger of war is greater than at any time in the past three years. China is ordinarily assumed to have no chance in such a conflict, but this assumption may be premature. In 1932 the Nineteenth Route Army, without the support of Nanking, fought a superior number of Japanese to a standstill. Even today there are vast areas of Manchuria which have not been brought under effective Japanese control. In the event of war Japan might conceivably gain control of all the principal cities of China, but the effort would probably leave both countries economically prostrate. Political developments move slowly in the East; the crisis may not be reached for weeks or even months. The Oriental genius for compromise may triumph once more. But ultimately Japanese imperialism must find its match in the power of an awakening China.

The Fall of the Franc

AFTER two and a half years of costly and senseless defense of the franc the French government has followed the example of the United States and Great Britain and revalued its currency in terms of gold. Switzerland and the Netherlands hastily followed suit. Today, as a result, no currency is inviolate in terms of its pre-depression pledge. Germany, Italy, and Poland have maintained their currencies at their normal gold parity for certain international transactions, but have long since suspended free gold payments. The rest of the world is either frankly on a paper standard or, like the United States, Czecho-Slovakia, and Belgium, on a new gold basis.

The devaluation of the franc was no surprise. Ever since the United States abandoned gold in April, 1933, it has been assumed that France would sooner or later have to take a similar step. The stubborn resistance of a succession of French Cabinets to this inevitable move stands in sharp contrast to the behavior of the United States, which abandoned gold the first time the dollar was seriously assailed. In April, 1933, France had a gold reserve of approximately \$5,500,000,000, or about a billion dollars less than that of the United States. As a result of a long series of crises this reserve had been reduced to less than \$3,500,000,000 at the time of devaluation. There remained sufficient gold for domestic uses, but the drain reflected the fundamental instability of French economy. For years France has labored under a severe handicap. Because of the high value of the franc its exports have been too expensive for foreigners to buy, while imports have been stimulated by low foreign prices. Although tourist traffic was greater last summer than at any other time in the last six years, the amount spent by the average tourist was extremely small. Moreover, a serious shortage in capital for productive enterprises has developed as the result of the heavy exodus of funds in anticipation of eventual devaluation. All of this has placed an intolerable burden on the Blum government in its efforts to push through social and economic reforms. The increased wages, shorter hours, and vacations with pay recently won by the workers have imposed additional costs on French business without bringing a compensating return in greater business activity. While devaluation will bring an increase in living costs, it should correct the fundamental instability in the French economic structure and help to restore business to its normal level of activity.

Perhaps the most hopeful aspect of the French action is that it was taken as part of an international agreement. In the hands of the United States devaluation was an offensive weapon calculated to embarrass the countries still remaining on gold. The Administration not only refused to await the arrival of French and British representatives who were on their way to Washington to discuss preparatory plans for the London Economic Conference, but went out of its way to sabotage all talk of stabilization at that conference. Devaluation of the franc, on the other hand, is defensive rather than offensive and has merely reestab-

lished the monetary equilibrium which existed before the depression. Improvement in business conditions throughout the gold bloc should benefit the entire world indirectly. France's action simply means that the world has somewhat belatedly put into effect the specific remedy for the depression proposed nearly four years ago by Keynes and other leading economists.

The political effects of devaluation are more difficult to predict. Although improved business conditions should lead to a lessening of political tension, it is possible that Blum has waited too long to be able to reap the full advantage of this move. For the moment the political repercussions are likely to be unfavorable. The fascists will accuse the government of having gone back on its promise and will charge it with betraying France to the foreign bankers. This argument will doubtless strike an echoing chord in the hearts of the *rentier* class, which for the second time in a decade finds its income cut by governmental fiat. It may have some effect also on the great middle class of shopkeepers and government servants as they find themselves squeezed by rising prices. But this should only be temporary. If the government can last long enough to allow these groups to enjoy the benefits of increased business activity, it will be the stronger for having had the courage to act in the face of opposition. For regardless of what may be said today in the reactionary press, prosperity is always good politics.

Picture of a Labor Rat

MOST of the testimony given during the past week before the Senate committee investigating violations of civil liberties has been concerned with the activities of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company. As its name would imply, this organization audits the cash collections of street-railway companies, railroads, and bus lines; it also inspects elevators; but one of its important sidelines is labor espionage and strike-breaking, in which it does a large and successful business, with a gross profit in the years 1932-35, inclusive, of \$1,210,000. Six officials of Railway Audit, including the president and vice-president, are at present under indictment for contempt for having refused to answer a subpoena from Senator La Follette's committee. But various employees of the concern, their memories refreshed by torn-up records carefully pieced together by the Senate investigators, have testified to the variety of the firm's activities in labor ratting.

Railway Audit has been pleased to supply guards with guns (but with no permits to carry firearms) for strikes; they have furnished machine-guns, tear gas, nauseating gas; they have supplied men to daub the house of a company official with red paint (strikers were supposed to have done this, of course), men to pump live steam on pickets, men to charge a fence with electricity so that at least one striker was electrocuted. But these thuggeries are as nothing compared with their classical efforts inside unions. Men in the pay of Railway Audit have wormed

their way into industrial plants, have gained the confidence of union men—often men in financial difficulties who were glad to make a little money on the side—and when inside information was forthcoming have duly reported it to their bosses. A steel worker testified that he had, for money, reported the union activities of two of his friends, one of whom he had known for twenty and the other for ten years. He did it, he said, because he had "a wife and three kids."

One of the most interesting results of piecing together the documents taken from Railway Audit's wastebaskets was a list of sixty-seven clients who had found it necessary to employ the services of this concern. They include the American Aluminum Company, the Borden Milk Company, National Dairy Products, Norfolk and Southern Railroad, the Pennsylvania Railroad, Western Union, Westinghouse Electric, Pennsylvania Greyhound Lines, the General Motors Corporation, and the Chase National Bank. It would be enlightening to know what Albert G. Milbank, philanthropist and president of the Borden Company, or that great and good man, Owen D. Young, director of the General Motors Corporation, or General Atterbury, holder of the Distinguished Service Medal, Commander of the Legion of Honor, and president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, thinks of Railway Audit's services to these various companies.

In case these gentlemen or any of our readers fortunate enough to have access to Roy Howard's *World-Telegram* for September 24 are curious to know what a labor spy looks like, we refer them to a photograph on page twenty-one of that newspaper. The photograph is of Sam (Chowderhead) Cohen, who testified that he had been in the business of labor espionage for twenty years and that he would be pleased to take money for labor ratting from any company that would give it to him. Mr. Cohen is not a pretty fellow. Handsome, however, is as handsome does, and Mr. Cohen's rogues'-gallery portrait and his New York police record, introduced in evidence by the Senate committee, are witness to that fact. The record showed fourteen arrests and five convictions on charges ranging from larceny to receiving stolen goods. Mr. Cohen some time ago was arrested on suspicion of complicity in the notorious murder of Vivian Gordon. He indignantly repudiated murder as one of his interests, however, declaring that he was by trade a "box-man," which in case our readers or General Atterbury do not know it, is gangsterese for safe-cracker. And lest anyone think Mr. Cohen's record unique, E. J. McDade, for fifteen years a professional strike-breaker and labor spy, mostly in the employ of Railway Audit and Pearl Bergoff, estimated on the witness stand that 20 per cent of the agents so employed have criminal records.

It is men of this sort, and organizations of this sort, which are employed by our great industrial corporations to interfere with the legitimate business of trade-union organization. In spreading these facts, however ugly and unpalatable, on the record, Senator La Follette's committee is performing a public service for every working man and woman in the country—which is to say, the vast majority of the citizens of the United States.

It Hasn't Happened Yet

THE announcement that the Federal Theater Project will produce Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" has sent something more than a ripple along Broadway. For the first time the federal theater has entered the lists with a name and a play designed to attract large audiences—the directors of the theater in New York City already have demands for seats sufficient to keep a theater filled for three months. In the discussion that followed the announcement Arthur Hopkins and Lee Shubert said that they did not find the prospect alarming. Mr. Hopkins agreed with the directors of the project that it is creating a whole new group of theatergoers—which can do the theater no harm. Mr. Shubert stated that, since the prices are low and expensive actors cannot be hired, the project has not so far provided competition.

Brock Pemberton, however, pronounced it a menace. He said it ought to be abolished and he gave reasons. It competes with the regular theater because it pays lower wages to stagehands, musicians, and actors. What seems to annoy him even more is the "radicalism" of the federal theater. "It's funny, to begin with, that the WPA can tackle something which the films cannot." (We think it's funny, too, for different reasons.) "Everybody knows," continued Mr. Pemberton, "that the federal theater is definitely way over to the left. It's not surprising that, since the Administration is on that side, too, they should want to produce an anti-fascist play." Actually the Federal Theater Project pays the prevailing wage. This wage, however, takes into consideration the fact that the actor and the stagehand have regular employment; it also is based on five performances a week instead of eight. The minimum for actors in the regular theater for eight performances is \$40. The federal actor gets \$23.86 (and so do the stagehands) for five performances, but whereas the regular actor may be thrown out of a job at any moment the federal employee works steadily week in and week out. The Federal Theater is barred from certain Broadway areas. The rentals it pays are in general the prevailing rentals. Whether, with its top of 55 cents, it cuts into the audience of the regular theater whose prices begin at a dollar and rise to \$5.50 is genuinely open to question. That it may ultimately increase the demand for cheaper seats for the first-line shows seems to us no unmixed evil.

As for Mr. Pemberton's charges of radicalism, they also point to a genuine issue but one which may properly be postponed. Certainly a federal theater in the hands of a dictatorship would be used to no good end. The menace does not seem sufficiently imminent, however, to warrant advocating suppression of the present federal theater under the present Administration. Before a fascist government seized upon the theater as a weapon it would probably have taken over many more important weapons, including the press and the radio and perhaps Mr. Pemberton himself. Meanwhile, there is nothing to prevent Mr. Pemberton from putting on a rousing pro-fascist drama entitled "It Can and Should Happen Here."

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Roosevelt Faces the Power Boys

Washington, September 28

RADICALS and progressives generally have been willing to set down only one nearly perfect mark on the score sheet of Franklin D. Roosevelt's performance as President, and before the words that follow here appear in print, even that may have had to be erased. Whether it goes or stays will depend on what happens a few days hence at the White House conference to which the President has summoned spokesmen for the various federal power agencies and representatives of the private power companies.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the importance of this conference, scheduled for September 30. The least that can be said of it is that it will determine the fate of the New Deal's prime achievement, the TVA. But its implications will be far broader than that. Its outcome will provide the nation with the only revealing glimpse it is likely to get before November 3 of the sort of Administration to be expected of Mr. Roosevelt after Election Day.

Ostensibly, the conference has been called merely to work out a scheme for a cooperative pooling of the TVA's power resources with those of the private companies in the Tennessee Valley in the interests of efficiency and the greater good of the valley's citizens. Actually, the conference has been forced by the fact that the TVA has at last reached the stage in its development where it must come to death grips with the power trust or, forsaking its purposes, surrender and be delivered over by its master, Roosevelt, to the Insulls, Hopsons, and their heirs and assigns. The power of decision rests with the President in this case, and it will be impossible to make excuses for him if he chooses not to fight. He is in a position to drive a hard bargain. Drought and the TVA-induced boom in power sales have given him the upper hand. What have his enemies, the power boys, in their armory? Only the threat of further lawsuits to harass the TVA's progress if he fights, and the promise of peace and campaign contributions if he does not press his advantage.

The problem before the White House conference will be the negotiation of a new agreement for the sale of TVA power to private power companies. The present agreement expires November 1. When it was signed on January 4, 1934, the private companies had the upper hand. The TVA had just taken over Muscle Shoals and had to find an outlet for the power being generated there. It had to sell cheaply. It was in no position to dictate the rates at which its power was to be retailed by the wholesale buyer. It was, in fact, without even a choice of buyers, for Alabama Power, a Commonwealth and Southern subsidiary, was the only company in a geographical

position to make a contract with the TVA. By virtue of its location it had for years been enjoying a monopoly on Muscle Shoals power and had frustrated every move by the government to boost the rate it paid by simply threatening to cease buying.

Under the January, 1934, contract with Commonwealth and Southern the TVA agreed to supply the private company with power from Muscle Shoals. As a part of the agreement the company ceded to the TVA certain territory for its experiments, and each side pledged itself not to poach upon the other's territory. In the months that followed, purchases of TVA power by Commonwealth and Southern mounted steadily. Cuts in retail rates, which TVA publicity had made necessary, had precisely the effect the TVA had predicted; they caused power consumption in the area to skyrocket, with attendant profits to the private power companies. One company won the Edison Electric Institute medal for leading the nation in increased power sales. Then came the drought, and purchases of TVA power by Commonwealth and Southern subsidiaries bounded still higher, as the output of the private companies' own plants dwindled with the streams that fed them. The TVA was able to meet the demand for more power because the construction of Norris Dam, four days' stream flow above Muscle Shoals, was beginning to prove the TVA theory that efficient development of a region's power resources depends not only upon the integrated development of a whole region but also upon the coordination of stream control and other conservation methods with the basic program of power production. Through Norris Dam, in other words, the TVA was able so to control the flow of water at Muscle Shoals that, while the plants of the private companies thirsted, Muscle Shoals had an abundance of water and hence of power. In the twelve months that ended June 30 Muscle Shoals produced 467,000,000 kilowatt hours, an increase of 281 per cent over the preceding twelve months, and from the sale of this power the TVA grossed for the federal treasury \$1,197,000, an increase of 100 per cent. Nearly two-thirds of this revenue came from private utilities.

The figures would have been larger had not the private utilities, by resort to hamstringing litigation, kept the TVA cut off from markets in many communities whose citizens had voted by overwhelming majorities to set up municipal systems and buy power from the TVA. But even as they stand, they serve as a sufficient indicator of the private companies' reliance on the TVA as a power source. I am informed by technically skilled persons deep in this fight that if the private companies are cut off from TVA power, they will have to invest millions in new plant facilities, that in the months before those facilities can be installed the companies will have to turn away or

cut down on many of their customers, and that community demands for TVA rather than private power will be doubled. It is plain that the tables have been turned since January, 1934, and that now the Roosevelt Administration is in a position to choose the customers for TVA's power and—more important—to say what retail rates those customers shall charge.

That, in fact, is precisely what the TVA and the other federal power agencies to be represented at the conference will press for, if Roosevelt permits. They want a new agreement under which the private companies may go on obtaining cheap power at wholesale from the TVA, but must bind themselves contractually to retail that power—and their own, since it will be indistinguishable when running through the consumer's meter—at the same low rates that the TVA has dictated for the communities that have sought to enter the municipal-ownership field with TVA aid. But there is more to the proposal. It is founded on the belief that the only way to deal with the private power boys is to manacle them. The TVA already is dizzy from turning first one cheek and then the other. There is no reason why it should continue to coddle and cozen the power trust. Those boys have made it amply plain that they will not play square. Each party to the "gentleman's agreement" of 1934 promised not to duplicate the other's distribution facilities. The TVA has kept its pledge; the private companies have not. Even they admit that the TVA has not taken a single customer from them, whereas the only duplicate facilities built have been constructed by companies signatory to the agreement. "Spite lines" have been built in TVA territory and in communities contracting for power direct from the TVA. Every community that has negotiated a PWA loan to build a distribution system so that it might avail itself of cheap TVA power has had its project blocked by lawsuits which the private companies have instigated.

Despite that record, it appears that the power boys are prepared to press for a renewal of the present agreement and even may be so bold as to demand further concessions from the TVA. There are indications that their opening bids will be a demand that the TVA relinquish all claims to direct development of the Tennessee Valley and confine itself to selling its power at switchboard to the private companies in whatever quantities and at whatever prices the latter may elect. They, it seems, are prepared to hold that the TVA needs them more than they need the TVA, that their withdrawal as TVA customers would leave it without adequate markets for its power, and that through another barrage of lawsuits they can impede its efforts to find new markets by bringing into play the \$100,000,000 authorization Congress has given it to build transmission lines and finance the construction of municipal distribution systems. *In extremis*, they will fight to prolong the issue through an extension of the present agreement for a few months, counting on Alf Landon to attain the Presidency and set matters right.

The attitude of the power boys toward the public that pays their board bills is not unlike that of certain gentry who appeared before the La Follette committee this week

and tried to make the trade of labor espionage and strike-breaking seem a holy calling. There was, for example, Walter Gordon Merritt, the crusading anti-union lawyer who will be remembered as the real-estate barons' field marshal in the New York elevator strike. Merritt appeared in an attempt to justify the recent purchase of \$17,000 worth of tear and nauseating gas by his client, the Anthracite Institute. The mine owners had intended using the gas in a big drive against "bootleg" miners. Records of the Lake Erie Chemical Company, put in evidence, indicated that the only thing that held the operators' hands was fear that some of the miners, being injured, would sue for damages. Merritt heaped abuse upon the "bootleggers." Coal bootlegging was damnable, un-American, and lawless and had reduced Pennsylvania to a "state of anarchy." But when mine operators take the law into their own hands, that is merely resorting "to the American right of self-help."

Merritt and "Chowderhead" Cohen, ex-convict and Bergoff "noble," who served in Merritt's army during the elevator strike, were the stars of the week's parade to the witness stand. There would have been a third star if La Follette at the last moment had not decided to excuse Jesse Cooper without calling him to the stand. Cooper, another "noble" who pals with "Chowderhead," wore a Landon sunflower in his lapel. Both he and Cohen were firmly of the opinion that the whole proceeding was "unconstitutional." I wish I could feel certain that instead they meant "uncomfortable," but they both seemed to be enjoying the show. None of the witnesses got the currying that such rats deserve. So far the investigation has produced fundamentally little more than Eddie Levinson gave us in his "I Break Strikes," but this fact, La Follette vows, will be remedied when the hearings are resumed in November. What has occurred thus far, he says, has been merely of a "preliminary" nature; the big fight is yet to come. The opening skirmish has served at least to give us an inkling of the extent to which the army and navy intelligence officers collaborate with the Pinkertons and other operators of labor-espionage services, and it has shown that the strike-breaking agencies have not changed their ways since the first Congressional investigation of them back in 1892, after the Homestead strike. The evidence taken to date also has destroyed all claims by General Motors and the steel companies that they do not operate elaborate espionage systems, and it has tied tight to the Tennessee Coal and Iron management at Birmingham the kidnaping and beating of Blaine Owens as "an active Communist." It has shown that the Wisconsin law requiring detective agencies to register their spies was sufficient to drive the Pinkerton agency out of Milwaukee and to that extent has pointed the way to further remedial legislation. Finally, it has shown one hitherto unrecognized virtue in the Social Security Act—the act may be construed to require all the agencies to list their spies with the federal government. To dodge this requirement, the Pinkerton Agency has transferred all its undercover men from the status of employees to that of "independent operators," and it is still a large question whether the dodge will meet the requirements of the law.

The Morgan-Lilienthal Feud

BY J. CHARLES POE

WHEN President Roosevelt invited the private power interests to discuss with him and the heads of the Tennessee Valley Authority the formation of a power pool, it sounded as if a truce were being declared in a fierce and many-sided struggle. Any such assumption would be premature and, in the end, probably mistaken. The conference now in progress at the White House can hardly do more than temporarily obscure some of the conflicts of interest and policy in the TVA and postpone a showdown until after the election.

One of the major conflicts is raging within the TVA itself. Chairman A. E. Morgan and Power Director David E. Lilienthal of the Authority's three-man directorate are locked in an internal policy war which will probably not be ended short of the retirement of one or the other. Persons familiar with the TVA situation have been aware for many months that Chairman Morgan and Mr. Lilienthal do not get along well. But it was not until the spring of this year that the gossip began to leak out. Lilienthal had drawn the shortest of the three terms for the directorate, three years, and his place was to be filled in May. It had been generally assumed that he would be reappointed. However, in April it began to be whispered about that Chairman Morgan was opposed to the reappointment of his young associate. Mutual friends sought to patch up the quarrel, with no success.

Finally Dr. Morgan protested to President Roosevelt against Lilienthal's reappointment. He seems to have made little impression in that quarter. Then he played his trump card: he would resign if Lilienthal were reappointed. But Lilienthal was reappointed and Morgan did not resign. He hasn't resigned yet. Whether Morgan has changed his mind and now plans to fight it out with Lilienthal is known only to himself.

When the TVA was created in 1933, one of the first acts of the directors was to establish a power policy. The essence of this policy was that electricity would be furnished at the same rate at all points. This was to further the policy of decentralization of industry advocated by President Roosevelt, and also to increase the use of current on the farms and in the small villages. Realizing how easy it would be for private utilities to block its power plans if it adopted an aggressive electrification program, the TVA sought a truce with the subsidiaries of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation. A contract was signed under which the TVA was to purchase certain small utility systems in a few counties in northern Alabama, in the neighborhood of Muscle Shoals, and in northern Mississippi. The TVA was to be given the exclusive right to promote power systems in these and a few other regions where no electric service then existed.

In return the TVA agreed not to invade any Commonwealth territory. This contract expires in November.

Dr. Arthur Morgan has contended that the contract should be renewed. Lilienthal and Dr. H. A. Morgan, the third director, oppose it. The chairman appealed to the President, who sided with Lilienthal and Dr. H. A. Morgan. The idea of government competition in a fight to the finish runs counter to Dr. Arthur Morgan's philosophy of the purposes of the TVA. He contends that the TVA should purchase a given territory from the Commonwealth and Southern, and should agree to confine its activities to that area. Thus a true "yardstick" would be set up. The two areas could be compared as to service and rates and thus would develop a measure of the relative merits of private and public ownership.

But Lilienthal and H. A. Morgan argue that since the territorial agreement has already been violated, why renew it? As soon as the TVA started to put in rural power lines in territory near Chattanooga in Tennessee and in Georgia, northern Alabama, and western Tennessee, the private utilities began to erect what the *Chattanooga News* calls "spite lines." For years farmers and small village residents had asked for power, only to be refused or else offered service at rates beyond their ability to pay. Now, as soon as the TVA cooperative-association lines were begun, the utilities began to erect their own lines in the same territory. This fight has taken on many of the colorful aspects of the old railway right-of-way battles. One Georgia woman took a shotgun and warded off the utility pole setters until the TVA could get in. At other places private-company poles have been burned down. The people are on the TVA's side.

President Roosevelt's proposal of a conference between the government and private power interests to discuss a power pool in the valley, somewhat after the British "grid" system, has been construed as a setback for Lilienthal's policies and consequently a victory for Dr. Morgan. This is an erroneous interpretation. Lilienthal is still the enthusiast for public ownership he has always been. He has said publicly that the pool plan should not prevent any community from building its own power system. Dr. Morgan, on the other hand, has accepted the plan only conditionally, and gives the impression that he is doubtful whether it will work. Under Lilienthal's plan for the pool, wholesale power rates would be kept down to about the present low TVA level. Retail rates would also have a limit, and a limit that would make it impossible for utilities to maintain their present rate levels.

This is the catch in the pool proposal. Private rates are higher than the TVA's. If their rates are forced down much farther by the pool plan or any other, the utilities must squeeze much of the wind and water out of their

capital structures. This deflation must take place principally in the common stock, nearly all of which is owned by the holding companies.

Although the President and Lilienthal have kept their plans closely guarded, this latest move on the embattled TVA front has evidently several objectives. First the preferred stockholders and the bond-holders are being placated by an offer of an equitable and peaceful settlement of the strife. If the offer is accepted, these groups will be protected; let the common-stock boys worry about themselves. Consequently, there should be a demand arising from the "widows and orphans" and the public generally for an acceptance of the olive branch. If the holding companies do not accept the peace plan, the onus falls on them. They, not Roosevelt and the TVA, have elected to make a finish fight.

A good guess is that the big power men will refuse the pool proposal. But they will not refuse on September 30 at the conference in the White House. They will ask for time—enough time to carry them over until after the election. If Landon is elected, I am sure they will end the negotiations at once. But if Roosevelt is reelected, the battle will still go on.

We must go back three years to get the beginning of the dissension among the three directors. Dr. A. E. Morgan was appointed first and made chairman. He immediately started hiring personnel. Key positions were filled without consultation with the other directors. That was the chairman's initial blunder, because it drove Dr. H. A. Morgan into the waiting arms of Mr. Lilienthal. Moreover, Dr. Arthur Morgan started off with many plans for the social and economic rehabilitation of the Tennessee Valley which took little account of electricity. He talked of restoring the lost folkways, of dancing and singing, of basket-weaving, of wood-carving, and other handicrafts. He urged the formation of cooperatives for the barter of goods. He established a land-planning and housing section and spent more than \$3,000,000 on model housing at Norris Dam as a demonstration project.

Dr. Morgan assumed that his task was to create a new way of life in the valley either by imposing it upon the people by experts or by setting up demonstrations which would be gratefully copied. Lilienthal would give them income and let them order their own lives. A real friend of the land, the chairman once advocated a law which would deprive a farmer of his land if he farmed it in such manner as to let it be destroyed by erosion. Referring to the toll taken from the rural areas by the cities of the North, he attributed it to the fact that all transactions had to flow through some Northern financial or commercial center. He said the valley would have to stop this toll-taking by trading more with itself. He even suggested that possibly a separate system of coinage would have to be established in the valley.

All these ideas irritated Lilienthal, if we may judge by signs, although he kept his peace until quite recently. On June 12 he made a speech to the TVA employees in Knoxville. He had just been reappointed over the chairman's protest. It was his statement of principles. He began by

citing the success of the electricity program, which, although hampered by lawsuits in the big cities, has had a phenomenal record where it has been permitted to operate. Then he launched his answer to the Morgan theories.

"There is, as I see it, no turning back from the machine," he said. "Perplexing as the problem is, we cannot admit defeat. We cannot return to a simpler standard of living, for that is to begin a retreat—a retreat which will only stop when we reach the level of the fourth century. I am against beginning that retreat. I am against 'basket-weaving' and all that that implies, except perhaps as a temporary expedient. . . . We cannot confess our failure, we cannot prepare for 'the second coming of Daniel Boone' in a simple handicraft economy."

Dr. Arthur Morgan came back on July 27. Although he carefully avoided any reference to Lilienthal, he outlined his own point of view in a speech to the TVA employees. This speech dealt largely with the scientific method of free inquiry. He discussed what he called the "engineering approach." We could never be certain, he said, that any method was the best method. He explained that possibly the great power-transmission systems were as good as doomed because of the development of the highly efficient Diesel engines. Back of the Diesel, said Dr. Morgan, "looms an even more significant development, now in an interesting experimental stage, the conversion of coal directly into electricity without any engines whatever, using coal somewhat in the manner of a discharging storage battery." But, he said, since such possibilities loom only in the distance, "present activity along recognized lines cannot be deferred."

Then this modern Hamilton made this reply to the Jeffersonian Lilienthal: "An increase of economic wealth is not enough. We might build a dam at every site in the valley, make every farm fertile, put electricity in every home, and protect every city from floods, and yet we might not stabilize or permanently benefit the country. Years ago with my engineering associates at Memphis we planned and directed the reclamation of many hundreds of thousands of acres of very fertile land. The philosophy of that development was that if you give people the means for creating wealth and comfort they will work out the situation without further help. Yet today that most fertile land in America is the locus of the most miserable share-cropper tenantry, where poverty and bitterness are general, and violence appears."

To Dr. Morgan nothing is sure except the experimental attitude and the belief that the people cannot always be trusted to make the right choices. Give them wealth and they will squander it. Give them the means to erect a new home and they only build shacks bigger and uglier than their ancestors' log cabins. They must be shown the way. Lilienthal, on the other hand, urges the freedom of economic opportunity. Give the people jobs and income and let them find their own satisfactions in the spending—that is his philosophy.

Thus the old battle rages—the battle which began with Jefferson and Hamilton and which has not ended to this day. Usually the Hamiltonians have won. Perhaps they will again, but I do not think so.

G. B. S. Interviews the Pope

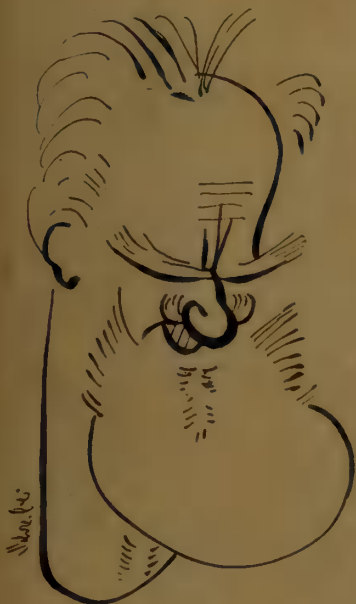
BY JAMES T. FARRELL

An Imaginary Conversation

HIS Holiness Pope Pius XI is seated at his desk in his office where his private audiences are held. George Bernard Shaw enters jauntily, glances quickly about, approaches the desk stepping on the balls of his feet. He begins talking before he has reached the Pope.

G.B.S.: My dear fellow, you are even more difficult to see than I. (*Shaw pauses before the Pope's desk. Pius XI*

extends his left hand, on which is his large signet ring. Shaw gazes at the ring. He extends his own ringless left hand. The Pope stares at Shaw in astonishment.) I say, let's dispense with formalities. (*Shaw sits down, and comfortably crosses his legs. The Pope's perplexity increases.*) I trust that you are not dismayed because of my reputation. You know, it is delightful to meet you. You are the only man alive who has received as much dignified publicity as I have.



G. B. S.

PIUS XI: In Rome we are accustomed to order, reverence, and the rendering of due respect to authority.

G.B.S. (*with a gesture of dismissal*): I am fully acquainted with that subject. Clever fellow, Mussolini. He's done a fairish job of things, considering the bad human materials with which he has had to work. Before he became dictator Italy had not won a battle in centuries. Under him, you have succeeded in winning a few skirmishes with those fellows over in Africa, the Ethiopians. Before he is finished, Mussolini might even win a battle or two against a first-class military opponent.

PIUS XI: We were oppressed by the tragic and unhappy spectacle of our countrymen at war in Africa. The re-establishment of peace brought great joy to our heart.

G.B.S.: I'll discuss that later. I have traveled a considerable distance in order to do you a favor.

PIUS XI (*with interest*): Perhaps you have come to make a generous offering which will defray the expenses of constructing a floor in the new college we are building

in Rome to educate the youth of Christendom for our struggle with the Bolshevik heresy.

G.B.S.: My dear man, I fear that you have mistaken me for one of those American Knights of Columbus. The youth of Christendom will be even better educated if it reads my books. And that will put money into my pocket instead of drawing it out. My purpose here is to save your organization from appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world. I have here a ten-thousand-word letter which I have just addressed to the *London Times*. It deals with the Americans. One of these days intelligent Europeans will face the task of civilizing the Americans.

PIUS XI: We are gratified by the struggles our brothers in America are conducting against paganism.

G.B.S.: You are badly informed. The Americans are cutting up again.

PIUS XI (*as if uttering a mild curse*): Gloria in excelsis Deo! Anti-Christ walks the face of the earth, and we have courage only because of the promise of Divine protection which Our Master gave to Saint Peter.

G.B.S.: Saint Peter was neither a saint nor a clergyman; he was a boorish Syrian fisherman.

PIUS XI (*scandalized and in dismay*): In nomine—

G.B.S. (*interrupting with a flourish*): Don't disturb yourself, my dear fellow. The Americans are not intelligent enough to understand socialism and bolshevism. The Americans are amusing themselves not with bolshevism but with censorship. A group of amateur busybodies calling themselves Catholics and the Legion of Decency are meddling with art. They are disrupting the plans for the motion-picture production of my play "Saint Joan," which, as you know, has rescued Saint Joan from Protestant bigotry.

PIUS XI: We have been warmly encouraged by the good sense of the American people in their efforts to destroy the evil and satanic influence in motion pictures which are offensive to truth and poison the wellspring of Christian conscience.

G.B.S.: Stuff and nonsense! I am here to save you from being chagrined and disgraced by the Americans.

PIUS XI: There is no compromise with error.

G.B.S.: I agree with you. And have I not proved in my play "Saint Joan" that your organization is sufficiently flexible and intelligent to canonize a Protestant saint such as the Maid?

PIUS XI (*in alarm*): You have described the great Saint Joan as a Protestant?

G.B.S.: I understand your confusion now. You have not read my play.

PIUS XI: Error is a cancer which must be destroyed, rooted out, and it is our duty to see that it is.

G.B.S.: I have stated that thought more clearly in my play. After you read it, you will be a better Pope, because you will learn how to express Catholic sentiments with greater force and clarity.

PIUS XI: The justice of the church is not a mockery, and we will not allow it to become such.

G.B.S.: I suspect that you are twiddling me. You *have* read my play, and you are giving me back the very lines which I have written. You really are a clever man, almost as clever as I. And do you remember the defense of the Dogma of Infallibility in my preface: "Perhaps I had better inform my Protestant readers that the famous Dogma of Infallibility is by far the most modest pretension of its kind in existence. Compared with our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible judges, and our infallible parliaments, the Pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before the throne of God. . . ."

PIUS XI (*beginning to show signs of fatigue*): We admonish that you pray for guidance. In our encyclical "Divini illius Magistri" we have already deplored the possibilities for evil potent in the cinema and its misuses as an incentive to evil and passion.

G.B.S.: Do tell me! Do you approve of this Catholic Action, and this American Legion of Indecency?

PIUS XI: We have imparted our affectionate and apostolic benediction to our bishops and pastors of souls who have organized, and who direct and guide, that great spiritual endeavor.

G.B.S.: Well, old chap, if you don't want to be made

a fool of I advise you to read my play, and restrain the zeal of those Americans.

PIUS XI: We do not wilfully expose ourselves to heresy. And we again admonish you to pray for guidance and to repent the sin of pride while there is yet time. We instruct you to become one of the faithful, and we announce that Catholic authors must advance Christian doctrines in all their publications, and we forbid them to use the weapon of half-truth, however effective, against our adversaries. We further advise that you place yourself under the guidance of Saint Francis of Sales, whom we have proclaimed as the patron saint of journalism.

G.B.S.: I clearly perceive that I am a better Catholic than the Catholics.

PIUS XI: We state that we bear no malice to heretics, and we bestow our benediction even upon our enemies, and upon our erring sons whose minds and Christian consciences have been blackened by the sin of pride and poisoned by the Protestant and Bolshevik heresies.

G.B.S.: My character Cauchon utters those sentiments much more clearly. You really must read my play. My dear chap, it has taken your outfit six centuries to canonize Saint Joan. But I have immortalized and understood her. It may take you six centuries to understand and appreciate my services. And when you do, you'll canonize me. But I enjoyed my visit. I think that now I'll drop in on Mussolini for a little chat. I'm anxious to see how much he has learned in these last fifteen years. (*Shaw, stepping lightly on the balls of his feet, goes out, and the Pope, wearied, begins to nod his head.*)

British Labor Stands Pat

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, September 14

THE Plymouth meeting of the Trades Union Congress has been hailed by the conservative press as a triumph of the forces of sanity, and the right-wing leaders, like Sir Walter Citrine and Mr. Ernest Bevin, have been bedecked with laurels by those journals which usually rise to the attack on labor as men rise to go forth to a feast. Certainly the radicals made a poor show. Their organization was poor, and they presented their case with nothing like the power or the authority of their opponents. It is not easy to assess the true strength of the forces at issue there; that will not be revealed until the Labor Party conference at Edinburgh next month. But in so far as Plymouth was the curtain raiser to Edinburgh it is clear enough that the right wing is firmly seated in the saddle.

The proceedings divide themselves naturally into two parts. A number of formal resolutions on social policy were passed. The congress came out for the forty-hour week and condemned the hostility to it of the British

government at Geneva. The vicious means test was unanimously condemned, but every direct action which might stimulate open hostility to its passage was attacked by Sir Walter Citrine with much the same arguments that Mr. Baldwin might have used. The boycott of the coronation was suggested; Sir Walter protested against dragging the King's name into politics. A hunger march was advocated; the General Council saw no use in the proposal. Some kind of demonstration strike was proposed; Sir Walter warned the congress against coming into conflict with the law. In a word, everyone knows that the means test is indefensible, but nothing effective can be done against it until the next Labor government is in office. Trade-union reorganization was proposed with a view to greater coherency and striking power, but Mr. Bevin persuaded the delegates to tread lightly where such delicate issues as existing union structures were in question. On the distressed areas, the long hours of shop assistants, and similar matters the congress passed its usual resolutions and the delegates made their usual speeches; but as

everyone knows, nothing will be done about them either until the next Labor government. One imagines that, despite the unanimous passage of these resolutions, Cabinet ministers will continue to sleep quietly in their beds.

The two fundamental debates were on Spain and the united front with the Communists. On the first, the congress accepted almost unanimously the Blum-Eden formula of non-intervention with the emphasis that fascist powers must not be permitted to evade the regulations. The fact that the regulations are being evaded daily to the profit of the rebels, and that Spanish democracy may well have perished before these lines appear, counted nothing as against official insistence that to supply arms to Spain might mean a European war. The congress was in no mind to face the fact that at some stage a stand will have to be made against fascism. Everyone praised the courage of the Spaniards, but no one save the handful of Communist delegates was prepared to take any risk for them; and it must be said emphatically that Russia's adherence to the non-intervention pact made the Communist attack on the official policy look very unreal. What emerges is, I think, that no one is prepared to resist fascism if it means the risk of international conflict, and no one, either, is prepared to face the grim fact that Hitler and Mussolini are as a consequence conquering piecemeal the very territories their ambition covets. The congress did not even suggest the summoning of Parliament in order that the working of non-intervention might be publicly examined there. As things are, Mr. Eden can honestly say that so far as the overt declaration of intervention is concerned, there is little difference between him and Mr. Bevin or Sir Walter Citrine.

The congress voted to discuss the possibility of a rapprochement with the trade unions of Soviet Russia, but it reaffirmed its uncompromising hostility to any united front with the Communists. The lead against them was taken by Sir Walter Citrine, and his onslaught aroused vivid enthusiasm in the conservative press the next morning. The Communists were a negligible force; they were disruptive; they merely obeyed the orders of their paymaster in Moscow. His argument was one that has been familiar these fourteen or fifteen years. It showed, I believe, no sense at all of the changed situation in Western Europe, and it assumed throughout that nothing that has happened in Continental countries could possibly happen in Great Britain. Its whole thesis, moreover, was that while the trade unions believe in "democracy" and "constitutional means," Communists are committed to "dictatorship" and "revolutionary civil war." I do not need to emphasize how false, because oversimplified, are these antitheses. What is more interesting is the ease with which they were accepted. Why was this?

Primarily, I think, for three reasons. Above all, because all the friends of Soviet Russia have been dismayed by the recent executions. Many people who would have spoken were silent because they uncomfortably felt that there is too much unexplained about the terrorist plot, not so much in the trial itself as in what preceded it, and too much in its manner that looks like the methods of Hitler or Mussolini. Secondly, I believe, because though the rank

and file of the trade unions are much more favorable to a united front than their leaders, the heritage of ill feeling over long years of Communist intrigue still goes deeper than the realization that the cause of socialism is lost unless working-class unity can be rapidly achieved. Thirdly, there is still a profound faith among the leaders (a) that the swing of the pendulum will give them a majority in Parliament next time, and (b) that the British capitalist class has a different attitude toward constitutionalism than has the equivalent class in fascist countries. I do not think I misinterpret Mr. Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine if I say that they believe the united front provokes fascism and that they prefer the present position to the risks which they feel working-class unity might involve.

To me, at any rate, it is clear that British trade unionism is in a completely defeatist mood. It is so impressed by the power of fascism that it will take no risks to stem its offensive. It gambles on the hope that, somehow or other, the rebels will at long last be beaten in Spain. It is convinced that sooner or later the tide must turn against the Baldwin government, and it is willing to gamble on the possible achievements of a third Labor Cabinet as the corrective to the present misfortunes. It believes that a quiet respectability is the highroad to an electoral victory, and it will do nothing that may jeopardize its chances. Its leaders believe that the policy of hanging on to what they have is the truest wisdom. They hate the Communists far more than they hate their opponents, and they cannot be induced to experiment with the possibilities of working-class unity.

And on the whole they impose their view on the movement without undue effort. Enthusiasm for the united front, though far more widespread than was apparent at the Congress, is scattered and ineffectively organized. It is injured by the memory of past Communist blunders; it is injured, also, by the wide feeling that Russia cares far more for peace than for international socialism. But deepest of all, in my own judgment, are two other factors. The first is the defeatism of the trade-union leaders. They have not yet recovered from the general strike and the débâcle of 1931. They are far more impressed by the strength of their opponents than by their own power. They are furious at Mr. Baldwin's inertia, but they are not prepared to take the risks of an alternative and positive policy. The second fact—common to them and to the executive of the Labor Party—is that they think of the political situation almost exclusively in terms of parliamentary majorities. The Communist Party is small; it could win only one seat in 1935; therefore an alliance with it, from an electoral angle, is a waste of time. And since they are unceasingly told, by the *Times* and Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill, that a popular front in England is a challenge that will be taken up by property, they feel that discretion is the better part of valor.

I do not doubt the sincerity of any of the Trade Union General Council, but I am confident that all the postulates on which their position is based are tragically mistaken. It is a law of political life that a movement which wants power and office must take the offensive. At bottom the trade-union leaders still think that terms can somehow be made with capitalism. Unconsciously they reject altogether

the view that the class war is real. They believe that the constitutionalism of British capitalists is really beyond question; it "can't happen here" is the unstated major premise of all their thinking. They think there is a com-

munity consciousness among Englishmen which will gradually erode the claims of privilege; and for most of them, at least, the "inevitability of gradualness" is something like a fundamental dogma.

How Dead Is Liberalism?

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IV

WHEN liberalism was born out of the skepticism of the Renaissance, its birth was accompanied by a tremendous and confused hubbub about "reason." Looking back we can see that the dispute was really about the claims of "logic" versus the claims of what we today should probably call "reasonableness" rather than "reason," and it is not difficult to understand why each side in the controversy honestly believed the other to be flying in the face of reason itself.

The church, barricaded behind the volumes of St. Thomas and a score of other logicians, challenged the skeptic—as it still challenges him today—to fight logic with logic. But however fallible or infallible the logic of scholastic theology may have been, the church lost her grip not so much because fallacies had been pointed out in the process by which her conclusions were reached as because too large a portion of mankind came to feel that the conclusions themselves were obviously absurd, and that all this reasoning had somehow ended by generating both an unreasonable society and an intellectual atmosphere which was generally unreasonable.

Now that liberalism has come to what many profess to believe is its deathbed, it is interesting to note that a very similar hubbub has arisen. Once more vast "ideologies," intricately elaborated by deductive reasoning, are set up as a challenge, and once more the liberal finds himself less inclined to become involved in such verbal mazes than to reply as he replied in the Renaissance. All this reasoning led in the recent past to intellectual conclusions and to political acts which even the average Communist now admits to have been fundamentally unreasonable. Heresy became, for example, the most awful of crimes, as it always does in any society dominated by theology. And Marxian logic which proves that those who truly love liberty must work for a dictatorship convinces him no more than he was convinced by Dominican logic, which proved that men must be lovingly burned at the stake in order to save their souls. Where the conclusion is nonsensical, it is not, he insists, worth while to look for the flaws in the logic.

The more one undertakes to explore such reactions as these, the more convinced one becomes that they are fundamental indeed, and that they may prove in the end far more significant than others less difficult to state and, for that reason, more often the center of political disputes. So far as the prospect for any permanent cooperation be-

tween liberal and Communist is concerned, it makes little difference that they seem to agree on what a liberal society would be like so long as they insist upon taking diametrically opposed roads toward it, and faith or lack of faith in such programs as a dictatorship to end dictatorships goes back ultimately to a profound difference in temperaments and in types of thinking.

It is, for example, extremely doubtful that the liberal and the Russian Communist have actually been brought very much closer together by the latter's professed enthusiasm for democratic institutions which recently found expression in the new constitution. Even if the provisions of that constitution were broader than they appear to be, the atmosphere surrounding the conduct of the trials which succeeded with ironic promptness would be far more significant than any paper institutions could be. The fact that such a trial and the executions which followed it seem to the Communist right and reasonable, while they remain to the liberal—even to many very left liberals—blankly incomprehensible, is the important fact, since it illustrates the divergence of both temperaments and mental habits. Until the two sides can agree in their reactions to such a set of circumstances, it makes little difference whether or not they agree in theory upon the ultimate nature of the good life.

Nor is the situation very different when one turns to consider the field of relatively minor civil liberties like that of the right to dissenting opinion. With characteristic logic the Communist may insist that no government permits the expression of opinions which have come to seem dangerous to the state, and that therefore there is no real difference between the theoretical liberty of a democracy and the theoretical absence of such liberty under a Communist dictatorship. But without stopping to argue the premise, it is plain enough that the actual degree of liberty permitted depends, even if the premise be accepted, upon what seems to those in authority actually dangerous to the state, and that this in turn depends upon the temperament of the rulers and the prevailing *mores* of the society. Surely, to take a concrete example, the Communist would be the last who would want to deny that Communist doctrine is dangerous to the capitalistic state, and yet he can hardly fail to admit that the *New Masses* has been freely published in the United States, whereas a weekly review advocating a return to capitalism would not survive for very long in Russia.

In other words, while the temper of America and the

American government is relatively placid and untimorous—despite the almost Russian timidity of such organizations as, say, the D. A. R. or the American Legion—the temper of Russia and the Russian government sees a danger to the state in every mere doctrinal heresy and is, besides, so habituated by now to dictation from above that a dissenting opinion looks as threatening as it did to the Inquisition. How free speech actually is at any time depends, that is to say, rather more upon the temper of a civilization than it does upon whether or not one accepts some such abstract proposition as that which declares that the state cannot tolerate opinions which threaten its life.

And if this is true, then the most significant answer to the question "How dead is liberalism?" is not an answer, for example, in terms of the present status of economic laissez faire any more than it is one in terms of the sincerity of the Communist hope for democratic government in the future. Liberalism is dead if the liberal temper and the liberal type of thinking are dead, and liberalism is alive if that temperament and that type of thinking are still capable of constituting a significant force.

No one—and certainly not the liberal himself—could deny that liberalism in this sense is sick, that the liberal temperament is far less common than it was even ten years ago, and that far less of the thinking now being done is thinking of this type. Whether it is actually dead or dying I do not pretend to know, though I am compelled to admit the possibility that it may very well be. There is no a priori reason for refusing to believe that the mental habits of the civilized world might not undergo another change as profound as that which took place when the Christian temper exterminated the classical spirit or when the rationalism of the Renaissance triumphed over the "reason" of the Middle Ages. The time may come when what is now called liberalism will be as completely incomprehensible as it would have been to a professor of theology in a medieval university. Nor do I mean by this comparison to beg the question of the respective merits of the two types of thinking—however passionately I may be inclined to prefer the one. I make the comparison only because it is the most nearly parallel one I know, without meaning to imply that if one repudiates the conclusion of medieval theology one must, by that token, repudiate those of the Communist ideology.

Few if any liberals within my private definition of the term actually disagree with the Communist in his conviction that economic factors have interfered to an increasing extent with the proper functioning of our present democracy. Few if any fail to admit that the problem of the moment is the problem of meeting in some adequate manner the crisis which this failure to function properly has provoked. But the differences which find expression in the inability of the one to accept the vast and violent program of the other, in the refusal of the liberal to rush headlong down a series of deductive syllogisms into a civil war intended to establish a bloody dictatorship, are differences which penetrate below the level of political programs into the personality itself. Whether the Communist logic led to the Communist state of mind or whether the state of mind made possible the logic, the fact remains

that the two, both fundamentally alien to the traditional liberal mind, exist, and that they are factors of primary importance. Because of their existence it is possible for the Communist to accept complacently as logical inevitabilities both actual physical horrors and petty doctrinal tyrannies from which the liberal turns with revolted stomach and to which syllogisms can no more reconcile him than the syllogism of another time could have reconciled him to the odor of burning flesh at an auto-da-fé.

Certainly the little series of conversations which furnished the starting-point for this whole discussion brought home to me the fact that the most significant difference between the individual Communists and the individual liberals with whom I talked was a difference so deep, so pervasive, and so impossible to reduce to a mere difference in political programs that it can only be called a difference between kinds of men. Bertrand Russell, for example, disagrees with even so unorthodox and intellectual a Communist as M. Malraux in ways which cannot be adequately suggested by merely indicating divergence of opinion on concrete problems. They could not possibly work together very long no matter how hard each might try to reach common conclusions on the basis of a cooperative study of the same situation. The world in which the Illuminati dwell and function is not the same as the world of the skeptic and the humanitarian.

There is no use attempting to blink the fact that any cooperation between the two types for a specific end—like the defense of democratic institutions against fascism—cannot possibly be more than temporary, even though it might, of course, find some way of continuing until that specific end had been achieved. Ultimately one temper will rule and the other go below ground—just as pagan reasonableness went below ground in the Middle Ages—whether liberalism dies the death its present enemies see as inevitable or whether liberalism survives by interpenetrating and taming the Communist spirit. What the world will look like a hundred years hence, what the normal man and the normal life of that time will be, what it will feel like to live then, depend largely upon whether what has here been called liberalism is dead or not. There are many ways in which two states, each operating upon collectivist principles, might differ almost as profoundly as, say, capitalist America now differs from Communist Russia.

The Marxian would, I suppose, insist that the answer to the question "How dead is liberalism?" as well as the answers to the questions which I have just suggested lies in existing economic factors. To him the future is being worked out by the dialectic processes of nature, and any rational difference of opinion concerning what the future will be like can be based only upon a difference in analyses of the present situation as expressed in terms of production and distribution. But just in so far as all that is assumed to be true, just so far is liberalism surely dead. For the liberal—and this constitutes the final difference between him and the Communist—cannot abandon the belief that what the future will be like depends in no small measure upon the tempers of the men who make it.

[*This is the last of four articles by Mr. Krutch.*]

Big Parade — 1936 Model

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS



Cleveland, September 24

THROUGH the swirl of dust and torn strips of last year's phone books and old mail-order catalogues that fly into your eyes and mouth and find their way down the back of your neck, they come, marching between hedges of faces, sweating in their cheap shimmery costumes out of old romantic musical comedies—the bands, the bands, the junior bands, cowboy bands, the redskin bands, the ladies' auxiliary bands (every lady has a fresh permanent frizzle, every lady sucks in in front and sticks out behind); cheeks puff, snare drums rattle, cymbals clash, and in front of every band stalks, minces, goose-steps, hobblewalks the inevitable drum major. There are tall drum majors, short fat drum majors, male and fairy drum majors, tiny-tot drum majors, pretty-girl drum majors. Their pants are tight, they suck in in front and stick out behind. There are the natty police bands, and cops, more cops than you can imagine, cops on motor cycles, cops on horseback, cops afoot, cops in radio cars; plenty of firemen, too, and the cheerful little locomotives and freight cars of the Forty and Eight societies; painted-up cars with bells and saluting cannon; various automotive whimsies—and it takes them eleven and a half hours to pass a given point.

On the sidewalks behind the ranked backs of the gazing public, in front of the plate-glass windows the storekeepers have protected with lattice and chicken wire, in the boom and tinkle of the old marching tunes, the boys

keep up the traditional Legion whoopee now nineteen years stale; but all the same, in an intonation or a wisecrack, in the gesture of a man in shirt sleeves carefully measuring the contents of a pint into paper cups and at the same time popping his eyes at a girl, a trace remains perhaps of the old Battle of Paree, the kidding, the feeling of being on the loose in a town full of food and drink and women and comic adventures when next week you're just as likely as not to have your block blown off, and looking forward to telling tall stories to the guys in the outfit when they come back from leave—whatever it was that made the A. E. F. bearable nineteen years ago. Two men, each a little high, are wrangling about whether something happened at St. Quentin or in the Argonne. In the way they look now you can see how they looked then, nineteen years ago. "You better keep still till you find out what you're talkin' about, buddy." "Hell, boy, twenty years from now you'll be tellin' 'em you won the war."

In the convention hall it's not so much fun. There's a prayer. A bald-headed representative of the Legion of Valor refers to some communistic business (the C. L. U. pamphlet it must have been) that he found on the seats, and says he'd be sorry for them if they showed their ugly heads in this crowd, and goes on, amid ill-suppressed titters and finally hearty laughter, to a long-winded account of how the legionnaires had given him a royal welcome just like he'd entertained the Duke and Duchess of Kent when he was on a government post in Haiti. He was led away from the mike with difficulty. More addresses. The head of the Veterans' Bureau. A traffic-safety expert. Representative Rankin, white-haired, silver-tongued, from Alabama, quotes Tennyson on peace. A letter from Josephus Daniels, signed your old shipmate. Mr. Pratt of the American Educational Association makes a sensible conservative speech on the schools which is received with little enthusiasm except when he says that teachers should not teach subversive doctrines in the schools. He gets a big hand before he has time to continue that, nevertheless, in the opinion of American school teachers, it is their duty to give their pupils a fair picture of the pros and cons of social change. Then comes William Green, looking more like Uncle Wiggly than ever with his pink cheeks and gleaming glasses, to make a vague plea for peace in general and for cooperation between the A. F. of L. and the American Legion in particular.

The speeches, except for Mr. Pratt's unexpected note of good sense, were cut-and-dried occasional oratory. The main business of the day was the choosing of the next convention city. In spite of the pleas of Los Angeles, Denver, and Montreal (where, a little prematurely it turned out, they had named a street for Ray Murphy, the retir-

ing national commander), New York, represented by Governor Lehman, Mayor LaGuardia, and 90,000 first-class hotel rooms, won the day. Then everybody hurried out to lunch in spite of the fact that the committees on Americanism and National Defense were reporting resolutions. A voice droned off a long set of vaguish resolutions in favor of a big navy, officers' training, a better army, aviation, a return to dirigibles, that were passed by acclamation without any comment by the few delegates left. The Americanism Committee came out with resolutions against relief for aliens, for cutting down immigration, against sedition, and home loans to non-citizens, for deportation of reds and jailing of subversive influences, but the hall was getting emptier and emptier. Finally merely the titles of the resolutions were read off and they were passed in bunches. It's lunch time. Sure, Mr. Hearst, it's O. K. by us—but the boys' hearts don't seem to be in their work.

What has happened is that in spite of the hopes of the founders that the Legion would be an aggressive arm against labor unionism and dangerous thoughts and a defense for the vested interests, it has settled down in this its year of greatest membership, of its biggest parade and smoothest convention—not a controversial matter reared its head from the floor—to being just another fraternal organization with its clubrooms and bridge parties and social work and poker evenings and fascinating internal politics. As such it is the field for the careers and supplies

the meal tickets of thousands of professional organization workers. The legionnaires' interests, and those of the increasingly important women's auxiliary, lie in the bands and the parades and the junior baseball teams and in the comfortable feeling of belonging so necessary to people now that small-town life is broken up and the family is crumbling and people live so much by themselves in agglomerated industrial masses, where they are left after working hours with no human contact between the radio and the car and the impersonal round of chain stores and picture palaces. The fraternal organizations give people a feeling of belonging to something outside themselves. They are the folk life of America. We've got to have it. It's lonely being a unit in a parade that takes eleven and a half hours to pass through the public square. Makes you feel too small. Until something else more urgent arises to draw people together and as long as the little fellow can pay his dues, the professional organizers will continue to lead Elks and Redmen and Veiled Prophets and Mystic Shriners and legionnaires and their wives and little ones in brainless antics, decked in fatuous costumes, behind really excellent marching bands (that's one thing we do well) from convention city to convention city across the country. And steadily the American passion for a smooth-running machine, if nothing else, will tend to eliminate troublesome ideas, outstanding personalities, and dissenters who ask awkward questions about how and in what direction the parade is being led.

Spain's War Cabinet

BY HENRY BUCKLEY

Madrid, September 12

THE Spanish Republic has learned a lesson. It has given up worrying about the feelings of its democratic neighbors and has chosen the strongest Cabinet possible under the circumstances. It is not derogatory to the Republicans or to the former Premier, José Giral, to say that his government was weak. A fundamental question of administration is involved. Etiquette in Spain demands that the thousands of posts which change hands with each Cabinet be filled only by members of the parties represented in the government. So the entry of Communists and Socialists into Caballero's government is not just a question of eight new ministers. It means that from the ranks of the Socialist Party with 70,000 members, the Communist Party with 120,000 members, and the General Union of Workers with a membership of 1,500,000 will come under-secretaries, ambassadors, civil governors, mayors, and other officials. The moral effect is equally important. Caballero is certainly the most popular political figure in Spain today. As Premier and head of the War Department he will inspire a degree of enthusiasm which a person as little known as José Giral could not possibly command.

Conservative elements are dominant in this Caballero Cabinet. There are five Republicans, including two regionalists. There are three right-wing Socialists—Prieto, Negrin, and de Gracia—all of whom stand much nearer to the Republicans than to the Communists. The sector, therefore, which might justifiably be called radical is reduced to five in number, namely, Caballero, Vayo, and Galarza of the Socialists, and the two Communists, Uribe and Hernandez.

Only one important group is omitted from this popular-front Cabinet—the Anarchists. The dashing boys with the red-and-black silk scarves who race around Madrid in big cars painted over with F. A. I. and C. N. T. are not represented. To be sure, the Anarchist policy is traditionally non-political. But this has not prevented them from naming a representative in the Generalidad and another one in the Basque Committee of Defense. Some say that the various groups among the Anarchists themselves could not agree on a representative in the government.

This is a war government, not one designed to carry on social revolution. But the political element is bound to be strong in any civil war which is not just a struggle between rival praetorians. Spain's present conflict is just as political

as was the American War of Independence or the clash between Cromwell's Roundheads and Charles's Cavaliers. So it is important to understand the political groupings behind Spain's new Cabinet. With the masses in arms it is the labor movement which wields the chief influence. Direct control of the masses in Spain today is in the hands of three groups—the left-wing Socialists, the Communists, and the Anarchists. The Socialist group is most widely known abroad. In its leadership are Caballero, Alvarez del Vayo, Araquistain, and others. Its press organ is *Claridad*. The Caballero section preaches the necessity for breaking down the strength of the old feudal state and its organs and building a new state based upon socialization of banks and perhaps a few key industries but continuing capitalist collaboration in some degree. This group differs from those who prefer the leadership of Prieto chiefly in that its components have more faith in the people as a whole. Prieto thinks and talks like a professional politician even in dramatic moments such as these, whereas Caballero is far more willing to cut himself adrift from old ideas and prejudices and to move with the tide. Prieto's speeches and newspaper articles make far more interesting reading than do any declarations by Caballero, but in critical moments it is the latter who must spur on or brake the Socialist masses.

The Communist Party has experienced a mushroom growth. It had 15,000 members twelve months ago and it now has 120,000. It wields considerable influence in the General Union of Workers, into which its labor unions entered about six months ago as a result of a fusion agreement. Its sudden growth in power is due in great part to the change in policy of the Third International. In the first days of the republic the Communists fought hard against the Republican-Socialist authorities. The change in policy which has induced Communists all over the world to cooperate with Socialists and liberals gave the party in Spain a new lease of life.

The positions of the Socialists and the Communists are easier to explain than that of the Anarchists. The syndicalist organization, the National Labor Confederation (the C. N. T.), is a federation of labor unions with an unknown strength variously estimated as between 400,000 and 1,000,000 and is strongest in Barcelona, Valencia, and Andalusia. It is controlled by the Iberian Anarchist Federation (the F. A. I.), and its statutes enjoin that only Anarchists shall hold posts of control. The syndicalist slogan has always been "No politics!" Today the syndicalists are up to their necks in politics and they have promised their support to the new government, but they still insist on their non-political stand.

If the progress of the war makes it possible, Premier Caballero is likely to bring about important changes in the methods and organization of the army. Unification is necessary and the avoidance of too many movements undertaken simultaneously. Officering the new citizen army is not an easy task. An army composed of soldiers, police, and citizen militias needs tactful leadership. The militias, whether Socialist, Communist, Republican, or Anarchist, all come under the control of the War Department, where Lieutenant Colonel Barcelo regulates their activities. In

the field they take their orders from regular army or police officers, but they themselves elect their own under officers. The government has been fortunate in finding men like General Mangade, a veteran of sixty-four but young enough in strength and spirit to lead the young loyalists as a citizen army must be led. Major Perea, Colonel del Rosal, General Asensio are also officers who inspire confidence in the new republican army.

Stories of excesses against private persons have been featured in the press abroad. The incidents in the Madrid model prison which caused the death of Rico Avello, Melquiades Alvarez, and others have given a formidable weapon to news writers in hostile countries. But it is no light task for the government to keep its followers in hand when news arrives of massacres committed by the other side, like those at Badajoz, Algeciras, and elsewhere. Every possible precaution, however, is being taken. To prevent armed bands from entering private houses the night watchmen are no longer allowed to carry keys. Any citizen who forgets his key must go to the nearest police station with the watchman and establish his identity and his right to enter the house before the key is furnished. Special passes are given to the police and the militia, who alone are entitled to make searches in private homes. In the model prison a guard has been formed composed of equal numbers of the militia of all the government parties.

Republicans, Socialists, and Communists have so far been wise enough to adopt policies which have the support of part of the middle class. The decree reducing by half rents up to 200 pesetas (\$30) a month benefits not only the workers but also the state and office employees. The spokesman for those members of the middle class who sympathize with or at any rate are not directly hostile to the government is Angel Ossorio Gallardo, a prominent lawyer who once led a Christian Socialist Party of which Angel Herrera and José Maria Gil Robles were active members. The party died later of malnutrition, since Spanish conservatives would give neither money nor support. Ossorio Gallardo said recently: "At the present moment all that we bourgeois can hope for is that the masses should be dominated by a sense of constructive revolution. In order that this be possible it is first necessary to win the war, and for this all parties must continue in a united front. In this way we bourgeois will lose a great deal. But otherwise we lose everything—absolutely everything!"

The final result depends on many factors. When a whole people rises in arms, it is hard to beat. Nearly 200 years ago American civilians defeated a professional army. The French after the revolution faced the massed armies of Europe and won. But war is such a science these days that all the courage in the world cannot triumph over great superiority in arms. Since the democracies of the world did not see fit to offer full support in the legitimate government of the republic, the least they can do is to see that their so-called neutrality becomes a reality and ceases to be a farce. By enforcing a similar "neutrality" toward the rebels and by ordering their ambassadors to their posts, where they belong and where for some weeks they have not been, the democracies of the world would be giving the young Spanish republic merely its due.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE read with profound interest those amazingly fine dispatches to the *New York Times* in which Frederick T. Birchall has recorded the happenings at the congress of the Nazi Party in Nürnberg and the unparalleled display there of human power and organization: "Once more," he writes, "there comes over the beholder the stunning conviction of Germany's unequaled strength." Undoubtedly as a mass display it was without precedent. As a bit of showmanship it surpassed anything ever staged before. In the perfection of the arrangements and of every detail of the gigantic spectacle we had human ability to handle great masses of people in a limited area raised to the highest possible degree. It was even more remarkable as an overwhelming piece of propaganda and as a movingly beautiful mass appeal, and Hitler was justified in his pride in the success of the whole proceedings—in its costing the government a single cent since every participant defrayed his own expenses, and in the overpowering homage rendered to this house-painter turned Caesar.

No other German in history has ever received such plaudits or been enshrined in the hearts of such multitudes. There is no use blinking this fact, or that he has welded the people together as no Bismarck and no Kaiser was ever able to do, and given them a tremendous sense not only of their reawakened nationalism but of their latent power. Those of us who feel that Hitler is the most dangerous and despicable ruler on earth will only fool ourselves if we fail to recognize these facts and if we let ourselves underestimate his strength among his deluded people. It is "stunning," as Mr. Birchall has put it, and it is also terrifying, for Hitler has at his service not only the national genius for organization, not only all the modern dictator's methods of mass propaganda, but also all the aid and support of the scientists of a painstakingly scientific nation. Now in the hands of any man the possession of such resources and such power would be a dreadful thing. When it has come to a man who is utterly unscrupulous, impervious to the truth, ready to stop at nothing, not even wholesale murder, to achieve his ends, whose soul is corroded with hate and venom for all who oppose him, we have one of the most alarming phenomena of modern times. As long as the blindly subservient manpower Mr. Birchall describes is in Hitler's hands, the world cannot be safe, nor Europe free from the menace of an overlordship which quite conceivably may make the domination of Europe by Napoleon seem by comparison the veriest child's play.

Nor is this menace any the less dreadful because Hitler has achieved much of his success by the cowardice, shortsightedness, and stupidity of those who have ruled over

the leading Allied nations, dominated the League of Nations, and wrecked the principle of collective action against a nation which is a wrongdoer. There is no use looking backward. We are face to face with a man made drunk by extraordinary success, hero-worshiped to an extent which surely no ego can withstand, and already reaching out to impose his will upon those outside the boundaries of his own state. What could be more dangerous for the peace of the world than his unparalleled attacks upon a friendly power with which he is officially on the best of terms, and with which, incidentally, Germany has a trade of many millions of marks on both sides? If the Bolsheviks are such horrible monsters, why take their filthy gold? What could more completely presage the international anarchy of war than this man's declaration that he would not tolerate "ruins of nations" at his door, or than his open coveting of the Ukraine and the Urals? One may search the annals of intercourse among modern nations and find nothing comparable to his announcement of his purpose to rob and despoil a friendly nation because he dislikes its form of government and because, as he falsely declares, 90 per cent of its leaders are Jews.

All of this means that European politics and, far more than that, actually the life and death of Europe now center about this strange and, to outsiders, revolting personality. Unfortunately the other statesmen of Europe have no idea of combating this menace except by armaments and more armaments. The Baldwin government can see nothing else to do but to bring its air force up to date and enormously increase its supplies of ammunition, and while this is being done to let Hitler have his own way, humbly accepting humiliation and loss of prestige while rearmament is going on. But Hitler isn't going to sit calmly by and let the English catch up with him, particularly in the matter of aircraft; and no capital can be sure that some bombing planes will not slip through the defense cordons when war begins. The chief lesson of the World War—that nothing is accomplished by war except to make the whole world a worse place to live in—is lost upon these men. They refused to use an effective economic boycott in the wars against Ethiopia and Manchuria. They are not using the League in connection with the Spanish revolution. They are thinking in terms of 1914 and the old idea of the encirclement of a country by bayonets without regard to new weapons and new conditions, and are thereby courting complete disaster. Yet there are other ways out; there are means of bringing world pressure to bear on Hitler without bloodshed. But the horror and the tragedy of it is that the time for this is rapidly slipping by, and with each month Hitler is putting himself in a stronger position to dominate Europe.

BOOKS and the ARTS

LIBERALISM'S FAMILY TREE

BY MAX LERNER

I CAN recall few books that left me in a more saturnine frame of mind than Harold Laski's "The State in Theory and Practice," published last year. It swept with a clean logic to a prophecy of doom for my generation and then called on me and my fellows to embrace a fighting faith which by Mr. Laski's own logic had something less than a fighting chance of success. Mr. Laski's new book* is written in the same mood. It takes our most cherished ideals of liberty and individualism, links them with an unanswerable cogency to the achievement of power by the capitalist class, and leaves us to console ourselves with what moral we can muster. He seems himself to be of a divided mind in the matter. Liberalism as the garment of the capitalist ideal he handles with a mercilessly ironic detachment. But liberalism is today also one of the principal hurdles in the path of fascist barbarism. And this liberalism Mr. Laski cannot despise or abandon. The result is a strangely moving *odi et amo* mood that lends an eloquence and intensity to the writing at the same time that it withholds the note of finality which a book written in less troubled times would possess.

Being a political theorist Mr. Laski is concerned primarily with the shape of power. Being also one of the most civilized human beings alive he is sensitive to the fragile career of the human spirit, which power may serve but which crude and naked power can so easily crush. His writings contain therefore a masterly analysis of the capitalist state as an instrument of class power. But he is too canny a thinker to rest in the belief that naked force, whether it be political or economic, represents the mainstay of the existing class structure. In his latest book he has accordingly sought to get at the real fabric of capitalist power—its panoply of ideas. These ideas, it is his thesis, add up in the main to the doctrine of liberalism. Mr. Laski has set out to dig into the past, to write a historical survey of the rise of the liberal doctrine and its full flowering, to give us in short liberalism's family tree.

As a study in the history of ideas the book is superb. It is a historical epistle addressed to the academies but written from the battlefields of Europe. Mr. Laski has for years been reading the tracts of seventeenth-century religious worthies and eighteenth-century mercantilists; he knows the Bullionists as he knows the Monarchomachs; he has been through the literature of the physiocrats as he has been through the literature of the Levelers and the Fifth Monarchy men and the French imaginary voyages. What he has given us is nothing less than a re-writing of the history of European social thought in the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a prelude for the century before and a postscript for the century after. And because he is passionately interested in the conflicts of power today and because he has followed Maitland's injunction to write history backward, the scholarship in the book takes on life and meaning. The rise of liberal doctrine is narrated as part of the moving current of social history as affected ultimately by European economic development.

This is therefore one of the important attempts in English not to expound or defend Marxism but to use it as a technique in the history of ideas. Mr. Laski's problem was immensely difficult. Liberalism is the body of doctrine that claims for the individual freedom from interference of any kind—in his religious life, in the expression of his opinion, in his economic activity. Its philosophical core is the doctrine of individualism; the canons of its ethics are those of the individual conscience; in the realm of science it moves to the conviction that man may by rational inquiry become master of the universe; its religious corollary is the idea of tolerance and freedom of belief from the power of the state; its political faith is the rule of law and the doctrine of laissez faire; its economic program is the Manchester ideal of free trade, free enterprise, and the competitive system; its legal vestments are freedom of contract and the sanctity of property; it is saturated with an optimism about human possibilities; its dream is the dream of progress. Liberalism is thus not a simple and satisfying universal formula but a complex tissue of belief ramifying into every area of life.

Liberalism found a Europe caught in the icy grip of feudalism and ecclesiastical authority. Today after three centuries the scene of its action is a Western world dominated by the struggle between the big property interests and the forces of labor. In the span between the two the role of liberalism has been to express in the realm of ideas the deep social struggles and economic changes. It aided these changes, adjusted itself to them, realized itself through them. It is Mr. Laski's strength that he understands, like Pareto, that formal doctrine and popular opinion are rationalizations of deeper drives in men. But unlike Pareto he does not regard any body of social thought as mere word magic and self-deception. He sees it as the orientation of each era to its new set of living conditions. Liberalism was hammered out by the same forces that hammered out the reign of business enterprise. Once in being it was used to justify the operation of the new economic system and its set of values.

Mr. Laski gives a sense of the inevitability of its progress—an inevitability that came from powerful

*"The Rise of Liberalism: the Philosophy of a Business Civilization." By Harold J. Laski. Harper and Brothers.

impulsions within the system of production and the alignment of economic power. It is these impulsions, and not its own beauty or consistency, that make a doctrine succeed, spread, conquer. But Mr. Laski is wise enough to see that not only is there an outer logic of the relation of ideas to events, but within ideas themselves an inner logic that shapes a doctrine and contributes to its victory.

In liberalism this inner logic manifested itself most clearly in its drive toward the universal. Men's imaginations could not help being caught—even our own imaginations today are still caught—by the claims which liberalism staked out for the freedom and tolerance and expansion of the human mind. But as happens with all doctrine, the men who stood to profit from the triumph of liberalism identified these lofty claims with their own class interests. They equated their own power in society with the universal and permanent truths they had discovered about human beings everywhere. Liberalism as a revolutionary instrument had helped bring the new revolutionary capitalist class into power; they made out of it, in the sweep of their zest and recklessness, a universal; but when a new class took this universal and extracted its implications and learned its lessons all too well, the bourgeois thinkers called a halt. They tried to prune liberalism, limit it, hedge it in. They saw that the liberties they had with its aid wrested from the feudal nobility and the church potentates and the despotic monarchs could by the same token be wrested from them by the underlying population. Cromwell and the English merchants in the seventeenth century saw that the liberal doctrine, pushed far enough, might lead to genuine social revolution. Voltaire and the French men of substance in the eighteenth century saw the same. And when in the nineteenth century an increasing chorus of voices invoked the promise of liberalism for the new proletariat that industrialism had created, liberalism was converted from a credo for freeing the oppressed into a code for keeping them in their places.

This is what the capitalist class is still seeking to do with liberalism. But liberalism is too fluid to stay confined thus. What has happened to liberalism, so far as America is concerned, is that it has split into four fairly distinct tendencies. The first represents the atrophied liberalism of the past, coming out more or less unashamed as the defender of the existing class alignment, and using in defense of the modern Bourbons all the old catchwords that had once served to beat a Stuart despot with: this is the liberalism of Lewis Douglas, Alfred Landon, Walter Lippmann, Nicholas Murray Butler. The second, represented by figures as diverse as Justice Brandeis, Senator Borah, Dorothy Thompson, cares passionately for human rights but shares the distrust which the old liberals had for governmental activity: it is in essence Jeffersonian. The third, represented by Mr. Roosevelt and his group of advisers, cares passionately for human rights but turns increasingly to governmental activity and the social-service state in order to protect them. The fourth, the liberalism of the progressive labor movements, seeks to reaffirm for our own age the original direction of liberalism, calling for a new class base for it, claiming for the rising ranks of workers and professionals the protection of the civil liber-

ties which once helped the rising ranks of merchants and factory-owners to come to power. Liberalism no longer exists as a unity. What does exist is the gigantic struggle over democracy in which liberalism plays a various role.

Whether liberalism can ever be converted into genuine democracy, without convulsing the whole world, remains to be seen. Can the basic doctrine of the able and enlightened élite be converted into the doctrine of the informed and creative mass? Above all, can liberalism ever be stripped from the body it has thus far clothed—the body of capitalist power—and used to qualify and eventually transmute that power? Mr. Laski, who is concerned only with the history of liberal doctrine, does not attempt an answer. The answer will be written in another generation by another historian.

BOOKS

Haymarket Fifty Years After

THE HISTORY OF THE HAYMARKET AFFAIR. A STUDY IN THE AMERICAN SOCIAL-REVOLUTIONARY AND LABOR MOVEMENTS. By Henry David. Farrar and Rinehart. \$4.

JUST as before the Civil War the conflict between slaveholding and abolitionism divided the nation, and earlier in the century New England was split between Calvinism and Unitarianism, so after the Civil War the struggle between capital and labor became the significant force for polarization. Such eruptions as the railroad strikes of 1877, the Haymarket affair, and the Pullman strike disclosed to public view the ever-widening separation of classes. Certainly the most vivid of these outbreaks was the Haymarket affair, which acted as a kind of catalytic agent to precipitate bitter opinion either for or against labor. The effect was probably best seen among the intellectuals, who suddenly found themselves stripped of all liberal pretense and faced with choosing between justice and the propertied hatred for the anarchists. And, of course, the bulk of the liberals—including clergymen, writers, and statesmen—revealed a naked and quivering property sense.

There have been numerous accounts of the Haymarket affair, but they have had the defects of brevity, incompleteness, and inaccuracy. After a thorough examination of the court records, the newspapers, the government reports, the social-revolutionary literature, and the remembrances of persons involved, Mr. David has produced the long-needed complete history of the affair. The first third of the book lays the foundation by a factual description of the condition of labor in the 1880 decade and, particularly, by exhibiting the confluence of social-revolutionary doctrine and the eight-hour movement at Haymarket. With remarkable skill Mr. David conducts the reader through the tortuous paths of social-revolutionary thought during the preceding twenty years and analyzes the peculiar mixture of "propaganda by deed" and primitive syndicalism preached by the Chicago anarchists. At the same time, even though he regards the Haymarket bomb and the eight-hour movement as "only indirectly related," Mr. David is careful to show the interplay of the two. However important the social-revolutionary movement may have been in the Haymarket affair, it is

clear that the eight-hour strikes of May 1 rendered employers, police, and press willing to use the Haymarket bomb even deliberately to crush the aggressiveness of labor. Without the eight-hour movement, the bomb might not have been thrown, or, if it was thrown, most likely the ensuing "red scare" would not have been so malignantly unrelenting.

Because of his fulness of treatment and his knowledge of the source materials, Mr. David is able to correct many errors, half-truths, and distortions of emphasis in previous accounts of the bomb-throwing itself and the subsequent trial and persecution of the eight Chicago anarchists. However, the succession of events, the dramatic sequence, remains the same. It is a story that almost tells itself. And yet one can say over and over that the trial was an ugly travesty of justice and that eight innocent men were sacrificed for their social views, without obtaining the crushing realization which is achieved in this history by the weight of evidence, quotation, and fact. The police terror, the public hysteria whipped up by the press, the packed jury, the obvious bias of Judge Gary, the perjured witnesses for the state, all were combined to bring in the indefensible verdict based on the assumption that since they had advocated in general the use of force to overthrow capitalism, the eight anarchists were guilty of the specific murder of Policeman Degan. As Mr. David points out, if this theory of conspiracy was legal, "then William Randolph Hearst should have been tried as an accessory to the murder of McKinley because he wrote, in an editorial attacking the President, that 'if bad institutions and bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then the killing must be done.'"

Unless some further material is discovered to solve the mystery of who threw the bomb, this book should remain the definitive history of the Haymarket affair. It is not a mere scholarly exercise; it is the entire story of an important episode in American labor history, carefully organized, thoroughly documented, and well written.

SAMUEL YELLEN

Utopia Warmed Over

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION. By H. G. Wells.
The Macmillan Company. \$2.

PROPHECY and exhortation still flow freely from Mr. Wells. It has been his favorite method to illumine the ills of the world today by describing the charms of the world tomorrow, and now he once again sets out to tell us the kind of world we ought to live in. But for some curious reason he has seen fit to adopt the stratagem of pseudonymity. His book purports to be a digest and critique of some fourteen volumes entitled "The Anatomy of Frustration," the work of one William Burroughs Steele. As man created God in his own image so Wells created Steele, though it is hard to see why he needed him. One wonders why Wells could not say what he had to say directly instead of holding Steele on his knee like a ventriloquist's doll and speaking his own words in Steele's voice. As one reads along, ideas and phrases awaken echoes, and it begins to dawn that not only is Steele Wells, but Steele's "Anatomy" is really a synthesis of all Wells's past work. But Mr. Wells has already summarized the thinking of a lifetime in his "Autobiography," one of the most vivid personal histories by a living writer. What he gives us now is simply yesterday's Utopias warmed over and served up with a new sauce.

That the time is out of joint Mr. Wells admits. But he feels it no cursed spite that he is born to set it right. On the contrary he enjoys setting it right and plunges into the task with all his

old gusto—and all his old ideas. His central thesis is that divergence of "a thousand contrasting faiths and creeds" is the root of our difficulties. Unity is our solution. To this end he proposes the merger of nations into a world state and a world civilization. "He [Steele] contemplates a world so unified, so understanding, so clarified and harmonized that its advancing welfare and the vigor and happiness of its individuals reflect and complement each other." One has only to look in Mr. Wells's autobiography to discover where one has heard that before. There he says that in "Anticipations" (1900) "I had already grasped the inevitability of the world state"; "in my 'Modern Utopia' (1905) I took the inevitability of the world state for granted"; and "I was already trying to get the world state recognized as a war objective in 1916."

The merger theme runs through Mr. Wells's panaceas for all our other problems like a white thread through a multi-colored weave. The individual must solve his frustrations "by merger into some greater being"; education can be made effective only by merging the sum of human knowledge into a World Encyclopedia; sex possessiveness is the root of frustration in love and therefore monogamous units must be merged into a system of group marriage. These remedies rouse echoes too. The whole scheme of the "Outline of History" was to attempt a World Encyclopedia in embryo, and group marriage was planned in detail in the "Modern Utopia."

Mr. Wells is, of course, quite aware that he is repeating himself. In fact, he even does himself the courtesy of quoting himself when he is pretending to quote Steele. What he is not aware of is that he oversimplifies both the disease and the cure. He says men "have no right" to countless divergent creeds, but the fact remains that, right or no right, men have them. It is no solution to say: eliminate difference of opinion and we will all live in harmony—because that is perfectly obvious. Only by examining *why* men differ as they do is there any chance to melt down these differences and open the path toward unity. So eager is Mr. Wells to reach a final goal that he ignores complicating factors which might slow him up on the way. How neatly did Henry James put his finger on the spot when he wrote that Wells suffered from an "unawareness of complexity."

BARBARA WERTHEIM

A World Between Two Wars

THE ASSASSINS. By Frederic Prokosch. Harper and Brothers.
\$2.

TO READ these poems is to encounter a new creative energy of a high order, expressing itself with a sure dominance of its medium. From his recently published first novel, "The Asiatics," it was evident that Frederic Prokosch had the sensitiveness to word and image which constitutes poetic receptivity; this volume shows that he can bring to the materials of poetry the formal discipline needed to make a complete poem. The images are brilliantly, even bizarrely colored, and at times unexpected to the point of violence. A less skilful and less serious poet would use them merely to disturb. Here, however, through their power of evocation, their canalization into stately music, and their organization into a unified mood, they not only excite but exalt.

The mood which recurs throughout the book is a reptilian watchfulness and tension, the hushed breathing of a world between two wars. It is conveyed by images of cutting, of fever, of nocturnal fears and sudden whirring wings. The poet's theme is the search, over the exotic places of the earth, for "the concerted will and the quiet heart, and the sure and sharpened

spirit." The assassins are "the dead, and the dead of spirit"; they are preparing to strike, and they elicit visions of falling cities:

This is the final dreading

Of history ending, an end to living and terror spreading,
The dead destroying, the living dying, the dream fulfilling,
The long night falling and knowledge failing and memory fading.

These lines have analogies with the poetry of T. S. Eliot, yet Prokosch's world, one feels, has recuperative powers that are not present in Eliot's except by hocus-pocus: it is alive with a vital force that is dammed, warped, tortured, but full of subtle potencies still. The realm of nature has, for transient moments, generated the realm of grace, and may do so again, after the destruction. Such is, perhaps, the framework of doctrine behind the poems; yet it is not allowed to obtrude. The realization is so consistently in sensuous terms that one must read it several times before perceiving that this is not sheer poetry of feeling.

Frederic Prokosch is an American cosmopolite not yet thirty. If there is immaturity in these poems, it is not to be found in a mechanical echoing of his masters. He appears to have learned from Valéry, Auden, and above all St.-Jean Perse, as well as from Eliot. But he has put what he has learned to his own uses, and his adaptations of Greek metrical and stanzaic patterns have a rigor of form latterly desired but not achieved by many other poets. His shortcomings, such as they are, consist in a tendency to lushness, a reliance upon exotic imagery in some places where quotidian would be more effective, and a substitution of décor for drama.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Cults and Cultures

HEADS AND TALES. By Malvina Hoffman. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

AMERICANS will always read heavy treatises on economics or physics; but a dry work on art would get about as far as a dull volume on humor. This opulent book, with its undistinguished title, is so exciting a mélange of autobiography, travel, technology, aesthetics, anthropology, philosophy, and religion that it will not lack readers.

Shrewdly dividing human beings into two classes, "great" people and "tame" people, our author early chose the great. Richard Hoffman (her father), Rodin, Pavlowa, Mestrovic, Eames, Paderewski, Lord Reading (then Viceroy of India), Tagore, and dozens more live in her pages, as she lives in them.

Already famous, she was in 1930 confronted with a proposal from the Field Museum to be one of four or five artists to be sent to various countries to make sculptures of race types for its Hall of Man. While thinking it over she was suddenly inspired. "My Daemon cast his spell over me," she exclaims. So she offered a counter-proposal to do it all herself—and did it! It took her five years. Round the world, Hawaii, Japan, China, the Philippines, Bali, Java, Malaya, the South Seas, Burma, India, Ceylon, Central Africa, the Sahara, Europe, America, forest, jungle, desert, the sea, savages, heat, wild animals, sickness, gruelling work—and triumph.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in an unusually interesting and richly illustrated book is the artist's attitude toward her work. She is a great intuitive. She remembers what her father said when she was very young: "One must be an artist first of all, and then one can create art." Today she writes movingly of the aesthetic achievement of primitive savages: "The art that is not taught but comes forth from the blood spontaneously."

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The classic seeks the final average; the romantic seeks the final variation. Miss Hoffman seeks neither. She seeks a ground where her personal vision seizes the individual who is of a certain race and no other. Her work at the Field Museum demonstrates—if paradox be permissible—this unique order. This is the point where science and art can meet. For there are two kinds of knowledge: knowing about things and knowing things—in other words, scientific data and aesthetic realization. Miss Hoffman's best work, in its fusion of these means, may lend even more to science than to art.

The book before us is thus a curiously *palpable* book. For who, watching a great amateur handle a vase or figurine, can occasionally help wondering if a sensitive blind man could not be after all the greatest connoisseur of sculpture? Miss Hoffman's feeling for substance, texture, mass reveals on every page that, though many-sided, she is first of all a sculptor.

The social and mystical musings shot through her pages are at times penetrating. "Savages, scholars, saints, and heroes of all creeds and colors could understand one another, were they to be sounded in the depths of their being." She does not add that such understanding depends largely on the common emotional factor in all great art. Insistence on this would render more valid her final prophetic warning that "man would do well to study the most ancient cults and cultures before growing too convinced that modern progress is based on modern invention."

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT

Armies of the Aged

AN ARMY OF THE AGED: A HISTORY AND ANALYSIS OF THE TOWNSEND OLD AGE PENSION PLAN. By Richard L. Neuberger and Kelley Loc. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. \$2.

THE TOWNSEND CRUSADE: AN IMPARTIAL REVIEW OF THE TOWNSEND MOVEMENT AND THE PROBABLE EFFECTS OF THE TOWNSEND PLAN. By the Committee on Old Age Security of the Twentieth Century Fund, New York. 50 cents.

VISION or fantasy? Promise or menace? How shall we characterize the now famous Townsend Plan—Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd.? Its advocates claim that the provision of adequate care for the aged is merely an incidental feature of the plan, which will restore national prosperity, eliminate unemployment, reduce taxes, balance the budget, and come near to establishing the millennium. Critics, on the other hand, insist that among all the wild schemes which have been hatched in the minds of men during the stress of the Great Depression this is the most harebrained and fantastic.

The two small volumes listed above complement each other so well that there is little or no duplication between them. Messrs. Neuberger and Loc are journalists who undertake to review the movement historically; their treatment of the subject is rich in personalities, graphic in presentation, and decidedly ironic in tone. Their analysis consists largely of the cynic's basic question, Who got what? Dr. Townsend himself, Clements, Wunder, Downey, McGroarty—all the leading figures in the movement—appear in their various roles. We see them behind the scenes at conventions, guiding and molding assembled multitudes of the faithful, and after Representative Bell's Congressional investigation we see some at least stripped of their glamor.

On the economic side the analysis is poor. A chapter is devoted to The New Arithmetic, but the arguments for and against the plan are not effectively marshaled. At one point,

in commenting on the new federal Social Security Act, the authors have confused contributory old-age benefits with old-age assistance for the destitute. But these are minor faults which do not seriously detract from the interest aroused by the book.

The Committee on Old-Age Security of the Twentieth Century Fund presents a coldly factual economic analysis of the Townsend Plan—"a friendly and impartial study." In simple, non-technical language the Townsend proposals are elucidated and the principles underlying them examined. Ample statistical evidence is presented at each step of the argument. The good faith and sincerity of the advocates of the plan are taken for granted, and their claims receive careful attention throughout. The reviewer has seen no more effective summary of the pros and cons of the Townsend Plan than is given in the Report of the Committee, which is encompassed in a single chapter of only eight pages. The analysis is thoughtful, dispassionate, but wholly devastating to Townsendism.

Yet the committee hastens to add a word of caution. This movement does not derive its strength from the merits and the soundness of its proposals but rather from the zeal and faith of its adherents. Nor can any battering ram of economic theory destroy the movement so long as urgent need impels the destitute aged to seek a solution of their basic problem.

We shall have more Townsendism in the future, not less. Students of population growth in the United States are convinced that within a few decades this nation will be faced with an appalling problem of old age. The decrease in the birth rate, with a consequent decline in the proportion of young people, will give us a population in which persons over sixty-five years of age will constitute about one-eighth of the total; those over fifty years will constitute about 30 per cent. Unless some reasonably adequate community provisions for the care of the aged can be worked out by the American people, we may expect to see the continual recurrence of such plans as Dr. Townsend's. And the aged, with their vast numbers, will have the votes to make such plans a source of worry to politicians and a threat to the economic system.

EWAN CLAGUE

DRAMA

Career Woman

GEORGE KELLY is a playwright whose very failures are usually more interesting to a critic than the successes of less original and less talented men. Even so unsatisfactory a piece as "Daisy Mayme" was marked by that same dour sincerity which one could feel below the surface of such popular successes as "The Show Off" and "Craig's Wife." Somehow or other he always inspired, in me at least, the conviction that he could never write a really commonplace play; that he would fail, when he failed at all, through an inability to communicate the basis of his almost puritanical moral sense. And yet the fact remains that "commonplace" is the one adjective which precisely describes both the theme and the treatment of "Reflected Glory" (Morosco Theater). It will serve as a vehicle for Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who has a personal following large enough to give the play some chance of a moderate success. But any one of a score of other dramatists might have written it. At one time or another two or three of them have, as a matter of fact, actually done so.

SEX

TECHNIQUE

By
**ISABEL
EMSLIE
HUTTON, M.B.,
Ch.B., M.D.**

Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London
Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.
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CONTROL

IT comes as a startling fact to many couples who THINK they are well-informed, that they ARE in REALITY, AMAZINGLY IGNORANT OF THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE. "When no trouble is taken to learn how to make sexual intercourse harmonious and happy, a variety of complications arise. Very often wives remain sexually unawakened, and therefore inclined to dislike sexual intercourse. When that happens, husbands do not experience what they long for, and are apt to be sexually starved. Neither husbands nor wives on these terms attain to harmony, and the result is nervous ill-health. . . . The cause of all this is not want of love. It is want of knowledge."—A. H. Gray, M.A., D.D.

"FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of "the bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. IN THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

WHILE completely frank, Dr. Hutton handles the subject with excellent taste, and, as the American Medical Association says, "with good judgment as to what constitutes general medical opinion."

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I should like to think that Mr. Kelly originally intended to say something which he somehow never got around to saying, that his reason for telling again the story of the temperamental actress who likes to fool herself into believing that her essentially domestic nature is "tired of it all" was not merely that he thought such a character "cute" and "glamorous." After all, he has been in the past almost misogynistically severe in his judgment of women, and I can imagine the author of "Craig's Wife" or "Daisy Mayme" flaying the heroine of the present play inch by inch until the sympathy of the audience revolted—as it threatened to revolt when Craig's wife had visited upon her a poetic justice almost too implacably administered. But if anything of the sort was originally intended, no trace of it remains; and it is odd to see a playwright who has usually taken integrity as his theme assuming what appears to be the attitude of a stage-door Johnnie toward a very vulgar conception of the temperamental actress.

The action is, moreover, as stereotyped as the central character, and it would be a very inexperienced playgoer who could not anticipate well in advance every turn of the plot, who would not know well ahead of time that the lady's most persistent wooer would have a wife in the offing, that the old-home sweetheart would turn up with a bride just when our heroine thought of settling back upon him, and that the final curtain would go down upon that inevitable scene in which she forgets her broken heart in excitement over a new bit of business which her director has just suggested. As each long-anticipated scene is carefully unfolded, one finds oneself wishing that it had been taken for granted and arguing that a mere "The curtain will descend for a few minutes to indicate the passage of three weeks" would have taken care of it well enough. But by the time the play is over one realizes

that if that method had been adopted, the play would have been composed exclusively of brief intermissions.

There remain of course two possible explanations. The one is that the original play was revised out of existence to suit Miss Bankhead, who probably does not want to be anything less than a heroine. The other is that even Mr. Kelly, despite the fact that he managed to emerge originally out of vaudeville, has got submerged in Hollywood. In any event he has obviously lost somewhere the uncommon touch—a thing really very much more important than that common one which for some reason or other is more often discussed.

Last week the D'Oyly Carte Company devoted itself with delightful results to "Iolanthe," and this week is offering "Pinafore" to audiences which are doubtless equally large and equally enthusiastic. In "Iolanthe" the very attractive and capable Brenda Bennett appeared for the first time this season; but if I were to vary the monotony of my weekly praise with a complaint it would be that the general stage management of the productions is not as good as the individual performances. The transition from one scene to another is not always as easy as it might be, and there is a tendency to play the pieces as though each were a succession of specialties. Surely, I might add, it is a mistake to bring the fairies on in the opening scene of "Iolanthe" under the most brilliant and disillusioning of flat lightings. The chorus is composed of vocalists not all of whom are fairy-like, and a somewhat more artful illumination would not be amiss.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In "So Proudly We Hail" (Forty-sixth Street Theater) the case against military academies as institutions for the chastening of the young idea is argued with some spirit. In the course of two acts and ten scenes Richard Cromwell is, to all intents and purposes, transformed from a sensitive young man with a penchant for playing on the fiddle to a chevroned young sadist whose talent for violence and opportunism win for him commencement kudos and a place at the head of his class. Unfortunately, the text is muffled in special pleading and the largest part of Mr. Cromwell's transformation appears to have taken place *in absentia* in the intermission between the first and second acts. The play's simple concern is with the fact rather than the process of change, with preachment rather than analysis, and the author is compelled to underscore the former out of all proportion to keep his contrivance in motion. The result is something less than credible, and Mr. Cromwell's sustaining earnestness and intelligence are required to see it through with a minimum of mishaps. Edwin Philips is admirable in a supporting role, and Edward Andrews and John Call are convincing enough as upper-class hoodlums.

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RECORDS

THERE are people who can believe there is a difference in the tone and style of one violinist and another, one 'cellist and another, one flautist and another; but who cannot believe there is this difference in the playing of one group of a hundred such players conducted by Stokowski and another group conducted by Toscanini. The truth is, however, that conducting, like violin-playing, involves the operation of sensibility and intellect on the music with which it deals, the sounds in which it formulates itself; that these qualities of mind and feeling and taste are as personal and individual in

conductors as in violinists; and that they impress on an orchestra's performance tonal and stylistic characteristics that distinguish it as completely from a performance led by another conductor as Heifetz's playing is distinguished from Huberman's. One may shut one's eyes and know that this is the lush sumptuousness of a Stokowski performance; and that these, on the other hand, are the contours of sounds and phrases that are produced from an orchestra by only one living being: Arturo Toscanini. Or, now, one can put on a phonograph record and hear the same thing.

Toscanini's records of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony (Victor: five records, \$10) were made without the benefit of trips to Indo-China, research in Hollywood, and the other forms of mumbo-jumbo; but they are the most marvelous orchestral records I have ever heard. This is partly because of the superb job of recording that was done by the technicians; but also because of the nature of what they were given to record. Those unique, sharply defined contours of tone and phrase lend themselves to recording; they emerged unmistakably even from the records of seven years ago; and now, given life-like coloring and body and spatial relationships, the tones and phrases are on records what they were in the concert hall—an endless wonder.

Another notable Victor release is that of Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, Opus 114, for violin, viola, 'cello, bass, and piano, played by Artur Schnabel, members of the Pro Arte Quartet, and Alfred Hobday (five records, \$10). This is one of the earlier and weaker of Schubert's mature works; but the weakness is in the structure of the important movements—the first, second, and fifth—not in their material, which is of characteristic Schubertian loveliness. And if there were nothing else one would want the set in order to marvel at Schnabel's playing—the saliency of its phrasing, the incisive and subtle rhythm that carries the lifeless playing of the strings, and withal the wonderful feeling for what they are doing.

Worth your attention are recent additions—some interesting, some enjoyable—to Victor's educational catalogue. Interesting are a record of Hindu music made by Sarat Lahiri and Todi (\$.75), and one of Chinese music (\$.75), on the back of which is a reconstruction of the ancient Greek Hymn to Apollo. The coupling is explained by the fact that most of these records were made for use with a book, but you do not need any book to enjoy two records of the English Madrigal Group directed by T. B. Lawrence (\$1 each); on one, Morley's "My bonnie lass she smileth," his "Now is the month of Maying," Byrd's "I thought that love had been a boy," and "Summer is icumen in"; on the other, Wilbye's "Sweet honey sucking bees," and Gibbons's "Ah, dear heart." And you can get pleasure from merely listening to the two records dealing with fugue (\$1.50 each); or you can read about fugue first, and then listen to various examples played by Rosalyn Tureck: a two-part invention, fugues in three, four, and five voices, with one and two counter-subjects, and illustrations of augmentation, inversion, and stretto. Included among these are the marvelous fugues in F minor and C sharp minor in Volume I of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord. Miss Tureck's playing is beautifully sensitive.

On a single Columbia record (\$1.50) Yella Pessl plays a Fantasia in C major and a Capriccio in G minor from Händel's Third Collection for Harpsichord, and three pieces of Purcell. The music is fine, and she plays it well. On another (\$1) she plays two slighter pieces: Daquin's "The Guitar" and Couperin's "The Baby Rattle." Also on a Columbia single (\$1.50) is an excellent performance by Ciampi of Liszt's "St. Francis Walking on the Water." B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Newspaper Guild Wins a Strike

Dear Sirs: The strike of the Milwaukee Newspaper Guild against the *Wisconsin News*, which began on February 17, was ended on September 1 when the strikers accepted the conditions agreed upon by John Black, publisher of the *News*, and a committee set up by the Milwaukee Federated Trades Council. All the striking editorial-department employees returned to work on September 2 at 9 a.m. A number of the strike-breakers were discharged on the day of the settlement.

The terms upon which the guild agreed to end the strike included an agreement regarding minimum wages, hours of work, and other working conditions contained in a bulletin-board statement witnessed and signed by the four members of the Federated Trades Council committee and by Mr. Black.

The bulletin-board statement of policy, which will be in effect until September 1, 1937, includes provision for a minimum salary of \$40 a week for experienced editorial employees, the week to consist of five days of eight hours each, and a minimum salary of \$25 a week for employees with less than three years' experience. These rates constitute raises for a majority of the strikers. It includes also pay or time off for all work done in excess of the forty-hour week, vacations of two weeks for employees with one year's service or more, dismissal bonuses of one week's pay for each year of service with a maximum of five weeks' pay. The statement provides that the bonus must be paid to all discharged employees except in cases of "wilful misconduct." The management expressed in the statement its willingness at all times to meet with the employees or any representatives they may designate.

Included in the conditions upon which the guild agreed to end the strike was a verbal understanding reached between the Trades Council committee and Mr. Black. Under this agreement there will be no discrimination against any member of the guild, and duration of the strike is not to be considered a lapse of employment for the purposes of determining vacations, dismissal bonuses, and so on.

Guild officers and the individual strikers expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the settlement. Since the strike began, membership in the guild has increased by 1,500.

GUNNAR MICKELSEN,
International Vice-President,
American Newspaper Guild
Milwaukee, Wis., September 20

Progressives in the Primaries

Dear Sirs: I wish to congratulate *The Nation* on publishing the excellent *Issues and Men* by Mr. Villard, in the issue of September 12. The praise given Ross Collins, former Congressman from Mississippi, was well deserved. Since the publication of this article Mr. Collins has been renominated, and his renomination amounts to election.

There is another able Mississippian who merits high praise—Representative John E. Rankin, coauthor with Senator Norris of the Tennessee Valley Act and persistent foe of the power trust, which spent a fortune trying to beat him for the renomination he has just secured. Representative Rankin's championship of municipal ownership of power has been a source of genuine gratification to all liberals.

The primary returns showed victories for an encouraging number of progressive Congressmen, mainly in Democratic ranks—Fred H. Hildebrandt of South Dakota, outspoken advocate of public ownership and defender of the farmers and workers; Maury Maverick of Texas, whose sturdy liberalism blocked many a reactionary move in the last session; Byron Scott of California, former educator, whose cultured but cutting blows made the bigots wince more than once; Fred J. Sisson of New York, whose sledgehammer oratory came down with crushing effect on the late and unlamented Mr. Blanton; James H. Gildea of Pennsylvania, editor of a labor paper in the coal belt, who has marched through the streets with strikers in many a demonstration; and many other deserving men.

HENRY FLURY
Alexandria, Va., September 17

Dear Sirs: In the gloomy but unfortunately pretty accurate forecast of the next Congress by Paul Ward in your September 12 issue there is one omission

that I believe should be corrected. He mentions the defeat of Congressman Hoeppel in the California primaries among others and states that "among their conquerors there is not a single likely addition to the progressive bloc."

Hoeppel's conqueror was Jerry Voorhis. If he is elected, he will be one of the most valuable additions not merely to a progressive bloc but to a production-for-use bloc. Formerly a Socialist, Mr. Voorhis left the party to support Upton Sinclair's EPIC campaign in 1934 and has been one of the most uncompromising advocates of production for use, both as an unemployment measure and as a general national policy. The continuing strength of the former EPIC forces provides an excellent chance for an addition to Congressman Byron Scott's lone Congressional representation of radical California.

ALFRED M. BINGHAM
New York, September 15

Why Not Vote for Thomas?

Dear Sirs: In a letter in your issue of September 12, R. W. G. declares that while he recognizes that neither Roosevelt nor Landon is the answer to our prayers, yet since Roosevelt is less reactionary than Landon, and since Norman Thomas has no chance of winning, his vote is going to Roosevelt.

May I state in reply that no one expects Norman Thomas to win, but that nevertheless hundreds of thousands of people will vote for him in November because they know that every vote cast for a party that stands solidly behind labor acts as a pressure upon the government to enact labor legislation; they realize that in a period of the decline of capitalism, concessions are wrung from the capitalist class not by indorsement of its candidates but by independent action on the part of labor.

ROBERT SHAW,
City Secretary, Young
People's Socialist League
Newark, N. J., September 15

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The Shape of Things

*

PERHAPS THE HIGH LIGHT OF THE WEEK'S campaign news was Governor Landon's announcement that, if elected, he would not make Mr. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman, Postmaster General. . . . Al Smith's walk around Carnegie Hall in New York City will, according to Republican estimates, cost the President 3,000,000 votes. Since the latest poll of the Institute of Public Opinion gives Mr. Landon only 225 electoral votes, including the doubtful states of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Massachusetts, he will need Al's 3,000,000. . . . Former President Hoover, when asked how the Republican campaign looked to him, declared that it was "making progress." He had probably just read Governor Landon's farm plan, which proposes to pay farmers the equivalent of the tariff rates for agricultural commodities consumed in the United States, to the extent of two billion dollars. . . . President Roosevelt at Pittsburgh showed himself the most skilful campaigner of the century by talking about the budget so entertainingly that almost every sentence was interrupted by applause. Shortly after the speech he got a medal from the United Mine Workers of America. Also, what may prove more useful, the promise of 40,000 votes from the same source. . . . Following in the footsteps of the bankers who refused the other day to be unkind to the New Deal, the United States Chamber of Commerce has just reported that (1) unemployment figures are greatly exaggerated, (2) our monetary future is bright as a result of French devaluation, and (3) the prospects are good for a balanced budget in 1937-38. Translated, this probably means, why swap horses? . . . Senator Borah not only refuses to back Landon but declares that if he is urged too far he will "tell all," not only about the Cleveland convention but about who really wrote the telegram read to the convention over Governor Landon's name. We hope he is urged too far.

*

ITALY'S ACTION IN DEVALUATING THE LIRA by 41 per cent as against an approximately 30 per cent reduction in the value of the French and Swiss francs suggests that the danger of a world currency war is not yet averted. While it is generally conceded that the lira was overvalued in terms of other Continental currencies, Mussolini's action is bound to arouse suspicion and animosity and, if successful, may result in devaluation becoming an accepted weapon in economic warfare. Germany's next step will particularly bear watching, since it

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is probable that Hitler will tear a leaf from Il Duce's notebook and also try to undercut the franc. The most hopeful aspect of Italian and French devaluation is that both countries have seen the wisdom of cutting tariffs simultaneously with the depreciation of their currencies. This prevents the prices of imported articles from skyrocketing to the full extent of the change in currency, and reduces the danger of retaliation by other trading nations. It implies a recognition of economic realities which was wholly absent when the United States abandoned the gold standard. Unfortunately, the action cannot be construed as a reversal of the trend toward economic nationalism. The additional barrier to imports imposed by devaluation—varying from 43 per cent for France to 69 per cent for Italy—far more than offsets the mild 10 or 15 per cent reduction in tariffs, and will probably render the abolition of quotas meaningless. With all the world currencies, except that of Germany, nearly in equilibrium in terms of purchasing power, the time is ripe for an international stabilization agreement. Unless this can be made, and made reasonably quickly, the present recovery movement may be cut short by a fresh outbreak of economic war.

*

THE REBEL THREAT TO MADRID HAS BEEN AT least temporarily lessened by the recapture of Maqueda and a general strengthening of the government's lines of defense. Since the capture of Toledo more than a week ago, the rebels have apparently made no progress in this sector. The vital railways to Andalusia and to Valencia and Alicante appear to be functioning regularly. Life in the capital is reported as normal except for minor shortages of meat and dairy products. Meanwhile, the morale of the government forces has been improved by the report of important victories in the Huesca sector and near Bilbao. After the reorganization of the Catalan government to include representatives of the important proletarian groups, the Barcelona militia attacked and captured Mount Aragon and Quinto Pass to press closely upon Huesca. At Bilbao the government forces have started a vigorous counter-offensive which has carried them halfway to San Sebastian. The victory at Bilbao, which was accomplished with the aid of government warships from Malaga, has been partially offset, however, by the rebels' success in reopening the sea route to Africa, which has enabled them to bring across several thousand additional Moorish troops. Even more disquieting is the fact that there has apparently been no cessation in the flow of war materials from Germany and Italy. The Spanish people cannot be expected to hold out indefinitely in a single-handed fight against world fascism.

*

THE FULL EXTENT OF GERMAN AND ITALIAN aid to the Spanish rebels has been revealed for the first time during the past week in Alvarez del Vayo's statements at Geneva and William E. Dodd's testimony at hearings conducted by the British Labor Party. Mr. del Vayo pointed out that the rebels possessed a considerable number of tri-motored Junker planes although there were

no German planes in the Spanish air force prior to the July outbreak. He cited a dispatch to the *London Times* to the effect that twenty-one Junkers had been received at Burgos on August 25 and a dispatch of Gerhardt Fieseler to the *London News-Chronicle* telling of the arrival of twelve German pursuit planes at Seville on September 4. The evidence of Italian aid is even more voluminous. An Italian Fiat plane commanded by Captain Monico, an Italian officer, was brought down on August 30 at Talavera. Del Vayo's report of the arrival of twenty-four Italian planes at Vigo was confirmed by Mr. Dodd, who quoted the British pro-consul at that port as having witnessed the arrival of a large shipment of Italian planes on August 23 and of another shipment on September 20. Mr. Dodd also confirmed the report that Vickers and various German firms were engaged in a flourishing trade in arms at Lisbon. From a number of sources it has been reported that Italian war planes were instrumental in defeating the government's attack on Mallorca and that they participated recently in the rebels' successful attack on the smaller Balearic island of Iviza. In the face of clear-cut evidence that fascist aid to the rebels has been unaffected by the non-intervention pact, it seems incredible that M. Blum should continue to maintain his unneutral embargo on war shipments to the legitimate Spanish government.

*

THE FASCIST FORAYS IN LONDON AND PARIS early this week demonstrate first that popular feeling against the La Rocques and the Mosleys is deep and wide, and second that the fascist bands are bold, well-organized, and undeterred by law or principle. With deliberate insolence the British blackshirts attempted to parade through the Jewish sections of London, where they have lately concentrated their efforts under the protection of the very guaranties which safeguard freedom of speech and religion. The incident outlines sharply the problem confronting democratic governments. The British Home Office met the situation in what seems to be the only forceful way compatible with democratic methods. The permit for the parade was granted; when violence broke out even before the fascists had formed their ranks, the police prevented the march and gave the fascists protection from thousands of anti-fascist onlookers. In France 20,000 police met a similar situation by giving armed protection to a meeting of 100,000 Communists and Popular Front sympathizers which La Rocque's French Social Party had threatened to break up. The meeting was held peacefully though there were numerous minor street battles on the outskirts and 1,500 arrests. Immediately afterward came reports from "reliable quarters" in France that the fascists are engaged in a systematic campaign to undermine the loyalty of the national police forces, that they are smuggling arms from Switzerland, and in general proving that the disbanding of the Croix de Feu is a myth. In numbers the Popular Front is obviously far superior to the fascists. But while the fascists are secretly or openly armed—not only with guns but with the money of the big industrialists—the people must depend upon the loyalty of the police and the army.

REPORTS OF THE THREATENED DEFEAT OF this or that member of the progressive bloc in Congress are probably too pessimistic. Political experience seems to prove that when a really outstanding member of Congress seeks reelection, the opposition party generally either concedes defeat and runs a nincompoop against him or, refusing to surrender, puts forward the best it can offer in the shape of a candidate. But even that realization will not quell the alarm one feels at hearing that such men as Sisson, Kopplemann, and Marcantonio are involved in hard fights for reelection and will need every bit of support they can get to defeat their rivals. Marcantonio is the most fearless crusader in the House and one of the few Congressmen who can be counted on to form the nucleus of an effective progressive wing. There are not more than a dozen such men in the House, unless one admits to the bloc all the money nuts and crackpots whose sole claim to inclusion is their ability to shout louder than their confreres about "Wall Street"; they vote "Main Street," which is only Wall Street on small time. Sisson's defeat would be a blow to all foes of teachers' oaths and similar Hearstian obscenities and would be hailed as such. His record in the House is less brilliant than Marcantonio's but one that leaves him no less deserving of liberal support. As for Kopplemann—it is hard to believe that the working men and women in Hartford will let him down. He has never let them down. Of course, he has betrayed the arms and munitions manufacturers by voting "right" on every peace issue that has come before Congress since he entered its halls, but that should not be held against him by the great majority of voters.

*

THE REPORT OF THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION on conditions in the New York milk shed was released at too opportune a moment. With the producers in a militant mood and consumers talking of boycotts, the commission apparently tried to play safe by saying as little as it could about the disparity between producers' prices and consumers' costs. Yet one incident that found its way into the report indicates why New York farmers are at the point of rebellion. To avoid paying the price for fluid milk established by the state control board, Muller Dairies, a subsidiary of National Dairy Products Corporation, leased three of its plants to an affiliated company engaged in the processing of milk for non-fluid purposes—for which the producer receives a lower price. Its supply of fluid milk for delivery in the metropolitan area it obtained from Pennsylvania. "The manipulation of sources of supply by shifting plants from one subsidiary to another," says the report, "caused the farmers delivering milk to the three Muller Dairies plants in New York State to receive surplus instead of fluid-milk prices, as a result of which producers lost over \$17,600 during April, 1935, or at the rate of over \$200,000 a year." Of the two major producers' cooperatives operating in the state, one was definitely shown to be controlled by Sheffield Farms Company, another subsidiary of National Dairy Products. Thus the producer in selling to the distributor finds himself represented by his customer. Here

we have all the major faults of our system of distribution—starved producers, bilked consumers, faked competition, dominant monopolies. If the FTC pulls its punches now, it will miss the opportunity to do one of the most important jobs in its history.

*

THE ARREST OF MR. BROWDER, CANDIDATE OF the Communist Party for President, because he proposed to make a political campaign speech, is as clear a violation of the Bill of Rights as we have had for a long time. Since the Mayor of Terre Haute invoked both Mr. Roosevelt and Governor Landon in his announcement that he would protect his city from Communist agitators—"Both of the major-party Presidential candidates . . . recognize communism as a menace to the nation," he said—it would have been fitting if the President and Mr. Landon had issued a joint statement declaring Mayor Beecher's action illegal and unconstitutional. Neither of them saw fit to do so, although Mr. Browder's more immediate rival, Norman Thomas, sent a number of protesting telegrams. The New York press, with the exception of that great champion of Americanism, Mr. Hearst, was quick to declare that the right of free speech had been violated. The *Times* led the way in a firm and forthright denunciation of Terre Haute's officials and a clear statement of the constitutional infringement. Even the new commander of the American Legion, Harry W. Colmery, said that "if the sole purpose of his [Browder's] arrest was to prevent him from speaking, it is contrary both to American principles and to the principles on which the Legion stands." When a Legion commander defends a Communist's right of free speech, not only is it news but it ought to awaken an echo even in the mind of the Mayor of Terre Haute.

*

GERMANY'S MINISTER OF EDUCATION, DR. Rust, has just issued one of the most disheartening decrees that have come out of the Third Reich. The period of elementary and high-school education is to be reduced by the equivalent of three years; one year is lopped off *in toto* and two by cutting out one day or more a week over a period of twelve years. The time saved will be devoted to goose-stepping and learning to swallow the principles of "Heil" ideology. Once Germany had a right to be proud of one of the most thorough educational systems in the world. No better comment on its present degeneration could be found than the figures showing that the number of university students is now half what it was before the advent of National Socialism. From the journal *Swiat* of Warsaw comes a report of the type of arithmetic problems now given in German schools: "(1) Bombing planes have a speed of 280 kilometers per hour. Calculate how long it would take to cover the distance from Wroclaw to Prague, Munich to Strassburg, Cologne to Metz. (2) The World War, in which Germany mobilized 13,250,000 soldiers, lasted 1,563 days. How many German soldiers sacrificed their lives per day? per hour? How many died each minute? (3) Up to March 15, 1935, Germany had a frontier of 6,000 kilometers guarded by 100,000

soldiers, while France had a frontier of 2,700 kilometers guarded by 600,000 soldiers. How many soldiers per kilometer guarded the frontier of Germany? of France? How many soldiers ought Germany to have?" If this is typical of the education young Germans receive today, Dr. Rust's decree will not result in much loss to them after all.

Mr. Landon's Ethics and Social Security

G OVERNOR LANDON has made one of his costliest blunders on the issue of social security—an issue out of which he had every opportunity to make political capital. No law passed by the Administration falls as far short of the President's glittering promises as the federal Social Security Act. The Administration had no excuse for failure. Committees of experts had been working on the general problem for nearly eighteen months before the law was finally passed. Yet when it came to a showdown the Administration deliberately rejected the advice of practically all the experts it had assembled. Responsibility for a bad law must fall directly on the President and his Cabinet.

Thus the stage was set for a masterly political stroke on the part of Mr. Landon. He had the reactionary forces of the country solidly behind him. Why not make a bid for support of the masses by revealing the weakness of the Administration's measure and advocating a more rational and far-reaching social security? He had the ammunition in hand in the form of an excellent report on the Security Act which had been prepared for the Twentieth Century Fund. As we pointed out last week, Mr. Landon did an expert job in that part of his Milwaukee speech which was devoted to criticism of the existing law. That speech was in strong contrast with the general run of his campaign utterances; it was obvious that the Governor had definite factual data on which to base his attack. But unfortunately there was a marked hiatus between his criticism of the existing law and his constructive proposals. After a withering attack on the old-age-insurance provisions of the act, Mr. Landon could only propose that the whole plan be scrapped and that the aged be forced to depend on state pensions which would be available only to those who had definitely established their need.

Politically, the whole thing might have been passed over as simply another inept Landon speech if John G. Winant, former Republican Governor of New Hampshire, had not resigned as chairman of the Social Security Board in order that he might be free to reply to Governor Landon. In his letter of resignation Mr. Winant took pains to point out that the Social Security Act was a bipartisan measure, that three times as many Republicans had voted for the act as against it, and that what Mr. Landon was proposing was nothing else than "a dole with a means test," which in New Hampshire includes "the pauper's oath and disfranchisement." Thus forced into a corner, Governor Landon made a second blunder even more

stupid than the first. In an attempt to defend his position he issued a statement declaring that he had based his Milwaukee speech on an unpublished report of the Twentieth Century Fund, prepared by "some of the most competent men in the country in this field." The Twentieth Century Fund, he added, was supported by the "Filene Foundation" and had withheld publication of the report for the sake of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign. Unfortunately for Mr. Landon, it soon developed that (1) there is no "Filene Foundation"; (2) the document which the Governor released was not a report of the Committee on Old Age Security appointed by the Twentieth Century Fund, but a preliminary report prepared by a member of the research staff which, among other reports, is yet to be considered by the committee; (3) a draft of the report had been given Landon with instructions that it was to be considered confidential until after the committee had acted upon it; and (4) Governor Landon's conclusions are diametrically opposed to those contained in the document which he released to the press.

The criticisms of the Social Security Act contained in the research report prepared for the Twentieth Century Fund follow closely those which have frequently been made in *The Nation* and which are ably argued in an article in this issue by Abraham Epstein, executive secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security. Since the research report is limited to the problem of old-age security, it naturally does not touch on the Administration's failure to provide protection for the millions who are now unemployed. It does, however, make a frontal attack on the inadequacies of the old-age sections of the act. It points out that about two-thirds of the adult population of the United States is permanently outside the contributory system of old-age insurance, and that the size of benefits derived from this source during the next fifteen or twenty years is pitifully small. A very vigorous and effective attack is directed against the pay-roll taxes as well as the absurdity of the \$50,000,000,000 reserve fund, which Landon very properly denounced. But instead of describing the plan as "a cruel hoax" on the workers, the report calls the old-age provisions of the act "a significant beginning in the direction of providing really adequate care for the aged." Instead of advocating that the compulsory insurance plan be repealed, as Mr. Landon does, the report recommends not only that it be maintained but that it be broadened in scope to include as large a proportion of the population as possible. The Governor and the report have opposing views, also, on the question of financing social security. Mr. Landon advocates a special tax, earmarked for the purpose, which "should be widely distributed," presumably a sales tax. The report declares that as much revenue as possible should be obtained from progressive income taxes and the remainder from contributions by the insured. It states that such a scheme "cannot adhere to actuarial principles," but should receive at least partial support "from the general revenues of the government."

On the ethics of giving out a confidential report little need be said. It appears obvious that a man who would violate a confidence merely because it seemed to further

his political ambitions is unworthy of the office to which Mr. Landon aspires. What is much more important, no man with Mr. Landon's views on social security should be permitted to set foot in the White House.

The Moscow Trials

THE People's Commissariat of Justice of the U. S. S. R. has issued in English an official "record of court proceedings" in "The Case of the Trotskyite-Zinovievite Terrorist Center." The Soviet government is correct in assuming that the English-speaking world is still interested in the strange trials in which sixteen men, among them several old Bolsheviks, repeated, confirmed, and seemed to revel in confessions of guilt. In these confessions the "employees," as they are designated in the indictment, involved themselves and one another in a widespread plot to assassinate the principal Soviet leaders and seize power. Most of all, however, they incriminated Leon Trotsky as the spiritual leader and actual director of their activities; and one of their number, Valentine Olberg, testified that Trotsky had conspired with the German Gestapo to bring about the assassination of Stalin and the overthrow of his regime. It was this last charge that fell like a thunderbolt not only among the proletarian organizations of the world but also in the ranks of those liberals and democrats who have defended the Soviet Union since its desperate beginnings.

The official record of the court proceedings, unfortunately, does not decide the issue. The reader is not helped by the fact that it is not a transcript—instead, large sections of important testimony are merely summarized in terms not usually to be met with in the records of a court of law. What is more disturbing, there is no indication, with one minor exception, of the presence in court of any documentary evidence beyond the confessions which had already been made in private examinations and set down in the government records. Most of the defendants, as the newspaper accounts indicated at the time, were voluble and often melodramatic in confirming the charges against them. But one of the witnesses was recalcitrant throughout. This was Smirnov, described as "the closest friend of Trotsky and the actual organizer and leader" inside Russia. Smirnov "denies his own direct part in the terroristic activities and only partly admits his crimes," reads the official report. At such times as he denies charges he is confronted with his own confession made privately beforehand or with the testimony of his codefendants, whose confessions are also already on record. "Under the weight of all these *irrefutable facts*," says the report, "Smirnov at last admits" his guilt. At one point he is "completely exposed" by an outside witness who is not a codefendant but due to be tried on other charges. This witness is his wife, Safonova.

Like all the important political trials that preceded it, this one was conducted in a manner foreign to democratic ideals of justice. The pre-trial conduct of the government-controlled press was particularly shocking. On August 16,

three days before the trial began, the Soviet papers, according to the *Daily Worker*, recorded that the Russian masses were demanding that the defendants be shown no mercy. On the same day a dispatch quoted *Pravda* as follows: "Investigations disclose a monstrous plot. . . . In an open court, before the whole world, these criminals will answer for their abominable work, and receive the punishment they deserve." Given this overwhelming presumption of guilt, it is at least a question whether the proceedings could be in any true sense a trial.

An underground opposition undoubtedly exists in the Soviet Union, if only because public opposition is impossible. It seems probable that Trotsky's open and persistent criticism of Stalin's regime provided the ideological basis of this opposition. It is inevitable that the Soviet government should try to stamp it out; and if Trotsky was actually directing it, he was liable to the penalties an established government exacts in such cases. But the Soviet government, by conducting an open trial, was under every obligation to conduct that trial according to the ordinary rules of evidence and the ordinary personal safeguards. Genuine evidence of guilt, if any existed, would only strengthen the government's case.

To the outside world the charge that Trotsky conspired with the Gestapo is on its face the most serious and least credible. Yet it is precisely on this point that the fabric of proof, as it is spread out in the official record, becomes most thin. Trotsky is actually linked with the Gestapo only by the testimony of Valentine Olberg, who made his first and last world appearance in the Moscow trial. Before his forcible internment in Norway Trotsky, whose position in world affairs is of somewhat longer standing, stated that he had documents to show that Olberg attempted to become his secretary and was rejected as being a possible spy in the beginning of 1930. It is Olberg's word against Trotsky's.

Olberg at least has had his day in court. Trotsky is entitled to no less, and he has asked that his case be submitted to an international proletarian commission. Yet it was at least partly as a result of the Soviet demand for his deportation that the Norwegian government chose to interpret political asylum as imprisonment *incomunicado* and confined Trotsky without notice to a remote villa shortly after the close of the Moscow trials. On another page appears the letter which Trotsky wrote to the Minister of Justice, Trygve Lie, telling him why he could not accept the more stringent conditions then laid down for his continued stay in Norway. This letter, except for a copy smuggled abroad, was interned with Trotsky along with other material presumably relating to his defense against the Moscow charges. Trotsky's partisans are now attempting to bring his defense before the public through a court action in Norway.

The mystery that veils the motives and conduct of the Moscow trials cannot conceal their essential implications. Despite the safeguards promised by the new constitution, political considerations still dominate the administration of justice in the Soviet Union. And political considerations dominate the interpretation of political asylum even in a democratic country.

Mutiny and the Bounty

ARUMOR is going the rounds that the employers of San Francisco, good Republicans all, have been waiting for an opportunity to close their establishments up and down Market Street as well as on the docks, put the blame on labor, raise a rip-roaring red scare, and swing California to Landon. Rumors, like other tall tales, often contain a basic element of truth. In this case it was clear that President Roosevelt did not want a major test of strength just now between the shippers and the 37,000 members of the Pacific Maritime Federation. He hastily made three temporary appointments to the Maritime Commission authorized by the ship-subsidy act which he signed late in June. Although they have no actual jurisdiction as yet, they persuaded the employers to back down a bit from demands which could only have resulted in a strike and lockout. A fifteen-day truce is now on.

The Maritime Commission, though temporary and as yet incomplete, was in a position to talk turkey to the men who go down to the sea in ship subsidies. This commission will have powers over shipping comparable to those of the Interstate Commerce Commission over land transportation, with the added power to grant direct subsidies for the construction and operation of new ships.

Will the history of such subsidies turn out to be any less infamous than that of mail subsidies? Much depends, of course, on the personnel of the permanent Maritime Commission. But even if the Maritime Commission

is manned entirely by persons of the caliber of Joseph Eastman, and even if the shippers and their lobby suddenly become as pure as the driven snow, the ship-subsidy act gives scope for one of the most expensive marine sprees in history. The commission is charged with building up an "adequate and well-balanced" merchant fleet. In addition to the wide powers implied in this phrase, the commission will have authority to establish regulations for wages and working conditions. Shipping men, it is reported, think this plan will eliminate seamen's strikes for higher wages, since the government will make up the difference between the American scale and that paid on foreign ships.

It is no accident, of course, that two of the temporary appointees are navy men, one of them being Rear Admiral Wiley, past commander of the fleet. The next war will undoubtedly play an important part in determining what constitutes an "adequate" merchant marine.

In a later issue *The Nation* will publish an analysis of the ship-subsidy act and its implications for labor and the public. It will keep track of the Maritime Commission in its administration of vast powers and large funds. Meanwhile it is just as well that the Pacific Maritime Federation is already strong enough to bring effective pressure not only on the employers in San Francisco but on the President in the White House. Particularly in view of the possible uses to which the powers of the Maritime Commission may be put in time of war, every ounce of labor's pressure must now be directed toward having a genuine friend appointed to the permanent commission.

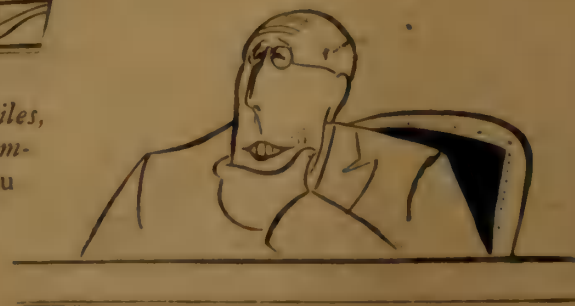
At the La Follette Labor-Spy Hearings



A. S. Ailes, who sells gas to break strikes: "I'm not only improving industry, but I'm improving society."



Senator La Follette to A. S. Ailes, vice-president, Lake Erie Chemical Company: "What do you mean by 'toxic gas'?"



Senator Thomas to Mr. Ailes: "You can't use gas promiscuously, can you?"

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Roosevelt Stands Firm on Power

Washington, October 5

ROOSEVELT still holds the fort. In the series of conferences held here in the last few days on the fate of the TVA, he has not yielded an inch to the power boys, and in consequence the power issue continues to be the one major issue on which Roosevelt has not trimmed. It is true, of course, that ample time for trimming still remains and that no one can yet be certain that the TVA will not at some future date be sold down the river, but the course of the power parleys here this past week offers little ground for such fears.

You may not have gathered this from the daily press. In fact, if you read the financial journals, you probably have just the opposite impression as to the outcome of the meetings. It is one of the amusing factors in the situation that a large section of the daily press and all the financial journals that I have seen, in attempting to play the game of the power boys, unwittingly have played the Administration's game instead. They have broadcast accounts which pictured the power parleys as a peace conference and pictured the Administration as on the verge of a truce with the power trust. In so doing they have pushed utility stocks upward and allayed the fears of thousands of investors whom the power trust has been laboring to keep in a state of anti-Roosevelt panic.

Spiking the political guns of the power gang is precisely the effect Roosevelt hoped to achieve when he announced the conferences in a statement that spoke fulsomely of cooperation between the TVA and the private power companies. When he got them in his office he said he wanted to hear nothing except discussion of "pooling transmission lines." Thomas W. Lamont could achieve nothing better than the sort of speech usually given at cornerstone-layings. Owen D. Young, addressing himself as usual to the hemispheres, discoursed at Roosevelt's bidding on the prospect that a few centuries hence there will be no transmission lines to pool, power being distributed by radio. None of the power boys were allowed to get a word in edgewise about the pressing problem of competition between the TVA and the private power companies.

Even in the conferences with TVA officials and other federal power experts that followed their meeting with the President, the power boys were not permitted to gain the foothold for which they had hoped. The Administration planned to make them sweat, and it succeeded. It is proceeding on the theory that when they have sweated a little longer—and Election Day has passed, destroying their hope of substituting Landon for Roosevelt—the power boys will be ready to talk business. They are nearly ready now, in the opinion of Roosevelt and his TVA aides, but

not quite. They have yet to test their political strength in the election, and their only other weapon, the courts, has not as yet been fully tried. That is why the conferences were not permitted to get anywhere, although the power boys avowedly wanted to come to terms. They were ready with three proposals and, in fact, had reduced them to writing, but they never got a chance to lay them on the table. They were ready to propose, first, that the TVA either confine itself to producing power and sell only to private power companies or buy out all the companies in its area lock, stock, and barrel, through negotiation or, if that failed, by resort to condemnation. They were ready to propose as an alternative that the TVA bind itself to stay within its present bounds, selling power only to private companies and to those few little municipal systems already established in its territory. The third alternative they were prepared to urge was that the TVA buy out the private company serving some one metropolitan area in the Tennessee Valley and bind itself not to attempt to extend its domain any farther into the territories which the private utilities serve.

The Administration is unwilling to accept any of these proposals. To accept either of the first two would be plainly to contravene the act setting up the TVA and to abandon the purposes for which the TVA was created, if one may count out the proposal that the TVA buy out all the private companies in the valley. The government is not prepared at this time to commit itself to any such program involving the outlay of hundreds of millions. As for the third proposal, the TVA takes the position that it cannot legally bind itself to agree to sell power to one municipality and refuse to sell to others. It does not quarrel with the power boys in their contention that once the TVA gets into a metropolitan market, it will be forced into all the other metropolitan markets in the valley and will squeeze the private companies out of the field one after the other in rapid succession unless its spread is put under contractual restraints. Instead, with Roosevelt's apparently firm backing, it is waiting for the power trust to surrender to the inevitable and come to terms.

Federal officials believe the power boys already have begun to change their tempers. Out in Seattle they have at last given up their thirty-year battle against public ownership and sold out to the municipal system. A similar sale is in process of negotiation at Los Angeles; and at Springfield, Illinois, the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation—which controls the Tennessee Valley power companies most immediately threatened with direct TVA competition—has just sold out to the municipal system. In all three cases public and private systems have been in competition for from twenty to thirty years. Federal officials hope that Commonwealth and Southern will shortly

be ready to sell its Chattanooga property without demanding assurances that the TVA will not later take over Memphis, Knoxville, and Nashville, where the citizenry also have voted overwhelmingly to set up municipal distribution systems and buy TVA power.

Commonwealth and Southern is only one of the holding companies involved; it controls the Chattanooga and Nashville properties. And it is anxious to come to terms with the TVA because its subsidiaries in the valley have \$600,000,000 in bonds and preferred stocks outstanding at interest rates nearly double those of the present money market. Uncertainties arising from the TVA situation have made it impossible for the company to refinance those obligations and get fresh capital for badly needed plant expansions. Present interest rates take more than thirty-eight cents out of every income dollar, and this sum could be cut in half by refinancing, with an attendant freeing of funds for dividends on the operating companies' common stocks, which are held by the holding company. Another evidence of the pressure under which Commonwealth and Southern is operating is the fact that, with refinancing closed to its operating subsidiaries in the TVA area, it has had to dip into its own coffers and lend them \$20,000,000 to meet maturities.

Roosevelt's handling of the power conference was only a little slicker than his handling of the tripartite agreement for international currency stabilization, and this last was, if anything, too slick. He slipped when he let Secre-

tary Morgenthau raise his fantastic howl about Russian meddling with the pound. His eagerness to seize upon any club at hand with which to beat down the Hearstlings who cry out that he is in cahoots with Moscow is understandable, but in this case it betrayed him. You may be sure that Morgenthau raised his howl under orders from Roosevelt, for Morgenthau never says anything of more than accidental importance without permission in advance. Morgenthau admittedly had talked with Roosevelt a number of times that morning before he called in the press to hear his incredible announcement that Moscow had tried to bust Mr. Roosevelt's stabilization agreement through a raid upon the pound. He adjured the reporters to stop questioning him and to put the news on the wires.

Accentuating this political shenanigan is a nasty story that is making the Washington rounds. It seems that the stabilization-agreement ballyhoo was contrived merely to help the Blum government through its painful task of devaluation and that the United States, England, and France are actually little nearer a real agreement than they were a year ago. According to this tale, which emanates from an almost too authoritative source, the British are insistent on stabilization of the pound at \$4.50, and the United States Treasury is willing to go no lower than the pre-war parity of \$4.86. Morgenthau screamed bloody murder across the front pages of the nation because a routine exchange transaction by the U. S. S. R. drove the pound down to \$4.91—five points *above* the level to which this government is willing to see it drop.

U. S. S. R. in 1936

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Kiev, early September, 1936

THE Soviet Union is becoming less like its past and more and more like its future. The numerous ugly vestiges of Czarism and the wounds of a costly revolution are disappearing before the emerging contours of another era. The U. S. S. R.'s present is beginning to be a blueprint of its future.

Tiflis has a new and broad Riverside Drive, straight new streets hewn out of the hills in the town, blocks of new students' dormitories, and rows of new workers' homes. Hundreds of fine, big school buildings, started several months ago, are nearing completion in all Soviet cities—in Leningrad alone 116 were erected this summer. Kiev in the last year put up numerous excellent apartment houses—not so coldly cubistic as the inconvenient architectural abominations of an earlier formalistic period. The eye of every Soviet traveler feasts on thousands of recently laid-out parks, some large for culture and rest as in Baku, some consisting only of a few flower beds and benches—a vacant lot converted into a haven. Millions of trees have been planted in double or quadruple lines along streets and roads to banish the shadeless thorough-

fares of Czarist times. Benches with wooden umbrellas over them for the hiker have been placed on hot country highways. There are children's day nurseries on crowded Black Sea steamers. Most cities now have richly equipped playhouses for boy and girl pioneers, and Kharkov has devoted one of its finest palaces, formerly the headquarters of the Ukrainian government, to this purpose. Rostov has just completed the grandest theater erected under the Soviet regime. It also boasts a new trolley-bus line through a new central avenue. Novorossisk is building more factories and more homes, and is absorbing a neighboring village. Nalchik, a gem in the North Caucasian republic of the Kabardinians, is expanding ambitiously. Since my last Soviet journey a year ago this one-story town of 40,000 people has finished about twenty structures of two and three stories. Moscow's growth astounds even the permanent resident when he goes on a housing hunt. Leningrad, the laggard, is also slowly trying to accommodate its increasing population.

Every collective farm I visited has a "hut laboratory"—a small building supplied with charts, pictures, models of agricultural equipment, a microscope, and so on. Here the

peasants take courses in the proper preparation of seed, the proper use of machinery, plant and animal diseases, fertilizer, crop rotation. Thus is science being brought down to the lowest producing unit, the mujik, who now resents that name, once synonymous with serfdom and backwardness. Today he is a *kolhoz-nik*. A considerable number of *kolhozi* have acquired one-and-one-half-ton motor trucks during the last year. Consequently crops are moved more quickly with less loss, human backs and animals are spared, the chauffeur joins the tractor driver in forming a bridge between farm and city, and the peasant discovers a hitherto unknown interest in good roads. He begins to lay them. The bicycle too has come to the village, and tractors and combines are ubiquitous. Electric threshers are being manufactured. At the giant Zernograd state farm near Rostov specialists have been experimenting with an electric tractor, an electric combine, and a tractor that runs on rubber balloon tires.

Mechanization and an improved agrarian technique proved their value this summer. But for them there would have been a bad crop failure. Most of the Ukraine, which grows 25 per cent of the country's grain, had only one good rain between sowing and reaping. Nevertheless, the Ukraine boasts a better yield this year than in 1935. A better yield was likewise obtained in the North Caucasus, the Soviets' second most productive granary. Everywhere in the collectives I asked for an explanation, and everywhere it was the same. Fallow is now a universal feature; it conditions the earth for richer harvests. Tractors made it possible to plow when the ground still held all its winter moisture and before a horse could have turned the heavy soil. The seed was selected, and planted much deeper than before. That was a guaranty against the effects of drought. When the mad heat wave of July-August smote the fields, burning wheat and rye, the peasants rushed out with their combines and speedily put the grain in barns. On August 15, 1935, some 57,126,000 hectares had been harvested; on the same date this year the figure was 62,318,000 hectares. Earlier in the month on August 10 the discrepancy was greater—7,801,000 hectares.

The U. S. S. R. is garnering the fruits of the expensive process of collectivization. There may yet be bad crop years, but the arbitrary dictatorship of nature is now countered by the will of collective man armed with the mechanical wonders that spring from his inventive brain. These and the soil he puts to their maximum use. As a result, living standards in the countryside are obviously rising. In a Kabardinian peasant hut I asked what articles the family had recently acquired. Among the objects were two pairs of shoes for each of the women folk—a pair for Sunday and another for week days—and a fancy umbrella. A household without a cow is now a rarity. Herds are appreciably bigger. Horned cattle in the Ukraine increased 26.7 per cent in the last year; hogs over 60 per cent; sheep 42.5 per cent. A *kolhoz* near Kharkov was proud of a stable of beautiful young horses which had never worked; animals receive the tenderest care from experts. More is expected of the peasants—I found shock brigades and "Stakhanovites" in the collectives—and more is given to

them. The peasantry never ate so well as it eats now. In a tobacco-growing Crimean village a husband and wife last year earned 8,000 rubles in cash, plus fruit, nuts, vegetables, cheese, and so on. I refused to believe this statement until I saw it in black and white in the book-keeper's ledger. That couple was not an exception. This year there are many like them in the same village. Eight thousand rubles is a year's wage of two good city workmen. In grain regions the income is smaller but large enough to be hard to spend. There is still a shortage of consumers' goods owing to the continued over-emphasis on heavy industry and armament-making.

The peasant dislikes this, yet understands. He has learned to think collectively. The *kolhoz* destroyed the fence that separated the peasant's field from that of his neighbor. Therewith, after a time, the fence around his mind also disappeared. His small plot of ground, his rude dwelling, his family, his primitive agricultural work, the church, used to be his whole world. Today he is part of the collective; the collective's business is his business. It is a complicated business. His mind grows in following it and in listening to reports about it. The collective's life depends on industry, on the supply of machines and gasoline, on state policy. Bolshevik politics and, inevitably, international affairs become the peasant's daily concern. He wants to read a paper, listen to the radio. Talented youngsters are sent to the best city educational institutions. A new generation of able, intelligent organizers and leaders is springing up.

A young engineer showed me the Dnieper Dam. I asked him about his life. He used to tend the cows in an Azerbaijan village. The director of the Chakwah tea factory near Batum is also a former shepherd boy. I passed a new students' dormitory building in Rostov, entered, and unceremoniously knocked at one door after another. Three women were preparing for a history examination. They gave correct and clever answers to questions about the American Civil War, the French Revolution, and so on. Two had come from a village, worked as housemaids in the city, and gone to night school. Now they were village school teachers taking a six months' special course. The third woman was a Greek Armenian, aged thirty. Five years ago she was illiterate, working underground in the Donetz coal mines. She has been teaching school for a year. She asked penetrating questions about the capitalist world. Such cases are legion. These people are the new Russia. They have remarkable dignity and self-assurance. They make higher demands on life. They will take the new constitution very seriously.

Dignity is also the outstanding impression made by racial minorities. With the coming of Sovietism the suppressed ethnic units of old Russia emerged as communities with their own individuality, their own cultures, their own governments. They are endlessly grateful for their new existence. Among them the regime finds some of its staunchest supporters. The Bolsheviks leaned over backward to meet the needs of these national minorities. The result is a bulwark against nationalism. Throughout the Soviet Union the observer encounters endless pride in the latest achievements of the country. But it is not a pride in

the achievements of "Russia," for half of the U. S. S. R. is not Russia. It is made up of scores of national minorities. Stalin the Georgian, Kaganovich the Jew, Ordjonekidze the Georgian, Mikoyan the Armenian—all of them members of the paramount Politbureau—cannot be proud of "Russia." Nor can they suppose that Georgia or Armenia is responsible for Soviet successes. All the nationalities of the country have contributed to them. The U. S. S. R. is itself a real international.

Public enthusiasm is greater and more widespread than I have ever known it during my fourteen years in the Soviet Union. The fact is as undubitable as the reason is simple. The enthusiasm is not mere sentiment which has to be fed by "stunts" as in some other countries; it is based on solid material improvement. In the last five weeks I have traveled thousands of miles through the country, visiting many villages and twelve cities. I have inspected factories, rest homes, sanatoria. I have talked to people in trains, on steamers. Of every person to whom I spoke I inquired how much he or she earned. I must have asked over a thousand people. In all instances they earned more this year than last. Usually it was considerably more. At the Kirov (formerly Putilov) plant in Leningrad the average wage of a worker was 252 rubles in 1935 and 311 rubles in the first half of 1936. The income of engineers, technicians, and the like rose from 475 to 599 rubles in the same period, and that of the factory's clerical staff from 223 to 269 rubles. I estimate that average wages have risen 20 per cent throughout the Soviet Union in the last twelve months. Simultaneously prices have fallen, but not as much as people expected and hoped. Prices are still excessive. This applies especially to bread, shoes, and many articles of clothing. The Stakhanov movement, which was launched late in August, 1935, simply means more efficient work by individuals and more rationalized operation by plants. This brings higher individual incomes, more employment, and greater economies in factories—half of the savings, according to a recent decree, must be spent on home con-

struction. In the intervening twelve months the industrial output of the U. S. S. R. has increased 30 per cent. Consumers' goods, however, do not bulk as large in this increase as heavy mechanical equipment. Yet the availability of consumers' commodities is an important determinant of the general price scale. A price slash is promised for the end of 1936. Every price reduction implies another improvement of a living standard which has left the Czarist level far behind but which is still much too low for a socialist state.

Above all, the population needs homes. Housing has made vast progress, but is still sadly inadequate. Seven years ago the Soviets laid the foundation of a new, industrialized nation. That process yielded iron, steel, bricks, glass, for building purposes. From 1929 on these materials went into new plants and into the houses connected with them. This division of materials between industrial and private needs caused housing to lag. The same division persists today owing to the construction of factories, schools, military structures, offices, and so forth. Next year the present emphasis on schools may be shifted to hospitals. Moreover, there is always a shortage of labor. In Moscow I know of large apartment blocks which remain unfinished owing to a scarcity of workingmen. Labor efficiency in this branch is extremely low. Few processes are mechanized. Less living space was created in 1935 than in 1934. Plumbing is poor, interior finish bad, and modern conveniences like refrigeration or air conditioning are unknown. Much could be accomplished by a commissar of housing endowed with the energy, talents, and authority of a Kaganovich or Ordjonekidze. Housing must now be placed in the center of Soviet attention, for overcrowding in homes creates serious problems. And nothing so effectively blots out the fact of Czarism as a fresh row of fine houses on the spot where miserable tenements once stood. If prices go down and homes go up, the U. S. S. R. will be able to stop harking back to the pre-1914 period and start making comparisons with advanced Western nations.

Social Security Betrayed

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

I FAR from being a radical social measure, the New Deal Social Security Act is the most reactionary social-insurance plan in existence. Its major features are neither social nor conducive to security. In a world ruled by slogans it is not surprising, however, to find American liberals ensnared into unquestioning acceptance of the act. The promise of security is most alluring. The slogan of "social security" encompasses all fond hopes and pious wishes. Even enemies of social legislation insist that they favor the *idea* of social security.

The vast range and complexity of the act have served

to obscure its social limitations and sinister implications. The combination of ten different insurance and relief programs, based on three different philosophies of governmental operation, has made understanding well-nigh impossible. The embodiment of good, bad, and indifferent plans in one measure has impeded critical discussion of the socially questionable features.

Sooner or later the American people are bound to realize that, despite its glittering title, the act does not solve the problems of insecurity. The law does not even attempt to meet the major ills of present-day society. The great modern hazards afflicting millions of wage and

salaried earners are sickness and invalidity, unemployment, old-age dependency, industrial accidents, death, widowhood, and orphanage. Although illness is one of the major causes of economic insecurity, threatening workers in good times as in bad and accounting for nearly half of all dependency in normal times, the act completely ignores this problem. It does not touch upon accident compensation, which is still non-existent in two states and extremely inadequate in most others, nor does it make burial provisions. Except for the destitute blind, it fails to provide for the invalid. Its chief concern is with unemployment and old-age dependency.

The inequities of the act, however, do not lie in its omissions. Constructive provision for the two major hazards of unemployment and old-age dependency would justify the New Deal claims. The deficiencies of the act lie in its commissions, because it not only offers little security against the hazards which it covers, but may tend actually to aggravate present insecurity. The act offers little or no security to the unemployed for these reasons:

1. It ignores and evades the most immediate and pressing phase of unemployment—the huge army of unemployed. Even if all states enacted unemployment-insurance laws, those now out of work could not possibly benefit until they had been reabsorbed and then again thrown out by private industry. Under no conditions can benefits be paid until two years after a state has enacted an unemployment-insurance law. Since so far only about one-fourth of the states have enacted such laws, benefits can be paid in but few of them before 1940.

2. The act offers insignificant protection even for the future unemployed because the 3 per cent levy on pay rolls will, at best, allow only about ten weeks of benefits. Even in good times more than half of the insured workers will fall outside this short benefit period. For example, the most that will be collected under the New York unemployment-insurance law in 1938, when the full 3 per cent tax becomes effective, is approximately \$90,000,000. The total collected will not equal the expenditures now made by New York City alone for its unemployed during three months. The problem of what to do for workers who have exhausted the short benefit period is completely ignored. Nor is the problem of migratory workers met.

3. National coverage in unemployment insurance is extremely uncertain under the present tax-credit device. Not only have the states been slow to enact these laws, but it is not likely that complete state coverage will be attained in the near future. Many states will encounter constitutional difficulties in levying pay-roll taxes as well as in meeting the other federal requirements. The inducement which the act gives employers to seek state action is nullified by burdening them with two duplicating tax and record systems as well as with additional taxes in some states.

4. Even if all the states enact laws, national uniformity will not be attained because the act encourages a variety of state schemes, regardless of their efficacy. The states are offered five different unemployment-compensation schemes: the single pooled fund, individual company-

reserve plans, merit-rating systems, employment-guaranty plans, or any combination of these four. Each state has complete freedom to determine the rates of contributions, the amount and duration of benefits, and when these shall begin. The act specifies only when payments cannot, not when they must, begin. Each state act may or may not require contributions from employees and the state government. Benefits may be \$15 a week for twenty weeks or \$3 or less a week for five weeks or less. This will result in a miscellany of state plans and in endless confusion and great inequality among workers and among employers in the different states. There are already vital differences in the thirteen existing laws. Since the Social Security Board boasts of its "neutral" attitude on the basic principles of unemployment insurance, the hope of establishing a uniform and adequate system of unemployment insurance throughout the United States is frustrated.

5. Most crucial is the fact that the tax-credit device employed by the act makes future improvements almost impossible. The equalized federal tax, levying the same tax on employers in all states, will deter states from liberalizing their contribution and benefit scales for fear of placing their employers at a competitive disadvantage. Indeed, states with laws which improve upon the federal standards are already encountering difficulties with the federal authorities, who refuse to extend the advantages of the credit device for such purposes. On the other hand, as more states comply with the present act, federal improvement will become more difficult, because Congress will hesitate to require the reorganization of each state system by any important amendment. Moreover, should the federal act be voided by the Supreme Court the individual state laws will be difficult to retain, not only because most of them have been made contingent upon the federal law, but also because the overemphasis which the act gives to national action will militate against state legislation.

With respect to its provisions for old age, the best and soundest part of the act is the federal grant-in-aid of 50 per cent, up to a maximum of \$15 monthly per person, to states paying pensions to needy persons sixty-five years of age and over. This is stimulating states to enact new laws and to liberalize their previous provisions for the dependent aged. But the advantages of this part of the act are nullified by the unprecedented plan for old-age insurance which aims to replace the non-contributory pensions in the shortest possible time. The aged are thus also offered little security, and for the following reasons:

1. The plan cannot meet the needs of the aged for almost a generation. The average monthly annuity for most workers during the next twenty years will be less than the maximum now permitted under the state non-contributory plans. To earn an annuity of \$32.50 per month a worker now forty-five years of age will have to earn at least \$100 each month until he reaches sixty-five. The maximum of \$85 monthly can be attained only by an employee earning \$3,000 each year for forty-three years. The contributory system cannot, therefore, meet the problem of old-age dependency for the next twenty or thirty years, even assuming that our current money rates re-

main stable. During this period the worker's compulsory contributions will afford him no additional security. The requirement of retirement from work upon the receipt of an annuity is thus utterly meaningless. No one will surrender a job for a pittance. Indeed, most needy workers will be considerably better off under the non-contributory pensions.

2. Not only will the annuity be insufficient for the insured, but the act provides nothing for the dependent wife of an annuitant. Under the non-contributory pensions a needy couple may receive up to \$60 monthly under most state plans. But a man who has contributed for twenty or more years to the insurance fund will get for himself and his wife only about half the amount his neighbor and wife may receive without any contributions. This will necessitate not only additional help from the non-contributory plan but two duplicating systems to cater to the same person or family.

3. The insurance funds are neither certain nor safe. Since the act creates no legal claim to benefits, there is no assurance that the annuities will be paid. Payments will depend upon each Congress. For in order to avoid additional constitutional difficulties, the act stipulates that the taxes go first into the general fund of the government. They reach the Old Age Benefit Reserve Account only as Congress makes the necessary actuarial annual appropriations. But what assurance is there that Congress will regularly allocate this money either in sufficient amounts or at all? If experience with other funds in this country and abroad offers any guide, Congress not only may be disinclined to do so but may even dissipate the funds for other purposes.

4. The act places an immediate back-breaking burden upon the younger workers. These workers will not only have to bear, as taxpayers, their share of the cost of the non-contributory pensions, but will have to provide fully for their own annuities and, in addition, pay a higher premium in order that they as workers, rather than the taxpayers as a whole, may provide for those now old and in middle age. Workers entering the system at the age of twenty when the 6 per cent rate goes into effect in 1949 will, together with their employers, pay a premium rate about 40 per cent higher than would be required for the same annuities by a private insurance company.

Of even greater significance is the act's anti-social and uneconomic base, which may aggravate the existing insecurity. The insurance plans use exclusively the reactionary revenue tax, which falls heaviest on workers. A tax on production is a tax on consumers, since employers nearly always transfer such taxes in increased prices. The Social Security Act does not utilize the federal power to tax incomes and inheritances in order to bring the financial resources of the nation into the insurance schemes, as practically all progressive social-insurance programs have done. On the contrary, it hopes to bring security to the unemployed and aged by a tax which, while relieving the well-to-do from their part of the social burden, merely divides poverty among the poor.

Instead of seeking the better-balanced economy which

modern social insurance would effect, the act actually accentuates the present maldistribution of income by diminishing the purchasing power of the masses through the withdrawal of some of their immediate income and through higher prices; this is especially dangerous in the face of continued unemployment, increased state and municipal taxes, and depressed wages. Heavy pay-roll taxes inevitably react adversely on employment and wages, since they tend to curtail consumption and to increase unemployment by discouraging employers from adding to their working forces and by encouraging displacement of labor by mechanical improvements.

Grave dangers are also inherent in the huge reserves contemplated under the old-age insurance plan, provided Congress does not dissipate them for other purposes. For a great many years the contributions will exceed the benefits. The reserves will mount until they reach \$47,000,000,000 in 1980. These huge funds, paying interest at 3 per cent per annum, may be invested only in government obligations, and since this sum is about \$17,000,000,000 above our present outstanding indebtedness, a premium is placed on increasing the governmental debt burden. It is difficult to forecast the consequences of concentrating all governmental debt and securities in one account held and controlled by the government itself.

The Social Security Act also sets up an unnecessarily cumbersome method of administration in both old-age and unemployment insurance. Although social insurance can succeed only with the simplest structure, the framers of the Social Security Act gave no thought to this problem. They incorporated a complex administrative system difficult to carry through even in small and homogeneous countries. Unemployment insurance is coordinated neither with old-age insurance nor with relief. Two separate systems are used for unemployment insurance and old-age insurance for practically the same body of workers. Every state must duplicate the unemployment-insurance set-up of the federal government. The simple system of collection by stamps cannot be employed because the tax must be computed not only on the varied wages but also on the board and lodging, the tips and bonuses received by workers.

The unnecessary blunders in the act will react adversely on the development of a constructive social-insurance program in the United States. Its economic and social fallacies, coupled with its administrative perplexities, are bound to bring hardship to the workers and disappointment to the law's political friends. There is danger that the American people may become so disillusioned that they will cast out the entire act, good and bad, and conclude that social insurance is beyond the capacity of our government. Whereas a Supreme Court nullification of a beneficial social-security program would strengthen the case for a constitutional amendment and pave the way for a reenactment, a court decision adverse to this act might, in the face of an aroused public antagonism, deal a death blow to the entire movement for many years.

[A second article by Mr. Epstein showing what can be done to improve the Social Security Act will appear next week.]

Who Killed the King?

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

ON OCTOBER 9 it will be two years since the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia at Marseilles and the fatal (apparently accidental) wounding, in connection with that *attentat*, of Foreign Minister Barthou of France.

I did not admire King Alexander. I predicted his eventual end at the hand of some assassin in consequence of his misrule more than a year before it occurred. I was shocked by the news of the outrage, but I was not surprised. None the less, ever since the horrible event, which I studied closely in the excellent news films exhibited in America, I have been puzzled by all sorts of things connected with the assassination. The incident is one of the great murder mysteries of recent years.

We cannot be sure even about the identity of the assassin. By certain marks on his body it was allegedly determined that he was Vladimir Georgieff Chernozemski, a young Macedonian *komitadji*. But I have word of rumors in the Balkans that Chernozemski is alive, and the assassin might easily have been another person. His mangled body was put away in great haste "in a Marseilles cemetery in the presence of two detectives and a gravedigger," and both the French and the Yugoslav government did everything possible to limit the investigation which was held immediately after the outrage, while they exploited the assassination for their own political ends. In Yugoslavia free discussion of the King's death was not allowed, nor could the news films be shown; and even now under the Stoyadinovich regime, when censorship is slightly relaxed in many other respects, not a word can be written about the "mystery."

I do not wonder, of course, nor does anyone else, why the assassin pulled the trigger. What puzzles me is this; why was the assassin *allowed* to kill the King? I can put my query thus: why did French officials responsible for the King's safety give the assassin almost direct aid in the commission of his deed? Or thus: who, besides the Macedonian and Croatian terrorist organization wanted the assassin to succeed and induced the French officials to make the killing of the King easy?

King Alexander's visit to Paris for the purpose of strengthening Yugoslavia's politico-military and economic relations with France was rumored throughout Europe for weeks in advance of the official announcement. Alexander was going on a mission of vast importance not only to Yugoslavia and France but, since peace or another war might be the issue, to Europe. There is no doubt that Alexander's personal secret service knew that terrorists intent on killing him had lately entered France; the King made no secret of his fear of assassination. Shortly before his departure for France he discussed with Ivan Mestrovich the poor prospects of his living much

longer. The famous sculptor, who was a friend of his, has since recorded their conversation in *Nova Evropa*, one of the leading journals of Yugoslavia.

Two or three weeks before the King left for France, the Yugoslav government, no doubt by his own personal direction, requested the French government to allow it to send thirty (some say forty) Yugoslav secret agents to France to guard his life during his stay there, but the French government declined the request. Eleven days after the assassination, on October 20, 1934, the London *Daily Mail* printed a dispatch from its Belgrade correspondent, Ward Price, stating that King Alexander had expressed his fear of being murdered to Prince George of England and that Prince George had appealed to Scotland Yard, which requested the Sûreté Nationale to allow ten Scotland Yard detectives to come to France for the duration of Alexander's visit. The French authorities, the dispatch stated, had refused the request. This news story was never denied.

Immediately after the King was murdered, the Sûreté Nationale in Paris tried to throw the blame for the miserable protection of his life on the Marseilles police. But the Marseilles police declined to take the blame, and curious things began to come to light. On October 12 and 13, 1934, Paris newspapers printed the following official statement of the municipal government of Marseilles:

Since rumors are being circulated in Paris that the municipality of Marseilles was opposed to certain measures being taken for the protection of His Majesty King Alexander, especially as regards the use of the army for the service of order, the municipality feels obliged to state that it was not consulted regarding the organization of the reception of the King; that all instructions to maintain order were issued by representatives of the Sûreté Nationale of Paris; and finally, that the Mayor of Marseilles was not invited to take part in the parade.

Simultaneously, the Prefecture of the Bouches-du-Rhône issued this public statement:

The Sûreté Nationale alone had all the responsibility for the organization of order and protection; the Marseilles police were only the agents for the execution of that organization; and the Marseilles authorities had urged that the King's automobile be surrounded with special agents on motor cycles, but the officials of the Sûreté Nationale had rejected their recommendation.

The French government promptly removed from his post Prefect of Police Jouhannaud of Marseilles "for neglect of duty," whereupon the municipal council of Marseilles in public session on November 1, 1934, adopted a resolution of protest "against the campaign of calumny carried on against the city on the subject of responsibility

for the assassination on October 9," and gave M. Jouhannaud the Grand Medal of the City of Marseilles.

The *Jour*, a Paris newspaper, undertook an inquiry of its own and published its findings on November 6, 1934. It said that M. Jouhannaud and his assistants had organized a special guard of fourteen agents on motor cycles. This police detail was to encircle the royal automobile and accompany it on its progress through the streets of Marseilles. But at the last moment Commissioner Sisteron, chief of the bureau charged with the protection of distinguished visitors, which is part of the Sûreté Nationale, ordered the motor cycles to stay away. He never openly admitted this charge but he gave the press the following evasive declaration: "Conscious of my duties as a state official and respectful of my chiefs, I have kept silent, and I cannot but continue silent until a definite decision is taken in regard to me."

It is now an established fact of history that twenty years earlier Archduke Franz Ferdinand was allowed to go to Sarajevo, where, as Belgrade had warned Vienna, there were plots against his life, and was given no protection on arriving there. In view of the foregoing facts in the case of King Alexander's assassination, is it not natural to conclude that someone, or some group of persons, in Paris had decided or agreed that if there was anyone in Marseilles who wanted to kill him, those responsible for his safety would do nothing to prevent the murder?

Other questions occur. Whose instructions controlled Sisteron in his order against the motor-cycle guard? Who, if anyone, paid that person or those persons? Italy? Hungary? These two countries had a chance of benefiting from Alexander's death; for whatever may be said against him, he was a good soldier and the center of the great Yugoslav military machine, with which both of them might eventually have to contend in connection with their aspirations for territories now a part of Yugoslavia.

The Nazis? Alexander was traditionally pro-French, and it is possible that German influence is becoming stronger in Yugoslavia, and the Balkans generally, because he is no longer there.

In Yugoslavia, I am informed, the following rumor is circulated—obviously by the reactionary, anti-Soviet, pro-Nazi elements in Belgrade: Someone in high authority in France who was responsible for the King's safety permitted him to be killed at the instigation of the pro-Soviet political groups in France, which hated Alexander for his obstinate refusal to recognize Russia and cooperate with France in its pro-Soviet policy, which was directed against Hitler. This tale is the most fantastic of the lot.

Much more credible is the next rumor—to give just one more—namely, that freedom of action for the assassin was bought by the great international munitions interests. King Alexander came to France in the interest of peace. One of the chief purposes of his trip was to have France force or induce Mussolini to cease his wild imperialist propaganda against Yugoslavia. If successful, Alexander might have greatly lessened the fear of imminent war and, thereby, the orders for munitions. So, says the rumor, the munitions interests had him killed! And not a few people in Yugoslavia believe this.

Yugoslavia is a small country, but by reason of its geographical position and military strength not an unimportant one in the present European set-up. It certainly is not, even without the strong-armed, shrewd Alexander, a helpless vassal state. Then why did not Yugoslavia—why does not Yugoslavia—seek or demand the solution of the "mystery"? I don't know, but I can suggest an answer.

Immediately after the King-Dictator's death the government of Yugoslavia was in chaos. The blood on the bullet-pierced tunic was not yet dry when Alexander's former yes-men began to fight among themselves for power. Chief among these was his Foreign Minister, Yevtich, who came to France with him on that fatal journey and who immediately after the assassination announced "Preserve the Franco-Yugoslav friendship!" as the King's last words. These were printed as such in Belgrade and throughout the world that same day. But no sooner were the words flashed around the globe than Yevtich, deciding that another phrase might better serve his purposes, declared that what the dying King had really said was *Chuvaite mi Yugoslaviyu!* ("Guard Yugoslavia!"), and Yugoslavia was promptly plastered with this alleged saying. As a matter of fact, before the assassination, when the King could conceivably have said that to him, Yevtich was a good distance away from him. Alexander could not have said anything to him after he was shot, for he immediately lost consciousness and never regained it. But Yevtich made everybody in Yugoslavia more or less believe that the dying King had commissioned him personally to "guard Yugoslavia"; in other words, to continue the dictatorship as he had conducted it.

In short, the outstanding item on the first page of the history of the Belgrade government after the assassination is a lie. On the next page we find an attempt by Yevtich and his government to manufacture another lie. Yevtich wanted the League of Nations to condemn Hungary and Italy, but especially Hungary, as directly and solely responsible for the assassination and thus officially to establish that Yugoslavia's internal situation had had no part in influencing the assassin. Also, Yevtich was in the main pro-French, in close contact with the dominant reactionary elements in France, and therefore did not want to do or say anything which might embarrass France. He forbade the showing in Yugoslavia of the films which all but proved that someone in France responsible for the King's safety had let him be murdered. Yevtich's enemies have long since kicked him into oblivion, but the official Yugoslav position that he established continues.

It is quite certain that no one connected with the Belgrade government had anything even remotely to do with the assassination. And it is almost clear that France as a government was not responsible for it. After all, Barthou was the second most important member of the government at that time.

Does anyone in France, apart from those responsible for the "negligence" in Marseilles, know the truth? Possibly. But if there are such persons, they—in great probability—are not free to speak. The truth might implicate God knows whom, God knows what power or head of state, and strain still further the European situation.

Campaign Train

BY BARBARA WERTHEIM

HERE comes the boss now," said one of the newspapermen indifferently. It was dark on the station platform with only a few lights shining through the rain. Reporters and photographers who were going along on the campaign tour stood around in slickers, talking in small groups. The President climbed on board in silence. There were no greetings; no one said anything. Only a Secret Service man standing on the rear platform, every muscle alert, his head turning this way and that, his eyes darting over the groups of men below as if to ward off any hostility, gave one a sense of excitement.

Our first stop the next morning was Thomas, a little mining town in West Virginia. Because of the rain none of us knew whether the President would take the drive through the hills that had been planned. Dr. Ross McIntire, his physician, came out on the platform, looked worriedly at the sky, shook his head as he held out his hand to the rain, and went in again. "Old Doc Mac doesn't like it," said one of the reporters. "He gets worried sick if the President gets his feet wet." But Roosevelt came out anyway, and as he climbed into the open car shrill cheers broke from the hillside, where people from miles around had been waiting patiently in the rain to see the President. Their faces as we drove by were all slightly agape with a look of delighted wonder at being visited by the nation's number one celebrity.

We made five stops at mining towns, each one bigger and grimmer than the last. The crowds, too, grew in size and enthusiasm till we reached Fairmont, where there were over 15,000 massed in the station, the streets, on the bridge and house-tops. At one stop I shoved in among the crowd hoping to hear revealing comments, but all I heard was, "There he is! No, that ain't him. Sure that's him," which was no help in predicting how West Virginia's eight electoral votes would go. No distinguished guests were in our party, but just before each station we would make a short stop and several cigar-smoking, well-fed gentlemen in thick overcoats would climb on. These, in the words of the irreverent press, were the "local boll weevils"; they would then appear on the rear platform, smiling and graciously waving to the crowd, which was so proud to see its home-state leaders traveling with the President.

At these stops the newspapermen would rush back to hear the President express his joy at seeing smoke coming out of the chimneys again and tell about that telegram he had "just received" announcing the first year in fifty-five with no national-bank failures. As he finished, everyone would clamber back on board, disappear into separate compartments, and immediately fill the train with the sound of clicking typewriters. Nearing Pittsburgh we wondered why no release of the speech was forthcoming, the delay, some said, being to safeguard against a possible Landon spy wiring its contents on to Al Smith in New York. As a matter of fact, although there were many pro-Landon papers represented, there were very few pro-Lan-

don journalists. One reporter told me that while 80 per cent of the newspaper owners are Republican, 80 per cent of the individual journalists are pro-Roosevelt. And there is the story of the still unpublished poll taken by the *Herald Tribune* of fifty editorial employees, which showed forty-four for the President. When one of the correspondents said he was going to stay on the train and listen to the Pittsburgh speech over the radio in order that the enthusiasm of the crowd might not color his story, I asked why he wanted to be so objective. "When you're a New Dealer writing for a Republican paper," he said, "you have to be as objective as hell."

Judging from the reception Pittsburgh gave to Roosevelt, Pennsylvania, which has been steadfastly Republican in every election since Lincoln, stands a good chance to go Democratic for the first time this November. Hardly listening to what the President said, the crowd cheered their heads off, blew whistles, and jangled cow-bells whenever he paused for breath. Once when he said, "And during the late war we piled up a national debt of 25 billions," the crowd answered, "Hooray!" And when Governor Earle gave his list of Pennsylvania bad men—the Mellons, Pew, Ware—the crowd delightedly roared back "Boo!" to each name, ending with the richest, fruitiest boo of all when the Governor, drawing out the final *s* into a long hiss, cried "the du Ponts!" As the band played the Star Spangled Banner at the end, and the President stood erect, his profile immobile and stern, he looked (consciously perhaps?) not unlike one of those heads of Washington carved out of a mountain. Just then an aide nudged him, and without looking down the President reached for his hat and folded it across his bosom in the proper gesture of patriotic reverence. An almost imperceptible move, but it made him once more a mortal. Everywhere we went, with his sumptuous voice and dominating presence, he was invariably the best speaker on the program.

In Jersey City the next morning the reporters' theme song, "Hey, Bill, what do you estimate the crowd?" was brought into full play as we drove through the incredible demonstration staged by Mayor Hague, who was making show of his loyalty to the man he called a "weakling" when he led the "Stop Roosevelt" movement in Chicago in 1932. As we crawled through the three miles of shrieking, flag-waving school children (half of Hague's turnout was below voting age), we were heckled with such remarks as "Aw, it's oney de press . . . say, ya got it pretty soft . . . gimme a lift, mister? . . . hey, mister, take my pitcha . . . ooh, lookit, a woman repawter, hi-ya, toots."

Back in New York no machine organization turned out the crowds which sprang up impromptu to cheer the President. Except on Park Avenue. There the sidewalks were no more crowded than usual, and the only heads peering out the windows were the servants'. It called to mind the story, which no one would swear was not apocryphal, of Knox in San Francisco. As he was driving through the streets, someone in the crowd yelled, "Hurrah for Roosevelt!" The cry was taken up and Knox began to get red in the face until a Republican committeewoman driving with him leaned over and said, "Never mind, Colonel, they're only working people."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AS USUALLY happens about this time in a Presidential campaign, I am receiving inquiries about how I, personally, am going to vote. It is quite usual, too, to meet people who say, "Well, there is a lot I don't like about Roosevelt and his Administration, but the all-important thing this year is to keep Landon out. Don't you think so?" That has a most familiar sound, for in every election there are multitudes who vote with an eye to the immediate peril and without attention to the longer vision. It is partly because of this that the two old corrupt and reactionary parties have held together as long as they have.

This year the appeal to reelect Roosevelt meets with much liberal response because there is no question that the sins of the Administration and its lamentable administrative failures are in considerable degree offset by the liberal orientation of the government as a whole. No one can deny that though there has been maddening abuse of the appointive power purely for spoils purposes, an exceptionally fine body of men has been drawn into the government service. No one can question the great service rendered to the country in committing it—if haltingly and inadequately—to the principles of social security and the right of every citizen to a job, and to a humane relief policy; no President hereafter will ever seek to do away with social insurance. Innumerable social workers and friends of labor are also ready to forgive the President for all his shortcomings out of gratitude to him for writing upon our statute books the principle of collective bargaining through representatives of labor's own choosing. Still other liberals will vote for the President because of their belief that the election of Landon would mean a step toward fascism.

These are all, save the last, sound arguments, with which I cannot quarrel if they satisfy those who advance them. But I feel that it is not true that the election of Landon would do more to advance fascism than would that of Roosevelt. If Roosevelt is elected and continues his reforms, the embattled masters of capital will be much more ready to undermine our institutions than if they find a fairly obedient servant in Mr. Landon. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt's rapid militarization of the country has created just the weapon for fascists to use if they should come to power. Look at Spain and cry, *Absit omen!* The power of the army and navy lobby in Washington can hardly be exaggerated. Again, Mr. Roosevelt's challenging of big business and then seeking to compromise with it and to woo it to his standard has weakened his position. As Ernest Lindley has pointed out in his "Half Way with Roosevelt," the President erred completely in not realizing that he must break with the great capitalists

entirely if he would achieve his program, that no compromise with them was possible. The very title of Mr. Lindley's book is the most damaging indictment of the Roosevelt regime—it has been "halfway" at all times. But to this my inquisitors will reply: "Better halfway than none of the way."

If we look beyond this election, what hope is there that the Democratic Party will continue liberal and progressive after Mr. Roosevelt retires? I will insult no one's intelligence by commenting on the foolish rumors spread by crazy men and women that the President will proclaim martial law and call off this year's elections, or that he will demand a third term in 1940. I left the Democratic Party years ago because it was obvious that there could be no hope of its becoming a genuine reform party when it was composed in part of the reactionary Southern politicians, in part of the corrupt Northern municipal machines. If Roosevelt's successor should prove a real and not a halfway reformer, we should see the party disintegrate rapidly.

While I admit that the decision is not an easy one, I shall not cast my vote for Mr. Roosevelt, much as I personally like him and grateful as I am for the orientation of his Administration. My reason is not merely my distrust of the party behind him or my feeling that it is absolutely necessary to encourage a third-party movement. I could not conscientiously vote for an Administration which has so militarized the country and given us for military and naval purposes a budget for this fiscal year of about \$1,200,000,000. I agree with Secretary Hull that war is "a cruel mill," whose grist is "death to youth, death to hope, death to civilization." Each one of us has his paramount issue. Mine is this question of war and peace and the saving of civilization. I feel that Mr. Roosevelt, unwittingly, if you please, despite his great peace speech at Chautauqua, has set us on the road to war and to the "death of civilization." As I thus feel, so must I vote. If I am charged with thereby helping to instal reaction in Washington, I can only cite once more my most threadbare but my dearest quotation. It was Wendell Phillips who said that he stood at all costs for human liberty and left the working out of the details to "Almighty God."

So I shall vote for Norman Thomas. Not as a member of the Socialist Party, for that I have never been, but because I think Norman Thomas the most civilized and the most enlightened of the candidates, and the soundest on the issue that concerns me most. Of course if anybody should put a pistol to my head and bid me choose between Landon and Roosevelt, I should vote for the President without a second's hesitation.

BROUN'S PAGE

AL SMITH'S Carnegie Hall speech was a shocking performance. It was really worse than the Liberty League address. In that, at least, there was the pretense of certain idealistic concepts. But at Carnegie Hall Al reduced the whole problem of his political position to a sort of accountant's game as to whether he had done more for Roosevelt or Roosevelt more for him.

I don't know whether the quality of arrogance has grown on Al in recent years. It was not so palpable in the past. But in those days Smith actually was engaged in pursuits in which his real talents had some sway. To face present facts fairly, it must be admitted that Governor Smith has made no significant contribution to his community for a good many years.

He put a vast amount of emotion into his campaign for the Presidency in 1928. Of course the result was a disappointment; worse than that, the loss of the Southern states was a personal humiliation. Smith has never recovered his poise. But in lashing out he gives most of his blows to people who befriended him. For instance, there was the extraordinary situation in regard to the Carnegie Hall speech that Alfred M. Landon and Herbert Hoover sat side by side and listened to it over the radio. Governor Landon made a public statement thanking Smith for his services. Herbert Hoover allowed his gratitude to go without words. Perhaps he felt that it was still a little soon to thumb over the wounds of 1928.

Smith's speech had a very small amount of deeply reasoned political or economic theory. It was more largely a discussion of underlying personal-motivation stuff, a little as if Louis Sobol were to write an article entitled *Why I Am Not Speaking to Walter Winchell*. It was, indeed, as petty and as personal as that. It seems to me that the entire Al Smith address could be summed up in the following two paragraphs from Carnegie Hall:

Then, of course, there was suggested also that I was a little bit disturbed because I wasn't offered a position in the Cabinet. Well, that is silly. That is about as silly as anything could be. Why, as a matter of fact, I couldn't afford to take a position in the Cabinet. I couldn't live in Washington and give all my time at the salary that a Cabinet office pays, but there is one thing that I could have done, and one thing that I always was ready to do, and would not have hindered a moment of my business time. I was always ready to give advice, but I was never asked for it.

The fact of the matter is, I only saw the President once since the day he was inaugurated. He asked me two questions. He asked me what I thought of the appointment of Jimmy Hoey. I told him I thought it was a good appointment, that Mr. Hoey was a friend of mine and he is an upstanding citizen. Then he inquired for the grandchildren, and of course I told him they were wonderful.

The beginning of the break between Roosevelt and

Smith occurred before Mr. Roosevelt went into the White House. They say in Albany that Al was more or less prepared to take over and run Roosevelt's first administration as Governor. Smith undoubtedly felt that Roosevelt was his own personal protege, and while he had a fondness for him this was mixed with a slight measure of contempt. He didn't think the Harvard boy really had very much on the ball.

For his soul's salvation Roosevelt had to thrust Smith aside even if he took poorer counsel or none at all. The whole relationship had been one in which Roosevelt would have been compelled to remain in the role of pupil. It can hardly be denied that Al Smith's advice on New York State affairs would have been highly competent. But that doesn't necessarily go for federal matters. And in any case it was Roosevelt's administration and up to him to take the responsibility and the rap.

Al is merely clowning when he seeks credence for the belief that President Roosevelt surrounded himself with dim and obscure persons. Governor Smith in his Carnegie Hall address asked rhetorically: "Who is Ickes? Who is Wallace? Who is Hopkins, and, in the name of all that is good and holy, who is Tugwell and where did he blow from?"

The paper records that this sally brought applause and laughter. Those are not difficult commodities to command in a political audience. Still Smith had to stoop pretty far to play for his laugh. Ickes has been a familiar figure in progressive politics for a number of years; his name was not unknown to Al Smith. It is possible that at the time of his appointment Governor Smith had never heard of Henry Wallace. But that would argue a parochial quality on the part of Smith. After all, Wallace's father was a Republican Cabinet member and the present Secretary of Agriculture is probably one of the best-known men who have ever held that post.

It was Al Smith's proud boast when Governor of New York that he was wholly familiar with the educational set-up of the community. In that event Rexford Guy Tugwell should not have been an altogether outlandish name. A considerable amount of publicity beats upon Columbia University, and when one of its best-known professors is snatched away for the public service it can hardly be held that the country's Chief Executive is drawing the rabbits out of a hat.

The final flourish in Al's Carnegie Hall address comes at the very end when he says, "I firmly believe that the remedy for all the ills that we are suffering from today is the election of Alf M. Landon."

In saying this Al is practically saying that Hoover had the right idea in 1928. And so in taking a walk Governor Smith has completed a full circle; not only has he left the camp of his friends but he has fallen right into the citadel of his enemies.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Season in Snow

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

See how the declining year disrobes itself of light,
The green, the ruddy gold, the sunny blue
To the fixed seasons true:
The rose fades from the hour, dissolves in cloudy white,
White, white the beautiful hour, silent and white
Immure our lives to changing atmosphere.
The cold descends like brightness from the air,
Fair, rare the aging year grows, white and fair
With the stripped garlands on her changing hair.

Let us sing Winter, the fair, unbeloved:
Only the fastidious mind is finally moved
To love her naked, bleak, and delicate line
When time's fixed touch is careful to refine
The chill and difficult world where loveliness
Divests herself of her rose-bordered dress,

And waits on memory, sees closed rivers sleep,
Follows the frozen clouds' authentic fleece
With large, doomed eyes of peace,
And sees the cool, bright-plumaged wings of the snow
And men with muffled footsteps walking slow.

The Career of Brandeis

BRANDEIS. THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF AN AMERICAN IDEAL. By Alfred Lief. Stackpole Sons, New York and Harrisburg. \$3.

MR. LIEF has done a serious and searching study of Justice Brandeis's career, apropos probably of his subject's fast-approaching eightieth birthday (November 13). That Mr. Lief writes *con amore*, with prejudice in favor of his subject, is evident. Yet it is also true that he has presented the other side of the unending controversies in which the Justice played a part until he went on the Supreme Court. He has given to the fight against Mr. Brandeis's confirmation as Justice no less than fifty-one pages, two chapters, and has scrupulously repeated the arguments against the confirmation, not omitting the assaults upon Mr. Brandeis's personal character and the allegation that he had betrayed former clients. Mr. Lief seeks to emulate Mr. Brandeis's kindness toward his opponents by the respect with which he treats those who attacked his hero, even when they were obviously in the wrong. The book is long and not always easy reading, perhaps because of the necessity of compressing so much into even this space, and at times because of a rather staccato style.

But the record is of an amazingly full and useful life, and no future student of Brandeis and his times can possibly overlook it. Others may draw a clearer personal portrait of Mr. Brandeis than is given us by Mr. Lief, who has plainly preferred to let the Justice stand out through his actions and his words; others will doubtless characterize and evaluate the Justice with

bolder and more penetrating strokes of the pen. It will be difficult, however, for anyone to give us a better understanding of the extraordinary extent of Justice Brandeis's activities and influence upon our national life. Whether anyone will ever be able to picture his career in all its ramifications and estimate the extent of his contribution to the national welfare is questionable. Mr. Lief is entitled to gratitude for treating the Justice as what he is—a great American rather than a great Jew.

Certainly this is a career, whatever its faults, to hearten all who believe in democratic processes. Brandeis fought his own way upward by sheer ability, though not in the face of great obstacles, for he made a multitude of friends as well as enemies wherever he went and labored. He was able to avoid most of the pitfalls which confront the successful lawyer because from the beginning he set apart some of his time for unpaid public service, and because he was soon able to choose what clients he would accept. As he accumulated means he gave more time to public service for the city, the state, and the nation. He fought the public utilities, beat the proposed merger between the Boston and Maine and New Haven railroads, rendered invaluable service to organized labor, and gave his support to every worthy reform movement. He created the savings-bank insurance system in Massachusetts, which has grown so steadily and soundly, but has unfortunately not spread over the whole country—he considers this, Mr. Lief says, his "greatest achievement." He fought President Taft in the Ballinger case, and although the President decided against the Brandeis contentions he decided wrongly, and his political fate was sealed by this blunder—in conjunction with others and the tariff bill he made into a law. By 1910 Brandeis was a national figure and a leader in the fight against the trusts.

Finally, Mr. Lief admirably reviews Mr. Brandeis's triumph in the pioneering Oregon minimum-wage case and his career on the Supreme Court, and leaves him with us as a mellow octogenarian, with unshaken faith in humanity and in the ability of *Homo Americanus* to master his problems without resorting to dictatorship and destroying personal liberty. Visitors might come to his home utterly disheartened by the world outside. They found—and find—him cheerful, serene, philosophical, with spirit undaunted.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Crusading for Co-op

CO-OP: A NOVEL OF LIVING TOGETHER. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IN ONLY one respect, the concreteness of its social program, does "Co-op" differ from the bulk of Upton Sinclair's earlier work. Though Sinclair has always regarded fiction as a medium of political persuasion, it was to the ideals of social justice rather than to any one panacea that he dedicated his novels. Now, however, that he has become an advocate of EPIC, he has written a novel about the benefits of cooperative societies. His new book shows the familiar indignation at the system of exploitation, but the course of every event and every character is detoured into the history of a cooperative in California. Bankers, hobos, Communists, rebellious children of good family—there are eighty-five characters—are all

sucked into the orbit of this brotherhood, where they learn that by pooling their labor and their resources they can obtain their necessities through a simple system of barter. In this way relief is made unnecessary, and the unemployed can be put to work without competing against private industry.

The story demonstrates the method of building a cooperative, from its humble origin in the dream of Charlie Day, resident of a California Hooverville, to a flourishing establishment of several thousand members. There are disheartening difficulties, of course, such as red-baiting, the hostility of business men, and sabotage by government agencies. But, under the leadership of Day and Sig Soren, "ex-sailor, ex-convict, and builder of humanity," and with the help of Mabel Saugus, a Socialist who has inherited an income, the co-operative wins the confidence of some local bankers and of a good part of the community. Nevertheless, it appears that the experiment is doomed to failure unless it is able to produce enough to supply its needs, and for this a large grant of money from the government must be obtained. With this query—will Roosevelt subsidize cooperatives in America?—the book ends, and Sinclair leaves his co-op to the mercy of history. By its own industry and with the aid of rich men of good-will, the Self-Help Exchange (as it is called in this novel) was able to thrive. But once it ran up against the basic economy of the country, its destiny passed out of its own hands.

Under such creative restrictions as its political thesis imposes, one could hardly expect "Co-op" to have a more fluid and more complex humanity. The narrative unfolds with the velocity and fervor of a crusade, and though the characters have the engaging seriousness of people passionately devoted to a cause, they lack emotional integration. If "Co-op" adds little to the world of fiction, it displays, nevertheless, Upton Sinclair's unabated powers as a propagandist.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

With Apologies to the Bear

MAINLAND. By Gilbert Seldes. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

TO review this book as angrily, as noisily, and as unfairly as it is written would surely profit nobody. It is necessary, however, to say that it is not useful social criticism and that, as journalism, it is diffuse, verbose, and more irritating than provocative.

Like the bear, Mr. Seldes went over the mountain to see what he could see. What'd he see? The other side of the mountain . . . was all the bear could see. The book contains occasional passages of accurate and intelligent perception, not, however, particularly novel. For the most part it is an astonishingly naive, pseudo-patriotic, tub-thumping appeal to the American middle class. In his glib survey of history, economics, and the arts Mr. Seldes sees many things that aren't there, overlooks a number of fundamental problems that have occupied more serious students, misrepresents by quotations taken out of context a score or so of his contemporaries, and concludes with the following triumphantly proclaimed News from Nowhere: That America is not Europe, and that even Marx didn't think it was. That neither American capitalism nor American political democracy is quite done for. That American capitalism can be "saved" for a while without resorting to fascism; that possibly it can be somewhat liberalized by loosening the grip of finance capital on the forces of production—the Ford idea—and by protecting civil liberties.

As Mr. Seldes may have heard, the current effort to establish a Farmer-Labor Party proceeds on similar assumptions,

and revolutionaries of all kinds are going along with this effort as a practical means of serving the masses. The expectation of radicals is that in this process the workers, farmers, and a section of the middle class will be educated through victory and defeat; that a mass basis will be matured for the ultimate revolutionary struggle which, they think, the unfolding of successive capitalist crises is bound to precipitate. (Mr. Seldes, incidentally, admits that if American capitalism fails to parallel Russia's rising production line, that will clinch the argument for communism.) Mr. Seldes is equally trite when he proclaims that a workers' dictatorship involves serious and costly suppressions of individual liberties, and that any dictatorship, including the workers' state established in Russia, has a definite tendency to perpetuate itself, and to develop internal class divisions, instead of "withering away" into the classless society.

In his initial "Countercharge" of 176 rather hysterical pages Mr. Seldes denounces the "treason of the intellectuals," including Dreiser, Van Wyck Brooks, Glenway Wescott, and others. These persons will save themselves needless annoyance by skipping this section, which Mr. Seldes summarizes as follows:

That the intellectual attack upon America has been ill-natured or ignorant or both; that the literary belittling of America has carried forward a propaganda for the destruction of the American political system and the abasement of the American standard of living; that the intellectuals have made no effort to understand the variety and excellence of life in America; and that their constant attack has left America helpless before the impact of hostile European systems.

Does Mr. Seldes speak as an intellectual? Yes and no. Presumably, Mr. Seldes turned in his card in that union when, after covering the intellectual front for the old *Dial*, he turned to intellectual-spoofing in the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post*. There, as in the present book, he has done much to soothe the hurt feelings occasioned by the alleged failure of intellectuals to establish "the moral grandeur of the pioneer, the nobility of the business man, the fine enraptured cultivation of his wife, or even the average decency of the American people." But Mr. Seldes's value to Mr. Lorimer and his prestige in the eyes of the middle-class readers of "Mainland" derive from his standing as an "intellectual" of some sort. And unquestionably Mr. Seldes regards himself as a member of the elite—in fact, on page 274 he says as much. Having read Nietzsche, he says, "I am not aware of a sense of brotherhood with every other human being. It is, in fact, because all men are *not* my brothers, that I would prefer to live in a society which treated them honorably and decently." A class society, in other words; Mr. Seldes makes this abundantly clear by quoting Hamlet's injunction to Polonius to treat the players, not after their desert, but "after your own honor and dignity," a passage in which the feudal philosophy of life is admirably epitomized.

I can only remark that I have met truck drivers and tailors who, without benefit of Nietzsche, would feel toward Mr. Seldes precisely as he feels toward them. That honor, dignity, and even a certain pride and condescension might reside in any other class is an idea that the middle-class mind finds hard to grasp.

Mr. Seldes is very middle class, quite sincere, and intellectually much sloppier than most of the intellectuals whom he attacks. I don't think he meant deliberately to misquote Anatole France or to misrepresent the "Communist Manifesto" in his footnote on page 129; he just couldn't get it through his head—that, and a good many other things.

JAMES RORTY

A famous novel from France

TRANSLATED by HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

LOUIS ARAGON'S The Bells of Basel

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Tactics for Consumers

THE DECLINE AND RISE OF THE CONSUMER. By Horace M. Kallen. D: Appleton-Century Company. \$2.75.

IN THE epilogue to his book Dr. Kallen remarks that "forecasts should be left to weather men, statisticians, and fortune-tellers." Being a philosopher, Dr. Kallen should therefore have been content to deny himself the pleasure of gazing into the crystal ball. Unfortunately he was not, and his final chapter, in which he lyrically describes the good life in a cooperative world, is a dead give-away of some of the essential weaknesses of this economic pattern and of the willingness of even one of its more objective expounders to delude himself. According to Dr. Kallen's prophesy, another World War (which will start in 1942) will be required before the international cooperative state can be established. The carefully analyzed history of the cooperative movement which Dr. Kallen presents, its rise during times of depression, its decline when the business cycle turns upward, confirms the view that a world-wide cataclysm may be necessary to give cooperation its great chance. But today, only six years before the date set for the concerted attack by Japan and Germany on Soviet Russia, consumers are unorganized either in or outside cooperatives. How they will achieve the necessary strength to defeat fascism and communism Dr. Kallen does not adequately explain. In any event, workers of the world, or in the cliché of cooperation, consumers, arise! The pattern for the cooperative Utopia follows closely the one laid down by Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backwards." Add the words "consumer" and "cooperation" to the Bellamy plan, and you have Dr. Kallen's. In other words, Dr. Kallen has taken the idealist's Utopia and made of it a reality through the magic of consumer cooperation. This is the kind of wishful thinking that makes so many cooperators unable properly to evaluate the movement.

The book itself is a valuable addition to consumer literature. Besides a complete description of cooperatives both in the United States and abroad, we have here social and economic history interpreted in terms of the consumer. In scope and in treatment Dr. Kallen's study is impressive. But his exaggeration of the potentialities of the cooperative movement is apt to alienate those who cannot accept it as the sole panacea for all the world's ills.

RUTH BRINDZE

Natives of the Delta

GREEN MARGINS. By E. P. O'Donnell. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

MR. O'DONNELL'S Houghton Mifflin Fellowship prize novel refreshes one's dwindling faith in literary prizes. "Green Margins" introduces a new writer of unquestionable competence whose talent has not been worn thin by repetition. He is a fluent narrator and an unusually vivid observer of a submerged section of American life.

The scene of the novel is the Mississippi Delta country, about ninety miles down the river from New Orleans. The warm abundance of this alluvial region is reflected in the richness and variety of its inhabitants. Here the Cajuns, descendants of French Acadian wanderers, mix with Slavs, Negroes, Italians, and Filipinos to form a population as bewildering and colorful as the tropical vegetation by which it is nourished. The wealth of this land, its abundant plant and animal life, is restored to fulness and splendor in Mr. O'Donnell's imagistic prose. The novelist's most impressive achievement consists in his sure control of this riotous beauty.

If Mr. O'Donnell's characters are not quite so effectively portrayed as their environment, it is not because he lacks either sensitivity or ambition. He is too receptive to the multiplicity of moods in an undisciplined personality, and this results at once in a tendency to over-explore the possibilities of temperament and in a failure of definition. The vagaries of Sister Kalavich, the central character of the story, are traced in all their intricate ramifications; she is as wilful and unsubdued as a tropical storm, as defiant as the river on whose green margins she lives; but she remains indistinct, after 500 pages, because the novelist cannot detach himself from her inability to understand herself. She is a remarkable creature, this young rebel against church, home, and convention. Her first child, a defiant gesture of freedom, never knew its father because Sister loathed his tameness and escaped his plea to make things right by marrying her. Much of this unmoral spirit, so different from the prudery of her father Tony and the lazy indifference of her brother Mocco, she had inherited from Grampaw, who lived across the river with his dreams of organizing an association of fishermen to fight the exploiters from the city. When she went to live with Grampaw, Sister discovered a new world. She learned to read Voltaire and to assert her "queerness," which had become traditional among the folk, as a human right. For a brief interlude Sister was softened by the New Orleans manners of Loretta Dobrovich, only to rediscover her hatred of conventional forms. Nor was the influence of René Davidson, the painter, who was forgetting Paris on the Delta, final. All the years of loneliness and change were a preparation for a return to Mitch Holt, native of the Delta, powerful and untamable like herself.

But the characters are interesting for what they do, instinctively and inarticulately, rather than for what they think, in their confused introspective moments. When Mitch wrestles alligators or smuggles skins or seduces women he is most alive; when Sister weaves fishing nets or struggles with the fields she seems more real than when she speculates about the meaning of destiny. Mr. O'Donnell is at his best when describing nature and physical action; when he attempts to look through the Delta people, his story follows conventional fictional patterns.

SAMUEL SILLEN

A Philosophy of Politics

POLITICS, WHO GETS WHAT, WHEN, HOW. By Harold D. Lasswell. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.

THIS new book offers to uninitiated readers an opportunity to become acquainted with the orientations and formulas that Harold Lasswell has been elaborating for several years. Lasswell's aim is to substitute for liberal-moralistic and Marxist-deterministic criteria of scientific analysis some more comprehensive and elastic intellectual patterns. These patterns are not meant to exert any formative influence on political reality; neither are they devised for the exclusive sake of knowledge. They are tentative organs of orientation, ingenious feelers that may warn those who know how to use them of the trend of political events, so that places of hiding or means of personal adjustment may be accordingly designed. Lasswell tries to integrate and to mellow the Marxist conception of class interests with psychological criteria that proceed from the assumption that man is determined in his actions by his individual personality, his peculiar attitudes, and his specific skill. What men are seeking for, he maintains, is a place as high as possible in the hierarchy of deference, income, and safety. Those who get the most of these values are the elite.

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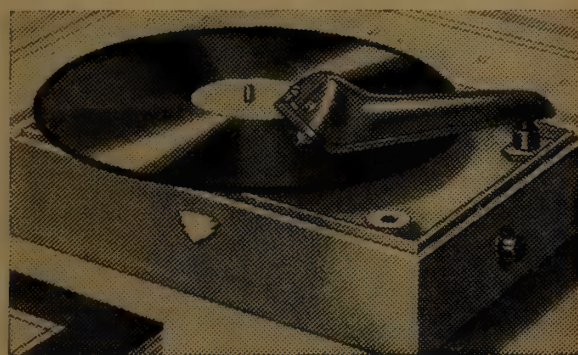
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Politics is the art of getting the most; the study of politics is the analysis of how the most is got.

Obviously this position, stimulating as it is, calls for many objections. Politics, as Lasswell understands it, embraces in itself the activity of the social and economic, as well as of the strictly political, elite. The problem is complicated by the approaches that the author suggests, and the book is merely the outline of a possible science. As long as the project remains in blueprints, Lasswell is the best qualified to take care of it, but when the definite treatise comes to be written, the chapter on violence will have to be intrusted to a strategist, the chapter on goods to an economist, and so on.

The author is at home when he is studying personality; he is a first-rate psychologist who for some strange reason wraps his insight in psychoanalytical elusiveness. Unfortunately, he forgets that the science of politics must consider not only those who get, but those who lose; unless its function is merely the conscientious and systematic bookkeeping of what somebody gets, with a small percentage for registration fees.

In the portion of his book concerned with problems of our day, Lasswell advances some remarkable ideas about the revolutions running through the world and their possible arrival on these shores. All modern revolutions, he hints, including the Russian, represent the emergence of the small middle class, or, as he calls it, the middle-income skill groups. Increasing groups of intellectuals mix with workers trained in every kind of skill, including propaganda and violence. The revolution of the proletarians, if it will come at all, is still far away. The emergence of the middle-income skill groups will most probably occur in this country too, Lasswell assumes. Possibly, he thinks, without violent upheavals.

It would be unfair to press Lasswell with more questions, asking him whether he is for or against this trend, and which of the various possible outcomes he prefers. Since the coming of the two great modern revolutions, the traditional mild liberalism of some outstanding American social scientists has been constantly moving toward a clever non-committalism. I do not think that this non-committalism is equivalent to opportunism. It is perhaps the suspense and the twisting upon itself of social science in an era which, as Lasswell repeats on almost every page, is one of complete insecurity. And I am even less inclined to think of opportunism when I consider how irritating this attitude is to all those who take extreme sides in politics. Lasswell is too intelligent not to know that if fascism ever came to this country, he would quickly find himself in a concentration camp.

MAX ASCOLI

DRAMA

Mauvais Quart d'Heure

THEATRICAL entrepreneurs commonly assume—probably with some justification—that the higher centers of the brain do not begin to function until after October 1. Apparently, however, the nerves can be counted on to respond a little before that date, and certainly the two new English shockers, "Night Must Fall" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) and "Love from a Stranger" (Fulton), are at least better in their own way than any other play of the season has been in its. Both come here after highly successful runs in London, and both can be guaranteed to give even the sophisticated spectator at least a *mauvais quart d'heure*. The last phrase, inci-

dentally, is used advisedly, since both—especially the second—are a bit slow for two acts and depend upon the agony of the last fifteen or twenty minutes to satisfy their audiences.

As all crime fanciers know, the mode of the moment is for either the highly intellectual puzzle or the study in abnormal psychology. Neither of the present plays goes in for deduction, and so both concern themselves with killers who kill in a state of high ecstasy and who explain to the audience just what the subtler pleasures of murder are. You may take your choice between an ingratiating bell boy, beloved by old ladies, who cuts off heads because it gives him the feeling that he is somebody after all, and a be-tweeded, pipe-smoking Canadian who marries girls with money, partly because it is a well-paying business, partly because there is nothing which gives one so delightful a sense of power as to realize that what one holds in one's arms was a woman a moment ago but is now only a *thing*. At the same time you will be choosing between a last act in which an old lady—so extremely disagreeable that you don't mind—is smothered in her wheel chair and a last act in which a wife, suddenly realizing for the first time that her husband is a notorious sadist, an account of whose exploits she has just been compelled to read aloud to him, holds him off with a series of cock-and-bull stories until the rescuers get there. "Night Must Fall" is the first, "Love from a Stranger" the second, and I must confess that at both I enjoyed the ambivalent pleasure of being scared out of my wits.

It is a well-known fact that English thrillers are a bit less hectic and also a bit less irresponsible than the American ones, rarely going in for trapdoors, clutching hands, or other such fripperies. As a matter of fact, both of the present pieces play for the opposite effect by arranging that all the attendant circumstances, as well as the central characters themselves, shall seem on the surface as stodgily commonplace as possible; and if the result is to make the first half of each seem a bit plodding, one gets the compensating advantage of really knowing at the end what it was all about. Emlyn Williams, well-remembered here for his hair-raising performance of a few years ago in "Criminal at Large," is the boyish villain of "Night Must Fall," and Frank Vosper, another popular English actor, is the bluff, good-fellow murderer in the second. If I had to choose between the two plays I should probably find the balance tipped in favor of the first by the presence of the suppressed girl who loves the bell boy even after she has discovered his little weakness. Others, perhaps, would prefer the sinister mystery of the peroxide bottles in the second.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Federal Theater's "Project No. 891" notes with some unction that "Horse Eats Hat" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) is a twentieth-century adaptation of an old Labiche farce which, apparently, was concerned with the efforts of a determined young simpleton to replace the macerated hat of a lady of quality. Edwin Denby and Orson Welles are responsible for the text and clearly prefer Labiche's livestock and millinery to his comedy; but they come bearing gifts of their own. The notion of translating the old French play into surrealist slapstick might have proved amusing had Mr. Welles not elected to submerge it in costume and décor and to stifle the musical score in an obliterating hubbub. A small army of masqueraders are suffered to pursue one another in and out of doorways; fountains are turned loose; props are sent crashing; chairs collapse; and farce flies in all directions, as broad as it is long (five acts, a prologue, and an intermission devoted, among other things, to antiphonal responses between a circus cornettist and a nickelodeon). In the end the deliberate use of bathos and disorder is no less tiresome

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for being deliberate, though the venture as a whole is not without flashes of lively spontaneous fancy.

Unfortunately "Bright Honor" puts in its appearance at the Forty-eighth Street Theater a week after Mr. Viertel's "So Proudly We Hail." It carries forward the same problem with a restraint and skill that cancel the Cromwell vehicle on every score except that of violence. It is to be regretted, however, that Charles Powers, who plays the recalcitrant cadet, is unable to achieve the authority of Richard Cromwell in a role that should, by all rights, require considerably less of the actor.

B. B.

FILMS

Fun in Flanders

A NEW theater has been opened in New York with the design of proving to interested persons that the studios of Europe are once more, after several years of faltering and eclipse, a challenge to Hollywood. The inaugural program of this theater, named rather unpleasantly the Filmarte, offers "a haven from all that is philistinism in the movie-at-large" and "a rendezvous for the cinema devotee to whom films are something more than an innocuous diversion." The Battle of the Films, with all of Europe on one side and all of Hollywood on the other, is to my mind something of a bore; but this does not prevent my being glad that the facilities for seeing foreign films have been increased, and it certainly does not discourage me from saying that the Filmarte's first picture, "La Kermesse Héroïque," is one of the most diverting I have ever watched, innocuous or noxious as the case may be.

It comes with a grand prize from France, and its director, Jacques Feyder, may well be the successor to René Clair for whom we have been looking. The scene is a Flemish village and the date is 1616; and the theme, while generally reminiscent of "Lysistrata," is better stated in the immortal sentence of Henry Fielding concerning Letitia Snap, who would have been ravished by Mr. Fireblood "if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him." While the trembling burghers of Boom are busy with a foolish piece of strategy against the approaching soldiers of Philip II, their women prepare to meet the Spaniards considerably more than halfway—with wine at the gates and with a key to the village which unlocks everything from the Town Hall down to the smallest bedroom there is. The result is peaceful and blissful occupation for a night, with the troops moving off the next morning wreathed in flowers and smiles, and with the burghers blindly congratulating themselves upon the success of their strategy. The film as a whole is deliciously high-spirited, and its many details are directed with fine care toward a comic end which leaves everything in Boom exactly as it was before, only more so. The acting of Françoise Rosay as the mayor's wife is alone worth going miles to see. But perhaps it is more to the point to speak of the way the entire cast wears its clothes. I have seldom seen a more convincing costume piece, and the reason seems to be that nobody is aware that he has stepped out of a seventeenth-century Low Country painting; or if he is, then the fact amuses him somewhat as Hals's people are amused—if that is what they are laughing at—by their ridiculous rig. The clothes are worn, in other words, both naturally and with art.

And thus "La Kermesse Héroïque" becomes a satire no less upon the stilted costume picture than upon the male vanity which is ostensibly its target. It becomes in addition, because it is good comedy, a commentary upon all of life which experience permits us to know. But if nothing else it will be remembered by those who see it as an extraordinarily finished film.

It was preceded on the program by a brief and simple but very moving piece, "Millions of Us," in which a young unemployed American worker learns the importance of being a picket instead of a scab.

The authenticity of the costumes in "Romeo and Juliet" (Astor) has been much advertised, along with the care bestowed by every responsible person upon such things as the scenery and the architecture. The success of the film—for it is successful as "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was not—can better be attributed, however, to Shakespeare and to Norma Shearer. Leslie Howard's Romeo is at best an understatement; at its worst he is lost in the mazes of a too veritable Verona, whose streets swallow him up and whose palace gardens are so extensive that as he walks away from Juliet's balcony the poetry he has been speaking dissipates among a maze of marble columns. Mr. Howard is intelligent and pathetic rather than tragic, and so for that matter does Miss Shearer incline to be; yet her tenderness is honored throughout by a certain simplicity of background, and its own purity gives it a special kind of power. The lines of the play are in general well spoken. But many of them are missing, and some to no advantage. The clowning in the first scene would be better with more words, and the tendency everywhere to isolate significant couplets gives them an unnaturalness which they do not have in their context. Nevertheless "Romeo and Juliet" is one of the two or three best current films, and for my part I am eager for more from the same author.

MARK VAN DOREN

ART

Toward an American Art

ONE comes away from the exhibition now being held at the Museum of Modern Art by the Federal Art Project with a feeling that the depression of 1929-? may prove to have been the best thing that ever happened to American art. The government relief projects—the PWAP and the Artists' Project which has succeeded it—have not made the artist rich, but they have kept him alive and given him what he sorely lacked—opportunity. He used to be poor and discouraged. Now he is poor and encouraged. And that is a profound change in his condition. Moreover, the Artists' Project is giving opportunity not merely to the artists in a few large centers but to artists all over the country. Let any doubter attend this exhibition. And strident critics of governmental extravagance in relief may very well calm down long enough to ponder this passage from the introduction to the catalogue, written by Holger Cahill, director of the project:

A far wider demand for works of art has developed on the part of schools, libraries, and other public institutions than the Federal Art Project, with its large body of workers, has been able to meet. "Our schools are bare." "We have no art of any kind in our community." Appeals containing statements of this kind are constantly being received by the directors of state and regional



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projects. . . . An attempt to bridge the gap between the American artist and the American public has governed the entire program of the Federal Art Project.

This exhibition has been well chosen and arranged to give the visitor a sort of bird's-eye view of the project's activities. There are sketches for mural decorations and sections of finished work, supplemented with occasional whole decorative schemes in miniature. There are many paintings and water colors, lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and drawings—and even an interesting sand-picture by a Colorado Indian artist. There are posters and photographs. The valuable Index of American Design is represented in selections which give a comprehensive idea of both the remarkable regional variety in the early American industrial arts and the careful workmanship which has gone into the making of the graphic record. There is a small but creditable showing of sculpture, outstanding in which are the wood carvings of Patrocino Barela, inspired by the Catholic-Indian tradition of New Mexico. And last, but by no means least in interest, is the truly remarkable work which is being done by children under the project's teachers, work full of imagination, humor conscious or unconscious—as in a ten-year-old's idea of a cutie ready for parade—and a lively feeling for color and design. One sculpture here merits special mention—fifteen-year-old Mike Mosco's head of a miner.

Among the easel pictures one meets names of artists who need no introduction to the public. Indeed, this exhibition could no doubt have been made up from the works of artists not only well known but deservedly so; and it is to the credit of the director and his assistants that it is not. Instead of yielding to the temptation to make the best possible showing, they seem to have been guided throughout by the resolve to make the show representative both regionally and artistically. As a result it gives one a sense of growth, of spirit stirring to life under the impetus of governmental interest and help.

Because mural painting has been the most backward of American arts—in spite of acres of wall space smeared over with the precious conceits of alleged mural painters—and because I have never seen how the condition could be remedied by any other means than that of trial and error, I am particularly pleased with the section devoted to mural projects. The method of trial and error in this field is for obvious reasons not available to the artist working "on his own"; therefore the decorative schemes which the project is carrying out are of special significance for the future of American art. The results already obtained through giving artists all over the country opportunities to decorate the walls of public and semi-public buildings are astonishing when one considers how short a time the project has been in existence. In style the work ranges from the naturalistic to the abstract, in quality from competent to excellent. I find especially pleasing the original and charming murals for children by Hester Miller Murray, the amusing decorations for a playroom by Max Spivak, the interesting scenes from contemporary American life by Edgar Britton, Alfred Crimi, Karl Kelpe. In this last category the influence of Diego Rivera is strongly in evidence, which is both natural and fortunate. We are doubly indebted to Rivera for having taught our painters what magnificent material lies ready to hand in the manifold activities of American life, and for having revived the art of fresco painting. Outstanding among the frescoes shown here is the fine work of James Michael Newell, whose ambitious scheme, "The Development of Western Civilization," for a reading-room in a Bronx library, promises to be one of the most important decorative works that have been done in this country.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Letters to the Editors

A Letter from Trotsky

[The following letter from Leon Trotsky to the Norwegian Minister of Justice was sent to The Nation via London by one of Mr. Trotsky's secretaries.]

TO MR. LIE,
MINISTER OF JUSTICE, OSLO.

Sir: I have always endeavored to comply with the conditions governing my stay in Norway, both in the letter and in the spirit, at least as I understood them. It develops, however, that the Chief of the Central Passport Office has interpreted these conditions in quite a different manner, and as far as I am aware, his interpretation is approved by you, the Minister. As I am deeply concerned in further enjoying for myself and my wife the favor of Norwegian institutions, I would be prepared to accept the interpretation of the conditions of which I was not made aware before my coming to Norway if I could gain the conviction that this new interpretation could be reconciled with my dignity as a human being and as a writer. I can only sign what I have clearly understood and what I can really undertake to fulfil. According to the Chief of the Central Passport Office, who, incidentally, when I came into the country, gave me a somewhat hostile interview without waiting for any action of any kind on my part, my activities are to be confined solely to "historical works and general theoretical essays which are not directed against any country."

How am I to interpret this limitation? Is, for example, my autobiography a general theoretical essay or a topical political work? Three weeks ago I wrote a detailed analysis of the development of the Soviet Union. I myself am compelled to pass judgment now: I have the impression that this work contributes no small service to social science. On the other hand, this work, by the mere concrete analysis of facts, is directed against the ruling bureaucratic caste which is continuing to exploit the people economically and suppress it politically. Is it really possible in a democratic country to accept the stricture that the Chief of the Passport Office may decide whether this work is only scientific or also politically topical?

I could quote an incomparably greater and more worthy example. My great teacher and master, Karl Marx, wrote a

book called "Capital." I try to imagine for a moment that the Chief of the Passport Office or any other authority had to decide whether this grandiose work was only scientific or whether it also had a topical political character. The decision would not be so easy to make, for this work, built upon the granite foundation of science, is illustrated by thousands of topical examples and has as a whole today far greater political importance than on the day of its first appearance. It is not a coincidence that the whole struggle of reaction, of the official and unofficial type, is directed against Marxism and Marxists.

The Chief of the Passport Office reproaches me for an article in which I took the position that the struggle in France could only end with a victory for military reaction or with the building of Soviets. Perhaps I am mistaken in my analysis. In any case I attribute to this analysis a thoroughly scientific character. The article in question appeared in the universally known bourgeois-democratic American journal, *The Nation*. If I had written an article in which I explained theoretically the general advantages of an autocratic regime over democracy, would this article have been disapproved by the Chief of the Passport Office? Unfortunately, this question is not yet clear to me, especially after the visit I had today from the Chief of the Passport Office.

The declaration demanded of me includes also the promise "not to allow myself to be interviewed by any Norwegian or foreign journalist." During the whole of my stay in Norway up to the last days I have given only one single interview, that is, to the editor of the *Arbeiderbladet*, and this, sir, in your own presence, and even with you kindly taking part, which even now I appreciate. You may perhaps recall that I personally tried to avoid even this single interview in order to provoke as little noise and sensation as possible in connection with my name.

But now the question is different. I have been accused by the judicial authorities of Moscow of being the organizer of terrorist acts. The entire world press is dealing with this historic trial. If you, as Minister of Justice, or the authorities controlled by you, or the Norwegian government, deem it possible or likely that I have misused my sojourn in Norway or anywhere else for this kind of

activity, I expect immediately a warrant for my arrest. I desire nothing else but to have the opportunity to bring into the light of day, before an open juridical forum, this monstrous crime of the G. P. U. and of the powers behind it. But if the Norwegian authorities deem it impossible to interfere in this matter, they have the duty—I repeat, the elementary duty, which is not necessarily even a democratic one—to allow me complete liberty to tell the truth to the whole world by the means at my individual disposal. The principal means of informing public opinion is through the press. To refrain from bringing me to trial before a Norwegian court and at the same time to rob me of the possibility of appeal to public opinion on a question that concerns myself, my son, my whole political past, and my political honor, would mean to transform the right of asylum into a trap and to allow free passage to the executioners and slanderers of the G. P. U.

These are the reasons which make it impossible for me to fulfil the demand of the Chief of the Central Passport Office to sign the declaration which he has presented to me without drawing the attention of the government and of public opinion in advance to the unforeseeable consequences of such action for the moral existence of myself and my family.

L. TROTSKY

Norway, August 26

NOTE: At the urgent request of the Minister of Justice this letter was not published as originally intended. All copies were forcibly removed from Trotsky's secretaries. By chance, one copy had already been sent abroad, giving us the opportunity—after considerable delay—of bringing this document before the public.

ERWIN WOLFE,

JEAN VAN HEISENOORT,
Secretaries to Leon Trotsky

Taking from Peter to Pay Paul

Dear Sirs: In the wake of Harvard's spectacular tercentenary celebration lie the dust and ashes of the School of City Planning, a burnt offering on the altar of tercentenary ambitions.

The aims and ideals embodied in "Har-

ward national scholarships" and "roving professorships" swept the slate clean of all minor considerations and lesser interests of the university. The drive for the Tercentenary Fund has trampled under foot every just claim and will continue to do so for an indefinite period. As President Conant said, the \$5,488,000 is just "a beginning."

This is not the time to denounce the tragedy and injustice of discontinuing the school or to raise moral issues, for mere criticism will not answer the present need. Dr. Conant is proving himself a far-sighted leader. Great tasks deserve the undivided energies of great leaders; lesser monuments must be carved by means of the determination and devotion of helpers.

Are there any such helpers—persons who, not necessarily professing allegiance to the name of Harvard, live or work in the name or spirit of the social ideals that permeate comprehensive physical planning? Would that they could contribute effectively to undoing the violence that has been done! Harvard University's Graduate School of City Planning promised to be a noble edifice. It should not be allowed to die.

OSCAR SUTERMEISTER

Cambridge, Mass., September 22

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, completed his annual tour of the Soviet Union at the end of the summer. He is now in Spain, where he will write articles which will appear in *The Nation* during the fall.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN wrote the two articles on the Social Security Act appearing in this and next week's issues of *The Nation* several months ago before social security became one of the outstanding issues of the campaign. He is executive secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security and author of "Insecurity: A Challenge to America."

BARBARA WERTHEIM was a representative of the press on the Presidential train which carried Mr. Roosevelt down to Pittsburgh and back to New York.

LOUIS ADAMIC, in "A Native's Return," recounted his interview with King Alexander and bitterly criticized the King for his ruthless dictatorial methods. Mr. Adamic's latest novel, "Cradle of Life," is set in Yugoslavia.

MARYA ZATURENSKA is the author of a volume of poems, "Threshold and Hearth," which won the Shelley Memorial Award. Miss Zaturenska's forthcoming book of poems is tentatively entitled "Cold Morning Sky."

WILLIAM PHILLIPS is one of the editors of the *Partisan Review* and frequently contributes literary criticism to its pages.

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The Shape of Things

*

WITH THE APPROACH OF THE ANNUAL convention of the American Federation of Labor, the voice of the peacemaker is heard within the two hostile camps which have pitched their tents in the field of American labor since the last convention and provided spirited and significant controversy for the enlightenment of the general public as well as of the mass of workers. Max Zaritsky of the Hatters' Union is the active agent in the negotiations now going on between the Committee for Industrial Organization, headed by John L. Lewis, and the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. These negotiations had reached an apparent deadlock at the time these lines were written. The executive council had agreed to the proposal by Mr. Zaritsky that committees from the federation and the C. I. O. should hold a conference. It had insisted, however, that the C. I. O. must dissolve before the executive council would revoke suspension of its constituent unions and allow them to be represented as regular members in the next convention. The C. I. O. in turn had reiterated its refusal to dissolve until the executive council should agree to the industrial organization of steel and the other mass-production industries. This of course is the crucial point. If the C. I. O. dissolves and its constituent unions enter the convention without first obtaining this stipulation and nailing it down tight, industrial organization of steel can again be voted down by a majority—and the craft unions can probably rally a majority. John Lewis is reported to be standing firm. He can hardly do otherwise without sacrificing the enormous prestige he has acquired in the past year with the public and the unorganized millions.

*

NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN for the settlement of the crisis arising from the recent assassinations of Japanese citizens have been under way in Nanking for nearly three weeks. Despite a concentration of Japanese war vessels at Shanghai nearly as large as that of January, 1932, Nanking has shown no sign of giving way to Tokyo's sweeping demands. Caught between growing agitation on the part of the Chinese public for resistance and intensified pressure from Japan, Chiang Kai-shek has resorted to the dilatory tactics for which his countrymen are famous. During the first week negotiations were held up awaiting Chiang's return from Canton. The next week he retired to his summer home in Kuling and denied himself to visitors. On his return to

Nanking he held several conferences with Ambassador Kawagoe and then turned the negotiations over to Chang Chun, Minister of Foreign Affairs, with the stipulation that they should be continued only if Japan consented to deal "on a basis of equality, justice, and respect for the sovereignty of China," which, of course, neatly begged the question. In the face of this "unsatisfactory" response on the part of Nanking the Japanese have moved with unusual caution. No open demands have yet been made and no time limit has been set for the termination of negotiations. But while Japan apparently is not anxious to prod China to the point of war, it has not given any indication of whittling down the terms of its secret ukase. Both countries are stalling for time, hoping against hope that hostilities can be avoided.

*

THE LATEST REPORTS FROM THE SPANISH front are somewhat more reassuring than those received at the end of last week. Although the rebels have made progress in the sector to the west of Madrid, they have not—up to the time of going to press—reached a point where they immediately threaten the capital. On the Toledo front the government forces have moved to within two miles of their former stronghold and are intrenched at Olias de Rey, about thirty-five miles south of Madrid. Rebel air raids have damaged the Valencia-Madrid railway, but the insurgents have so far been unable to cut this vital line of communication. In the north General Mola's troops captured the important town of Sigüenza on the Madrid-Saragossa railway, but later lost it in a counter-attack. The most serious threat to Madrid is in the Escorial area, where the Moors and Foreign Legion appear to have broken through and inflicted a substantial defeat on the untrained government militia. Elsewhere along the sixty-mile arc surrounding the city the situation is unchanged. As the government forces outnumber the rebels by a considerable margin, the decisive factor in the struggle is likely to be the supply of arms. The lull in the fighting during the early part of last week was attributed to the rebels' lack of munitions, a deficiency that was later remedied, according to the *Times* correspondent, by the arrival of supplies from "abroad." If the democratic countries could be maneuvered into a position where they would match the aid sent by the fascist powers, Madrid would yet have an excellent chance of pulling through.

*

THESE ARE NOT COMFORTABLE DAYS FOR Father Coughlin. Following the arrival of Cardinal Pacelli in this country, the radio priest developed throat trouble which prevented him from addressing an open-air meeting in Newark. Suddenly the candidates of his Union Party were scratched in Albany. Father Ryan, long noted as one of the few liberal members of the upper Catholic hierarchy in America, in a radio speech on October 8, denounced him in vigorous terms. In plain words, he told him that it was a sin to lie. Besides administering this lesson in the catechism, Father Ryan took sharp issue with the priest of the Little Flower in his "despicable

assertion that the President of the United States is a Communist." He attacked Father Coughlin's economic views, stating that his "explanation of our economic maladies is as least 50 per cent wrong, and that his monetary remedies are at least 90 per cent wrong." In his reply to these charges, Father Coughlin was evidently on the defensive. He indulged in no personal attack, he spoke no more of blood and bullets, and he neglected to repeat that President Roosevelt was anti-God. He was even quoted in the press as stating that if he did not have his own candidate in the field he would advise his followers to vote for Roosevelt. These events all tend to bear out Mr. Farrell's thesis on another page of this issue. The church is wise in politics. The chances of President Roosevelt's reelection increase daily. While the church does not seem ready to silence the radio priest, it will probably be tolerant of Father Ryan's liberalism. For the church's policies are calculated with an eye to its own ultimate advantage.

*

SENATOR ROYAL S. COPELAND, WHO HAS been nursing along the sadly weakened food-and-drug bill, has now turned the patient over to the manufacturers of patent medicines. At a conference this week Dr. Copeland discussed with leading members of the Proprietary Association how the bill might be further revised to meet the approval of the industry. The consultation between the doctor and the medicine men was conducted with the greatest secrecy, and the meeting was opened with a warning that the press must not even learn it had taken place. The impropriety of Dr. Copeland's collaboration with the Proprietary Association is too obvious to require comment. Apparently there is no justification for the rumor that at the next session a bill providing real protection for the consuming public will be introduced.

*

WHY DID BRITAIN ABANDON SANCTIONS? Why is the British rearmament program now receiving the support not only of the Conservative government but of the Labor Party and even the church? The alleged answer to these questions is contained in a news release of the Imperial Policy Group recently sent out from London. The Imperial Policy Group began its activities a little more than two years ago, and it then consisted of the Earl of Mansfield, Kenneth de Courcy, and a couple of M. P.'s. It has now grown until it numbers fifty-five members in the two houses of Parliament. Its program is strictly nationalistic and isolationist; it favors a large army and navy, a strict limitation of European commitments, and a "vigorous government"—not fascist, you understand, but one that is strong and will take no nonsense from any other country. The group claims not only to have pressed the government to abandon sanctions but to have "worked in every possible direction to help Sir Samuel Hoare and to prevent his resignation." It has sent an unofficial commission to Europe to interview the heads of the various governments, notably Signor Mussolini, Dr. Benes, Chancellor von Schuschnigg, and Hitler's ambassador at large, Herr von Ribbentrop. Its latest success was to call

"the Bishops of the Church of England together in the House of Commons," and to tell them "in perfectly plain words that unless the churches supported rearmament and took a patriotic line and withdrew their support from the League of Nations, they would lose their following among the majority of young people." Whether or not Mr. Baldwin and the bishops were duly impressed by these arrogant and fascistic (if not fascist) young men, the fact remains that official British policy agrees to an alarming extent with theirs.

*

MEETING IN CLEVELAND ON OCTOBER 8 TO 10, the Cooperative League of the United States recorded the progress and urged the necessity of consumer cooperation. Although they have but a fraction of the power of such groups in the Scandinavian countries and even in the British Isles, consumer cooperatives are growing with amazing speed in this country. In the bad years 1929 to 1934 the cooperative purchase of farm supplies increased from \$125,000,000 to \$250,000,000. Moreover, according to Dr. James P. Warbasse, president of the league, business failures during the depression years among the 1,500 member societies were both numerically and proportionately insignificant when compared with profit businesses. There is no record of the failure of a wholesale cooperative group. Unquestionably the union and organization of consumers in buying and distribution will help to mitigate the worst evils of the profit system. But there are limits to the advantages of consumer cooperation. As George Nelson, Socialist candidate for Vice-President, saltily puts it in Mr. Rorty's article elsewhere in this issue: "Cooperation is a good crutch to limp with," but it won't put the workers and farmers on their two feet.

*

AS HOSTS OF THE 1940 OLYMPIC GAMES THE Japanese are even now preparing the country to receive the barbarians from the West. *Eiji-san*, or "Mr. Foreigner," is to be made as comfortable as possible, defeated in the games as often as possible, and sent home as charmed as possible with his visit. To do all three at once will call for finesse. We have always thought "Oriental guile" a much overrated quality, but if it exists, 1940 or never will be the time to use it. Already, we hear, the problem of getting the Japanese tongue to cope with the English / is being made the subject of scientific research. Later classes will be organized to teach waiters, taxi drivers, policemen, bell-hops, and geishas how not to say "Olympics." But athletic training will naturally receive the most attention. Impressed by the prowess of the American Negroes at Berlin, the Japanese, not to be outdone, are mobilizing the swift-running savages from the island of Formosa. These aborigines have learned speed by playing an ancient game known as head-hunting, in which the goal is somebody's head shriveled small and tied to a pole. You can't get greyhounds to race without a mechanical rabbit to lead them on, and we wonder if the Formosans will run at all unless a prize is held out. Of course there is always Avery Brundage.

The Soviets Force a Showdown

THE Soviet government's warning that it would withdraw from the non-intervention pact if Germany, Italy, and Portugal continued to give direct aid to Spanish rebels is the first sign of resistance to the drift toward a fascist Europe. It is unfortunate that the Soviet Union should be the first to come to the rescue of Spain. Any action that the Soviets take will seem to justify the rebel charge of "Communist" influence on the Madrid government. France, as a sister republic with a Popular Front government much like that of Spain, has a far greater stake in the outcome of the war and is geographically in a position to send immediate and effective aid. But M. Blum is committed to "neutrality," and not even the specter of a fascist France has dislodged him from his position. There was even less hope that Great Britain would come to the aid of Spanish democracy. Although the very existence of the British Empire would seem to depend on the frustration of German and Italian ambitions in the Spanish islands and African possessions, Britain's ruling class appears to have been taken in completely by the fascist propaganda concerning the "red" Madrid regime.

Each week has brought increasing evidence of the extent of German and Italian assistance to the Spanish rebels. Rebel censors no longer take the trouble to delete references to Junker planes or "ammunition from abroad" from the dispatches of American correspondents. The efforts of the London committee on non-intervention in Spain had no effect on the steady stream of supplies passing through Lisbon. Even when faced with strong Soviet pressure, the committee has displayed more energy in seeking to prevent defections from its ranks than in attempting to stop munitions shipments to Spain. German and Italian counter-charges, completely lacking in concrete evidence, were given equal weight with Soviet charges based either on authoritative neutral sources or on photographs and captured war supplies.

The chances are overwhelming that Europe will be divided into two hostile camps on the Spanish issue. Recent reports indicate that the Little Entente, which hitherto has been united on foreign policy, has already split on the question, with Czecho-Slovakia supporting Russia in demanding that the Spanish loyalists be given the aid to which they are entitled under international law as the legitimate government of Spain, and with Rumania and Yugoslavia on the side of the rebels. Should such a fundamental division between the democratic and autocratic nations develop throughout Europe, the democratic countries would obviously be in a worse position than if they had never sponsored the non-intervention pact. At the beginning of the conflict any assistance they might have given the Madrid government would have been entirely legal, while the fascist powers would have had to risk the stigma of illegality in helping the rebels. The neutrality

pact made it illegal for the democratic powers to aid the Spanish government, but did not impose any additional barrier against help to the rebels. On the contrary, it probably stimulated German and Italian assistance by greatly increasing the chances of rebel success; not even a fascist likes to back the wrong horse. The agreement has had the further result of putting the democratic countries in a position where any future aid that they may extend to Madrid will be technically illegal, while Germany and Italy could justify their assistance to the rebels on the ground that Russia and France had broken their agreement. The situation is filled with dynamite, yet the fact remains that almost any action in defense of democracy is less risky than allowing the fascist powers a free hand in Spain.

Republican vs. Democratic Relief

DURING the past week relief took its rightful place as one of the most important issues in the campaign. Charges and counter-charges as to the administration and political complexion of the WPA flew thick and fast between the lesser spokesmen of the two camps, and it was no accident that the fight centered on the politics of relief in the doubtful state of Pennsylvania.

The main engagement occurred between the two principals when, on the same day, Landon and Roosevelt made speeches in which the issue was actually joined. The burden of Roosevelt's thesis was that relief is a national problem to be met nationally; he would continue to use relief funds for a wide range of public improvements. Landon, on the other hand, would return the administration and planning of relief and part of the financing to state and local agencies; he is opposed to the use of relief labor, at relief wages, for the construction of federal public works. "If the government," he said, "will give American initiative a chance, 11,000,000 men and women will not long be looking vainly for jobs." These are fine words; but they serve to bring back in a way which will not win votes for Mr. Landon another rugged Republican who practiced Mr. Landon's theory to the bitter end in the fall of 1932. The fact that the history of Republican relief forms the most sprightly half of a new book by Harry Hopkins entitled "Spending to Save" will no doubt also be set down in Republican quarters as playing politics with relief.

Herbert (Canute) Hoover for three long years not only tried to hold back the flood of unemployment and misery by shouting "Prosperity is just around the corner," but demonstrated his confidence in his own powers by refusing to feed the hungry, by shooting the bonus army out of the national capital, and by lying about the extent of joblessness. He was consistent to the very end. On October 22, 1932, just before the waters closed over his head, he protested bitterly to the electorate, 12,000,000 of whom by

that time were unemployed, that the Democrats had forced the passage of the Emergency Relief and Construction Act, which appropriated \$300,000,000 to be allotted to the individual states for human relief.

Throughout, well-fed right-hand men stood beside the President and defended him from socialistic legislators. They devised campaigns with such slogans as "Spruce up!" "Give a job," and "Spread the work," all of them calculated to put the burden of relief chiefly on low-income groups still fortunate enough to have jobs. The ideologists of the day were Walter S. Gifford, who felt that an employee with a six-day job had no right to complain if his employer asked him to share it with another worker; Irenée du Pont, who told Mr. Gifford in 1931 that he could not guarantee to raise adequate funds for relief in Delaware unless the wealthy were assured that Congress would not raise the income-tax rate or "remove the provision whereby losses may be offset against other income"; and Myron C. Taylor, who in 1931 proclaimed that "the individual with a will to work must fit himself into the new scheme of things" and accept whatever job was at hand.

There was one exception. This was Arthur Woods, who headed the President's Emergency Committee for Employment set up in October, 1930. This committee made recommendations to President Hoover which, if followed, might have lengthened his public career. The suggested message which is printed in Mr. Hopkins's book was full of Rooseveltian phrases: "The ravages of unemployment must in our minds be compared to the ravages of war or disease. It is the great blot on our economic system today." Its remedies were Rooseveltian remedies. It proposed a vast program of public works, including highways, low-cost housing, rural electrification. "We have the resources, the materials, the labor, and the skill. An effort should be made to release these forces in correcting a long-recognized defect and in increasing the health, safety, and beauty of our communities." In a memorandum dated November 11, 1930, Colonel Arthur Woods recommended a two-billion-dollar construction program.

The recommendations went unheeded. Instead Mr. Hoover told Congress that the country was fundamentally sound. Instead of quoting the Woods committee's recent conservative estimate of 5,000,000 unemployed, he used an April estimate of the Census of Unemployment which put the figure at 2,500,000. He asked for an appropriation of from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000.

The relief record of Herbert Hoover seems, in 1936, almost incredible in its stupidity and cruelty. By using it as a foil for the activities of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, Harry Hopkins has produced a campaign handbook from which party workers and voters will be able to extract endless material. The easy conclusion—the one which Mr. Farley no doubt hopes the average voter will draw—is that it is the Democratic Party which has met the issue of relief and, as a corollary, that the Republican Party, if returned to power, would duplicate the Hoover record. And Mr. Landon's speech at Cleveland lends color to the suggestion. The truth is, however, that during the depression the people of the United States for

the first time in history were confronted with the problem of unemployment and relief which the European nations have known on a much smaller scale for decades. Today the public understanding of that problem is such that no administration, short of a military dictatorship, would dare to repeat the Hoover formula. At the same time there is no doubt that Harry Hopkins personally and the relief administration as a whole has conceived of work-relief as a constructive force and has fostered the conviction among its recipients that the government of the United States owes to its citizens social security, health, the opportunity to work—and even the opportunity to enjoy life.

We have turned over the American board [writes Mr. Hopkins] and seen how many people live like slugs beneath its plenty. . . . The regeneration of the individual worker no longer needs to be the only concern of a national work program for the unemployed. We have come to a second concept, which is that his work is necessary to enrich the national life.

The American people have come a long way since 1929 in their thinking and feeling about questions of security and government responsibility. They know now, for instance, that unemployment is neither accidental nor temporary. Large sections of employed and unemployed know even better than Mr. Hopkins how inadequate present relief is; they are learning that the Roosevelt word is always more eloquent than the deed and that there is a growing tendency, as Mr. Ward points out on another page, to curtail both the quality and quantity of relief.

No average American will find it hard to choose between Republican relief—the dole—and Democratic relief, inadequate as it is. Meanwhile behind the fireworks over relief remains the monstrous fact of 11,000,000 still unemployed, although recovery is already far advanced. On that issue neither party has been heard from in convincing terms.

Steps Toward Economic Disarmament

THE action of Italy and France in reducing tariffs and eliminating quotas in connection with the revaluation of their currencies has stimulated the efforts of the Economic Committee of the League to bring about a general leveling of trade barriers. For the first time since the break-up of the London Economic Conference there seems to be a definite possibility that the world trend toward economic nationalism can be checked. With the exception of the Reichsmark, all the principal world currencies have been revalued at a point where they are in approximate equilibrium. In its reciprocal trade agreements the United States has made a breach, small though it may be, in the growing barriers to trade. The French and Italian trade concessions may seem insignificant as compared with the new obstacles created by devaluation, but they contrast markedly with the increased tariffs which Great Britain imposed after it abandoned the gold stand-

ard in 1931 and with the failure of the United States to make compensatory adjustments when it devalued the dollar in 1933.

Thus despite the short-sighted economic policies adopted by most countries in the past few years, the international economic structure is more nearly balanced than at any time since 1929. As a result of tremendous losses on both private and public loans, the international investments of the United States have been reduced to manageable proportions. In spite of devaluation and spasmodic increases in the tariff, our normal "favorable" balance of trade has been transformed into an "unfavorable" balance. This is due not so much to a rise in imports as to a tremendous decrease in exports, but the effect, as far as stability is concerned, is approximately the same. Doubtless the minor tariff concessions made in the Hull reciprocal agreements have helped, as have the drought and the crop-reduction program under the AAA, but the primary factor in bringing adjustment has been the gradual rise in domestic prices which has accompanied the recovery movement. Whatever was the situation in 1933 and 1934, the dollar is no longer undervalued in terms of world currencies.

Nevertheless, the basic drift toward economic nationalism will not be easily reversed. Along with the favorable factors in the present situation are others which are clearly ominous. The Italians set a dangerous precedent by revaluing their currency 10 per cent below that of France and Switzerland. Great Britain has allowed the pound to drift to its lowest point in many months. President Roosevelt has just announced that he will ask Congress for a renewal of authority empowering him to reduce the value of the dollar to 50 per cent of its former gold content. The British representative at Geneva has made it clear that England is unwilling to make any reduction in its tariff, and has intimated that he cannot guarantee that the pound will be maintained at its present value unless France abolishes all its quotas. This France declares to be impossible as long as Germany maintains its exchange controls and its abnormal clearing and barter agreements, and continues to subsidize its exports. Yet the Reich would probably be compelled to retain its exchange controls even if the mark were devalued. Lacking a reserve of gold or foreign currency, it would have no way of defending the mark unless it were granted a substantial credit by one of the other powers.

At first sight the three-power "stabilization" agreement between Great Britain, France, and the United States would appear to intensify the danger that monetary manipulation may become an accepted weapon of economic nationalism. As a compromise between a fluctuating currency and a fixed gold standard, the new plan has none of the advantages of either. A paper currency, though subject to violent fluctuations which can be reduced by an exchange stabilization fund, will ultimately adjust itself to its true purchasing-power value. The gold standard provides a mechanism whereby world prices may automatically be brought into alignment, and has the additional advantage of being free from political manipulation. The present scheme contains no automatic mech-

anism for the stabilization either of exchange or prices. Each country is to retain full independence in establishing a day-by-day rate at which gold is to be bought and sold. This opens a wide and extremely treacherous area to the conflict of nationalistic forces. What the policy of the various governments will be under existing circumstances remains to be seen. A few years ago each country was striving desperately to raise the exchange value of its currency for reasons of national prestige. As this proved disastrous, efforts have been more recently directed toward reducing the exchange value of the currencies as far as possible without provoking immediate retaliation. Either course is filled with danger, and until our political authorities grasp some of the basic facts of world interdependence it is wise to have our currency systems as automatic and free from political control as possible.

Essentially, the vicious circle of tariffs, quotas, exchange restrictions, and currency depreciation remains unbroken. But psychologically the present situation is much more favorable than that of three years ago. Domestic recovery has developed sufficiently in many countries to lessen the blind drive toward nationalism. Not a few countries have reached the stage at which the fallacies of autarchy have become glaringly obvious. Today the most serious obstacles to world economic stability are political rather than economic. Although it is hard to see how the prevailing demand for national independence in monetary affairs can be reconciled with a liberalizing of trade restrictions, it is even harder to envision Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia reaching an amicable economic agreement. The ever-present threat of war makes it imperative for countries like Germany and Italy to continue to seek self-sufficiency even though they are seriously in need of food and raw materials.

At the moment when constructive leadership is desperately needed at Geneva, it is particularly unfortunate that the United States should be engaged in a Presidential campaign in which the opposition party is assailing the meager concessions made in the trade pacts. As one of the two leading creditor countries, the United States must assume at least a part of the burden of leadership. The election obviously prevents the Administration from making the gesture that would be most likely to inspire a favorable response—an offer of a general reduction in the American tariff as part of a world program of economic disarmament. There still remains, however, a kind of leadership which the President could very advantageously exercise. Thus far the discussions at Geneva have been seriously obstructed by the narrowness of the frame of reference. Economic nationalism will yield only to a frontal attack on all phases of the problem simultaneously. Trade barriers are inextricably connected with such problems as colonies and the distribution of raw materials. As a leading creditor and as the owner of the richest stores of raw material, the United States might well take the initiative in asking that the present discussions be broadened to include a study of these fundamentals. The obstacles to a more general agreement of this type are enormous, but without it any attack on trade barriers is bound to fail.

How to Dress Though a Voter

IN THESE loud-mouthed October days it is remarkable that no one has said anything about keeping politics out of fashions. Yet this is a crucial question on which we feel the public should be enlightened without delay. It all began with a taxi strike in Paris following the victory of the Front Populaire last May. One spring evening the Avenue de L'Opéra was electrified to see a gentleman bicycling to the opera in top hat, white tie, and tails. In no time bicycling became the rage. This demanded a special costume, and with promptitude the great designers rushed into the breach. Any day thereafter the *haut monde* in shorts, slacks, knickers, and culottes could be seen bowling gaily through the Bois de Boulogne. It was all delightfully democratic, says *Vogue*, describing how the Princesse Jean Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge appeared in gray flannel shorts, Tyrolean sandals, and sapphires from Cartier.

Reflecting the revolutionary feeling, the mid-season collections showed Robespierre stiff collars, Danton tailcoats, Little Corporal tricorne; and Schiaparelli, oracle of the Place Vendôme, came out with a "liberty cap" described as having a "forward, upward movement." As her comment on the somewhat heterogeneous composition of what *Vogue*, still new to political reporting, calls "the Front Populaire, Blum's party," Schiaparelli made a sensation with her cotton-print evening dress in imitation of a patchwork quilt. Meanwhile, continues our faithful chronicler, a marquise is heard to call Stalin by his first name and Monsieur is buying cravats "in the popular colors of the lower classes." A neighboring revolution, too, is reflected in the fashions. "While the daughters of Spain wage war," we learn from *Harper's Bazaar*, "Vionnet makes history with black-lace mantillas." Here is a thought that covers us with confusion. In our blind way during the last few months we had been anxiously following events on the battlefield, and all the time behind our backs history was really being made in a black and gold salon on the Avenue Montaigne.

In this country *Vogue*, ever up to the minute, prepares its readers for the polls. If you're a radical they suggest, among other things, "love birds for your hair." Perhaps we move in the wrong circles, but if we were faced with a love bird in someone's hair we should take it for an emblem of the lunatic fringe indicating a vote for Lemke. However, *Vogue* goes on imperturbably to recommend "a bag on a long gold chain . . . if you're a conservative," presumably to prevent the love birds, excuse us, we mean the radicals, from snitching your carfare. If you're a "Laborite" you are advised to try "a removable peplum evening dress." We don't want to seem indelicate but just what does *Vogue* mean by "Laborite"?

In any case it looks as if our wardrobe would be quite inadequate come November 4. "James, order the Rolls, we're going out shopping for a United Front fedora."

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

It Pays to Stay on Relief

Washington, October 12

THE most amusing aspect of the Presidential campaign, aside from the fumbling stupidity of the Republican tacticians, has been the way that liberals and radicals have swallowed the propaganda of the G. O. P. and the Liberty League. The bull-roaring that has emanated from those twin citadels of reaction in denunciation of New Deal spending for relief and kindred activities seems to have so deadened the wits of many progressives that they actually have come to believe the Republicans would, if elected to power, cancel relief, wipe out the PWA, and toss back to the bread lines the thousands added to the federal pay roll under Roosevelt. The truth is, of course, that on all these points there is no material difference between the Republicans and the Democrats, and that the Republican attack, stripped of its disguises, is not an attack on relief and spending but a howl that the spending and the dishing out of jobs are handled by Democrats instead of by G. O. P. stalwarts.

In less hysterical days liberals and radicals would not have allowed themselves to lose sight of that fact, and the New Deal's smug defense of its record on these scores would have seemed as funny as the Republicans' attacks actually are. There would have been no goggle-eyed adoration of Roosevelt as the champion of the status quo. In its place there would have been demands that Roosevelt implement his bid for reelection with apologies for the status quo and a detailed explanation of how he proposes to end the scourge of unemployment in the next four years or, failing in that, put the relief system on a more decent basis. He would have been asked, for example, whether he proposes to continue his arbitrary trimming of the federal relief rolls and its attendant pushing of helpless thousands back upon the mercies of the flop houses, soup kitchens, and parish poorbaskets. He would have been asked when he intends to fulfil his Administration's announced plans for a genuine program of public works. Finally, he would have been asked to quit ogling the chambers of commerce with his pious proclamations for decentralization of relief and tell the country, instead, what he proposes to do about the existing decentralization which in many places permits the use of the relief roll as a club for beating down private wage rates.

A case in point is the recent suspension of WPA projects in a large part of Mississippi in response to the complaints of planters that they could not get their cotton picked because all their field hands were holding down WPA jobs. According to the official rules and regulations of the WPA, men are not supposed to be forced off its projects and into private employment unless the private

employment offered them is reasonable and decent. The wages offered by the private employer must be high enough to support a standard of living at least comparable to that under WPA wages, and if the job offered is merely a temporary one, then the WPA worker cannot be forced to take it unless assured of reemployment on a WPA project at the conclusion of the private job. So say the rules and regulations. But they were not obeyed in Mississippi. Down there the schedule of WPA wages is \$21 a month for unskilled labor, working 120 hours a month for an average of 17½ cents an hour. What do the planters pay their hands? According to the Federal Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the typical wage of a Mississippi farm hand in July was \$17.50 for a month of 10 and 10½-hour days, and that is overstating the case, for the bureau's statistics apply in general only to the more or less permanently employed farm hand; the cotton pickers driven off the WPA rolls and into the planters' fields do not fall in that category.

There are no data available on what the Mississippi planters pay their cotton pickers, but it is possible to set down here the typical wages paid such workers in adjoining sections of the Mississippi Delta. In Concordia Parish, Louisiana, for example, 7½ cents an hour is a prevalent wage for cotton pickers. More pickers get that wage than get a higher one. Concordia Parish's cotton pickers are Negroes. In Karnes County, Texas, another Delta area, the picking is done by Mexicans. They get from 8 to 14 cents an hour with the largest fraction in the 8-cent bracket. These, mind you, are wages that actually are being paid and not merely offered, and from all these areas have come loud-voiced protests that the WPA has pauperized the pickers to a point where they prefer relief work to the labors of the field.

In too many cases, under the "decentralized" relief system, local WPA officials have obligingly responded to these protests by forcing the requisite number of men off the WPA rolls and on to the pay rolls of the planters. In Louisiana, where even the permanently employed farm hand, according to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, did well to average \$19.75 "without board" for the month of July, the WPA wage for unskilled labor is \$23.10 for a month of 128 hours, or an average of 18 cents an hour. In Texas, where the typical wage of the more or less permanently employed agricultural worker was \$27.75 "without board" in July, the WPA wage for unskilled labor is \$21 for a 105-hour month, or an average of 20 cents an hour. Contrast these averages with the 8 cents and 7½ cents an hour paid the cotton pickers forced off relief rolls.

These cases are not without precedent. Harry Hopkins repeatedly has stormed against them. But new in-

stances continue to occur. The Mississippi case, for example, is not the first in that state, and the man responsible is the Mississippi WPA administrator, Wayne Alliston, in private life a clergyman. Alliston is the gentleman under whom a number of Mississippi communities were allowed to get WPA funds to build tax-exempt and rent-free factories disguised as industrial schools and designed for the use of sweatshops fleeing from union labor in the North.

Washington had another taste of General Hugh S. Johnson this week. Old Iron Pants slipped into town to appear before the National Labor Relations Board as mouthpiece for a company union. This whilom New Deal valiant—whose newspaper column recently assured the nation that Roosevelt does not think of E. T. Weir and Walter Chrysler as "economic royalists" and that if the world were only full of Weirs and Chryslers it would be paradise enow—was trying to do for David Sarnoff and the RCA what he did for Weir in 1933 and for Chrysler and the other automobile magnates in 1934, when he was NRA administrator. You will recall how, when a strike shut down the Weirton Steel plant, the workers were persuaded to return to their jobs on the promise of a collective-bargaining election, and how this was at first stalled by the NRA and then blocked by Weir himself. And you will recall how in 1934 Johnson engineered a skilful gypping of the automobile workers in a negotiation that

set up the famous Wolman board, which proceeded to impose upon the workers a company-union system of such marvelous capacities that it was adopted by International Harvester in preference to its own company union. Johnson this week was engaged in a similar shenanigan. He had helped engineer a peaceful settlement of the RCA strike at Camden, a settlement that involved an election at which the workers would choose their collective-bargaining representatives. The election had been held and the outside union had won it by an overwhelming vote. But only 3,000 of the 9,000 eligible workers had voted, the usual boycott pressure having been applied in an attempt to discredit an unpreventable union victory. Johnson, fulfilling what now seems to be one of his major missions in life, roared down to Washington to tell the NLRB it must not certify the union as the collective-bargaining representative of the RCA workers. To certify the union would be "shocking" to all friends of labor like himself, Johnson said. He argued that the 6,000 RCA workers who did not vote should be recorded as desiring no representation in collective bargaining, and that the union, having polled only a "minority" of the workers, had lost the election. Which is like arguing that the 60 per cent of the eligible voters in this country who in some years do not bother to vote or do not want a President, and that in those years the White House should be boarded up and left vacant.

The Pope Needs America

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

I
THE aged Pope recently appeared before 400 exiled Spanish refugees, spoke solicitously of the mystical Body of Christ and the ills and sorrows of war-torn Spain, and called benignly for a world-wide anti-red crusade in the spirit of Christian tolerance and charity. It was a scene rich in irony, but the Catholic press was too concerned with heralding the words of the Pontiff to catch the note of irony. The Jesuit weekly *America* drew a touching contrast between the Holy Father forgiving Communists who are raping Mother Church in Spain, and Joseph Stalin brewing new vials of hatred in the Kremlin. Stalin's adherents make him out to be infallible; the church attributes to him other characteristics of the early popes, one of whom wrote in the eighth century: "Do not the Franks know that all children of the Lombards are lepers? . . . May they broil with the devil and his angels in everlasting fire!"

The Roman Catholic church has been built and defended not only with prayers and the will of the Almighty but also by means of blood and the sword. Neither the Holy Ghost nor Saint Peter ever contributed as effectively to the defense of the papacy as did, say, the Frankish king Pepin and his great son Charlemagne, who restored the

weak Pope Leo III by force of arms. Down through the ages the Roman Catholic church has balanced prayers with the rack, canonization with the might of the sword, the power of wealth and oppression with appeals to the dreams and ignorance of the masses. It has, by the variety of its instruments, weathered the storms of centuries. Revolutions have come and gone, but Mother Church has remained the pillar of Christendom. In Spain today she stands with gun in hand defending churches which have been turned into arsenals. Her priests lay down their weapons to grant absolution to those who are about to be massacred by rebels wearing the badge of Mary on their sleeve and by those great defenders of Christianity, order, and authority—Mohammedan Moors. And the Vicar of Christ gently restrains them, forgives the "reds," and tacitly gives his benediction to the slaughter. The American Catholic press backs up the rebels. Thus *America* recently commented: "With such an enemy [communism] there can be no compromise; the Americans with liberal ideals will join the Bishops of Pamplona and Vittoria in calling down a blessing 'on those who at the moment are sacrificing themselves for religion and country.' " And when Michael Williams rather mildly dissented from this kind of rabidness in a recent issue of the liberal Catholic weekly

the *Commonweal*, a priest took the trouble to write in to correct him.

The Catholic church in America has never been more alert, more militant, more on the offensive than it is at present. E. Boyd Barrett, an ex-Jesuit, has written in the opening pages of his excellent and well-documented book "Rome Stoops to Conquer": "From an insignificant group of 25,000 adherents, shepherded by 30 poor priests, in 1789, the Catholic church in America has grown to be a congregation of 20,000,000 led by 30,000 priests. From being propertyless, she has become a rich institution, whose wealth exceeds two billion dollars. From being a despised and scattered flock, she has become the most perfectly organized body in the world, enjoying immense influence and power." In an article in the *American Spectator* (January, 1936) entitled The Finances of the Catholic Church, Ferdinand Lundberg furnished detailed and illuminating corroboration of Barrett's statements. Quoting from the New York State banking records and "selecting items at random from the portfolio of the church's investments," he presented a half-page list of the corporations in which the church has invested its funds—Pure Oil, Commonwealth Edison, Goodyear Tire and Rubber, Baltimore and Ohio, and so on. The list is a directory of the industrial United States.

Many commentators have mistakenly appraised religion in terms of individual piety, the attendance records at church services, and the like. They have failed to realize that religion is an institution and that it must be studied in terms of its influence as such. Among religious institutions the Roman Catholic church is the richest, the most solidly organized, the most cohesive. The strength of its organization gives it a position in our society which no other church possesses and makes it potentially a threat to progressive forces despite the fact that piety in American life is on the decline, that many individual Catholics disregard the church's doctrines on birth control, and that many of the enrolled twenty million Catholics do not partake of the sacrament regularly. Also, its organization is strictly authoritarian and anti-democratic.

These facts are interesting, particularly at a time when Mother Church has again come forth as the Church Militant, flying the banner of Catholic Action. The center of its offensive under the leadership of the Pope is, and must be, America. America is the citadel of world capitalism. Christendom is one of the spiritual bodyguards of world capitalism. Protestant Christianity was, of course, a reflex of the rise of world capitalism. It furnished the religious ethics which served as part of the rationalized explanation of the aims and ideals of the rising middle class. The connection between the rise of capitalism and the Reformation is close. In due time Mother Church swung into line. Part and parcel of medievalism, dependent for her strength upon her land holdings in the Middle Ages, she shifted her emphasis and adapted herself to the new capitalist world economy. Today the church remains the rock of Christianity, even though it does not possess the sweeping power which it once held, even though a Hitler does not come crawling to Canossa. It is only logical that Roman Catholicism should seek to conquer in America.

The death of capitalism will be the death of Mother Church. She will then be divorced from Caesar, and forced to practice her platitude of rendering unto Caesar his due, and giving unto God His due. The church will become a purely religious organization. Its power will be founded on prayer, superstition, and its ability to sell the promised joys of the kingdom of heaven. Its economic basis will be shattered. And no institution whose economic base has crumbled can survive as a social force.

Rome has lost other countries. It is now faced with the loss of Spain. Whoever wins in Spain, the church will emerge with lessened power. Fascism will reduce it to the position of a subsidiary ally. In order to retain its position, it must conquer America to compensate for its losses in other parts of the globe. Today a considerable proportion of the income of the church comes from this country. If the annual American contribution to Peter's pence were subtracted from the income of the Vatican, that income would be shrunk indeed.

For financial and other reasons the Roman Catholic church does not prefer fascism despite its alliance with Mussolini. Monarchism, Bonapartism, or capitalistic democracy is better suited to its intentions. Fascism is an expensive venture for the church, just as it is for capitalism. Fascism is a desperate attempt on the part of capitalism to save itself by hiring political Capones. These gangsters must be paid. Capitalists have to fork over some of that payment. If the church wants to survive, it also must contribute. Before Mussolini signed a concordat with the Vatican, the Black Shirts destroyed and outlawed Don Sturzo's Catholic Party, and they attacked the Catholic labor organizations as viciously as they attacked the Socialist trade unions. Even after the concordat, official attacks upon Catholic Action brought forth a papal encyclical in which the Pope complained of attacks on the youth of Catholic Action and protested repeatedly that Catholic Action was non-political. The experience of the Catholic church in fascist Germany is similar. Thus the church repeats its own history. It opposed the rise of capitalism and the bourgeoisie. It aligned itself with the aristocracy in the period of the bourgeois revolutions, and even down into the nineteenth century the papacy was anti-democratic. We are now entering a period of new wars and revolutions. The defense against revolution is fascism. If that defense is successful there follows a new distribution of power, wealth, and executive control, in which Rome does not propose but must accept terms. In order to survive, Rome must compromise and pay. For that reason the church does not prefer fascism.

In America there is no strong likelihood of fascism in the immediate future. American capitalism has not yet been forced to draw upon its reserves. The American working class has not yet become a direct revolutionary threat to capitalism. The American form of government as an instrument of capitalist state power has not yet broken down. Now is the strategic time for Rome to offset its losses in Europe by gains in the United States—before fascism unleashes all those vile and obnoxious anti-Catholic prejudices which are smoldering in the Bible belt.

[This article will be concluded next week.]

Circus Politics in Washington State

BY MARY MCCARTHY

THERE are forty-seven states in the Union, and the Soviet of Washington." This rueful epigram is with some authority attributed to Postmaster Farley. With the state of Washington securely tucked under his campaign belt Mr. Farley can afford to unbend and be funny about it. Today it seems sure that Washington will go for Roosevelt on November 3, will, in fact, go the whole Democratic hog, as it did in 1932. William Randolph Hearst, who, whatever his faults, is doubtless a seasoned political observer, has tacitly admitted this fact. He has made no effort to reopen his Landon propaganda organ, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, closed down in August by the Newspaper Guild strike; and he has thereby in effect renounced the Pacific Northwest and all its works.

The state of Washington is in ferment; it is wild, comic, theatrical, dishonest, disorganized, hopeful; but it is not revolutionary. Washington, it is true, has a tradition of radicalism in labor; but it has at the same time a tradition of corruption in political office. It gave America its most successful general strike; but it also pushed into the national limelight such fantastic public figures as Ole Hanson and Hi Gill, former mayors of Seattle. Its most distinguishing political characteristic has always been its sheer eccentricity. In the past this eccentricity was sporadic; it is now general. A smart promoter could now put the entire state under a tent, charge admission, and get it. Today a dozen sideshows, all nominally Democratic, are operating at once and at cross-purposes; a hundred Democratic barkers are peddling their own specially bottled political patent medicines. The state is alive, but it is not yet able to speak coherently.

The present Democratic regime, which has broken all state records for political oddity, came into power in 1932. Up to that time the state had been considered normally Republican, and no one was more surprised than the Democrats themselves when the major part of the ticket was swept into office with Mr. Roosevelt. So little was the victory anticipated, in fact, that three of the candidates elected to the legislature were, when informed of their triumph, discovered to be in trouble with the police for "statutory offenses." One of these was actually in jail for the rape of a twelve-year-old girl. A former orchestra leader, who had once run for mayor of Seattle on the platform of "A hostess on every street car" became lieutenant governor. A village lawyer who had not practiced law for twenty years was instated as attorney-general.

A general sense that the lid was off pervaded the state. The legislature was crammed with machine politicians and irresponsible ignoramuses. The minutes of the legislature are minutes of brawling, drunkenness, and disorder. Misappropriation of funds has been so common that the average voter has come to regard the honest office-holder as one

who turns what graft he garners from his office over to the party, while the dishonest one keeps it for himself. Federal money, as it poured into the state for the WPA, was used, in effect, to swell the party's campaign fund. In Seattle it is generally believed that a WPA worker who showed up on his project wearing a Landon sunflower would be beaten within an inch of his life.

It might be thought that on November 3 an indignant electorate would sweep these incompetents from office. For a number of reasons they will do nothing of the sort. In the first place, the "honest" Democratic politicians have during four years built up a highly effective, well-greased, semi-benevolent machine. In the second place, Washingtonians are not disturbed by idiosyncrasy or graft in high places. Perhaps Washingtonians are still close enough in time to the frontier to retain the pioneer's respect for enterprise and cunning; at any rate, they find political chicanery more entertaining than reprehensible; while a politician who is not something of a "card" stands little chance of success.

The third reason for the strength of the Democratic Party is of more serious political significance. While the Republicans have aligned themselves decisively with the forces of reaction, the Democrats have appropriated the verbalizations, at least, of the social unrest which is simmering throughout the state. In the governorship race, which is the hottest in the state, former Governor Roland H. Hartley, Republican, wealthy timberman from Everett, is campaigning on a platform of "If I was in Olympia I would smash the P.-I. strike"; but Governor Clarence D. Martin, Democrat, who refused to call out troops to break the strike, is standing on his record. Most of the Democratic candidates have at one time or another played around with EPIC or the utopians or the technocrats or, most recently, with the Townsendites and the Commonwealth Federation. The Republicans, on the other hand, get their only organizational support from the Washington Industrial Council, a group of industrialists who have raised a "war chest" of \$15,000,000 to break union labor in Seattle. The Democratic vote comes to a great extent from organized labor in the cities of the coast and from the organized lumberjacks of the logging camps of the tall timber, while the Republican vote comes from the conservative, prosperous small farmers in the eastern part of the state.

The Democratic Party has proved itself infinitely shrewder, more realistic, more adaptable than the Republican, which, in this state at least, is about to commit political hara-kiri for its ideals. As cooperatives have sprung up and prospered, as EPIC and the Townsend plan have gained adherents, as organized labor has tightened its hold on the waterfront and the cities, the followers of Frank-

lin Roosevelt have moved warily toward the left. Postmaster Farley need yet, however, have no fears, for the insincerity of these politicians is almost unquestionable. Mayor Dore of Seattle, who wavered noticeably over the Newspaper Guild strike, put the whole thing rather succinctly when he said of the strike: "Four or five days I didn't know where I was at, down at the bottom or on the top. But I know now that my political future is made."

The Democratic politicians can, in their enthusiasm for following trends, occasionally overstep themselves. When the last Democratic state convention allowed itself to be captured by the Commonwealth Federation, the step was premature. The Commonwealth Federation, an organization of technocrats, liberals, and Socialists, claiming a membership of 30,000 in the state, put forward a program demanding a system of production for use, which the convention indorsed. The Old Guard Democrats were forced to take a back seat, and Howard Costigan, young Commonwealth leader, a mural painter, was the tactician of the day. The solid lower middle class was frightened by the Federation, and labor was covertly contemptuous of its crackpot leanings. The primary on September 8 became the test of the strength of the Commonwealth, and the Commonwealth lost out, on the whole, to the more conservative wing of the Democratic Party. While the primary fight lasted, however, the state was on fire. Neither Senator Bone nor Senator Schwollenbach came home to partake of things political; neither Senator was ever quoted during the campaign.

The interest in the primary centered in the contest for the gubernatorial nomination. Governor Martin was opposed by a fascinating political phenomenon, John C. Stevenson, mystery man. Stevenson, a big, bland, smooth, bald-headed man with a radio voice that sets old ladies a-weeping, was six years ago elected county commissioner for King County. His origins were at that time unknown, and they remain so. When he first appeared to take his seat as commissioner his citizenship was challenged. It was believed that he was a Canadian or even that he was a native of one of the Mediterranean countries. At the hearing he attested his citizenship, though he kept his birthplace secret, and declared that he had enlisted in the Canadian air service during the war and won a commission there. He refused to give the name under which he had served on the ground that it might incriminate him to do so. He was undoubtedly at one time a flier, and today he owns a \$20,000 jet-black monoplane in which he soars over the Cascade foothills every time a posse goes out to round up a criminal suspect. He is a rich man. How he got his money has been a matter of speculation in and out of King County.

Several years ago he was indicted in Kings County, New York, under the name of John P. Stockman, for fraud in connection with a fake stock sale. He admitted that he was the Stockman wanted, but Governor Martin refused extradition, and eventually the charges were dropped. It is said that he got his start on the Coast as a sidewalk barker for the Painless Parker dentistry chain. Today he still talks, on the air, for Painless Parker, at a salary of \$1,000 a week. He is undoubtedly the most color-

ful public character who has ever blossomed in the state, a Robin Hood who robs the rich to give to the poor, takes his own cut, and makes no bones about it. He pays political debts, and even his political enemies are his friends.

His defeat in the primaries was the most serious blow that liberal and labor groups have lately sustained, for it looked at first as if Stevenson would be able to unite the semi-radical workers of the cities with the back-country elements with which they have been traditionally at war. He was, on the one hand, the Commonwealth Federation's candidate, and at the same time he offered a one-hundred-dollar pension plan to the old folks, tax-free homes, and better electrical-distribution service for farms. He was beaten, however, partly by the farm people, who distrusted his new-fangled Commonwealth affiliation, and partly by the Republicans, who were allowed this year for the first time to vote in the Democratic primaries. Governor Martin, a conservative banker and wheat miller, ran about 40,000 votes ahead of Stevenson. Stevenson is temporarily out of politics, for his term as commissioner ends in January and he cannot be reelected. It is thought, however, that he will cut himself off from the Commonwealth, which at the last moment abandoned him by announcing a sticker ticket of its own for November. He will keep some of the Commonwealth principles, will consolidate his alliance with labor in the person of Dave Beck, Seattle labor czar, and with the machine in the person of Mayor Dore, and will make a determined effort to regain the confidence of his old constituents in the rural districts. He is still the most important man in the state and his political future is perhaps just beginning.

An ally of Stevenson's, Warren G. Magnuson, King County prosecutor, won by a large majority the Democratic race for Zioncheck's seat in Congress. Next to Stevenson Magnuson is Washington's most promising political figure. In the primary he got the Scandinavian vote, the Teamsters' Union vote, and the Commonwealth Federation vote. He himself used to carry ice, and still holds a Teamsters' Union card. He is a small, handsome man, under thirty-five, popular with women. He is a smart politician; he has the right affiliations; and he will probably be noticed in Congress.

Oddly enough, Vic Meyers, the band-leading lieutenant governor, was the most popular candidate in the primaries. He received the greatest number of votes, 100,000, ever given in recent years to a man running for nomination. He made a leisurely campaign, going into remote Indian reservations and playing tom-toms until he discovered that the Indians were not voting, playing the saxophone at Suquamish, sleeping in a bathtub full of warm water. He is well liked because he is lieutenant governor, and therefore never in a tight spot, and because he mastered Roberts's "Rules of Order" and ran capably one of the wildest legislatures in the history of government. He makes no promises, caters to no crowd, simply runs on his name. He was opposed by twenty-five or more candidates, all of whom fell miserably by the wayside.

With the primary showing the Democrats polling three and one-half times the Republican vote, the political tautness of the state is already relaxing. The local wiseacres

have lost interest in the November election; they are now watching labor. Within the protective shell of the Democratic machine a vital new labor movement is developing. A battle for labor dominance is in the offing, and under a relatively stable, relatively sympathetic political regime it can be fought without fear. Labor for fifteen years or more has been ridden by an inferiority complex; it is only now beginning to measure its own strength. Since the débâcle of the general strike and the smashing of the I.W.W., the working class has felt itself insecure. For lack of anything better, it has accepted as its newspaper the *Seattle Star*, a Scripps League sheet supporting Landon for President. Regarding them as the least of possible evils, it has given its political support to a set of scoundrelly Democrats. Its one sincere political friend was Zioncheck, still idolized by the Seattle masses, which to this day believe that his final, tragic insanity was a myth created by the capitalist press.

The union leadership has been far from disinterested. Dave Beck has been used by the capitalists as a bogey man to frighten voters, but like the Democratic machine men with whom he is privately friendly, Beck will usually play ball. He has been denounced by the capitalists as a racketeer, and his attitudes, income, and appurtenances do not altogether belie the charge. Last year he paid taxes on an income of \$39,000. Of this, he got \$12,000 as the vice-president of the Teamsters' Union and their local international organizer, \$5,700 as president of the local Teamsters' affiliates; the rest he attributes to some highly prof-

itable "brewing interests." He owns several armored cars and rides about in them, guarded. Though he controls but 3 per cent of the Seattle Central Labor Council, his prestige and influence have been enormous. He has had a hand in the conduct and settlement of virtually every important strike in Seattle in recent years. Within the last few months, however, his hold on labor has been weakening. As he has grown increasingly conservative and therefore increasingly unreliable, a group of liberal unions—the Maritime Federation, the Metal Trades Council, the Printing Trades Council—and the rank-and-file of his own teamsters have begun to chafe under his dominance. Since the radical Maritime Federation is numerically far and away the most powerful unit in the Central Labor Council, and since the weaker unions look more and more to this solid, enlightened group for guidance, it seems certain that Dave Beck and all the old-line leadership must eventually go. If Seattle is to have another labor czar he will be a rank-and-file leader, a new Harry Bridges.

How the Democratic politicians will react to this shift in the labor movement is a question. There are indications that Stevenson stands ready to throw in his lot with the rank and file. Labor, however, has already commenced to take a different attitude toward the time-servers in office. The *P.-I.* strike has demonstrated to labor its own strength. Through years of sell-outs, the working class has learned to distrust the politicians; during the next four years it must learn to exact service from them or reject them.

The Future of Social Security

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

II

THE illusions of the Social Security Act are due to the fact that its sponsors confused social insurance with private insurance. The enacted provisions totally disregard the world-wide experience with social insurance. Although social insurance is employed by practically all industrial countries—whether capitalist, communist, fascist, monarchic, or democratic—its essential aims remain a mystery in the United States to this day. Without bothering to find out what it was about, American business leaders for years maligned every program of social insurance. Even our universities displayed no interest in the subject. Old-age insurance was hardly discussed in this country. Outside of an inadequate study by the writer in 1926, no investigation was ever made and not a single significant article was published on the subject prior to the formulation of the present program by the Committee on Economic Security. The voluminous literature on unemployment insurance is still chaotic. The simple aim of unemployment insurance—to protect unemployed workers—continues to be confused with industrial stabilization and with diverse panaceas and cure-alls for the total abolition of unemployment.

The framers of the Social Security Act found it difficult to cope with the prevailing confusion. President Roosevelt intrusted the elaboration of the program to a committee composed of the busiest members of his Cabinet. Only one of the experts, with the committee but a short time, was identified with social insurance. In the few months given them the galaxy of economists and governmental administrators could not be expected to grasp the fundamentals of such a complex subject.

The act was based on the principles of private insurance because to this day there has been in the United States no understanding of the fundamental differences between the social-insurance device for meeting collective social problems and the scheme of private insurance to meet individual problems. Social insurance seeks not only the widest distribution of the risk but the widest distribution of the costs in order to extend its protective possibilities. Unlike private insurance, which seeks to compensate a single person for a single risk, social insurance aims at the collective protection of workers against economic hazards. For this reason it does not matter in social insurance whether the persons bearing the risk pay the contributions themselves; what matters is that those who suffer most

should receive the greatest protection. A social-insurance fund is solvent even if part or all of its funds come from general taxation. The emphasis here is on protection rather than on the possibilities of the actuarial premiums. Whereas in private insurance, where all funds come solely from premiums, the benefits must be determined by the premiums, the benefits in social insurance are weighted by governmental social policy rather than by the calculations of the actuary.

Because social insurance seeks social protection, it endeavors to establish a degree of economic balance in the national economy by preventing mass purchasing power from falling below a set minimum base. This is achieved by guaranteeing an income to those who, through no fault of their own, cannot earn it, by means of governmental financial help derived from progressive taxation. The purchasing power of the masses is augmented by a more equitable distribution of the national income. In order to meet the immediate problem of destitution, the government must finance these programs to the extent of its ability. Such programs are considered "social insurance" and not relief whenever the law guarantees the allowances and assures their payment. The stricter mechanism familiar to private insurance is used only to the extent that the government can relieve itself of its future burden without endangering the economic structure.

This concept of social insurance is no longer a matter of theory. It is the only form which has proved successful abroad. Even under a limited program of this nature Great Britain is emerging from the depression on a sounder basis than any other country. The British index of unemployment throughout the prolonged depression never declined halfway to the level reached in the United States. Industrial production for the home market was hardly affected because workers' purchasing power was buttressed by social-insurance income. The number of unemployed has been reduced by more than one-third during the past three years. Wages were maintained at a practically even level throughout the years of depression, while the cost-of-living index declined considerably, thus definitely raising the standard of British workers.

No such conception of social insurance prevails in the United States. The social phase of social insurance is disregarded here. The role of progressive taxation for social security is not comprehended. Thinking only in terms of private insurance and the building of reserves in good times for rainy days, Americans insist that "industry must pay for the ills it causes" and that workers must secure protection only through their own and their employers' contributions. This complete misconception accounts for the inequities and lack of realism of the Social Security Act. The Cabinet committee itself in its report to the President said that "a program of economic security for the nation that does not include those now unemployed cannot possibly be complete." But instead of facing the issue squarely by meeting this problem with governmental aid through the social-insurance program, the committee merely left the entire army of the present unemployed to the mercies of Mr. Hopkins's variegated experimentation. The same fallacious reasoning accounts for the act's ignor-

ing of the problem of the unemployed subsequent to the short benefit period and for its perilous old-age insurance system.

However, the Social Security Act is already on the statute books. Its passage commits the United States to governmental action. The desirability and necessity of social security are recognized. The act does establish federal responsibility for social welfare even though the government largely evades its financial responsibility. But the envisioned objectives cannot be achieved by illusory methods. The deficiencies of the act must be eliminated so that the United States, like other industrial nations, may profit from a constructive social-insurance program.

Fortunately, the mistakes embodied in the old-age-insurance plan can be easily repaired. No part of this plan comes into operation before 1937. Annuities are not to be paid before 1942, and the immediate taxes are set on a small scale. Congress can still correct the errors, and if the Supreme Court sustains this national plan, a genuine achievement in social progress will be attained.

A summary of the deficiencies of the plan indicates the necessary remedies. The defects of the annuity plan arise from the New Deal attempt, contrary to all experience, to establish a self-sustaining fund in the shortest possible time in order to escape governmental responsibility for a generation of aged not previously provided for. It is this ambition which fosters the high premium rates, the huge reserves with their inherent dangers, and the inadequacy of the annuities. But the government cannot recklessly shift to the younger workers the community's responsibility for the older groups, who even with their employers are unable to make sufficient contributions for an adequate annuity at sixty-five. The government must provide for these groups either through an adequate non-contributory pension system or by adding sufficient sums to the insurance annuities to assure a decent competence. To do this, the act must be changed along the following lines:

1. The contribution rates should be reduced from the ultimate 6 per cent of wages reached in the next twelve years to an ultimate maximum of 3 or 4 per cent of wages by both employers and employees, to be attained in the next twenty or thirty years. This will eliminate the dangers of overburdening industry and accumulating large reserves. The present pay-roll tax of 1 per cent can be retained. The increase in the rates should be made to occur, however, every five years, as suggested by the President's Committee on Economic Security, or preferably every ten years as in England. The exact figures can be determined actuarially on the basis of sound social policy.

2. To provide for persons who will reach sixty-five in the next ten to fifteen years, before substantial annuities can be built up, the government may limit itself to grants-in-aid to all needy aged. The present federal pension subsidy should be increased, adequate standards for the states set up, and residence qualifications reduced to meet the problem of migratory workers. The government may further help during this intermediate period by returning part or all of their contributions to those who have been in the insurance system for at least five years. If these

sums are not considered part of the assets of applicants for non-contributory pensions, a larger income is assured to those who made contributions.

3. The government may follow the British system by granting adequate flat annuities of, say, \$40 a month in 1942 or sooner to every insured person and his wife without a means test. The deficit incurred because of grants to those who have not financed their own annuities would be made up by the government from current progressive taxation, as is done in Britain. The contributions may be set in such a manner that only those joining the fund at the age of twenty or twenty-five will accumulate, by their own and their employers' contributions, an adequate competence. This governmental contribution, gradually reduced, may perhaps be eliminated in half a century.

Greater difficulty is met in attempting to remedy the present unemployment-insurance plan, since this part of the act is already functioning and any changes in the federal act have to be incorporated in the fifteen laws already enacted. The need for change, however, is even more urgent here. The necessary amendments are also apparent from the plan's flaws, which are due to the fact that the federal government attempts to avoid its responsibility to the unemployed in the future through the insurance system, even though for the past several years it has been spending and must continue to spend billions of dollars in expensive and ineffective relief. The necessary changes in this part of the act can be made by facing the problem realistically. They are as follows:

1. A national system of unemployment insurance may create great constitutional and administrative difficulties. The enactment and administration of unemployment-insurance laws may therefore be left to the states. A truly effective stimulus for states to enact such laws must be provided, however. This can best be accomplished by granting to the states federal subsidies covering the full cost of the unemployment benefits, upon condition that definite minimum standards are incorporated in the state laws. A state which enacts an acceptable law would be subsidized to the full amount of the pay-roll tax raised in that state. In addition, whenever these funds prove insufficient for the stipulated benefit period, the federal government would supplement them from progressive taxation. The duplicating tax and pay-roll records would thus be eliminated by the retention of only the one general federal tax on employers, augmented perhaps by a small levy on workers, which is justified on many grounds. Such a plan would not only involve fewer constitutional difficulties but assure an adequate and uniform system of unemployment insurance throughout the country and provide an effective method of meeting the needs of the great majority of unemployed.

2. The benefit period must be extended to at least twenty-six weeks. This is now impossible in most states because, although contributions are uniform in all the states, the percentage of unemployment varies sharply from state to state. Only contributions by the federal government can level out the differences. This wider program would not entail much additional cost to the federal gov-

ernment since there would be a corresponding reduction in our present expenditures on WPA and PWA.

3. The revised plan must, as in Great Britain, also provide for supplementary benefits, at least to those in need, after the stipulated regular benefit period. Unemployment relief must be integrated with unemployment insurance, and our whole relief system must be recast. The problem of unemployment cannot be attacked on an emergency basis. Only incorrigible optimists believe that the return of prosperity will abolish the need for further unemployment relief. The question of relief for the unemployed is a national problem which cannot be relegated to the individual states. It is impossible to provide constructive work-relief for all the millions of unemployed for many years to come. Constructive public works can take care of a certain portion of the unemployed. On these normal wages should be paid. Useless work represents pure waste of public funds. The present WPA is not only doing incalculable harm to American wage scales but in turning its workers over to regular governmental departments is helping to conceal the costs of public administration. The claims of psychological benefits to workers on work-relief are grossly exaggerated. Handling a shovel does not add to the dignity of a skilled worker.

When granted on a dignified and assured basis, adequate direct relief is not degrading. It is its present uncertainty and the stigma attached to it which embitter the recipients. That public schools are supported by taxpayers as a whole does not make people hesitate to send their children to them. When unemployment is of short duration systematic relief is not harmful, since the worker feels on a vacation. For those who are unemployed for a long period more vitalizing programs than made work are essential for morale. Under any conditions, work-relief is extremely expensive, and for a given cost many more unemployed could be sustained on dignified relief. It is the high cost of work-relief which causes the federal government to consign millions of unemployed to the states for whatever insufficient help they can render. Direct unemployment relief could be made dignified and certain through a comprehensive system of public employment exchanges where the unemployed would register for work and employers would be encouraged to register their vacancies. The genuinely unemployed would be entitled to certain relief merely by evidencing their willingness to work; the slackers would be effectively eliminated. This system would also make possible the acceptance of temporary jobs, now shunned by persons on relief because of the difficulty of getting back on the relief rolls.

Despite its glittering title the Social Security Act does not establish security. Its most important provisions are pregnant with grave dangers. Since the American people are definitely committed to social security, political or personal considerations must not be permitted to thwart their urgent needs and desires. The good already won must not be lost. A constructive plan of social insurance can provide a measure of security for the workers of America. To delay the necessary corrective action is to court disaster and shatter the hopes of a long-suffering people.

[Part I of Mr. Epstein's article appeared last week.]

Danzig Under the Terror

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

EVENTS in the so-called Free City of Danzig appear to be moving toward a climax. Violent Nazi persecution of the helpless opposition proceeds in the guise of a crusade against bolshevism. The League of Nations "promotes" its Commissioner in Danzig to a post in Geneva, thereby removing the one man from the outside who has courageously opposed the march of Hitlerism into the Free City. The League Council, recognizing the crisis, invites Poland "to seek means for putting an end to the obstruction offered by the Danzig government to the High Commissioner," and to report at the Council's January meeting. Geneva's sudden occupation with the Danzig problem, though encouraging, may have come too late.

Danzig's position as an independent state is based on Articles 100-108 of the Treaty of Versailles and on the Danzig-Polish agreements. The original plan was to provide Poland with an outlet to the sea. The mouth of the Vistula was to be neutral territory. Were Danzig to become part of the Reich, it would have practically no economic hinterland and would rapidly sink to the economic status of Stettin or Lubeck.

But it is not the economic welfare of the Free City that interests the Nazis. They are consumed with the desire to destroy the hated democratic opposition and remove the constant threat to Hitler's prestige that will continue as long as the city is nominally independent. In spite of a violent drive directed and financed from Berlin, the Nazis polled barely 59 per cent of the vote in the election last year. The opposition maintains that a free plebiscite would show the Nazis to be a minority in Danzig. Such a showing would have a devastating effect on National Socialist prestige throughout Europe. At all costs Hitler must prevent such a development. The surest method is to smash the opposition.

On the evening of June 12 a group of German Nationalists—conservative members of the opposition—were holding a meeting in the St. Joseph Haus, a Catholic restaurant. Hundreds of Nazi storm troopers suddenly appeared on the scene, and a riot ensued in which several persons were killed. Two days later Hitler's personal representative, Herr Forster, made the statement that within three weeks the opposition parties would be suppressed.

The Poles were suddenly alarmed. The aftermath of that Nazi riot was an invitation sent from Warsaw to Paris for General Gamelin, French Chief of Staff, to visit the Polish military leader, General Rydz-Smigly, in August. The first week of September found Rydz-Smigly in France, visiting officials, watching military maneuvers, strengthening the Franco-Polish alliance, and arranging for a French credit for Polish purchase of armaments. This undoubtedly came as a shock to Berlin, just as it

came as a surprise to other capitals. To counteract the effects of the diplomatic defeat, Hitler whipped up the Communist scare at the Nürnberg congress.

Unhappily Poland's rebuke to Germany does not solve the problems of the Danzig opposition. Nothing less than energetic action by the League and Poland can check the Nazi terror which grips the Free City. That the Nazis have little respect for Geneva was demonstrated by Herr Greiser's sensational gesture at a League session last July. Consequently, Sean Lester of Ireland, the League's Commissioner in Danzig, has held one of the most discouraging jobs in the world. Not only has he had to put up with continual Nazi abuse, but the utter lack of power to enforce his decisions has made his position at once futile and anomalous. A strong stand by the League might protect Danzig's citizens from the Nazi terror. If the League powers mean business, they can count on Polish support, because Warsaw is now thoroughly awake to the danger of Nazi aggression. The Poles realize that if the Reich seizes Danzig, Berlin's next move will be against Pomorze (the Corridor).

In the meantime Nazi pressure against the opposition continues. Citizens are taken into "protective custody," which means that they disappear into a Nazi jail. Freedom of the press has ceased to exist in Danzig. No publication can legally appear that criticizes National Socialism. On the other hand, the Free City is flooded with propaganda from the Reich; the notorious Julius Streicher's anti-Semitic *Stürmer* is pushed for sale by the Nazis, and one sees its slogan, "Die Juden sind Unser Unglück," posted on houses and windows everywhere in Danzig. During August an anti-Jewish boycott was started with the blessing of the Free City's Supreme Court. Danzig's Jewish citizens had protested against a poster displayed in the municipal health-insurance office urging people not to patronize Jewish merchants. The court, which is dominated by the Nazis, rejected the protest on the surprising ground that the boycott is part of the National Socialist Party's anti-Semitic program.

The hopelessness of the opposition's cause is recognized nowhere more clearly than in Danzig itself. One can but marvel at the moral courage of men who continue the struggle against such odds. They know only too well that a sudden shift of the European political winds could place them at the mercy of their Nazi enemies. They know that Berlin hopes Poland will become so engrossed in a quarrel with Czecho-Slovakia or in internal problems that Warsaw will have to turn its back on Danzig. They know they are opposing a ruthless dictatorship and the most powerful military machine in the world. Yet they carry on. As Lord Robert Cecil said not long ago, the Danzig situation is a "symptom of war."

A Farmer Candidate

BY JAMES RORTY

ON THE platform George Nelson, Socialist candidate for Vice-President in this election, took a hitch in his pants, adjusted his steel-rimmed spectacles, peered a little apprehensively at his metropolitan audience, and began: "Brothers and Sisters."

That's the way the radical farmers do it in the dairy states, just before they stop a foreclosure or regretfully spill some milk, and that's the way Nelson does it, no matter what audience he is talking to. The Socialist Throttlebottom is no actor—he can only be himself. But, in the language of Broadway, the performance is a wow. Seldom has the American electorate been treated to a performance of such simple, earnest, grass-roots authenticity. He has been a surprise even to his party coworkers. Appearing on the same platform with Norman Thomas, one of the most experienced and accomplished orators in American public life, Nelson has come close to stealing the show more than once—much to his own embarrassment.

The worn phrases of Karl Marx come suddenly to life again when uttered by this Wisconsin farmer with the big hands and feet, the tall, lean-muscled body toughened by a half-century of hard manual work, and the soft, patient voice, burred with a strong Danish accent. He "gentles" his audiences the way he would soothe a fractious colt, and then tells them, quite uncompromisingly and a little sadly, all that he thinks and believes about the problems of the American farmer and of the nation as a whole.

Nelson was born in the panic year of '73 in a log shack built in the clearing his father, a Danish immigrant, had hacked out of the virgin hardwood forest, using an ax he made himself in a Chicago machine-shop. That ax, a gun, a hoe, a cookstove, and four chairs constituted the total assets of this pioneer family when they settled in Polk County in 1869. It was seven years after that before they had even a plow or a horse to drag it. Meanwhile they scratched the soil around the stumps, fished, hunted, and befriended their few neighbors—the Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Irish, and Germans who were fighting the forest with equally primitive tools and laying the foundations of the future state of Wisconsin.

Hard necessity made mutual help the first law of the frontier. But to this necessity were joined the cultural patterns which these Scandinavian pioneers brought from the motherland. Before Nelson's father left Denmark, the folk schools were already laying the foundations of the Danish cooperative system. Hence it was natural that the Nelsons—there were seven children in the family—should take a leading part in the establishment of Polk County's first cooperative. It consisted of a log cabin in West Denmark and a home-made churn. For paid employees there were a woman butter-maker and a man to collect the cream.

Beside butter, the Polk County pioneers had one other

cash crop, without which they could scarcely have survived. It was children. Almost as soon as he was big enough to wield a pitchfork, Nelson remembers going south in the harvest season to work in the wheat fields. If the crop was good, the workers got paid. Otherwise not. His father and brother did the same thing, and in the winter they worked in the logging camps; the girls as they grew up worked in the hotels and restaurants of the growing cities. Never in his memory, says Nelson, has Polk County agriculture been really self-supporting. All the pioneer families had to export labor. Always they hoped that times would get better, that as the reward of their heart-breaking labor they would some day be able to stay on the farm and get a living out of the soil. The storekeeper, they noticed, made a go of it; his standard of living rose much faster than theirs. Something was wrong. Would consumer cooperation cure it?

"No," says Nelson, himself a devout cooperator and one of the leaders of the cooperative movement in the Lake States. "A cooperative movement built alongside of and within the capitalist system is not enough. What's the sense of being cooperators 364 days of the year, and then, on the 365th day, going to the polls and voting, as Democrats or Republicans, for the fellows that skin us? Cooperation is a good crutch to limp with, but we'll never be able to stand on our two feet until the farmers and workers cooperatize the whole system and build socialism. That's what cooperation means if you think it through."

How soon that will be Nelson doesn't know. He is a patient man, and takes the arduous labor of the campaign as just another of the tough chores he has been doing all his life. In his teens and twenties he worked all over the Middle West and West—in the coal and silver mines of Nevada, in the logging camps and lumber mills, even for a period of three years as a placer miner in the Yukon. From that adventure he returned with just enough dust and nuggets to add another block of cutover land to his paternal inheritance of eighty acres and build a house for his bride. Today he has 140 acres of tilled land, 240 acres of pasture, an uncomfortably large mortgage at the bank, and eight children. He isn't a subsistence farmer any more. On paper, at least, he is a substantial landed proprietor. Yet he and his children are in some respects less secure and less hopeful than were his pioneer father and mother when they were so deep in the woods they never heard of the panic of '73.

Nelson has been a cooperator as long as he can remember, and in the early nineties he helped to form the first local of the Socialist Party in Polk County. He has always been a little ahead of his people, yet always close enough to deserve and receive repeated evidence of their respect and confidence. For nine years he was president of the Wisconsin Society of Equity and editor of its journal. Today, in addition to being the Socialist candidate for Vice-President, he is vice-president of the Farm Holiday Association and a director of the Farmers' Union. He is sixty-three years old, hasn't a gray hair in his head, and is as tough as hickory. For nearly half a century he has been a working farmer, a working cooperator, and a working Socialist.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

VISITING the other day in the office of one of the leading Connecticut newspapers I found an amazing difference of opinion among the editorial staff as to whether the Democrats or Republicans will carry that state. Finally the managing editor told me of the conditions in the office. The business department, he said, including the advertising solicitors, clerks, and so on, is unanimously for Landon. The editorial floor he described as "spotty," with both candidates strongly represented, while the top floor, filled with compositors, was unanimously for Roosevelt. I told him that I thought this portrayed the situation throughout the country in a nutshell. Everywhere business men and those who are possessed of considerable means and are naturally conservative are almost unanimously for the Republican candidate. They are not impressed by Mr. Landon and they admit that his speeches are "terrible"; I have yet to hear a word of enthusiasm about him from any Republican. But that makes no difference. They would be voting for William Randolph Hearst if the Republicans had chosen him as their standard bearer. The sentiment among the business men in a large Connecticut city with which I am familiar is such that there is very little exaggeration in the statement made to me by a friend that anybody in that circle who declared that he was going to vote for Roosevelt was considered a fit subject for a commission of inquiry into his sanity. There never was greater unanimity among the heads of corporations, vice-presidents, and general managers, and it extends down even to small independent business men, who sincerely believe that the corporation-surplus tax will mean the end of their businesses within two years.

But on the other hand there is an extraordinary unity of opinion among the workers both in and out of the labor unions. Correspondents who have traveled with the President in this campaign and who traveled with him four years ago are unanimous in saying that the greetings given to the President in the mining areas of West Virginia and Pennsylvania go farther than any they have ever witnessed in enthusiasm and apparently genuine personal devotion. The workers have come to feel that he is their champion, their friend, and that the New Deal, whatever its faults, was meant to help them as no other Administration has ever sought to help them. In this sense we are witnessing the most clear-cut class struggle in our history. The top and the bottom will be solidly arrayed against each other, and as I see it, the only question is whether the middle class will favor Landon in sufficient numbers to outvote labor—that is, if labor stands firm until Election Day. When I remember how labor went back on La Follette in the 1924 campaign and how the New York

City organization flopped from La Follette to the Republicans in the last week of the struggle, I confess to having some anxiety as to whether the labor leaders will stand fast until the end of the campaign. I do not believe that the miners and the mass of the workers who turn out for Roosevelt wherever he appears, often without the slightest instigation by the party organization, can be won away from the President, but unfortunately labor leaders can be bought and have been bought, and there can be no question that the Republicans will stop at nothing in spending the \$8,000,000 they plan to disburse.

There is also great danger that as usual the Republican employers will stop at nothing to try to frighten or dragoon their workers into voting against Roosevelt. Before me lies a copy of the house organ of a large Connecticut corporation containing pictures of Nazi girls being regimented and drilled and of the fascist pawns of Mussolini being marched about by their officers. Then there is a picture of care-free and happy American men walking along in an irregular group, all smiles and good cheer. The text declares that this election is going to decide whether Americans will be similarly regimented or remain free and happy citizens. It leaves no doubt about where the management stands. This is pretty shortsighted business, because it is going to make any intelligent workman resent the effort to tell him how to vote. And it is not likely that the attempt to win the election by terror will stop at this sort of thing. It never has stopped there in the past. There have been times when the state of Wisconsin has been covered with billboards assuring the voters that if the La Follette ticket should win, the state's factories would fold up or move away. The full-dinner-pail argument which won at least two elections for the Republicans can hardly be worked this year when it is Roosevelt who is filling the dinner pails in larger and larger degree. But we must be prepared in the closing days of the campaign for even more hysterical charges than we have yet had that we are being sold out to the bolsheviks and that the fate of the American Republic is at stake. If we come to Election Day without some sort of Zinoviev letter, of the type that the Conservatives forged to unseat Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Government in England, we shall be lucky.

Fortunately elections are over soon, and whichever side wins we are not yet facing a genuine class struggle. Whether the lines will be more sharply drawn four years from now if a strong Farmer-Labor Party is put in the field remains to be seen. But if the masters of privilege and property find that even with Mr. Roosevelt reelected the Republic survives and their dividends continue, they will again begin to divide along the old party lines.

BROUN'S PAGE

Gardenia Bill

"**P**RETEND to be talking very earnestly," said the older reporter, "or it's a cinch he'll sit down and give us a chapter from his unwritten autobiography."

"Who will?" said Tom Sykes.

"That old bore heading in this direction from the free-lunch counter. Name's Broun. He says he used to be a newspaperman. That was back in 1936 and so nobody around here can remember."

The advice had come too late. The old gentleman had found the empty chair and plopped into it. "Hate to drink alone or talk alone," he said. "Blake's isn't what it used to be thirty years ago. People stayed up then and listened to conversation."

"Like what?" asked the older reporter.

"You may well ask," said the old gentleman. "We will not hear their like again—Swope and Woolcott and Quentin Reynolds. In those days it was just one gag after another. You think I talk a good deal."

"I think you talk too much if you're asking an honest opinion," replied the older reporter, whose name was Sam McHenry.

"Well," said the old gentleman, not in the least abashed, "thirty years ago they called me Silent Broun or sometimes Humble Heywood. 'I guess Roy Howard's got your tongue,' they used to say down at the office. Would you like to hear how I cured myself of being so reticent?"

"Not particularly," said Sam McHenry.

"He must have his joke," the old gentleman continued, turning to the less rebellious of the two victims. "I cured myself by finding two attentive listeners just before going to bed every night and telling them one of my famous stories."

"Have a heart, Pop," exclaimed McHenry, "I still have a Sunday theater piece to do tonight."

"Good, you can use this story about Gardenia Bill. I don't even want any credit. Did you ever hear of a musical show called 'Shoot the Works' which was produced before you were born?"

Both young men confessed complete ignorance.

"I guess," said the old man, "it wouldn't have made very much difference if you had been born. Nobody heard about the show anyway. I was in it myself. It didn't run long. I lost \$14,000 and met my wife, but I wouldn't call the whole thing disastrous."

"We had a man who could sing. His first name was Bill. The last could have been O'Connor but it escapes me. He sang something about 'Hot moonlight! Hypnotic moonlight!' I used to know it all. Quite a voice! Quite a voice! But at the end of a couple of weeks he came to me and said he was going to quit. You see it was a cooperative show. Whatever money came in we divided up, and if

there wasn't any we divided that up, too. The first week Bill got three or four hundred dollars. That wasn't so bad, but the next week a certain number of people had seen the show and were telling others about it, so nobody very much came. Bill only got \$75 that week.

"He had a right to resign but there was no way to pay him any more money or get anybody in his place, and so I went home and thought very seriously and finally I called in my secretary and said, 'Send four gardenias to the theater tonight to Bill and inclose some sort of romantic note.' 'Like what?' said my secretary, who wasn't romantic. 'Oh, tell him that you come every night to 'Shoot the Works' just to hear him sing.'

"Thirty years ago actors were susceptible to flattery. At least Bill was. When I came into the theater, he was showing everybody the flowers and the note. 'I think I recognize her,' he said. 'She's a tall, blonde girl and she sits every night in the tenth row.' I hadn't told anybody where the gardenias came from but they laughed at Bill just the same. All of us in the troupe knew that it was most unlikely that anybody should be sitting in the tenth row. It had been days and days since the audience ran back of the fifth row. Still it was possible for us to stagger along in our co-operative way if only we could continue to hold Bill in the cast.

"Saturday was the time he had announced for quitting, and so on Friday I urged my secretary to outdo herself in the fervency of the note which she placed with the flowers. Unfortunately she was not up to the task. I had to write that mash missive myself. I remember I burned it with the end of my cigar to indicate a truly flaming passion.

"Before the curtain went up, Bill came around to the star's dressing-room which I occupied with four other performers. 'Forget about my notice,' he said. 'Money isn't everything. I'm having a good time. I'm going to stick along. The show must go on and all the rest of that bally rot.'

"That's shorter than most your stories," said Sam McHenry grudgingly.

"And that's because I'm not finished yet. I sent the gardenias again on Monday. I wanted to make sure and I told my secretary to inclose a farewell note. 'We can't afford to be sending these flowers,' I said. 'They cost us \$3 every night. Say in your note this time that you've got to go away on a brief vacation and that you hope he'll still be there when you get back.'

"Bill remained with us during the entire eleven weeks. He was quite happy and contented. He was waiting for the girl of the gardenias to come back."

"And so the joke was on him," said Tom Sykes.

"Well, not exactly. You see she told him about the trick I was playing. She thought it was mean and so did he, and so they got married. Still, she wasn't a very good secretary."

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SCHOLARSHIP BY PROXY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I HAVE on my desk a series of four mimeographed sheets containing a list of some two hundred American actresses of the past and present. The remainder of each page is occupied by five parallel columns headed "Rank as an Actress," "Popular Appeal," "Beneficial Influence on Theatrical and Dramatic Standards," and so on; and accompanying the whole is a letter from a professor in an Eastern university asking me please to "rank the names under each heading from 1 to 3, using 3 to indicate greatest importance."

If I were to write the "scholar" who makes the request that I shall certainly do nothing of the kind, that my offhand opinion on the subject is of no conceivable value, and that a compilation of a thousand such offhand opinions will be worth not one iota more, he would probably set me down as a nasty, uncooperative curmudgeon. Hence I shall not even bother to write the letter, but it is high time that American universities should halt not only the mania for senseless questionnaires but the whole tendency to permit both professors and so-called "research students" to ask other people to do their work for them. The abuse of the questionnaire has been discussed rather frequently, but no one, so far as I am aware, has publicly protested to the universities themselves against the nuisance and the folly of the lazy student who is apparently permitted to believe that when he has collected five hundred random opinions signed by five hundred miscellaneous "names" he has made a contribution to knowledge and become a scholar worthy to be dignified by a sheepskin which proclaims him Doctor of Philosophy—of all things!

So far as I know, none of the older and more distinguished universities has yet fallen so low, but there is no one in even the humblest of public positions who does not almost weekly receive fantastic requests which betray not only the most debased possible conception of the meaning of research but a plain cheek which it is difficult to comprehend. Very recently, to take a typical example, I was visited by a so-called student from a New York institution of higher learning who asked me, with poised notebook, "my relation to contemporary literature," and then, after I had mumbled something or other, informed me with considerable enthusiasm that a collection of such opinions was to constitute his "thesis," that it would be nice if I would sign his notes, and that perhaps when the collection was complete *The Nation* would like to buy it for publication. Not very long before, I had received from a Ph.D. candidate in a Middle Western university a request for a list of the most significant modern plays of all countries, accompanied by the charming admission that as he was writing a thesis on the subject, he would like to be told

which works it would be most worth his while to read.

I was, I am proud to boast, less appalled by the calm effrontery of the demand, and the apparent assumption that I would be only too glad to spend a few weeks compiling such a list, than I was by the naivete of the mind which could take it for granted that the proper way to investigate the significance of the modern drama was to read only the plays which someone else had decided to be significant. But what is to be expected of students when their professors can write such letters as that which I received a few weeks ago from one of them, which ran as follows?

I have just returned from a five weeks' stay in the Soviet Union, making a study of the press. In the course of things the editor of the monthly *Literary Critic* asked me to prepare an article on the influence of Maxim Gorki on American writers.

As I know next to nothing about it, I am asking American writers themselves if they have felt this influence, in themselves or in others, and what it has been or may be.

I hope that my approaching you for a few lines on this subject may not be a nuisance, and I think it would be well to add that I am not accepting payment for the job.

Each of these correspondents I answered with a polite note. I see little to be gained by private rudeness even in response to gall of such quintessential strength, but some useful purpose might possibly, I think, be served by asking my correspondents, and more especially the institutions by which they are sponsored, a few simple questions. Precisely what abilities are being demonstrated and what training is being received by the New York student who is popping in and out of offices and studies asking a very miscellaneous group of journalists and writers "their relation to contemporary literature"? What kind of original scholarship is likely to be produced by a student who gets his working bibliography at second hand from a dramatic critic who dashes off a list of plays? And, finally, what business has a college professor to agree to write an article on a subject which, he is ready to admit, he knows "next to nothing about"?

At various times the research conducted in American graduate schools has come in for a good deal of criticism—some of it justified and some of it not. Along with a good deal that is mediocre the accumulated doctoral dissertations issued by Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and some of the lesser institutions include quite a few works of substantial merit and quite a few more which represent sound honest work in the investigation of topics which may be of no particular intrinsic importance but which have served, nevertheless, both to demonstrate the ability of the student

and to afford him some training in the methods of research. It is also true that certain purely statistical studies would not be possible without the use of the questionnaire. It is sometimes necessary to count heads, and there are occasions when the count itself is significant. But a compilation of opinions remains merely a compilation of opinions. Scholarship consists in special knowledge, not in the cumulation of ignorances, and there is no possible justification for the sort of thing I have been describing. It is far worse than any of the various varieties of Alexandrianism which tend to infect institutions of learning. It is dishonest, it is ungentlemanly, and worst of all it is plain silly.

BOOKS

Young Man in War Time

SHERSTON'S PROGRESS. By Siegfried Sassoon. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

MR. SASSOON continues here, and possibly concludes, his largely autobiographical chronicle of George Sherston. For those who have read the "Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man" and the "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" this book may prove a valuable extension of earlier experiences; for those who, like myself, have not, it must come as a very great disappointment. Its shortcomings are scarcely atoned for by its undeniable honesty, and scarcely annulled because the story has a certain interest it was never intended to have. Quite without meaning to, as it happens, Mr. Sassoon has written a document, almost an exposé, of the eternal Englishman incapable of rising above himself. In Sherston's case there can be no doubt that traditional values won out over an attempted independence of mind.

Second Lieutenant George Sherston went on strike against the war. But his pacifism led him, not before a court-martial, but into a hospital for the "shell-shocked." There a psychiatrist, as clever as he was calm, coupled with plenty of good food and golf, restored Sherston to sanity. He decided finally to return to the front, did so, found the job not too awful, was wounded, and ended up in a rather nobler type of hospital where members of the royal family stopped by his bed to offer forty-five seconds' worth of polite sympathy. At this point the narrative ends, with Sherston as muddled as ever and given to rather vague—and glib—interrogations that may be taken to express his partial dissatisfaction with the universe.

As a transcript of a young man's actual emotions in war time, the book is convincing enough. You must, however, regard the young man as extremely average, with no real self-knowledge and no fixed scale of values. He is anybody who has seen the blood and horror of war, which is a great deal less than we suppose Sherston to have been. Furthermore, seeing that almost twenty years lie between Sherston's experiences and the writing of them down, one looks for a sense of perspective, a revision of values, a growth of understanding that one nowhere encounters. This is what happened to Sherston, and so far as the book is concerned, nothing ever happened afterward.

There is possibly an argument in favor of presenting things simply as they were, of leaving them inclosed within their own time and place, without hindsight, without revaluation; though it is not easy to put it forward here, since the Sherston of today constantly, and pointedly, keeps interjecting himself into the picture. But what is really wrong with the book is the portrait of Sherston as he then was: a man so quickly able to accommodate himself, after one flare of defiance, to prevailing sentiment. It is not that Sherston was either a weak or a cowardly person. It is rather that his rebelliousness was only superimposed on his profoundly English nature. It would be unfair to say that, after coming out against war and all it signified, he traduced his principles; rather he changed his mind, regained the national disease of "seeing things through," saw them through, and ended up pleased that the royal family should stand by his hospital bed and confer its verbal largess. In other words, Sherston rebelled under stress of feeling, then conformed again under stress of feeling; throughout the ordeal he was altogether the victim of his emotions.

This is not enough to create, for me, a provocative book. Set against any of the better narratives of the war by Continental writers, "Sherston's Progress" seems not only confused but confused in an immature and childish way. In Mr. Sassoon's book there is simply no evidence of a thinking mind; there is neither psychological nor philosophical substance. There is only a young man who lets himself in for a bad quarter of an hour and then, not because he lacks courage but because he lacks conviction, falls back into the ranks. His real interests are golf, chasing the fox, reading poetry: is it too cynical to think at times that his real objection to the war is its interfering with these pleasures?

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Still Groping

KIT BRANDON. A PORTRAIT. By Sherwood Anderson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

MR. ANDERSON'S new heroine is a poor mountain girl of east Tennessee. Well, she grows up there . . . you would have to have lived there yourself, in Tennessee or North Carolina, or maybe only in the mountains of Virginia, to understand just what kind of a hillside farm her father had . . . he was dark, with white, white teeth . . . Mr. Anderson would describe the farm except that there aren't any words in English that would really serve the purpose . . . gullied fields . . . the TVA may change all that . . . and a lot of laurel . . . there would be smoke rising some days from over behind the laurel, and that would be where Kit's father had his still . . . he was darker than her mother, who was so lazy that Kit didn't have much use for her, but this wasn't exactly because her teeth weren't white too, like his . . . teeth, teeth, rows of them in this modern America of ours . . . and maybe more fathers than we know who would try to do to their daughters what Kit's father tried . . . only tried . . . to do to her one evening when they were through working in the fields and were on the way home along down through the brush . . . only tried . . . for Kit was even then beginning to be a woman, and there is a strange thing about women . . . American women, Turkish women, it doesn't matter where or who . . . they may be easy to put something over on but then again they may not . . . sometimes it looks as if they knew what they wanted and when they wanted it . . . there is something in them, Mr. Anderson will tell you, that cannot be corrupted . . . and

yet these very women we are talking about, we men sitting at our typewriters here in modern, oh, maybe too modern America . . . they can be beasts too, can roll in offal . . . and never be changed a particle . . .

The point is that Kit left the farm right then and there . . . it would have been a hillside farm, and she would have had to walk down, down a long way in her thin dress . . . no shoes, either, but then we are to remember what shoes she was to wear later, when she had married Gordon Halsey . . . Gordon was tight with her himself, but his father left hundreds of dollars with her whenever he made one of those silent visits to the hotel where she sat reading books . . . but now she walked on down until she got to the valleys where the factories are . . . O, South, O, pitiful proud hill people who creep down like this every year to watch the beautiful machines whirring . . . no man can say they aren't beautiful, and certainly you don't, standing there watching the white thread dance . . . but then you creep on in and take your places at the machines, and pretty soon you will have become too much a part of them . . . for the mistake this modern America makes is not realizing that human beings have got to keep some portion of them human after all . . . not a very big portion . . . most of them don't want revolution or anything like that, they want after all very little, just self-respect . . . they don't want to kill . . . but they do want to live . . . like the poor boy who could express his love of horses only by putting on little leather hoofs and being one . . .

The point is that Kit, wanting to live in these years after the war, tried everything . . . tied threads in a cotton mill . . . worked in a shoe factory . . . clerked in a ten-cent store . . . learned how to wear clothes . . . met men . . . and of course here she would have known how to take care of herself . . . which doesn't mean that she didn't sometimes know she wanted to give herself . . . but she kept something back, even after her marriage to Gordon Halsey, the son of the biggest bootlegger in that part, that Southern part, of modern America . . . Gordon Halsey . . . but it was Tom Halsey that counted in her life, after she had got rid of Gordon and drove bootleg cars for Tom all over the United States . . . risking her beautiful head and legs through several winters and summers on all kind of roads . . . modern American roads, there have never been anything like them . . . it was Tom, the silent, powerful pioneer in a new American industry back there in those days after the war, the liquor industry . . . a pioneer somewhat as John Jacob Astor had been long before him, Astor the corrupter of Indians, or a little later the big oil and steel and rail men . . . and then the end of Tom that night there by Kate's house when the government men closed in on him and his own son killed him . . . Kit, though, jumping into one of the government cars and speeding off until she was finally clear of everything and ready to settle down into the less lonely life, the more fruitful life, now at the beginning of which it seems Mr. Anderson has made her acquaintance . . . he having been through all this merely the magazine or newspaperman who got her story and put it in a book . . .

How he tells it is his own business . . . he has written twenty-one books before this one about Kit Brandon . . . and let us not forget Tom Halsey . . . so there is no doubt that he could explain his greater and greater liking year in and year out for a way of writing that is more like the way a baby reaches for something than the way a man writes when he has something to say or maybe a story to tell . . . or then again maybe a person to really and honestly create . . . none of which things has been done in this book of Kit Brandon.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Indispensable Montaigne

THE ESSAYS OF MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE. Translated and Edited by Jacob Zeitlin. Volume III. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

THE third and final volume of Jacob Zeitlin's translation and edition of the *Essays of Montaigne* has now appeared, and the end crowns the work. Editor, designer, and publisher may congratulate themselves—Professor Zeitlin upon completing a major achievement in American scholarship, Elmer Adler upon clothing it in a noble product of the bookmaker's art, and Mr. Knopf upon doing honor to his own imprint. And every purchaser—there should be many—may congratulate himself upon money well spent.

Zeitlin's translation is smooth and flowing but, unlike its model, the seventeenth-century Cotton, impeccable in its accuracy. It is, however, in his creative editing that Zeitlin outranks, to the best of my knowledge, all of his predecessors, even the French. The text is so arranged that at a glance the reader can distinguish the first edition and its numerous subsequent interpolations, changes, and additions; this is not merely editorial finesse but an essential help in following the career of Montaigne's mind. The notes, many of them miniature discourses, lavish treasures of research and illumination upon the serious reader. Zeitlin has not only ransacked Villey, Armaingaud, and the other leading authorities; but he has retested their research and enlarged upon it. Scarcely a clue is left unpursued or a historical stone unturned; as a result, Montaigne's whole age, so far as it touched his life and work, lies before the student's eyes. No minor help, the index to both the author and his sources is the most complete to date.

Finally, the introduction and prefatory notes—Zeitlin's own essays—rank among the most valuable contributions to the literature on Montaigne. They clarify the logical and chronological order of the great Frenchman's thought; they bring to bear upon it the proper amount of information concerning sources or contemporary influence, so that the reader may better judge what Montaigne meant—and this without lapsing into either pedantry or wind-jamming. And when Zeitlin presents his own views, although they may be occasionally open to dispute, they are something the reader can sink his teeth in.

No lover of Montaigne, no student of his century or of the tradition of liberalism, and no admirer of beautiful books can dispense with these volumes.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Let's Call It Fiction

SPAIN IN REVOLT. A HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN IN 1936 AND A STUDY OF ITS SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND ECONOMIC CAUSES. By Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THERE is a certain school of radical writers who have as little enthusiasm for the stern beauties of fact and as little respect for its dynamics as the textbook writers who teach the mysterious non-sequiturs of elementary-school history—that the American Revolution was caused by dumping tea into Boston Harbor, that the English turned Protestant because Henry VIII wanted another wife, and so on. The radical writers and the textbook historians use a different language and different formulas, but the object in each case is the same. They are both writing, not to reveal, but to conceal.

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international-events columnist on the *Daily Worker*, and his collaborator, Theodore Repard. To be sure, their book, "Spain in Revolt," is not an isolated case of tailoring history to the party line. Simple honesty has long since become a useless—indeed, a dangerous—virtue among many of the writers whom Farrell recently cannonaded with quotations from Marx, as if the difficulty were theoretical. It isn't. It is entirely a question of revolutionary morals.

The Gannes-Repard book on Spain seems to be written to prove that—as Dimitrov says—fascism as an international or national development is to be stopped by a "Popular Front" combination; that is, by governments resting on alliances between workers and petty bourgeois or bourgeois. The idea is that these alliances represent democracy versus fascism, and that in Spain the Popular Front means strength and progress for the workers because the issue in Spain—as everywhere else, we are told—is democracy versus fascism, or versus feudalism, in other words the making of the bourgeois revolution. Messrs. Gannes and Repard must therefore prove that what Spain needs and wants is the bourgeois-democratic pro-capitalist revolution made in America in 1776. To prove that, they have to show that the Spanish middle class is potentially revolutionary, that the land relations are still feudal, that capitalism is undeveloped and would be a progressive force, that the peasants are benighted and divided from the workers, and that the workers themselves have never heard of jumping from republican revolution into proletarian rule, and merely want what Kerensky wanted in Russia in 1917.

Messrs. Gannes and Repard do prove all this, which is to say they assert it and then draw the desired conclusions. That the social and economic facts, the history of this (Second) Spanish Republic, the behavior of the peasants and workers, the appalling timidities and treacheries of the middle-class officials dispute their "Marxist" analysis at every step does not disturb them in the least. Perhaps they are not even aware of it, though even a casual visit to Spain at any time in the last five years might have helped. At least, it would have taught them how to spell the names of the political and labor leaders they refer to so glibly, and they might even have learned what a syndicalist is, which would be useful since at least half Spain's workers belong to that category. Also they should have looked on the map to see how to write some of the names of the provinces.

ANITA BRENNER

Oklahoma Catalogue

CATALOGUE. By George Milburn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

ONLY in a comparative sense may "Catalogue" be described as a novel: it is longer than any of the stories in "Oklahoma Town" and "No More Trumpets," and it has a more unified theme than either of these collections. But from a positive point of view—its scope of character and its narrative technique—it is actually a composition of short stories, a satirical "Winesburg, Ohio," or a prose "Spoon River Anthology," in which the separate themes are drawn together in a common locale and guided by a master symbol. Quite clearly, this very talented story-teller from the Southwest moves more awkwardly in an expansive medium than in the story form of "A Class in Economics."

Mr. Milburn's Winesburg is Conchartee, Oklahoma (population 2,000); the events which disturb this town for the interlude of the tale are clustered around the fall-and-winter editions of the bulky mail-order catalogues mailed semi-annually—and

free of charge—by Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. The characters are developed in terms of the influence which the catalogues exercise over their lives—a treatment which results in two-dimensional figures like those projected on a screen, not deep enough for the tragic effects which Mr. Milburn seeks to create at times but superbly adapted to his talent for farce. For Ira Pirtle, gas prop., the catalogue means rubber collars (33F8244) which are set on fire by his Indian rival for the hand of the Widow Holcombe, whose amour is postponed by the failure of her Hair Magic to arrive from the city; for Red Currie the catalogue means sizzle pants; and for the flapper on whom he has his eye it means the flowered step-ins which lead to his committing a murder with 6F475 Xtra Range Shotgun Shells.

The falsity of the serious theme is apparent in the lynching of Sylvester Merrick, Negro, who is the white man's goat for these catalogue coincidences (he is hanged, incidentally, with his mail-order clothesline): the episodic accumulation is not too thick for comedy, but it cannot be converted successfully into pathos. On the other hand, the sketchy outline of a conflict between Postmaster Shannon and Banker Winston on the question of a new sewerage system for the town as against reduced taxes for the property-holders, though it suggests a genuine clash in real life, is dramatically unconvincing precisely because the catalogue implications which the story has trained us to seek are absent. The emphasis on the relevance of personal experience to a catalogue listing has led inevitably to the drawing up of a human catalogue. The artifice is amusing, but it marks no real stride in Mr. Milburn's development.

SAMUEL SILLEN

Christianity and Revolution

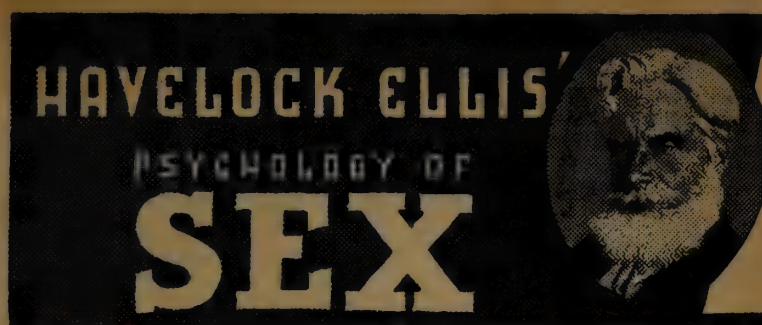
CHRISTIANITY CONFRONTS COMMUNISM. By Matthew Spinka. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

CHRISTIAN MATERIALISM. By Francis J. McConnell. Friendship Press. \$1.25.

CREATIVE SOCIETY. By John Macmurray. Association Press. \$1.50.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. Edited by John Lewis, Karl Polanyi, and Donald K. Kitchin. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THE first of these four books is chaff, the second is a splendid luncheon, the third is a nourishing five-course dinner, and the fourth is a banquet. Dr. Spinka writes as a liberal who has read rather widely on the subject of communism but is essentially unsympathetic toward it and toward the Soviet Union. I doubt that it would be possible to get into print a more inadequate account of the Russian Revolution than he gives us in his first chapter. The next two chapters contain a rather tediously detailed account of what happened to the churches in the revolution. This aspect of the story simply cannot be presented save against the background of the black reaction and hideous superstition of the church under the Czar. And to this background Dr. Spinka pays no attention. He writes almost as if the Russian church deserved sympathetic treatment at the hands of the Communists, and shows hardly a glimmer of appreciation, in these first chapters, of the values in communism. When he comes to his main theme, Christianity Confronts Communism, he constantly contrasts communism with Christianity as it ought to be but nowhere is. And he constantly falls into the error of setting Christianity over against communism, as if we could choose between them. One sentence will perhaps sufficiently reveal his lack of in-



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sight. Referring to the use of force in behalf of the working class he says, "But this does not differ from the moral level of the Czarist regime, which also 'desired the good' of a certain class" (page 186).

Bishop McConnell divides his book of 167 pages into sections on Getting, Spending, and Giving, and writes with the stalwart faith in real Christianity and the absence of illusions in the economic and political realms which we have learned to expect from him. He did not set out to give us a profound essay, but he has achieved a splendid book to put in the hands of Christian laymen. A large part of the section on Giving is devoted to a defense of Christian missions, and I think he has said the best that can be said in behalf of missions. Particularly strong is his plea that people with a sensitive conscience who derive their income from socially hurtful sources or from industries whose practices cannot be ethically defended should devote a large part of their money to "social experimentation." This, he thinks, is for them the solution of their moral dilemma.

You get, I think, to the very heart of Professor Macmurray's book in these sentences:

Christianity is the source of communism, and communism has moved into dialectical opposition to Christianity through the process by which Christianity in its conscious form has been divorced from material realities. A Christianity which withdrew its beliefs from association with the temporal reality of earthly life must inevitably produce out of itself a temporal theory which divorces itself from the eternal and spiritual reality.

Lest someone assert that in using the words "eternal" and "spiritual" the author retreats to essentially meaningless abstractions, let it be said that he gives us, in the chapter on The Eternal and the Temporal, a most stimulating and original interpretation of the meaning of these two concepts—though, to be sure, a thinker as appreciative of communism as Professor Macmurray has a rather difficult time showing that the eternal and spiritual elements are absent from communism in such a degree as to make a real contrast with Christianity possible. "The defect of communism," he says, "is its neglect of that aspect of life which is grounded in the love-impulses." Contrariwise, the defect of our pseudo-Christianity is that it ignores that aspect of life which is grounded in the hunger-motive. Here it is in one great sentence. "The idealism of pseudo-Christianity consists finally in the divorce between hunger and love, through which love becomes an ideal and hunger is left to control and determine action." The chapter on The Religion of Jesus is so full of insight that I should like to have it reprinted in a pamphlet for distribution among Christians and Communists. No foolish attempt is here to disguise the fact that Jesus's attitude toward the wealthy and powerful was one of suspicion and distrust, while his attitude toward the poor and defenseless was one not only of sympathy but of belief in their God-given destiny to be the agents and inheritors of the new Kingdom of God. "Creative Society" is by all odds the most important book on this general subject, written from the Christian standpoint, which has appeared in some time.

Concerning "Christianity and the Social Revolution" Professor Reinhold Niebuhr has said that it is somewhat embarrassing for him to say what ought to be said about it since he is one of the contributors—the only American contributor among seventeen. Well, this reviewer has no hesitation in saying that he rejoices in the richness and scope of the book. Niebuhr was never more incisive than in his chapter on Christian Politics and Communist Religion. Here one discovers, as in the chapter on Jesus by Conrad Noel, Vicar of Thaxted,

how it is that a clear thinker can be a conservative Christian in his theology and also a thoroughgoing Marxian. Ivan Levisky writes on Communism and Religion from the point of view of one who fully accepts the orthodox Communist position on religion. But here is no superficial dismissal of religion by one who can claim no real understanding of it. If Christians are to maintain the validity of their religion they will have to understand and meet the arguments of ■ Levisky. This reviewer has read and talked not a little on fascism. After reading Karl Polanyi on The Essence of Fascism he felt that he had hitherto been playing about on the surface of the matter. Fascism, it is made clear, is basically anti-individualist. That is why it is equally opposed to Christianity and to communism, for both of these systems are basically individualist. Here at last we have the miracle of a symposium without one really weak chapter.

HERMAN F. REISSIG

DRAMA

Napoleon—His Life and Liver

MY OWN lack of interest in Napoleon Bonaparte is both wide and deep. Probably even "L'Aiglon" is not really as sickly a play as I have always thought it, and just as there are some to whom the most trivial thing is fascinating if it relates to the Emperor, so to me even intrinsically interesting matters seem to lose their importance if they concern this particular great man. I do not rage and roar; denunciations of the butcher of Europe seem to me as jejune as the panegyrics are uncalled for, and my attitude toward detractors and advocates alike can best be summed up in the immortal words of a now otherwise almost forgotten comedian: "I'd rather not hear any more about it."

Obviously, then, I am the worst possible spectator for a play called "St. Helena" (Lyceum Theater)—especially when that play happens, as this particular one does, to confine itself pretty severely to direct presentation without offering a thesis or pointing a moral. It is, I am informed, rigidly accurate, though a fellow-spectator who obviously does not share my aggressive indifference toward the subject did point out between the acts that some sort of refrigerating machine referred to as actually in use probably never reached St. Helena at all. It is also, apparently, completely dispassionate in its presentation of Napoleon's character, and while allowing him a few words about his philanthropic dream of a united Europe, leaves the spectator to decide for himself how deep or how sincere the motive was. Probably the fact that even I was not always bored means that more normal spectators would find the performance moderately absorbing; and I am certain that those who bring their own initial interest with them will be fascinated. The playing of Maurice Evans is good, the staging is excellent, and here, after all, is the demi-god very much as he doubtless was. Yet the chief impression brought away by one of my kidney is merely that the French prisoners and the English jailors were almost equally childish and that the destiny of Europe was in the hands of very trivial people. Napoleon, it seems, died of a liver complaint brought on by lack of exercise he could not take. The English would not let him ride without an Englishman in attendance, and the Emperor thought it *infra dig.* to canter in such company.

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From Aristotle on, many better men than I have attempted to analyze the differences between drama and history. One of them certainly is that while history can assume that events must be important and interesting merely because they happened, drama must proceed as though the factual and the imaginary were on precisely the same footing and must create for itself the importance and the interest of whatever it presents. By such a criterion "St. Helena" is history. It does not make Napoleon worth a play; it merely assumes that he is.

"White Horse Inn," the new musical spectacle in the vast Center Theater, obviously owes its international success to the existence of an international common denominator rather than to any unique qualities, and is to be described after the manner of the circus press agent rather than in the vocabulary of criticism. It is Stupendous and it is said to have Cost Three Hundred Thousand Dollars to produce. There are yodlers, Bavarian dancers, vast hordes of native figurants, several prop cows, and a few real goats. The whole thing is as bright and bustling as you can imagine, and the fact that, as is usual in such cases, it all adds up to very little will not prevent it from being a great, if not exactly a Broadway, success.

Thanks to continuously overflowing houses the D'Oyly Carte company has extended its engagement for eight weeks more. "Princess Ida" is now current.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

A FRIEND who had himself played in Chicago jazz bands at one time, and had been very much in that sort of thing but had since drifted out of it, listened one evening with pleasure and discrimination to some of the finest recent records of hot jazz. After these I put on an old record that had been reissued; and now my friend moved his ear up close to the machine, the better to distinguish in the raucous mixture the sound of the cornet he wanted to hear; his face lighted up with recognition and appreciation at various points; and at the end his comment was: "The greatest of them all." The record was "The Jazz Me Blues" by Bix Beiderbecke and other players; and my friend was referring to Beiderbecke.

You will find Beiderbecke spoken of always in similar terms—for example, in Panassié's "Hot Jazz," or in Otis Ferguson's article in the *New Republic* of July 29 last, which even with its inevitable Fergusonisms is ■■ superb example of critical appreciation. And the terms are justified: a phrase from Beiderbecke's cornet is as beautiful as any phrase can be; it is, in its loveliness and perfection, unique, as a phrase should be; and it is ultimately indescribable. Panassié speaks of it as "full and powerful," but also as "so fine as to be almost transparent"; and there is in fact this extraordinary delicacy in strength. He speaks of phrases that soar; and this, too, is in fact ■■ remarkable and distinguishing quality. Ferguson speaks of "the clear line of that music," of "every phrase as fresh and glistening as creation itself"; and there is in fact this radiance, this simple joyousness. These terms tell us a great deal, but there remains much that eludes words completely and can only be heard. And though one can account for the music up to a certain point, as Ferguson does, by the quality of the person—the "candor, force, personal soundness, good humor"—there have been other people with candor, force, personal soundness, and good humor, and one has

still to explain, as always, how these qualities translated themselves in this instance into such musical phrases.

Beiderbecke can be heard on three groups of records. For one thing, Victor has reissued on 25283 and 25354 recordings by the brilliant band of Jean Goldkette, of which Beiderbecke was a member; and in a Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Album nine recordings by Whiteman's band, which he joined later, two by a recording group under Hoagy Carmichael, and one by a group under Beiderbecke himself. Victor labels them "featuring Bix Beiderbecke"; but the fact is that with the one exception he played merely as an unfeatured member of well-known bands—which means that one hears him sometimes for a full chorus, sometimes merely for a phrase, sometimes only in the background with the rest of the brass. But even the phrase detaches itself from its surroundings as something exquisite and perfect; and even playing along with the others in the background he stands out from them, not through any aggressiveness but solely through the distinctive quality of his style.

In addition, a small group of the best players in Goldkette's band, led by Frank Trumbauer, a fine saxophone player, made records, some of which have now been reissued. On Vocalion 3010 are "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" and "Clarinet Marmalade"; on Brunswick 7703, "I'm Coming, Virginia" and "Singin' the Blues." These do feature Beiderbecke in extended solos, of which the most beautiful and famous is the one in "Singin' the Blues."

And finally Beiderbecke himself led some of the musicians in recordings, of which these have been reissued: on Vocalion 3042 "The Jazz Me Blues" and "At the Jazz Band Ball"; on Vocalion 3149 "Sorry" and "Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down." In these there is a great deal of collective improvisation, with particularly fine solos by Beiderbecke in the first and third.

Columbia has issued Brahms's Second Symphony in the performance of the London Philharmonic under Beecham (five records, \$7.50). The companies are now getting an extraordinary amount of an orchestra's performance into the record; and you have to be sure that your phonograph is able to get all of it out again: some of it can be stopped by the pick-up, or by the amplification system, or by the speaker. And from my experience with this Columbia set I have learned that it can be stopped by the needle. After playing each side with a fresh Columbia half-tone needle I was about to report that the sides had been recorded at varying volume levels; but decided to make tests, and discovered that the variation was in the needles. This is something new in these needles which Columbia ought to look into. But after all my tests I still suspect that the symphony was recorded with a reduced number of violins. Otherwise the performance is excellent.

Half-tone steel needles, incidentally, are what I use and recommend. Cactus needles reduce scratch; but you cannot do this without reducing musical sound of the same frequency; and this loss is the explanation of what people call the greater mellowness produced by cactus needles. It takes metal to bring out everything that is in the record; and with that you have to accept scratch. And among metal needles my recommendation is half-tone steel, a fresh needle for each side. Columbia's product having turned out to be variable, I have been advised by an authority to try H. W. Acton, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York.

B. H. HAGGIN

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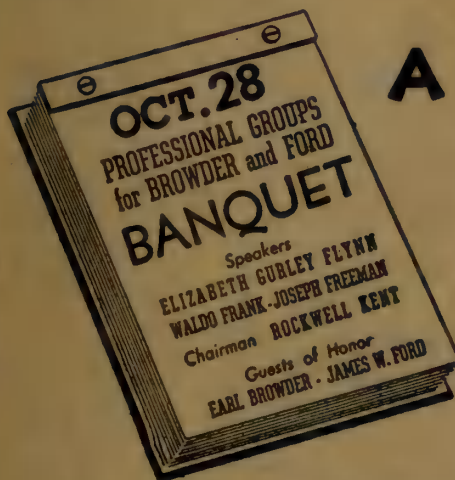
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Letters to the Editors

A Few Remarks About Sibelius

Dear Sirs: B. H. Haggin is another one of those critics who discuss music they've apparently never listened to. When he says that "Lady Be Good" is better than the other Goodman Trio records, he gets away with it only because most of *The Nation's* readers don't know their jazz from a hole in the ground. I'll send Mr. Haggin a pack of cigarettes if he can find any reliable swing fan (such as Otis Ferguson or Benny Goodman) who'll agree with so high-handed a dismissal of Goodman Trio records like "After You've Gone."

But Haggin's preposterous judgments on modern jazz don't matter so much as do his judgments on modern symphonic music. A couple of months ago he said the real point about Sibelius's symphonies "is that his own material in these works often has the character and feeling of folk-music. . . . Sibelius's ability to work this type of material into large-scale structures has deceived commentators into thinking they were hearing large-scale ideas as well, and to claim for him the constructive mastery of Beethoven. But constructive power is evident and important only in relation to the material on which it operates; and Sibelius simply hasn't the ideas with which to achieve the form-of-content that Beethoven achieves." What does Mr. Haggin think about the finale of Beethoven's "Eroica"? That is certainly a large-scale structure, yet both its main and secondary themes have "the character and feeling of folk-music."

When I wrote to Mr. Haggin, asking him for some examples of folk material in Sibelius's mature symphonies (Numbers 4 to 7), he cited the first theme of the Second Symphony. That's typical of Haggin's method of criticism: he takes an early work of Sibelius like the Second Symphony, the Violin Concerto, or "Night Ride and Sunrise," and attacks these immature works with all the courage of a Governor Landon denouncing waste or praising liberty. It's like disposing of Beethoven by finding flaws in his Battle Symphony or his Minuet in G. Never have I seen in Haggin's column any mention of Sibelius's greatest works—"Tapiola" and the Fourth, Sixth, and Seventh symphonies. He even confessed in his letter to me that he had heard the Sixth Symphony only once! One would

never guess it from the knowing air with which he dismisses Sibelius's claims to greatness—an air which implies to his unsuspecting readers that he is thoroughly familiar with Sibelius's music and sees through it all.

MORTON SEIDELMAN,
Secretary, The Sibelius Club
Trenton, N. J., September 28

Dear Sirs: What I say about Sibelius proceeds from readings of the scores of all the symphonies, and from repeated hearings of all but the Sixth, which I have heard only once. And not only did I tell this to Mr. Seidelman the first time he raised the question, but after citing examples of folk-like material from the Second Symphony (which I said I considered representative of Sibelius's matured musical thinking) and the Fifth (which Mr. Seidelman included among the mature symphonies), I referred him to places in the score of the Seventh. This does not prevent Mr. Seidelman from accusing me now of writing without having heard the music and of basing my contentions only on immature works, never on mature ones like the Seventh. That relieves me of any obligation to talk further with Mr. Seidelman.

B. H. HAGGIN
New York, October 1

A Protest

Dear Sirs: I must protest vigorously against the title which you gave to my article in the October 10 *Nation*. My original title when I left this article with you last spring was The Social Security Act: Reality. When I read proof of the article about a week ago the original title was retained. No one asked my permission to change my original title to the one you carried, Social Security Betrayed. I must make it clear to your readers that I am not responsible for the change in the title.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN
New York, October 7

Journalistic Correction

Dear Sirs: As a "journalist with long experience in power politics," McAlister Coleman, whom you describe as head of the information bureau of the Utility Users' Protection League of New Jersey, has certainly been wasting his time.

In your issue of September 19 Mr.

Coleman discourses upon the Third World Power Conference with the utility baiter's customary inaccuracy. His worth as a reporter may be measured by his comparatively minor error in stating the amount appropriated by Congress for expenses of the conference. Mr. Coleman says it was \$25,000. No cub reporter of average ability could have failed to know from official records and the voluminous press releases of the conference that Congress appropriated \$75,000.

All by himself, Mr. Coleman discovered that the "private power gang" rushed into the breach with \$100,000. The fact is, I am reliably informed, that the industry contributed to the expenses of the conference only in response to urgent importunities by the conference promoters. Anticipating that the meeting would be made a sounding-board for the New Deal power policies and public ownership, many of the utility executives favored non-participation. However, relying upon assurances of the conference managers (New Deal administration officials) that discussion of controversial subjects would be handled objectively and that politics, propaganda, and personalities would be barred, the electric utilities finally agreed to contribute \$75,000, matching the government appropriation. The National Electrical Manufacturers' Association kicked in with \$25,000.

In a quest for something that could be played up as a near-sensation, some newspaper reporters professed to see in the exit of certain individuals from a bore-some session a "take a walk" movement by utility executives. Your journalistic contributor noted that "several utility men walked out in high dudgeon" in the face of a "blistering attack upon the holding-company regime" by Judge Healy. Since the eminent gentleman's paper had for several days been in the hands of utility men and others interested, it is strange that any utility men should become excited over the reading of a summary.

GEORGE E. DOYING
Washington, October 10

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The Shape of Things

*

THE CAMPAIGN LAST WEEK RECALLED THE snake fight in which each combatant heroically swallowed the other. Mr. Vandenberg charged the Administration with shutting him off the air in the now famous "phonograph speech," and Mr. Farley charged Mr. Vandenberg with trying to pull a fast one. The Republicans charged the President's son James with having said that the President would railroad another NRA through, willy-nilly, and the Democrats charged the Republicans with having falsified James's speech. Mr. Hoover accused the President of having juggled the nation's accounts and implied that he ought to go to jail, and Mr. Landon and Mr. Knox accused him of aiming at dictatorship and implied that he ought to be impeached. Mr. Landon started off on an excursion to Los Angeles, determined to get the Townsend vote, and Mr. Roosevelt in a less ambitious mood started for a swing around New England to carry the gospel to the Yankees. Amos Pinchot gave the country another taste of that well-established phenomenon, the tired liberal, quoting H. G. Wells to prove Mr. Roosevelt was a Stalinite; but James Warburg cited Mr. Hull to prove that Mr. Roosevelt is hell-bent for internationalism. Perhaps all these things cancel one another. But the one thing that remains constant is the sustained reception Mr. Roosevelt has been accorded by the plain people wherever he has gone. In terms of the theater he has played to sold-out houses, while wherever Mr. Landon has stopped, his managers have laid an egg. This is not due entirely to the President's cheery manner or his serene self-confidence. It is due, as Arthur Krock has suggested in a comment on the turn-out in Chicago, to the memory that the plain people still have of the days of 1932.

*

WHAT THREATENS TO BE A SECOND MOONEY case is shaping up in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Emerson Jennings of that city and Charles Harris of Scranton have just been convicted of bombing the automobile of Judge W. Alfred Valentine on March 28, 1935. Jennings is a printer who on a number of occasions has had the temerity to write articles criticizing the Luzerne County courts in their conduct of miners' trials. More than that, he was one of seven to sign a petition asking the impeachment of Judge Valentine for serving as "inquisitor, judge, jury, and committing magistrate" in a miners' case. Impeachment proceedings were going on at the time of the bombing. Through the machinations of one Thomas Lynott (under the alias of McHale), who had formerly been ■

private detective in the employ of the Lackawanna Railroad, Jennings was arrested in August, 1935, charged with the bombing. "McHale," who was one of the witnesses against Jennings, had served as a county detective on the case for some months at \$15 a day; his total pay, according to records in the controller's office, was \$2,200, including \$345 for unitemized "expenses." Various extraordinary methods for obtaining evidence—among others, some highly dubious dictaphone records—were brought to light during the trial, but the high light of the case was the refusal of District Attorney Leon Schwartz to try it, because, he said, the evidence was insufficient. He recommended that the case be *nolle prossed*, but this recommendation was refused by the court, and former District Attorney Thomas M. Lewis was appointed special prosecutor. Mr. Schwartz's refusal to prosecute was as courageous as it was unprecedented. Arthur Garfield Hays, defense attorney, has moved for a new trial for Jennings and Harris. The case, therefore, is not closed and deserves to be studied in detail by all defenders of civil rights.

*

THE REBEL ADVANCE ON MADRID HAS reached the point of siege. With the last remaining rail link with the outside world dominated by insurgent artillery, the loyalists are literally fighting with their backs to the wall. Although President Azaña is reported to be in Barcelona arranging for a shift of the capital, it is useless to pretend that the fall of Madrid will not be serious. As long as the government maintained control of the three largest cities in the country—Barcelona, Madrid, and Valencia—it had the potential resources from which to weld an army capable of suppressing the rebellion. The rebel forces are ridiculously small, only a few tens of thousands of real fighting men, and they are reported to be seriously handicapped for lack of ammunition. Their strength has lain almost exclusively in the air, where their modern German and Italian planes have overwhelmed the slower craft belonging to the government air service, and—as Louis Fischer points out elsewhere in this issue—in the superior discipline of their trained Moors and Foreign Legion. Time has worked for the rebels in the sense that it has enabled them to put down popular uprisings in the rear and move a larger portion of their scanty fighting forces to the front. Moscow is reported to be contemplating a dramatic move which may yet save the Spanish government. But if such a move is to save the lives of thousands of liberty-loving inhabitants of Madrid, it will have to come soon.

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THE NATION HAS LEARNED ON GOOD authority that a shipment of munitions for the Spanish rebel army recently arrived in Seville on an American vessel. As far as we can learn the shipment was made without the knowledge or permission of the State Department. A false bill of lading had been drawn up in which this particular portion of the cargo was described as "musical instruments," which meant that the State Department was probably not even informed that a shipment was

destined for Spain. At the same time, however, the department is known to have placed insuperable obstacles in the way of exporters who have sought to exercise their legal right to sell munitions to the Spanish government. In creating these obstacles—we cannot discover an instance in which permission has been *formally* refused—the department has acted in a wholly arbitrary and illegal manner. No official ban has been issued against munitions shipments to the Spanish government, and none can be issued under existing law. The United States is not a party to the European non-intervention pact; the Neutrality Act passed at the last session of Congress is wholly inapplicable to civil warfare. Because of its distance from the European scene the United States is in a better position than any of the European democracies to aid its sister republic without international complications. We can scarcely believe that the Administration would continue its present policy if it saw that it was thereby allying America with Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany as an accomplice in the destruction of Spanish liberty.

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STOP PRESS: GERALD SMITH HAS DECIDED what party he will lead. It seems that he wanted the Union Party only "as a forum." Now he's going to be a Nationalist. He claims to have collected \$1,500,000 from four hundred financial leaders for an anti-red front. It took more than that, Gerald, to put Hitler across.

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IN BEHALF OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND the Welsh nation three men, a pastor and two teachers, recently burned down several buildings at the new Royal Air Force bombing school at Pwllheli on the coast of Wales. They have just been tried "for malicious destruction of the King's property," and despite their unqualified acknowledgment of the act the trial ended in a disagreement. The case will come up again at the next assizes, but meanwhile the exploit is being celebrated in enthusiastic local demonstrations. The burning of the bombing school was itself a patriotic demonstration. The men are prominent members of the Nationalist Party, which aims to set up in the British Commonwealth a cooperative Welsh state complete with a parliament, language, and culture of its own. The Welsh Nationalists look upon the bombing school almost as an armed invasion of their territory. It introduces a large body of English-speaking mechanics and soldiers who are bound to modify if not destroy the language and customs of the locality. It constitutes an affront to the religious pacifism of the Welsh people and establishes a base for military operations which in the case of war must expose the neighborhood to immediate danger of attack. And it is considered a physical blot on the lovely Welsh seashore. The three Nationalists testified that after numerous futile protests against the presence of the school they adopted "the only method" left to them "by a government which insults the Welsh nation." The incident represents a clash of nationalisms, large and small, and indicates some possible sources of obstruction to the vast British rearmament program.

MRS. SIMPSON AND THE KING OF ENGLAND can no longer treat their relationship as their private concern and no one else's business. By his own volition the King has brought it openly to the notice of his subjects, though had he wished it so, he could easily have kept the matter from public attention. Other kings have done so, including his own father and grandfather. But Edward is different and lives in different times. In the first place, he did not want to be king but could not face the consequences of abdication to the already loosening bonds of empire. As a result he undertook the job in a defiant attitude, determined to sacrifice no part of his personal freedom. Secondly, he has fitted himself to the temper of the times, his great popularity being largely due to his having been always a democratic prince. These combined factors have made it possible for many Britishers to consider the heretofore unimaginable eventuality of the King's marriage to Mrs. Simpson. With everything against her—twice divorced, a commoner, and moreover a foreign one—there would seem to be only a slim chance of this happening while Edward remains king. The remote possibility that he might still abdicate is reflected in Lloyd's refusal to insure against postponement of the coronation. But the very fact that there is speculation on the possibility of a marriage is bound to affect the position of the monarchy. Is the democratic tide strong enough to make the situation enhance the King's popularity, or will the essential conservatism and middle-class respectability of the British swing them to an unfavorable reaction? The only *raison d'être* of the British Crown is its function as a symbol of national and imperial unity. In the turbulence of the times, what effect will the King's action have on that function of the Crown?

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IN AN ALARMING FRONT-PAGE STORY THE New York *Times* on October 14 published the charges of two textile manufacturers that "hundreds of Communist labor agitators" had been rioting at textile trimming plants near Madison Square, that the police had refused to protect the plants and the workers, and that twenty-five workers had been abducted to Irving Plaza and forced to listen to a lecture on communism. The innocent reader was left to surmise what the riots were about or why the alleged "Communists" had inspired these sudden and ominous events. Actually, as any reporter might easily have discovered, the "Communists" were striking members of Local 2440, affiliate of the Joint Council of Knitgoods Workers and the United Textile Workers. They were demanding not a Soviet overturn but decent working conditions. On the morning that the *Times* story appeared, a meeting at strike headquarters at Irving Plaza was invaded by detectives of the Red Squad—without warrants. They questioned those present in a vain effort to discover one of the "abducted" workers. On the following day the New York County grand jury, acting on testimony of Julius Steinberg and Louis Hornick, the two manufacturers, ordered that informations be filed against four members of Local 2440 for conspiracy, coercion, and violence in restraint of trade. This sequence of

red scare, illegal raid, and serious indictments on the word of the employers against whom the strike is directed sounds like a tale out of sunny California. It is primarily another chapter in the drive against the knitgoods workers' union, which is making a militant fight against sweat shops, runaway employers, and other evils in the industry. It seems also to be the first red herring drawn by Tammany across Mayor LaGuardia's path to reelection.

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THE NEW YORK *HERALD TRIBUNE* IS A conservative newspaper, dignified, well-edited, and lively. The liberal reader may feel that Walter Lippmann has gone over to the enemy with altogether too much gusto, or that Dorothy Thompson's sympathies lie too far to the right to be consistent with her experience in Hitler's Germany. As for Mark Sullivan, he is almost an appealing figure as he stands roundly in the ranks of red-baiters much more vicious than himself, still striking out at Tugwell with his trusty cutlass. Even a "red" would scarcely accuse these writers of being worse than conservative or reactionary. There is, however, one burned-out star in the *Herald Tribune's* galaxy which should be replaced before it short-circuits the whole string. We refer to George E. Sokolsky. On October 19 Mr. Sokolsky wrote an article on the American Labor Party. Maintaining his old pretense of being an "expert" on labor and radicalism (some of his best friends are radicals!), he cooked up a mess of misrepresentation, labor-, Jew-, and alien-baiting which Sokolsky himself has seldom surpassed. We feel that the *Herald Tribune*, aside from soiling its pages, is keeping apart two minds that run as one. Isn't it possible that Mr. Sokolsky could be auctioned off to William Randolph Hearst? He long ago reached the stage of journalistic ripeness which usually precedes that fall.

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THE NATION'S POETRY AWARD IS WON THIS year by Wallace Stevens for his poem, *The Men That Are Falling*, which appears elsewhere in this issue. Previous recipients of the award, which was instituted in 1921 and discontinued in 1927 until this year, have included Stephen Vincent Benét, James Rorty, Thomas Hornsby Ferrill, and Babette Deutsch. Many of the country's leading poets were represented among the 1,800 manuscripts from which the editors of *The Nation* chose the 1936 prize winner. Of the poems submitted, the overwhelming majority were concerned with contemporary social conflicts either at home or abroad, and ran a gamut of poetic forms from the quatrain to the book-sized epic. Mr. Stevens was born in 1879 in Reading, Pennsylvania, attended Harvard, and has for many years been a practicing lawyer in Hartford, Connecticut. He is known as the author of "*Harmonium*," a distinguished first volume published in 1923, and of "*Ideas of Order*," published in a limited edition by the Alcestis Press and reissued by Knopf; a new volume, "*Owl's Clover*," is to appear soon. Mr. Stevens's output has been small. It is perhaps a corollary that his scrupulous regard for craftsmanship is equaled by few poets writing today.

Europe's Wheel Comes Full Circle

BELGIUM'S return to its pre-war policy of neutrality carries an importance far beyond its immediate effect on Europe's precarious balance of power. From a military point of view it is possible to claim—as Augur does in the *New York Times*—that the situation is little changed. Belgium is merely to follow the example of its powerful neighbors and embark on a program of rearmament. This, it is said, will enable France to stop worrying about aiding Brussels and to concentrate on its Rhineland defenses. For France can rest assured that a German attack on a neutral Belgium will bring Britain to its aid today just as it did in 1914.

But this is just another way of saying that the European cycle is complete. The world has returned to 1914, not only in political alignments but, what is infinitely more dangerous, in the temper and character of its political thinking. Belgium's return to neutrality symbolizes the final collapse of the post-war attempts to build an effective mechanism for enforcing peace and seals the fate of a new Locarno based on the principles of collective security. It is even uncertain whether Belgium will continue to accept its responsibilities under the League Covenant. This is not to imply that Belgium has deliberately set out to wreck the collective system. Belgium has simply recognized that the collapse of collective security leaves it in a most vulnerable position. Its obligations line it up against Germany in any general war, yet it has no assurance that the French and British will be able to stop Germany as they did in the last war.

It is difficult to say how much influence Germany has had in driving Belgium to this decision. Rumor has it that both Hitler and Mussolini brought pressure on Leopold and the Belgian government. But however the result was achieved, it cannot be denied that the action of Brussels constitutes a major political triumph for world fascism. For the past three years Hitler has formed his foreign policy with a view to destroying the principle of collective security, knowing that this principle precluded the waging of a successful war of conquest. The success of Nazi strategy may be gauged by the tremendous strides which Hitler has made within the past year. Twelve months ago Germany was rearming, but was virtually isolated diplomatically. Since then it has (1) remilitarized the Rhineland without reprisal; (2) added tremendously to its military power by extending the term of conscription and strengthening its air force; (3) concluded a peace pact with Austria resulting in much closer relations with Mussolini; (4) made such progress in the Balkans that it is probable that both Rumania and Yugoslavia would support the Reich today against France, their former protector; (5) by supporting Spanish fascism created the possibility of a new ally against democratic France; and (6) succeeded in winning the support of a powerful element in the Conservative Party of Great Britain. The past year

has also witnessed the final failure of the League in the Italo-Ethiopian controversy, the abandonment of all talk of an Eastern Locarno, and, as a crowning coup, the defection of Belgium from the bloc of anti-Nazi states. A year ago one could say with confidence that Hitler would not dare start a war. Today he would still risk defeat if his attack were against the West; but who can say that tomorrow conditions will not be entirely in his favor?

The failure of England and France to support the Soviet Union's demand for a blockade of Portugal which would prevent fascist war supplies from reaching the Spanish rebels has also played into the hands of Hitler. Reliable reports from rebel territory indicate that the insurgents are seriously in need of money and munitions, and that the present vigorous drive on Madrid is prompted by belief that its capture will bring German and Italian recognition, with unlimited and "legal" supplies such as are now denied the legitimate government. Great Britain's refusal to aid Spanish democracy against a Nazi-aided fascist rebellion, coupled with its apparent indifference to Belgium's action, strengthens the suspicion that at least part of Baldwin's Cabinet has fallen victim to Hitler's anti-Communist bogey. The recent dissolution of the Colonial League, a Nazi organization which was created for the purpose of agitating for colonies for Germany, indicates that Hitler is willing to make substantial, though temporary, concessions to British opinion.

While the line-up of the powers is almost identical with that in 1914, there is one vital difference. Twenty years ago the various European states had reason to be frightened of German militarism, but the issues were comparatively unimportant. France wanted Alsace-Lorraine; Germany was anxious for a slice of Russia; both wanted new colonies. Today the struggle for territory is as far from being settled as in 1914, but it is overshadowed by a new issue of vastly greater consequence—the development of a well-organized world fascist front. The working class of France, England, and the United States could be unconcerned regarding the outcome of the imperialist struggle for colonies. But it cannot be indifferent to the threat of an international fascism which is primarily directed against its interests.

The President's Oath

IT was a toss-up from the start whether the Constitution and the Supreme Court would be torn down from the starry skies and brought into the campaign as an issue. Mr. Roosevelt had made it clear three months back that he would not press the subject of a constitutional amendment. To do so would have been (so he and his advisers reasoned) a heaven-sent gift to Mr. Hearst and Mr. Landon. There was no telling what artistic heights of distortion the Hearst technique might have achieved with such material. On the other hand the Republicans were torn for some time between their desire to accuse Mr. Roosevelt of all sorts of heinous intentions toward court and Constitution and their fear that a defense of the

Supreme Court's knifing of liberal legislation would lose them the labor vote completely.

But now the dams are down. Three times during the past week—at Detroit, at Danville, Illinois, and on his way to Los Angeles—Mr. Landon has accused the President of aiming at a dictatorship, asked him whether he intends to overthrow the Constitution and change our form of government, and defended the Supreme Court decisions as the real cause of the return to prosperity. Another speech on the Constitution is scheduled for delivery in California. It is clear that Mr. Landon has now given up any hope he may have had of splitting the liberal and labor vote. He has definitely decided that his best chance lies in strengthening his hold on the conservatives by defending the court, and throwing a scare into the man on the street by picturing the President as weaving dictatorial plots.

Bared of all rhetoric the charges against Mr. Roosevelt sum up to this—that he has violated his oath of office. This is a serious charge and one not to be dismissed lightly, especially when made by a man like Mr. Landon, who is generally credited with being sincere and honest. What has Mr. Roosevelt done to lay himself open to the charge of having violated this oath? Anyone admitted to the cavernous confidences of the campaign-whisperers will be told that if Mr. Roosevelt is reelected he will insist on having a third term, and if he fails of reelection this November he will refuse to yield up his office, call out the army, and barricade himself in the East Room. Mr. Landon in one of his speeches traced the sequence of steps by which European dictatorships have been set up, and accused Mr. Roosevelt of having already taken the most important of these steps. The usual charge is that he has put through legislation in defiance of the Constitution and has been prevented only by the Supreme Court from gathering all power to himself; that after election he intends to reintroduce the same legislation; that if he can get his way in no other fashion he intends to "pack" the court or press for a constitutional amendment.

What are the actual facts? Mr. Roosevelt's acts in Washington no more amount to dictatorship than Mr. Landon's acts in Topeka. Mr. Jackson's article in this issue shows decisively that Mr. Landon is no more adept at running the gauntlet of judicial review than is Mr. Roosevelt. The truth is that with a Supreme Court standing over you the business of legislation is always a precarious experiment, and the task of making it constitutional is a matter of guesswork. As for his attitude toward the Constitution and the Supreme Court, the President has followed the lead of constitutional scholars. Their view is that the living Constitution is not something rigid and fixed but what the court by its interpretation makes it. They add that the court has considerable latitude for decision and precedent enough to supply both the majority and minority opinions. Mr. Roosevelt's view has gone no farther. His "horse-and-buggy" statement was an expression of regret that the court should have chosen to narrow and freeze the power of Congress to put some order into the economic chaos.

Our own quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt is that he got

frightened at the hue and cry raised by the professional patrioteers and the Liberty League lawyers, and that he allowed them to stampede him into silence. No one in this country has a monopoly of respect for the Constitution. The progressive and labor groups have so much respect for the Constitution that they wish to preserve it as it was intended—as an instrument for achieving the common welfare. They believe that the Constitution as it stands is an adequate instrument, if only the Supreme Court judges will not go out of their way to distort it as the court majority has done during the last fifteen incredible months. Mr. Roosevelt will be doing exactly what every President before him has done if he fills the vacancies that might arise in the court with judges whose outlook is sympathetic to his own. Even if Congress should decide to appoint new judges, there would be nothing unconstitutional in such an act—Congress has several times in the past exercised its right to regulate the number of judges. And our own belief is that if Mr. Roosevelt, in the event of his reelection, does not press hard for a constitutional amendment to give Congress the explicit power to enact a program of economic control, he will be untrue to his supporters. He will find himself powerless to perform adequately the duties of his office and thereby to fulfil his oath.

The real meaning of the Republican attack is directed beyond President Roosevelt to the 1940 campaign. What the Republicans are saying is that no one can campaign on a program for a planned economy of any sort without violating the Presidential oath of office. We may as well get this statement clear now. The charge will be made again in 1940 if a strong labor candidate is in the field, and it will be made with much more violence. If there is any doubt now whether planning for the common welfare is constitutional, that doubt must be removed in the next four years either by the Supreme Court or by the people through an amendment.

How Wrong Is the Digest Poll?

THE seventh report of the *Literary Digest's* Presidential poll shows Governor Landon leading in thirty-two of the forty-eight states, which would enable him to sweep the Electoral College by 370 to 161. This contrasts with the October 17 survey of the American Institute of Public Opinion, which indicates that President Roosevelt will carry thirty-five states and will have 390 electoral votes against Landon's 141. Obviously one or the other of these indicators of public opinion is seriously in error. The Institute of Public Opinion's poll is frankly based on comparatively few samples and therefore cannot be taken as too authoritative. It is particularly weak in that it does not adequately reach the small towns and country areas. The present report of the *Digest* poll, on the contrary, includes more than 1,800,000 votes, so that as far as numbers are concerned it is an extremely generous sample. It does not, however, by the *Digest's* own admis-

sion, present a proportionate vote from the great industrial centers—New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Cleveland, where Roosevelt's strength is the greatest. Moreover, its bias is indicated by the fact that more than 52 per cent of the voters thus far registering their preferences voted Republican in 1932, whereas Hoover only obtained 41 per cent of the vote in that election. Yet because it indicates both the 1932 and 1936 vote, it offers the raw material for as careful a prognostication as it is possible to make at this time.

It is generally conceded that President Roosevelt will carry the twelve Southern states by substantial majorities. The *Digest* also gives him three border states—Maryland, Oklahoma, and New Mexico—and Utah. All these states have at least a 57 per cent Roosevelt vote in the Institute of Public Opinion poll, and the poll of the Baltimore *Sun* gives Maryland to the President by nearly two to one. These sixteen states give Roosevelt 161 certain electoral votes. In addition there are eight other states—Arizona, California, Delaware, Missouri, Montana, North Dakota, Oregon, and Nevada—with 48 electoral votes, that are clearly in the Democratic column if the shift in votes for the electorate as a whole follows the pattern indicated in the *Digest* poll. Thus in California 76.9 per cent of the persons who voted for Roosevelt in 1932 indicate that they will vote for him this year, while 18.8 of those who voted for Hoover have shifted to the President. Applying these percentages to the total vote in 1932, it appears that the state is safe for Roosevelt by approximately 200,000. In Delaware the shift has worked in the opposite direction. The number of Republicans voting for Roosevelt is sufficiently greater than the number of Democrats voting for Landon to overcome the slight Republican majority of 1932.

Governor Landon is reasonably sure of all the New England states, except possibly Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, in addition to Kansas, South Dakota, and Wyoming. But these nine states have only 57 electoral votes, two less than the total ob-

tained by Hoover in 1932. The remaining fifteen states are doubtful, although the *Digest* poll would place each of them in the Republican column by a small majority. This raises the question of how typical a sample the *Digest* has succeeded in obtaining. The fact that most of the voters reached by its poll in these states voted Republican in 1932 suggests that the selection is biased in the direction of the upper income levels. If the percentage of Republican votes in each state is compared with the percentage of Republican votes which the same group cast in 1932, it will be found that in most instances the Republicans have gained, but in a number of states the margin of increase is insufficient to wipe out the tremendous majorities by which Roosevelt was elected in 1932. In Nebraska, for example, the *Digest* poll shows 61 per cent of the voters favoring Landon. But in 1932, 52 per cent of these same individuals voted for Hoover. Thus we have a 9 per cent shift toward the Republican column. But 64 per cent of all Nebraskans voted for Roosevelt in 1932. A loss of 9 per cent would leave Nebraska in the Roosevelt column by a ratio of 55 to 45. By a similar computation, five other states—Minnesota, Colorado, Idaho, Wisconsin, and Washington—appear definitely to belong to Roosevelt. All these states are shown in the Roosevelt column in the Institute of Public Opinion poll. Together with the

"certain" states they would give Mr. Roosevelt 268 electoral votes, or two more than necessary for election.

Landon appears to have a slight edge in three important states—New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania—although the failure to include the urban vote may easily change the situation. The contest in the remaining six states—New York, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and West Virginia—is too close to make prediction profitable. If the President wins any three of these states, he will have more than 300 electoral votes. Landon can win only by sweeping all six and obtaining at least one additional state from the Democratic column. If you throw six pennies in the air, all may land "heads." But the chance of its happening is just 1 in 64.



The People's Choice

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Landon Is Losing the Middle West

Aboard Landon's Sunflower Special, October 16

WHEN Landon boards a train, leaves Topeka, and carries his cause in person to the country, things go from bad to worse. Roosevelt fan- ciers, accordingly, need feel no dismay that Landon is about to dash out to California and campaign through Pacific Coast territory that Roosevelt has ignored, considering it indubitably safe for Democracy. Landon's fourth and semi-final campaign tour, which is about to end as this is written, has been an incredible performance, full of blunders and productive of nothing but evidence that the G. O. P. still is in a state of widespread demoralization and that the Republican nominee is totally lacking in ability to stir mass enthusiasm.

The tour has covered four pivotal states that Landon must carry if he is to have any chance at all of capturing the Presidency, and two of them unquestionably are now in worse shape so far as his candidacy is concerned than they were before he visited them. Those two are Ohio and Michigan. In the other two—Illinois and Indiana—his prospects have not been visibly improved by his visit. After watching Landon's performance in these four states and talking to the Republican leaders in them, I would not give a nickel for Landon's chances of carrying any one of them, and if their total of 88 electoral votes goes to Roosevelt atop the 105 votes he will get from the solid South and those he is certain to get from the West, Landon will go down to defeat on November 3 in a Democratic landslide of 1932 dimensions.

It should be remembered that the purpose of a campaign tour is to whip up enthusiasm chiefly among party workers so that, drawing confidence from the sight of large crowds cheering their candidate, they will redouble their efforts to get out the vote. If the crowds and the enthusiasm are not in evidence, the ward-healers and precinct runners lose heart and the machine languishes. There is only one other stimulus that will keep the machine running—money, and it is now apparent that there is not going to be much of that in the Landon camp. Members of the Landon entourage aboard the train already are speculating on the size of the campaign deficit, and the professional technicians among them are worrying openly about whether their salaries will be paid; meanwhile, at Chicago, Chairman Hamilton publicly and querulously admits that contributions have fallen off sharply at the campaign's most critical stage. There is even reason to believe that Landon's hobnobbing with Henry Ford and his Detroit speech praising the automobile magnates for having fought the NRA were desperate bids for funds regardless of the immediate cost in votes.

The financial trend within the G. O. P.—a trend exactly the opposite of that in the Roosevelt camp, whose coffers just recently have begun to fill with consoling contributions from industrialists—perhaps accounts for the absence during this semi-final Landon tour of any sign that the G. O. P. machine is operating with its old-time efficiency. That machine in the past has functioned with marvelous precision in producing crowds and fanfare. In their mechanics Republican campaign tours compared to Democratic have been like the Ringling Brothers' circus compared to a traveling medicine show. This year the situation is reversed. In the past, for example, the Republican command never would have taken its Presidential candidate out to an open-air meeting with the temperature down to forty and oil stoves required on the rostrum to keep the nominee from getting cold feet. Nor would it have placed the nominee, as also happened at Detroit, out behind second base and two hundred feet from any member of his audience. These things are not so insignificant as they may seem to the untutored observer, for they indicate a degree of inefficiency in the Republican machine presaging an equal inefficiency in the essentially mechanical task of producing votes for Landon in the polling booths on November 3. It is no wonder that after his Detroit speech Landon, according to participants, stormed and ranted, cursing the Republican high command at Chicago and vowing henceforth to run his own campaign. The first evidence of that decision was his determination to visit California, after he had been advised by Hamilton and the rest that the Pacific Coast was lost.

As for that other requisite stimulus to party workers, enthusiastic crowds, they also have been lacking on this tour. The crowds that Landon has drawn along the route, compared with the Roosevelt crowds in the same territory, have everywhere been small and apathetic. Such enthusiasm as they have shown has disappeared before Landon was halfway through his speeches; this is true of his major addresses, and it is even more true of his rear-platform speeches. If, listening to him on the radio, you think he is a poor and fumbling speaker, you should hear him in those speeches which are not broadcast. When he speaks to a nation-wide radio audience he plainly is keyed up for a supreme effort. Seldom is he able to maintain the pitch even throughout those speeches, and when he is making a simple, rear-platform appearance he does not even try. It requires only a glance at the faces of his audiences to see that he depresses them. In some cases he does more than that; the audiences for his rear-platform appearances have been made up in large part of school children, and often some group of kids has detached itself from the crowd in the middle of Landon's remarks and run off shouting, "Aw, that guy stutters!" Unlike Roosevelt's cross-

country progress, which draws crowds to every wayside crossing even where no stop is scheduled, Landon's touring brings him crowds only at obvious points where spontaneity is not necessary. At Fort Wayne, where his train laid over for twenty minutes, no crowd at all appeared.

Another significant difference between the Landon and Roosevelt campaigns is that on this semi-final tour Landon has been booed at every stop except in Indiana. The booing has not been violent, for American political crowds are lamentably polite, but it has been done with unmistakable gusto and scorn. It makes no difference that a large part of the booing has been done by kids in the crowd, for they doubtless reflect in their conduct on these occasions the political views of their parents. Rain destroyed all chance of judging crowd response at Chicago, where Roosevelt, arriving in fair weather a few days later, was uproariously cheered by mobs that reached from building line to street-car track. At Akron, where Landon was whirled from the station to an armory packed with 3,000 job-hungry party workers, there were no crowds on the downtown streets through which he passed, and many of the shoppers on the sidewalks did not spare the candidate a glance. Here as at other points on the tour curbside bystanders seemed to have difficulty in identifying Landon among the occupants of the open car in which he rode. Average Alf is just so incurably average in appearance that he is hard to pick out even in a small group; some of the reporters who have been traveling with him since the beginning of the campaign still have difficulty in spotting him on occasion, and one of his chief supporters among them tells of having overlooked Alf at three paces during a reception at Topeka. Among his fellow-Kansans Landon is as indistinguishable as a wren among old leaves, and that may account for his low visibility while on tour, for he carries a bevy of Kansans with him.

Standing beside Republican machine leaders at Cincinnati, Landon elected to praise the town for having got rid of machine politics by adopting a non-partisan, city-manager form of government and to pay a tribute to one of his "brain trusters," Charles P. Taft, Jr., a leader in the fight to maintain Cincinnati's present form of government against the attacks of the Republican machine. The machine leaders promptly protested to Taft, who in turn hastened to suggest to Landon that he drop the subject. He attempted to make amends in a formal speech a few minutes later by avowing his preference for machine politicians against "lily-handed" citizens who "boast they take no interest in politics." It was in that same speech that he followed up his praise for non-partisan government by championing the two-party system and expressing horror over the fact that Roosevelt had formed an alliance with the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota and let the Democratic Party there go hang. Landon later explained to friends that he had made his opening tribute to Taft and the Cincinnati government because he happened to remember that Theodore Roosevelt with good effect had paid a similar tribute to Judge Ben Lindsey when his campaign took him into Denver.

Landon planned to denounce at Akron the Roosevelt Administration's friendship for labor as fraudulent and

to support his contention with certain quotations from Norman Thomas. Before the final draft of his speech was completed, the Thomas quotations were dropped, and when he stepped to the rostrum he deliberately cut all other references to labor and social security from his prepared speech. In fact, while sitting on the platform just before he spoke, he told the reporters of the cuts he planned; the warning, however, came too late, and the early afternoon editions of papers all over the country carried words about labor that Landon never spoke. It was at Toledo that he finally got around to making his labor speech, and there, speaking in mid-morning, he delivered it to an audience made up almost entirely of housewives, who seemed bewildered by his theme.

Among other misfortunes he suffered on the tour was the presence of Ogden L. Mills, who joined him at Columbus and left him at Cleveland, and of Walter Brown, Hoover's Postmaster General and patronage dispenser, who joined at Cleveland and left at Toledo. Mills kept himself out of sight as much as possible. Brown, however, did no hiding and even put up a fight for the right to introduce Landon at Toledo.

At Detroit stupid management caused the Landon parade from station to hotel to be routed through an industrial slum area where the crowds were distinctly inhospitable. It was later reported by Michigan Republican leaders who rode with the nominee that the crowds had booed him so lustily that he had squirmed and kept angrily demanding to know who had authorized a parade for him. Just as the parade reached the downtown section, he ordered his car to circle the band at the head of the procession and rush him without further delay to his hotel. It may be, of course, that he was merely in a hurry to greet the Fords, who were waiting there for him in the company of Harry Bennett, the chief of the Ford secret-police system. However, the next day when local Republicans adjured him to leave the train at Flint to address a meeting uptown, Landon sharply informed his associates that he was not going to get off the train again in Michigan.

He left behind him in both Ohio and Michigan a trail of deserters. Republican leaders in both states told reporters without any urging that they proposed thenceforth to cut loose from Landon and sail their own boats. They said they had chances of being elected if they could capture a substantial number of Democratic and independent votes and they did not intend risking defeat for themselves by taking up the cudgels for Landon and, perforce, against Roosevelt. They counted themselves stronger than Landon in both states. Of the four states visited on this tour the one which looked best for Landon was Indiana; the Republican machine there appeared more alert and efficient than did its counterparts in Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan. All the newspaper polls being taken in Ohio except one give the state to Roosevelt. There are no comparable indicators in Michigan, but the majority of political writers there laugh at Landon's chances. In Illinois it is conceded that Roosevelt will carry Chicago by a huge plurality, and in the central part of the state, where the Republicans must poll an even bigger vote if Landon is to win, all signs indicate a fifty-fifty split.

On Madrid's Front Line

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, October 8

MADRID is preparing for siege. The rebels will certainly try, in the near future, to cut the railway which connects Madrid with its important food sources in Valencia. Already the streets of the capital are full of queues. There is a shortage of sugar, butter, milk, and meat. I just passed a long line of women waiting for horse flesh. A siege of Madrid, in such circumstances, would be a grave matter.

The Spanish civil war, however, will go on even if the government loses Madrid. A defeat in this area, damaging though it would be, might indeed release that burst of energy and determination which the Spanish revolution has thus far lacked. The fall of Madrid could in part be balanced by victories in Asturias and Andalusia. In any case Catalonia and the east will remain closed to the rebels for many months. There, as well as in other regions, the government could dig itself in, reorganize its forces, and prepare for a new phase of the civil war.

This is the spirit which prevails in Madrid even in these days of depression. The revolution cannot lose, is the general sentiment. For history has written the death sentence of the classes which follow in the wake of the insurgent generals. "History," to be sure, seems a poor weapon against tri-motor bombers and fierce foreign legionaries. But in this instance "history" signifies the incapacity of the former rulers of this country to continue to rule it. If the government succumbs, the people will fight on because they must. The struggle may take years.

What the Spanish government needs most desperately at this moment is a well-trained army. Millions of people staunchly support the anti-fascist cause. But the government's armed resources consist of some Assault Guards, a few Civil Guards, and many thousands of voluntary militiamen who are untrained, inexperienced, undisciplined, and badly officered. They melt away under fire. On September 24 I went up to an attack on the Alcazar, the Toledo citadel. While I waited in the large, square, and still beautiful, though partially ruined, patio of the hospital of Santa Cruz, government cannon shells whistled overhead every minute and burst in the Alcazar. This was the artillery preparation for the attack. At the entrance of Santa Cruz stood a sixty-ton tank equipped with one cannon and three machine-guns, ready to ascend into the fortress. The driver told me he would start at 5 p.m. At exactly 5 p.m. the artillery bombardment ceased. Four hundred men were sent up through byways. But the attack did not begin until forty minutes later, when the brave Alcazar defenders had had time to recover from the cannon barrage. I sat on a ledge of steel which stuck out from the tank while it lumbered up the hairpin bends of the road in the huge Alcazar gardens. Then I sought better

cover, together with the men, behind the stone walls of the terraces. Everything seemed to be going well. Suddenly a man rushed down the road with blood streaming from behind his ear. He was immediately followed by another whose trouser leg reddened as he ran. At that moment something hit the earth nearby with a low thud; a fountain of white smoke rose into the air. Three men who had crouched there were wounded. They ran down toward Santa Cruz. One, with many thin trickles of blood flowing from under his hat over his face, stopped in front of me and yelled with a hoarse voice, "Arriba, arriba," upward, upward. Groups of soldiers were descending in panic. Officers drew their revolvers, jumped from one group to the other, and threatened to shoot anyone who retreated. A man, held under the arms by two others, was being brought down. He had become hysterical and uttered almost inhuman cries.

Silence intervened. The atmosphere relaxed. An officer lit a cigarette and smiled to reassure the men. I left my cover and joined him in the middle of the road. Just then the three men with whom I had stood at the stone wall disappeared in a cloud of black smoke. When it dissipated they were on the ground, bleeding. The enemy was firing from a mortar; the shells fell perpendicularly and rather noiselessly. I helped pick up one of the wounded and carry him to the first-aid station in Santa Cruz. He asked us to open his belt. Over his heart the wet red patch grew bigger and bigger. He groaned and talked, and then opened his mouth and said nothing. The immense patio where three physicians were functioning was furnished with one faint electric bulb, though it was an inside room and might have been well lighted. Stretcher bearers were begging the doctors to attend to their wounded. The man I had carried moaned for water. There was none available. Part of his knee had been shot away, and a piece of steel had cut into a rib. The others, fifteen in all, were only superficially wounded. When I had entered the Red Cross station it was becoming dark. Soon Santa Cruz filled with the attackers, who had retired, and before another quarter of an hour the tank returned. This was the end of an assault which was completely wasted because it was badly managed. Four mortar bombs, fired by skilled officers in the Alcazar, had routed a battalion.

Military experts, foreign and Spanish, agree that the Alcazar, key to the whole central front, which now includes Madrid, might have been captured, its desperate defenders and thick walls notwithstanding, by 1,000 good soldiers. The government tried to find them and could not. A Madrid daily said on September 29 that 5,000 disciplined fighters could win the war for the government. Certainly they could check the enemy. The government has not got them. On September 25 I went to

the Talavera front and then, across country, to Toledo. At Olias del Rey, a village ten kilometers from Toledo, the highway was full of deserting militia. Why were they abandoning Toledo? Enemy bombers, they replied, had dropped three bombs on the city. Before I could get their full story, three mammoth German planes, Henkels, circled over us. I lay down behind an olive tree in a V-shaped depression between two knolls. It is certainly no pleasant sensation to be in the possible field of a military aeroplane's activity. Experienced soldiers, however, remain unmoved; they do not flee in panic. The next day, after firing a few cannon shells into Toledo, the insurgent generals were practically assured of its mastery.

On April 16 last, on leaving Spain, I wrote that the right reactionaries were "depressed, frightened, and disorganized. Their only hope at the moment is a violent coup d'état with the aid of the army and/or the Guardia Civil. This scheme is a measure of their helplessness." I referred to their social and political helplessness. Lacking the support of the nation, they resorted to a military insurrection whose backbone is Moors, the mercenaries of the Foreign Legion, and foreign fascist aviators. Some 95 per cent of the officers and the bulk of the soldiers of the Spanish army chose the rebel side when the revolt broke in Morocco on July 17.

The need of an army, then, is the Spanish revolution's most urgent problem. This is civil war, and wars are fought and won by armies. What the legal government needs is a breathing-space in which to train its many enthusiastic, devoted followers. Will it get this breathing-space?

This, in some measure, is a question of cannon and aeroplanes. The government has too few of either. The insurgents, it is expertly estimated, have about 10,000 men on the Talavera-Toledo front. Only half of these could be available for a march on Madrid or its communications. Twenty bombers could hold them back. Often it seems as if fifty aeroplanes could assure victory to the revolution in a very short time. The course of the civil war may be determined, at this stage, by several score of aeroplanes. The government has plenty of gold and pilots. Because of the so-called neutrality regulations it cannot buy enough machines. Several days ago I interviewed Vincent Patriarcha, a twenty-three-year-old Italian fascist flier with an American past who is now held prisoner here. He was flying over Talavera on September 13 in his Italian Fiat, which can do 230 miles an hour. Government aeroplanes appeared. He shot down two. Then Felix Iturbe, a third loyal Spanish aviator, realizing that his slow machine was no match for the fast Italian, catapulted himself into the Fiat and smashed it. The Italian came down in his parachute and was arrested. Iturbe was killed. The wing of his plane imprisoned him in his cockpit so that he could not jump out. Patriarcha told me he came from Genoa in a squadron of five machines. He saw twenty-four Italian Fiats and Savoy's in Seville. There are more in Seville. There are German aeroplanes too. At the Madrid airport the other day I played with the machine-gun levers and gun turrets of the giant

Junkers which had strayed on its flight to Seville and been taken here. A child could have known it was an undisguised military machine.

To win, the government must have aeroplanes and other equipment. At Olias del Rey the day before yesterday government artillery shelled Bargas, three miles away. I asked the militia why they did not follow with an attack. They said, "The Moors have machine-guns, we have only rifles." For the present, therefore, the military position dwarfs all others. The alignment of anti-fascist political forces is not altogether stable, and further reverses in the field may upset the balance. Chaos and defeat may follow. Immediate help from the outside can prevent a débâcle. Meanwhile, this city is preparing for siege.

The struggle now racking Spain actually commenced in April, 1931, when the monarchy fell. The pillars of the monarchy—the unenlightened church, the unprogressive landed classes, and the caste army—survived it. During his first long tenure of office (October, 1931, to September, 1933) Prime Minister Manuel Azaña improved the conditions of farm labor, expropriated some of the grandes' estates, and settled approximately 10,000 peasants on the land. He retired unnecessary army officers on full pay. But even the mild reforms he so cautiously introduced both frightened and angered the bourgeoisie. In September, 1933, Azaña was replaced by a right coalition. It wiped out his innovations, reduced wages, and applied a terror which is still remembered vividly.

The measure of the popular unrest that ensued was the violent Asturias revolt in October, 1934, and the simultaneous abortive rising in Catalonia. Passions flamed high; blood flowed profusely. The reactionaries lacked a policy, and the masses ultimately sought salvation in unity. On February 16, 1936, the Popular Front ousted the right from office. This second Azaña government had to be more radical in respect to the land and the church. Yet it still did not touch the army. When I asked Azaña on April 4, 1936, why he did not purge the army, he said, "I see no danger from it." Then he added with a laugh, "And if I did I would not say so." He knew I knew and I knew he knew that there was a danger. All Madrid talked about it. If 200 superior officers of the army had been arrested six months ago in one unexpected swoop, Spain might have been spared the 80,000 men and women, who, it is roughly estimated, have died in the last ten weeks of civil war. Azaña, however, pure-minded intellectual that he is, preferred partial action to drastic action. His land reform alarmed the landlords without seriously weakening them. His delicate transfer of some generals from Madrid to distant posts warned them of possible events to come and told them to prepare for revolt. The coincidence of the semi-feudal class's fear for its property with the militarists' fear for their positions as protectors of the classes from which they spring explains the present rising against constituted authority. Pedants may split hairs about the legality of the situation; the reality is that the landlords, generals, fascists, and their allies are making a last effort to curb the popular revolution which started when Alfonso was driven out. It is a revolution against widespread poverty, for human rights, for progress.

Roosevelt and His Fellow-Travelers

BY MAX LERNER

DESPITE hosannas and battle cries the Presidential campaign is, I am convinced, something less than Armageddon. Despite the antics of Messrs. Farley and Hamilton it is something more than a sordid scramble for political jobs. But between Armageddon and the fleshpots there is room for various appraisals of what the campaign thus far sums up to. What have we learned about it?

First, that a campaign can be dirty without ceasing to be somewhat dull. This is due, no doubt, to the clumsiness with which the Republicans and their fascist allies have handled their propaganda tools. Smearing Roosevelt with communism, atheism, and Spanish atrocities is well enough as a technique, but it requires at least a modicum of intelligence. Second, that prosperity talks, and can make its voice heard even amid the campaign din. Third, that the prowess of newspapers and campaign funds has been overrated. Mr. Roosevelt has gained strength despite an almost perfect Fourth Estate batting score against him and despite what seemed like inexhaustible Republican coffers. Fourth, that class counts for more than section in American life. Granted all of Mr. Roosevelt's advantages and his masterful campaign, with its feinting, parrying, and thrusting, the fact remains that he could get nowhere if the common people were not united behind him. As a figure Mr. Roosevelt dominates the whole campaign, but the *division* of forces is not to be seen in personal terms: it comes closer to being a class division than in any election since Jackson's. Only the farm vote and that of the lower middle class are seriously split. Fifth, that party lines are now more unstable than at any time since the Civil War, as witness the striking shifts of alignment in all the camps. Al Smith is right. There *are* things that transcend party.

The new phenomenon is the fellow-traveler. The term has a Russian background and means someone who does not accept all your aims but has enough in common with you to accompany you in a comradely fashion part of the way. In this campaign both Mr. Landon and Mr. Roosevelt have acquired fellow-travelers. Mr. Landon fears to link arms openly with them, but there they are unmistakably seeking to help him on his difficult trek to the White House—Coughlin, Townsend, Gerald Smith, Al Smith, the du Ponts, Hearst, and Lemke. Mr. Roosevelt's fellow-travelers are the forces of progressive labor, organized nationally as Labor's Non-Partisan League and in crucial New York taking the form of the American Labor Party. The desperate union of Tories and fascists was to be expected. The massing of labor almost solidly behind a liberal Democrat deserves closer analysis.

Just what does it mean? Campaign or no campaign, we all know that we are living today on the thin edge of his-

tory. The fate of workers and progressives in the fascist countries has roused American workers from their traditional lethargy in politics. It has led the more militant of them to abandon their former "plague on both your houses" attitude and come out for Roosevelt. The argument from the right, voiced by Mr. Knox and Mr. Hutcheson, that this will lead labor into slavery is too absurd to be discussed. But the case from the left against Roosevelt's progressive supporters is clean-cut and cogent.

They are told that men have been lured by phrases before; that this sort of chasing after a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow has been the bitter and continuous experience of progressives, and invariably the glitter has turned out to be not that of gold but of the steel bayonets of the National Guard; that the worker should have learned from past experience with war hysteria how not to plump for the pretty phrase, how to keep his head, how to feel for the ribbed structure of actuality under the skin of rhetoric; that Roosevelt's class roots are not those of the worker but of the aristocrat, and his historic function is to bolster capitalism with the minimum concession to its victims; that the outlook for the future is not much better than the record of the past; that Mr. Roosevelt has so little tenacity of purpose that a program is for him a work of art meticulously carved in butter; that when the inevitable disillusionment comes under Roosevelt it will let the workers down harder than otherwise, because it will be a disillusionment with their own action as well; that it means a sapping of the workers' energies and a false education for them to make a hero of a leader who cannot solve their problems.

There is considerable force in this argument. How do the Roosevelt progressives answer it?

The American progressive workers have learned that doctrinaire radicalism is ineffective without a mass base no matter how valid may be its position; and that it has made little or no progress in winning a mass base in America. They have learned also from European experience that while the radical parties were refining their theory and quarreling among themselves, the fascists stole a march on them and captured power. If I understand them, they are determined that this shall not happen here. There is, of course, an equal determination to the same effect on the part of the Socialists and Communists. That is why there is less liberal-baiting among the radicals and less radical-baiting among the liberals. That is why, also, the emphasis has shifted from contempt for the bourgeois-democratic state to a defense of democratic processes. But more is involved than a change in language. We are witnessing a drastic shift in orientation.

Perhaps I can best express that shift in summary

fashion by saying that the new attitude is gradualist, nationalist, and thoroughly convinced of labor's ultimate political strength. Its gradualism is the sort that wants socialization of industry, but wants also to make reasonably sure of every step along the road to that goal. The premise is that you cannot get from *a* to *c* without passing through *b*. The premise is also that you must work with what material you have at hand. And that material happens to be the American people as the end-product of the complex course of American history. It is not so much with Mr. Roosevelt that progressives like Lewis and Hillman are working: it is rather with the masses of American labor, who find themselves in 1936 no farther advanced than to accept and applaud the New Deal's sympathy for trade unionism and collective bargaining.

The progressive temper is today hard-bitten and coldly instrumental. For labor the choice between Roosevelt and Landon is a choice between a chance on the one hand to organize its forces over the next four years and on the other hand the certainty that it will be kept from it. The progressives have their eye not on 1936 but on 1940. There is much they can learn, of course, in 1936: they can set up a skeleton organization of their own, as the American Labor Party is doing in New York; they can learn the low-down on politics all the way from the city ward to the national capital. But unless labor has its own political party in 1940 it cannot meet the increasing fascist threat. Obviously there can be no such political organization in 1940 unless labor builds a far more extensive economic

base than it has at present in the A. F. of L. That base can be built only by a rapid and energetic campaign of organizing the mass-production industries. That will be at best a difficult task, even under Mr. Roosevelt—and Miss Perkins. Under Mr. Landon and Bill Hutcheson it would be impossible. Attempts to achieve it would meet with unrestrained violence from the employers, treachery from the Labor Department, and the use of the military by the government. The overshadowing need over the next four years is for an open state of civil liberties, without which no progress of any sort can be made toward organizing the workers and their allies.

That, I take it, is why a large majority of the progressive intellectuals and almost the whole of labor are for Mr. Roosevelt. They are not shutting their eyes to his shortcomings. They do not lack a historical perspective from which to view him. They will not count on his generosity or humanitarianism but only on the fact that his own fate, like theirs, depends on avoiding fascism, consolidating the control of industry, and keeping an open state of civil liberties. They are pouring their energy and money into his campaign now, and working shoulder to shoulder with Democratic politicians who represent the worst aspects of capitalism and of whom they will eventually have to sweep the polity clean. But it is characteristic of American labor now that it feels sufficiently strong and confident of the future to take the risks involved.

[This is the first of two articles analyzing the dilemma of the American progressive. The second will appear next week.]

Will New York Go for Roosevelt?

BY CARL RANDAU

New York, October 20

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will carry New York. The Empire State's forty-seven electoral votes will go to him as something of a bonus, for he could win without them. Governor Landon, on the other hand, has never had a chance unless he might somehow corral New York. The Republicans will go on calling New York a "doubtful" state until November 3, in order to keep up their courage and to keep the campaign contributions flowing in. If they once admitted that Roosevelt had an edge on his home state's large block of votes, their campaign would collapse, for the big campaign contributors, mostly from New York or with close New York connections, have a canny objection to throwing cash on the ash heap. There has been no sound reason at any time during the present campaign for listing New York among the doubtful states. Since the completion of New York City's registration, which showed an increase of 500,000 over 1932, no one but Roosevelt-hating dowagers and Republican contribution collectors have had any reason to keep up the pretense.

The city's vote will determine the result in the state,

and there is every likelihood that the President will pile up a city lead of more than 1,000,000 votes. He had a city lead of 871,000 over Hoover in 1932 against an upstate Hoover lead of 275,000, which gave him the state by almost 600,000. Landon's upstate lead, as indicated by several polls, may be a little larger than Hoover's, but he will be lucky if he can cut the Roosevelt state lead to 500,000. Registration in the state this year for the first time exceeds 6,000,000. The gains have been heavier in New York City than upstate, and upstate they have been heaviest in the cities—cities which have shown an increasing Democratic drift for fifteen years.

The Republicans realized some time ago that they were in a tough spot. Since it was not possible to have all Democrats deported before the election, they did the next best thing. They tried to frighten the voters by telling them Roosevelt was a Communist. The red scare is now in full bloom, but it has produced more laughter than fear and more resentment than belief. Hearst started the drive by playing up Browder's declaration that the big issue was the defeat of Landon, but he distorted his quotations and was quickly overtaken. Hamilton rushed to the rescue by

shouting that Roosevelt, via Dubinsky, was helping to kill Catholics in Spain. He had just as bad luck as Hearst, because the Catholics to whom he was appealing in this country are literate and have read, even in the Hearst papers, that the most effective slaughtering of Catholics in Spain is being done by Moors, the historic enemies of Rome. Roosevelt took the rather unnecessary step of denying that he was a Communist, and the Communists made it unanimous.

Al Smith hasn't called Roosevelt a Communist yet, and he has rather concentrated his fire on the questionably important fact that the President didn't ask him how to run things, but the man whom Smith is credited with having put across as the Republican candidate for governor wasted no time in jumping into the middle of the red scare. This man, for many years a respected Supreme Court Justice in Westchester County, William F. Bleakley, hadn't got around to such unimportant questions as what he would do about running the state government when he told an audience at Monticello that the President, "by his attacks on the Constitution and his publicly stated disfavor with the Supreme Court, has weakened these bulwarks against communism." Judge Bleakley's concern with the national Administration rather than with the local campaign is typical of the entire Republican strategy, which relies heavily on the development of the issue of communism. And it's a hard job to convince a New York audience that Governor Lehman, ex-Wall Street banker, has any well-defined left leanings.

Bleakley's selection as the Republican candidate has many interesting angles, not the least interesting being the fact, that his nomination was paid for in part by Al Smith's speeches for the Republicans. His strength as a Catholic and Smith's speeches have been rather overshadowed by mid-campaign revelations concerning his banking entanglements. It has been shown, for instance, that when the Westchester Trust Company was taken over by the State Superintendent of Banks on February 3, 1934, Judge Bleakley was responsible for loans aggregating \$116,981. Of these, \$38,417 were personal loans; \$41,379 were loans of which he was single indorser; and \$37,085 were loans of which he was joint indorser with a man who later died. He did not refrain, despite these debts, from sitting as presiding justice in a grand-jury inquiry into the bank or from giving advice to a jury which exonerated the bank officers of the charges against them. He also sat as judge in the case of a widow who brought suit to recover funds from the bank, and then put aside the jury's verdict favoring the widow. Reports in Democratic circles are that Bleakley owed Westchester banks about \$300,000 at the time of the crash.

Even before these discoveries Bleakley was regarded as just another Republican also-ran, and Al Smith's pro-Republican speeches had been recognized as worth less than the price paid for them. His Carnegie Hall address proved to be almost as great a boomerang as his Liberty League speech. It did give the Republicans a chance to attain a new high in ridiculous campaign claims. They announced that Smith would bring 3,000,000 Democrats with him to the Republican fold. Newspaper surveys in-

dicate that the only persons convinced by Smith were already lined up for Landon, while Democrats generally speak of him as a traitor. His attempt to swing votes away from Roosevelt is likely to be one of the biggest flops of a campaign replete with flops. Al Smith's attacks on Roosevelt will not convince the millions who have obtained jobs through the WPA or the revival of business activity that the New Deal has been a complete failure. Smith, despite the fact he was once the state's most popular man, has utterly lost his hold on the masses.

Some politicians argue that Smith, as a leading Catholic layman, will be able to wean many Catholic votes from Roosevelt, but there are indications that in this election far more attention will be paid to economic than to religious issues. The Gallup poll recently showed that Roosevelt is supported by four out of five Catholics, and that of all religious sects the Catholics have the least inclination to vote for Landon. As a dry, and as governor of a dry state, Landon had plenty to overcome to win favor with New York's Catholics even if it had not been rumored that he had sympathetic leanings toward the Ku Klux Klan. It was in part to offset the harm done by such reports that Landon showed an interest in the selection of New York's gubernatorial candidate—an interest that was enough to give great impetus to the Bleakley pre-convention drive. But in putting up a Catholic candidate for governor the Republicans sacrificed some support among the bitterly anti-Catholic upstate farmers, and so for every Democrat the Republicans may entice away by means of the religious issue they may well lose a vote to the Democrats in the rural communities. Furthermore, Governor Lehman stands well with the Catholics, partly because he exonerated District Attorney Geoghan of Brooklyn of misfeasance charges.

Geoghan is a good Catholic and popular with the Brooklyn Irish. If the Geoghan followers vote for Lehman, they are also likely to vote for Roosevelt, despite Al Smith, Bleakley, and even the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin. Coughlin's influence in New York State is small. His National Union for Social Justice has had difficulties in getting groups to organize into clubs except in the outlying sections of New York City and in some rural communities. When Coughlin recently made his only personal appearance of the campaign in New York City, he chose to speak in the borough which he thought the center of his strength—Brooklyn. Despite extensive ballyhoo, Ebbets Field, scene of the gathering was only half filled. Coughlin's candidate, Lemke, hadn't made a dent on the New York electorate when the priest offered to support the Republican ticket, only to have his offer indignantly rejected.

Far more important than the Union Party's activities is the role being played by union labor. At the recent convention of the State Federation of Labor at Syracuse Roosevelt and Lehman were indorsed unanimously—an action without precedent in this state. The American Labor Party, the New York branch of Labor's Non-Partisan League, is actively campaigning for Roosevelt and Lehman and is more interested in getting voters to cast their Roosevelt-Lehman ballots under the Labor Party insignia than in electing any candidates of its own. Un-

fortunately for its own future, it is a party almost without candidates. Those who are sincerely interested in developing a strong Farmer-Labor Party for 1940 question the tactics of this concentration on the Roosevelt-Lehman campaign, but there is no doubt that this course will enhance the majority by which the Democrats carry the state.

Republicans who have expected Roosevelt to be defeated partly through the normal reaction of election swings would do well to reflect on the long tenure of office enjoyed by Jefferson's party once he managed to overcome the Tories and the Federalists in 1800. Since the days of Jefferson and Jackson no President has frankly relied on popular support and uncompromisingly placed human rights above property rights. Any party, whether

it be headed by Roosevelt or another, which emphasizes human rights may well find itself as secure as the party of Jefferson and his successors, which "held the reins of government, with scarcely a contest and without a single defeat, for forty years."

There are indications that the voters, despite newspaper and high-priest advice, want political leaders who genuinely represent them, or at least make an effort to carry out their wishes. Because Roosevelt has managed to convince most voters that he has their interests at heart, it is wholly possible not only that he will be the first Democrat to win New York's electoral vote in two successive popular elections, but that he will break his own record for a total national electoral vote.

Is Landon Constitutional?

BY ROBERT H. JACKSON

THE constitutional issue, which threatened at the beginning of the campaign to be of major importance, was for a time evidently recognized as a hot potato by both sides and was generally ignored. In his last few speeches, however, Governor Landon has again, perhaps rashly, brought the issue into the limelight. Particularly in his Detroit speech on October 13 the Republican candidate devoted most of his remarks to criticism of what he called President Roosevelt's usurpation of legislative power, and of his readiness to ignore or to defy the power of the courts.

When on July 23 a voice from Topeka proposed to "restore" our government to a "constitutional basis," we accepted it as a proper statement of the purpose of any law-abiding citizen. The voice also called attention to the Presidential oath "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States" and said that the oath carried the obligation to "so use the executive power that it will fulfil the purposes for which it was delegated." This was still obvious and safe. But the candidate continued, "It is with a full understanding of the meaning of this oath that I accept this nomination." This was a clear challenge to an investigation of his understanding of constitutional principles, which was the last thing that he should have started.

In Kansas the executive power as exercised by Governor Landon has been in conflict with the judicial power just as the national executive power has clashed with the judicial, and with the same results. The executive and legislative branches of government in Kansas have been prevented from carrying out major policies by their failure to comply with requirements which the judicial department considered more important than the policy involved. The judges killed the policy to vindicate the constitutional principle that they felt had been violated.

Governor Landon was first elected for a two-year term which began on January 9, 1933. He was reelected in the

landslide of November, 1934, which produced the oversized New Deal majority in Congress. That might indicate that he was not out of step with the New Deal sentiment then prevailing. His second term began January 14, 1935, and his tenure of office therefore roughly coincides with President Roosevelt's. The two men have faced similar problems; both have had rough treatment from the legalists.

Topeka did not chide Washington; it attended the New Deal ceremonials with supplications and anthems of praise. At the oil conference called by Secretary Ickes on March 27, 1933, Governor Landon is reported by the *New York Times* to have declared that he wanted to "enlist for the duration of the war in this campaign of President Roosevelt's to get America on its feet"; and he added that "even the iron hand of a dictator is better than paralysis." Of course Mr. Roosevelt's better judgment recognized such radical, if well-intended, counsel as the panic of scared men. He tried to follow the traditional American way, relying on the Supreme Court, as he was justified in doing by its earlier decisions, to take a reasonably broad view of emergency power.

Executives must have a policy for the future; judges are occupied only with precedents from the past. The policy of an executive is shaped solely by the result which he wants to accomplish. The judges have again and again said that they are concerned not with results but with a law that is above results. Can Mr. Landon escape this conflict between legalism and statesmanship? The answer is that as Governor of Kansas he has not been able to.

It is not my purpose in this study to uphold or to attack any of Governor Landon's laws which the courts have struck down. It is my purpose merely to read the court reports and to assay his claim that he knows how to get along with the courts and how to get his program into constitutional shape. Let us look first at certain emergency legislation which reflects Governor Landon's financial

policy. I would not detract from Mr. Landon's reputation as a frugal Governor, but his frugality appears to have been fortified by an early decision of the Kansas Supreme Court which brought him summarily back to the Kansas constitution, from which he had wandered, and restrained any disposition he might otherwise have developed to become lavish. On November 23, 1933, Governor Landon approved a measure authorizing the Kansas Commission of Forestry, Fish, and Game to borrow \$200,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make certain public improvements and defray extraordinary expenses. The state Supreme Court held the law unconstitutional. In condemning the Landon borrowing policy the court recited various constitutional provisions and said: "These provisions make it clear that from the foundation of the state the mandate of the constitution has prescribed a fiscal policy of 'pay as you go' so far as current expenses of state government are concerned." The court cited extreme measures taken by the state of Kansas in times past in maintaining a traditional financial conservatism. Governor Landon's financial policy was adjudged to be contrary to this safe and sane policy. Thus the Governor of Kansas was saved from an early disposition to go in debt. The court's decision leaves an impression that his reputation for sound finance may be somewhat synthetic.

That unauthorized power has been delegated to the President has been asserted with much sound and fury. It is argued that in order to take the government out of hands that would accept unauthorized power and to avoid the danger of a dictatorship, the Governor of Kansas should become President of the United States. In his Detroit speech on October 13 Mr. Landon said: "... when the independence of the courts is destroyed, the rights and liberties of the people are gone. The people are then at the mercy of the Executive. The Executive is all powerful." It is somewhat startling therefore to find that in a unanimous decision of the Kansas Supreme Court Governor Landon was himself accused of exercising unauthorized legislative power. A law passed and approved by Governor Landon in 1933 authorized the Governor of Kansas to extend for a period not exceeding six months a preexisting moratorium given by the legislature on mortgages if in the Governor's judgment the necessity therefor still existed. The Governor proclaimed an extension, but the Supreme Court on January 6, 1935, said: "We conclude that what the Governor was delegated to do, and did attempt to do, was legislative in character and that such delegation of legislative power was entirely unauthorized under our separately constitutioned functions of government, and was therefore unconstitutional, void, and inoperative."

But the mortgage-foreclosure situation was acute, and the failure of relief because the Governor exceeded his powers did not end the problem. The Governor and legislators tried again. On February 28, 1935, Governor Landon approved a measure which extended the time of redemption from mortgage-foreclosure judgments, applying to judgments already rendered as well as to future judgments. The court rendered a decision on December 7, 1935, setting aside this act as unconstitutional. The majority of the court thought that Governor Landon and the

legislature had made an assault upon the court's power; the judicial power was perhaps being "flaunted," to borrow from the vocabulary of the Cleveland platform builders. The dissenting opinion was by Justice Harvey, who seems to play in Kansas the role that Justices Stone, Cardozo, and Brandeis play in Washington. Justice Harvey came to the aid of the mortgage-redemption statute and flayed the majority of his court, saying: "Neither can I give my consent to the view, which appears to dominate the opinion as written, that judicial action is so much superior to legislative action. Just as sometimes happens with persons who occupy other governmental units, those of the court occasionally acquire an exaggerated opinion of their own authority or power."

"Vested rights" is a symbol to which the judiciary has shown almost Oriental devotion. It is rarely held, however, that a public group or body has any vested rights, and it is still more rare for an Executive to invade the vested rights of a public group. However, on March 24, 1933, Governor Landon approved a statute authorizing the county to charge back to various taxing districts their prorated share of taxing-district funds, lost in a bank failure when a depository had been closed several years before. This statute was challenged and held unconstitutional by the court as being "retrospective in its application, and therefore the vested rights of the defendants are invaded and infringed."

Citizens of Wyandotte County, in which Kansas City is located, had complained to the Attorney General and the Governor that the criminal laws were not being enforced. Legislation approved by the Governor provided for a special grand jury and a special prosecutor. The law also provided that the compensation of the special prosecutor should be paid in whole or in part from costs taxed against persons convicted on indictments found by such grand jury. This provision applied to no other county of the state. The penalty against persons convicted on indictments found by this particular grand jury would therefore be greater than the penalties against the same persons for the same offenses would have been had these persons been indicted by a regular grand jury and prosecuted by the regular county prosecutor. The court held that this provision was "a plain denial to convicted persons in Wyandotte County of the equal protection of the law afforded to all others in their situation within this state and guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment." And what was more serious, the majority of the court went on to affirm that "this manifest constitutional infirmity" vitiated the whole statute. Thus the constitutional blunder in the statute signed by Governor Landon cost Wyandotte County its special law-enforcement machinery.

One of the rocks upon which some of the New Deal legislation split was the time-honored judicial doctrine prohibiting delegation of power. An act duly approved by the Governor of Kansas on February 8, 1935, authorizes county commissioners to devise methods to stop soil drifting—specifically to order lands subject to erosion "to be cultivated, plowed, furrowed, sowed, planted, handled, or cared for." If the farmer didn't do as he was told, the commissioners were authorized to name an indi-

vidual to "go upon all such lands for such purpose and to assess reasonable charges for such service against the land in controversy." The law also required the board to prescribe rules which must be complied with by the farmer. The court held this to be a "clear delegation of legislative power and of power to legislate on a matter which is not local and which is forbidden by the constitution"; and it prohibited the county commissioners from acting upon the ground that they had been trying to prevent soil erosion without lawful authority. Thus ended another costly lesson in constitutional law. The Kansas farmer found that the courts held his problem to be local when the federal government attempted to solve it, and not local when the state attempted to do so.

In reviewing this record of laws struck down by the Kansas Supreme Court I am not concerned with the motives or the statecraft of Governor Landon. When legislation reaches the courts, neither good motives nor sound policy saves it. The strange parallel in the experiences of these two Executives in attempting to make economic, financial, and general-welfare policies meet the requirements of the courts does pose a serious question as to whether the legalists are not intruding technical and obstructive rules of legal philosophy where they do not belong. Both the Kansas record of Governor Landon and the speeches that he has made during the campaign indicate clearly that he has nothing to contribute to the solution of this problem.

The Pope Needs America

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

II

THE instrument with which the church hopes to conquer America is Catholic Action. The present Pope has defined it as follows: "Catholic Action is nothing else than the apostolate of the laity under the leadership of the bishops." Michael Williams in "The Catholic Church in Action" states that "primarily, Catholic Action . . . may be described as both the *intensification* and the more highly organized *collective* direction of the apostolic mission of the church to the world, built upon the 'participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy.'" E. Boyd Barrett defines it thus:

Catholic Action is best described as the new phase of Catholicism. . . . In theory, Catholic Action is the work and service of lay Catholics in the cause of religion, under the guidance of the bishops; In practice it is the Catholic group fighting their way to control America. . . . In medieval times the church gained supremacy in various countries through her influence over nobles and soldiers. Today she aims at the old supremacy by mass action of her organized subjects and by systematic penetration of various groupings.

Barrett's description of Catholic Action is a satisfactory one if we apply two corrections. In his reference to medieval times he neglects to indicate the economic basis of the church's supremacy, namely, its vast land holdings. Secondly, he speaks of the aim of the Catholic church—to regain its quondam supremacy—as if this aim were achievable in the present era. The church cannot turn back the clock of history, the late Gilbert K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc to the contrary notwithstanding. It can only defend itself by becoming a staunch ally of capitalism, whether the latter takes the form of bourgeois democracy or fascism.

In America, then, Catholic Action is working systematically to permeate the life of all Catholics. Christ in-

structed his apostles to go forth and teach all nations. The Catholic laity is ostensibly organized for a crusade to intensify Catholicism, to further the spiritual and material aims of the church. For this purpose the church has its Knights of Columbus, Holy Name societies, Catholic alumni organizations, Catholic Youth clubs, Newman clubs in the universities, guilds for doctors, writers, actors, and nurses. It has a powerful formal and informal apparatus of education, and it even fights bitterly to force the appropriation of public funds for the assistance of private—read Catholic—institutions. Through such papers as the *Catholic Worker*, which offers saints and radical phrases to the proletariat, it bids for stronger support from the worker. Its journals now reflect plans for the conversion of the Negro, whom it has long neglected, in order to neutralize his radical and revolutionary potentialities. The church commands a fighting press, manned by militant mediocrities of the type of Michael Williams and Father Talbott, S.J. It has organized the Legion of Decency with ten million members—and this organization is able to dictate to supine producers in Hollywood what the American public, including its millions of non-Catholics, shall see in motion-picture theaters. It lobbies against child-labor laws on the theory that such laws would give the state control over the child, who according to the will of God and natural law belongs to the Deity, the parent, and the parish priest. It attacks the dissemination of birth-control information. In some of its organs, notably *America*, we occasionally find expressions of anti-Semitism which might well have emanated from Nazi Germany. Likewise the Catholic press conducts a consistent and continuous red-baiting campaign, which is supplemented with speeches by prominent Catholic laymen and clergymen. This theme dominated the recent convention of the Holy Name Society in New York City. The alumni of Notre Dame University are now planning to add bolshevik hunts to college cheer-leading as an occupation

for adults who have never fully grown up. Meanwhile the church demands of President Roosevelt that he interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico. In a recent issue of *America* one Thomas S. Hunter writes:

The Mexican issue is not a Catholic issue, it is not a politico-religious issue; it is a fundamental issue in which our own essential liberties are involved. If freemen, irrespective of creed and color, fail to respond to Rome's appeal, Mexico will perish, and we who have stood by impassive and watched her agony, will we escape?

Here is an open call for intervention. But where was Rome's appeal to "freemen" to halt Mussolini's invasion of Christian Ethiopia? What effective policies did Rome introduce to achieve liberty and social justice in Spain? What did the church ever do to alleviate the abject poverty and complete illiteracy of the Mexican peons?

Since this is the formal role which Mother Church is playing and seeking to play in America today, it is pertinent to summarize her apologetics. I have already suggested the biblical justification of Catholic Action, the command to the apostles to go forth and teach all men and all nations. Further, the church contends that since the disruption of the feudal and medieval era materialism has been growing in the world. Today neo-paganism has gained such a foothold that it threatens civilization unless the spiritual forces of Christendom, guided by the firm hand of the Pope and led by the church, organize to stem the tide. Today the world suffers grievously from the heresy of materialism, which generates a false science. This causes class war, irreverence for authority and order, and immorality. And further, materialism as a heresy has become organized in the movement known as communism, which operates from Moscow, the red Rome. Communism persecutes religion and gloats over the murder of priests and nuns. It promotes atheism and class war; it threatens to destroy liberty and disrupt the family. Coeval with its threat to the family is its attack on private property. Private property is an institution justified by natural law. Its defense was framed in the writings of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Evil does not flow from the institution of private property or from the profit system which is constructed upon it, but is the result of the failure of those who own private property to make the right use of it. Thus the solution of the economic problems of the world is not socialism, which places the ownership of the means of production in the hands of the proletarian state. Rather, it lies in the employer's acceptance of a moral obligation to give his employees a just and fair wage.

In America the church now insists that it accepts democracy and asserts that the Constitution of the United States must be defended. And who is to be its defender? That 100 per cent American institution, the Roman Catholic church, whose Pope lives in the Vatican and is always Italian and whose College of Cardinals is also preponderantly Italian. The entire structure of the church is anti-democratic. Its theology is dogmatic. It permits no error, no deviation in conduct, and it carries its dogmatic control to the extent of maintaining a papal Index of Books. The church insists that it accepts the principle of the separation of church and state. The Dogma of Papal Infallibil-

ity, which was log-rolled into acceptance in the last century over the arguments and protests of the more intelligent Catholics, gives the Pope final authority on matters of faith and morals, and it holds that on such matters the Pope cannot err when he speaks *ex cathedra*. The only catch is the fact that faith and morals manage to become intermingled with political and economic questions. While the church professes belief in the separation of church and state and in liberty of conscience, it insidiously attempts to eat up the state and organize conscience within the framework of an unrelenting set of dogmas. The democratic pretensions of the church are a front and a heresy. They will be used as long as they are needed, and when they become cumbersome, they will be Jesuitically refined, refashioned, and placed on file in the Vatican until they are again needed.

In its appeal to proletarians, many of whom are nominally or actually its religious subjects, the church is beginning to assume pseudo-radicalism. Up to now Father Coughlin has served well on this front. His doctrines of social justice are indubitably modeled upon the famous encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pius XI. However, Father Coughlin is an out-and-out, acknowledged fascist, and in his paper, *Social Justice*, he is even now beginning to speak favorably of the new Germany. A Catholic priest as a fascist leader in a preponderantly Protestant country is too much for the Vatican. But Father Coughlin has expressed the ideas and sentiments of the famous "red paragraphs" of the encyclicals issued by the present Pontiff. To quote Pius XI, "The immense number of propertyless wage-earners on the one hand and the superabundant riches of the fortunate few on the other are an unanswerable argument that earthly goods so abundantly produced in this age of industrialism are far from rightly distributed and equitably shared among various classes of men." Hence there is a need of social justice. The laborer must be worthy of his hire. The rich must not abuse their gifts and goods. "Every effort must be made that at least in the future a just share only of the fruits of production be permitted to accumulate in the hands of the wealthy and that an ample sufficiency be supplied to the workingman . . . Entirely false is the principle widely propagated today that the worth of labor and therefore the equitable return to be made for it should equal the worth of its net result. Thus the right to the full product of his toil is claimed for the wage-earner. How erroneous this is appears from what we have written above concerning capital and labor." This last is obviously an attack on Marxism.

As Adam Smith has said, there is a lot of ruin in any system. There remains a lot of ruin in American capitalism. There remains a lot of ruin in world capitalism. The policy of the Catholic church is to intrench itself in that ruin. In a world on fire the policy of the church is to ally itself both with God and with those who have economic power. The church must retain its income from America. And it must remain on good terms with American capitalism. The Holy System of Profits and the Holy Ghost are lining up side by side to save what privileges they can in an era of worldwide decay.

[Mr. Farrell's first article appeared last week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's appointment of three members of the new Maritime Commission has for the moment stopped severe criticism of him by the shipping men who are eager to get their feet into the Treasury trough and receive their share of the subsidies which the commission is to ladle out. They cannot understand why he has waited so long, since Congress adjourned, to pour the money into their pockets; all of them are, of course, bitterly critical of the Administration's relief expenditures, its pampering of the workless, and its boondoggling. Just as soon as the government makes payments of sufficient size, our shipyards will become beehives of activity; new ships will be laid down, and every available old one will be driven as fast as possible over the seven seas. At last a great national maritime awakening! At last the sleeping American giant is aroused to reconquer his rightful heritage—leadership on the sea!

All of which means simply that Uncle Sam has been stuck again and now, with the taxpayers' money, is to keep on their feet an industry and a trade which cannot support themselves unaided because they are without adequate experience and ability, and because the economic need and opportunity are not there. With our world trade still only a fraction of what it was, we are to build a lot of new ships for which, save in the Atlantic trade, there are no demands and no cargoes; so the Treasury is to meet all the deficits and the owners are to take all the profits, if and when. Long a Republican proposal, beaten in Congress by Democrats and independent Republicans year after year, this unprecedented departure in government policy was put through by the President and a Congress which hardly debated the measure. Never before have tonnage subsidies been even considered. The reasons they have been decided on now are, first, the army and navy demand for a reserve of transports for the next war—although we have renounced war and the President assures us that all our arming is merely to defend our territory and our coasts; second, national pride in showing the flag everywhere; third, a false belief that if we don't have our own carriers we are at the mercy of foreigners and are regularly mulcted—which our past history wholly belies; fourth, a desire to get away from the scandalous and disgraceful mail-subsidy system under which we paid in one case something like \$300,000 to send four pounds of mail to Europe; fifth, the desire to keep the shipyards at work and the ships' crews busy.

So we are entering a world merchant-marine race as vicious as the naval race and equally productive of bad feeling among the nations. The competition is no longer among individuals, a matter of private initiative and enterprise, but among governments. The new Russian mer-

chant fleet is government-owned, and the German fleet is sustained and directed, at a heavy loss, by the Hitler government. Mussolini pours out funds for new and old Italian ships. France builds and succors its Normandie and keeps the chief companies alive by meeting their deficits, however great. And finally the British government, long bitterly opposed to any government aid, now subsidizes tramps on a small scale, builds the Queen Mary and plans her sister ship, and will soon, if it listens to the shipowners, bar all foreign ships from trade between one British or colonial port and another, just as we permit no foreign ship to carry passengers or cargo from San Francisco to New York. Which government has the largest surplus to meet the deficits? That is the chief question. It is needless to add that our great capitalists who damn the Roosevelt Administration for its interference in private business have only praise when it holds the bag for our shipowners. That, they say, is the proper function of any government—to keep its hands off when the masters of capital are earning big profits and to make up the deficits by tariffs and direct doles or loans.

I am not at all sure that in the years to come this yielding to the outright subsidy grabbers will not be pointed to as one of the most wasteful and disgraceful acts of the New Deal. It is creating more vested interests, more businesses with the government as a sleeping partner—keeping its eyes closed to nepotism, waste, inefficiency, and corruption but always meeting the deficits. This is no mere borrowing of fears. This is actually what has happened every time the government has gone into the subsidy business—witness the Pacific Mail Steamship Company scandals of the last century and the aviation scandals which drew Mr. Roosevelt's fire early in his rule. Thanks to government aid, while pilots were inadequately paid for risking their lives, the "bankers, brokers, promoters, and politicians," as Senator Black put it after his investigation, "were allotting among themselves the taxpayers' money" and making fortunes, besides receiving in some cases salaries of \$200,000 a year.

Of the new appointees on the commission, one is a rear admiral of the navy and the other a rear admiral of the Coast Guard. The permanent chairman has not yet been selected. Everything will depend upon him and his associates—whether the system will be efficiently administered, whether the operators will be held up to the mark, whether the seamen will get a square deal, and whether they will be deprived of the right to strike, as the operators think they are deprived by the act. The President would do well to pick a man as upstanding, forceful, and well-equipped as Senator Couzens of Michigan, unfortunately now defeated for reelection.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

FROM THE NATION'S POETRY CONTEST

The Men That Are Falling

BY WALLACE STEVENS

(Nation Prize Poem)

God and all angels sing the world to sleep,
Now that the moon is rising in the heat

And crickets are loud again in the grass. The moon
Burns in the mind on lost remembrances.

He lies down and the night wind blows upon him here.
The bells grow longer. This is not sleep. This is desire.

Ah! Yes, desire . . . this leaning on his bed,
This leaning on his elbows on his bed,

Staring, at midnight, at the pillow that is black
In the catastrophic room . . . beyond despair,

Like an intenser instinct. What is it he desires?
But this he cannot know, the man that thinks,

Yet life itself, the fulfilment of desire
In the grinding ric-rac, staring steadily

At a head upon the pillow in the dark,
More than sudarium, speaking the speech

Of absolutes, bodiless, a head
Thick-lipped from riot and rebellious cries,

The head of one of the men that are falling, placed
Upon the pillow to repose and speak,

Speak and say the immaculate syllables
That he spoke only by doing what he did.

God and all angels, this was his desire,
Whose head lies blurring here, for this he died.

Taste of the blood upon his martyred lips,
O pensioners, O demagogues and pay-men!

This death was his belief though death is a stone.
This man loved earth, not heaven, enough to die.

The night wind blows upon the dreamer, bent
Over words that are life's voluble utterance.

Collapse of Time

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

(Special Mention)

Mills closed, doors shut, windows empty
Except for stones; mills closed, doors shut, dispelling
Wanderers, some or none to hear
Gnaw of machines again.

Ducks flew in vain to the drained marshes. Crows
Crossed, drought cropped, a starved and lowing pasture.
Here greed was changed to devastation,
At last to a fixed conceit of fear.

Climate changed: cut woods, loosed floods
Ravaged the valleys; distant storms
Accumulated dust in tall cities.
The ancient cupola'd capitol topped

By a silent elevation of steel girders,
Minium-painted giddiness, from which all men
Were gone; all work stopped; the noonday sun
Was dusk'd to red by dust-clouds.

Streets rose, strikers rioted. Was one who sat
Transcolored by his own failure, though starving
White and whole with rage, under
The air-pawing horses of descending

Law, a long age of disinherited terror before
The clubbed skull rolled in torment. Brute
Hoof-beats clattered about the empty square.
Corpses sprouted from dead clothes on pavement
stones.

The contemplation of all action waits
On opinion. We are governed in our own despite
But by our own disorder. Dissemblers
Deceive us with our own words.

Time does not lack for instruments of torture.
Interpreters attain hysteria. Men are voices.
The lately spat-on, become our tyrants,
Punish both the faults of the blood

And blood running. Our new Caesar is crowned
By old newspapers. Look closely! You will see
His oppressive scepter has been rolled
From a revolutionary manifesto.

THE CREATIVE MUDDLE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN A fit of irritation Mike Gold once denounced W. S. Gilbert as little better than a fascist ahead of his time. He may have been thinking of the anti-egalitarian sentiments expressed in "The Gondoliers" or perhaps of the irony implicit in the picture of a democratic navy as it is presented in "Pinafore." But in either event he was, in a way, paying the librettist a compliment which he did not deserve, for the truth of the matter is that Gilbert hadn't the slightest idea what he was, and that, in all probability, he would have ceased to write with such sprightly perverseness if he had ever been able to find out.

It is true that he was, in politics, a nominal Conservative, but that appears to have been chiefly because he happened to be a member of a Conservative club, and it is hard to imagine how the various references to the hereditary aristocracy in "Iolanthe," for example, could have gone down any better at the Carleton than the passages to which Mr. Gold objects would have gone down at the Reform Club. Unable to make up his own mind, Gilbert was constantly in that state of mild irritation which is a priceless boon to the professional satirist. Personally he would have been unpopular in any society, and he continually hit his audience in unexpected places because he was continually getting hit himself in exactly the same ones.

Fortunately, moreover, it was not only on the subject of politics that he was completely muddled. His attitude toward questions affecting morals and manners was equally confused, and consequently he was driven to the refuge of wit, no matter what subject he chose to treat. Consider, for example, a fact recently pointed out—namely, that the rhyme he most frequently employed (fifteen times) was the rhyme of "beauty" with "duty." Here is material for a psychoanalytical field day that would not be wholly without justification. The sense of the antithesis and the inability to escape from the horns of the dilemma it presents were responsible not only for Gilbert the man, who could neither stop flirting nor be guilty of an indecorum, but also for Gilbert the humorist, who continually satirized Victorianism without for one moment ceasing to be a Victorian. He was not so pure as his collaborator, Sir Arthur, who solemnly expressed the opinion that one of the greatest glories of music was the (alleged) fact that it was incapable of suggesting an impropriety. If he had been, then he could hardly have been witty about the flesh. But he was never more than witty because it was only when impropriety was subtly veiled in wit that he would consent to be improper at all.

What a pity that he had no consistent point of view! So at least a thousand earnest souls have exclaimed when they seemed to discover in his nonsense a reformer *manqué*. If only the sturdy republicanism of "When

Britain really ruled the waves" were not nullified by the Tory perversity of "There lived a king so I've been told"; or if the promising misogyny of a dozen songs and situations were not taken back in an equal number of languishing Victorian ditties. But a Gilbert sufficiently integrated to be downright would in all probability have been a Gilbert who had no need to express himself through the ambiguities of wit. He might possibly have done more good, but I doubt whether his paradoxes would still be drawing crowded houses.

Bernard Shaw, I suspect, owes almost as much to those inconsistencies which become increasingly obvious and which are increasingly charged against him. Even Mark Twain—Van Wyck Brooks notwithstanding—seems to me to have been forced into being funny largely because he too was so imperfectly integrated a person, and before I can wish that he had been freer and better educated I should like to consider very seriously such a *mot* as the well-known "Wagner is not so bad as he sounds." Had Mr. Clemens been a thoroughgoing philistine he would never have made a dutiful pilgrimage to Bayreuth in the first place. Had he been an ideally sensitive and ideally cultivated gentleman he would probably have written an essay in defense of Wagner—of which there are already in existence a sufficient number for all practical purposes. But because he didn't know well enough where he stood to commit himself unequivocally he evolved a pleasant quip which is safely open at both ends.

Someone, I don't know who, once defined wit as "the kiss given to common sense behind the back of respectability." Its charm lies in the quickness, the unexpectedness, the ambiguity, and the impropriety of the smack as well as in the adroitness of the technique with which the occasion is snatched. The bold rake is not funny at it, and neither is the sex-reformer who dutifully busses the maid before his wife and assembled guests just to prove that freer manners are desirable for society. It must be done by someone who isn't sure whether he ought to do it or not, and Gilbert was in the perfectly delightful position of not knowing whether conformity or unconventionality was his lawful spouse. Fearfully he seized every occasion to kiss each behind the back of the other, and no matter which one he happened to be wooing at the moment he was always careful to explain to the spectators that he was only fooling, after all.

The result may have been a certain dissatisfaction with himself. He was apparently serious in the belief that his sentimental plays were much the best of his work, and once, toward the end of his life, when someone asked him if he were not proud to have made a fortune out of his brains, he replied that the fortune had been made not out of his brains but out of the folly of the British public. The fact remains, nevertheless, that it is not the business of a

The autobiography of an ace

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by CECIL LEWIS

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It is a joke book, but every one of the jokes is more than a joke. It shows that the people, even where they do not read, have a traditional wisdom as profound as that of the books, comprised in sayings and anecdotes. It is, perhaps, really a novel with several million heroes set off against an equal number of fools and nondescripts. It is an inquiry around the question of who and what were the people meant by Lincoln in his phrases—"of the people, by the people, for the people." \$2.50

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IN THIS EXHIBITION**

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LOUIS BOUCHÉ
GUY PÈNE DU BOIS
WM. J. GLACKENS
WILLIAM GROPPER
GEORGE GROSZ
YASUO KUNIYOSHI



THE SENATE . . . WILLIAM GROPPER © 1936, Living American Art Inc.

**ARTISTS REPRESENTED
IN THIS EXHIBITION**
—continued

RICO LEBRUN
REGINALD MARSH
JOHN SLOAN
RAPHAEL SOYER

THE JURY

LOUIS BOUCHÉ
ALEXANDER BROOK
ADOLF DEHN
HUGHES MEARNS

THIS WEEK there opens simultaneously in over two hundred and fifty places throughout the country — in museums, colleges, art centers, private schools, libraries and other institutions — the first public exhibit sponsored by Living American Art.

These nationwide exhibits mark the inauguration of an enterprise, which holds the most fascinating possibilities in the practical encouragement of American Art.

What Living American Art Is

Living American Art is an organization designed to carry out two purposes: First, to provide a means by which adequate and continuous economic support may be supplied to artists through the sale of reproductions of their work. Second, to give an opportunity to art-lovers, no matter how modest their means, to see and become thoroughly familiar with the most significant painting being done by American artists today; and more than this, if they please—to live in their own homes with those which appeal most deeply to them; to own them in large-sized reproductions indistinguishable in color and line from the original.

How This Plan Is Carried Out

Almost every American artist — far approached (and when the plan proves its practicability it is confidently believed there will not be a single exception) during the past year has been submitting his best work to a small jury of distinguished artists and art critics, assisted by an Advisory Board of museum directors, educators and others.

The jury, every three months, will select

twelve paintings from those which have been submitted. The original paintings are sent abroad, to Vienna, to a small plant where color-collotype reproduction processes, under Max Jaffe, have now been perfected to a degree not comparable anywhere else in the world. The paintings are reproduced in facsimiles 18 x 22 inches in size. The work is done with the most extreme care; for instance, with the first twelve paintings now exhibited, work has been going forward in Vienna for the past eight months.

The complete set of each twelve pictures — to be exhibited simultaneously in museums, art centers, colleges, schools, libraries and other institutions throughout the country. There will be four such exhibitions throughout the year. Thus, continuously and nationally, all those who are interested in modern art will be able to view and to become familiar with the choicest work being done by American artists.

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Only one thousand copies of each painting have been ordered and are now available. This is especially mentioned with those in mind who may wish to acquire at once one of these paintings for his own home or for use as a Christmas gift, forehanded — that may now seem.

Incidentally, aside from the inherent value of the pictures, there is little question that an additional "collectors' value" will accrue to those at present being exhibited, like that of the first edition of a rare book,—since this is the first presentation sponsored by Living American Art.

EXHIBITIONS BEING HELD OCTOBER 19TH TO 31ST

—At places below from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. (unless otherwise indicated)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
324 University Hall
116th Bet. B'way and Amsterdam
New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR
DECORATION
515 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
(from 12 A.M. to 6 P.M.)

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
Room No. 221
International Bldg., New York, N. Y.
(Also Open Evenings)

LIVING AMERICAN ART, INC.
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write us for nearest
local exhibit

BROOKLYN MUSEUM
Eastern Parkway, B'klyn, N. Y.

PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
170 Joralemon St., B'klyn, N. Y.
(from 9 A.M. to 5 P. M.)

NEWARK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Washington St., Newark, N. J.

wit to be satisfied; it is his business to be amusing. And does anyone really prefer "The Mysterious Stranger" to "Innocents Abroad" or Gilbert's "Broken Hearts" to his "Iolanthe"?

BOOKS

The City Culture

A WORLD I NEVER MADE. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

STUDS LONIGAN was tough and lived most of his life in the streets of Chicago. Danny O'Neill is sensitive and seven, just beginning to go to school in "A World I Never Made," which takes him from August of his first school year to Christmas. He is not sensitive in the manner of Studs, appealing, defiant, and ashamed, but in the manner, say, of David Copperfield and other bewildered children in fiction. If Danny is more intimately studied than most such children it is because Mr. Farrell goes with so much candor into a whole range of seven-year-old feelings, speculations, inquiries, discoveries which are common to experience but rare in novels. Most such children are seven in their novels for a chapter or so. Danny is seven for five hundred pages.

His world, naturally, is his family. He does not live with his father and mother and his half-dozen small brothers and sisters, but with his aunt and uncle and grandmother. This gives Mr. Farrell a chance to show the family as two levels: the parents barely able to feed their children, the aunt and uncle decidedly better off. The individual members of the family are sharply distinguished. Danny's mother Liz, an annual mother too shiftless to wash her face, yet has specific touches of spunk and hypocrisy. His father Jim, the most moving character in the book, now wishes he had stayed longer in school, knows he is swamped with children, and yet doggedly hopes and expects that they will have an easier life than his. Uncle Al O'Flaherty, shoe salesman, thinks he likes to read, conscientiously enlarges his vocabulary, and is sure business will be better next year. Aunt Louise, who works in a hotel, is dragging out a violent, unsatisfying affair with a married man, drinking gin for consolation. The grandmother might almost still be living in a smoky hut in Ireland. But all of them have an unmistakable family resemblance—something hard to define in actual families and harder to communicate to the characters of a novel. Whether they look alike or not, the O'Neills and O'Flahertys feel alike. The same intonations, the same sentimentalisms, the same habits of furious quarreling and sudden making up. You would know they were a family by their quarrels. Only close relatives could go through them and ever forgive.

With historical irony Uncle Al says at the end: "Just think, in twenty years from now, 1931, say, why, everybody in America who's worth his salt ought to be rich by then." This irony is one of the few touches of commentary in the book. The characters seldom think or talk about matters larger than their immediate concerns. Business, sport, sex are their topics, with moral platitudes for all of them. They live by settled custom, even when they violate it. Nobody really questions it. As Mr. Farrell tells their story, they move as by instinct through the experiences of these months. They have con-

sciences which, without always keeping them from what they know is misbehavior, continually haunt them. Their consciences make up nearly as much of the story as their acts. This helps to give to "A World I Never Made" that habitual tenderness which is quite as characteristic of Mr. Farrell's novels as their toughness. Easily multiplying endless incidents to show his characters in action, he sees them, feels through them, and thinks around them. He has an extraordinarily capacious mind which holds the persons and events of a novel as if they were, somehow, in solution, to be poured out in a full stream in which his own share as narrator may be lost sight of. You forget that you are seeing this life through the eyes of a selecting novelist. It seems merely to be there before you.

A point I have not seen made about Mr. Farrell is that he is, among novelists, the truest historian of the American city culture. The part of Chicago he writes of is a self-centered Irish community and is of course Catholic. But it might be any of the poorer parts of any large American city. It is intensely urban. Its people do not go to the country and, at least in this novel, seem not to know that the country exists. City streets are enough for them, with a few vacant lots for boys to play in. They have from their churches a sense of tradition in religion, from their schools a little knowledge of American history. They read little besides the newspapers. The men get exact information about sports from the papers, the women about fashions. For the rest, they read miscellaneous news items as so much gossip and get muddled ideas about current happenings. In their own quarter of the city they live as parochially as the people of any peasant village. But the city is after all close around them, setting its examples. Those who prosper dress smartly, by city standards, though they may not speak grammatically. The wits of all of them are sharpened and quickened by the city tempo, the city pressure and variety. They would seem fox-like if they were not so gregarious, with a working uniformity in their habits and opinions. In other words, they have a city culture.

American fiction has neglected this city culture, though with the rise of city populations it becomes increasingly important. When novelists want to represent communities they go to the country, to New England, the Old South, the Middle West. They go to the cities for exceptional materials, like gangsterism, wealth, fashion, the arts. Many novels as have been written about New York, the overwhelming majority of them deal with spectacular matters, and not ten of any merit with those ordinary parts of the city which are more or less like small towns or villages. And this is equally true of other cities. Mr. Farrell seems to me to go beyond any other American novelist in his knowledge of the common life of an American city and his understanding of the city culture.

CARL VAN DOREN

Making of a Communist

AN AMERICAN TESTAMENT. By Joseph Freeman. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

WHAT Mr. Freeman has set down here, in a bulging narrative of ideas and personalities and events, lacks much that belongs to the art of writing at its best: order, discipline, proportion. It rolls out and over, and against such a devouring tide the author himself is helpless. But it contains much that any record seeking to be an interpretation, one might almost say an initiation, must contain. Here are perspective and point of view; here is what Bagehot called an experienc-

ing nature; here, finally, is ardor without fanaticism. Mr. Freeman has used a lot of space to say things in, and used some of it wastefully; but one closes the book chiefly remembering that Mr. Freeman has had a lot to say.

What he has said above all is *How I Came to Be a Communist*. To do this soundly, and also honestly, he had to throw himself back into the past, to relive all the experiences that helped shape his decision, to revive all the emotions, all the thought processes, all the shadings of doubt and belief that shuttled him about as well as carried him forward. And he has done this, with what seems to me a capacity for getting at the truth that it would be difficult to overpraise. More, he has treated his theme from several angles, each of them indispensable—from the subjective angle, from the philosophic, finally from what might be called the historical, by which I mean the nature of American and European social life in the decade following the war. This is very definitely the story of a man in relation to his times.

If—and I think it is true—Joseph Freeman came in the end to communism as an intellectual, he also *grew* into it through a class-conscious upbringing which conditioned but did not distort his view of life. Not that it was the idea of self-interest which fetched him: I doubt whether his development owed much to his being a poor immigrant's son who may not always have had enough to eat. But it owed a very great deal to his growing up in a working-class neighborhood, to his being fed radicalism, when still a child, by the older brother of a playmate, to his lapping up the old *Masses* in adolescence. All this was an early and vital lesson, something to recur to mind even after one outgrew it by virtue of a bourgeois education and a conversion to bourgeois manners: it was distinctly something to recur to mind after the disillusioning lesson of the war.

For an earnest fledgling studying at Columbia, the lesson of the war was to be had from the academic cant that enveloped him, from the writers whom he trusted turning renegades, from the explosion of the Wilsonian myth, which he had partly accepted. And as Freeman grew older, there were other lessons. There was the sour-smelling memory of Greenwich Village bohemianism, the blank page of a newspaperman's drifting life in Paris, the delirious pulse of the auto-intoxicated 1920's. Freeman took the measure of all this, simultaneously watching American labor, with its strikes, its setbacks, its efforts to unionize; simultaneously becoming acquainted with American radicals and American writers of every complexion and color. His Communist leanings increased, crystallized.

The climax of his experiences was a year in the Soviet Union. He met almost everybody; he studied almost everything. There is no attempt in these pages to subdue his admiration for all that he temporarily became part of; but still less is there any attempt to conceal the things that were wrong in the picture, to justify the mistakes, to interpret disingenuously the shortcomings. Nor, I should say, is there any attempt to generalize: he, Freeman, knew what he wanted and found it.

Soviet Russia did not make a Communist of him; rather it left him certain of his communism. The decision had really been made earlier. The decision, indeed, had been implicit in most of his previous reactions to experience. "*An American Testament*" is not the story of a man who came belatedly to communism, or came rebelling against his temperament, or came—in the bitterness of dejection—to save his precious soul. The book, to my mind at least, has less to do with the resolution of a conflict than with the completion of, as it were, a career; though it would be misleading to suggest that no conflict existed. For Freeman had to adjust himself in two direc-

tions: he had to scrap or transform that part of him which by education was antagonistically bourgeois; and he had to establish a sound relationship between the political thinker in him and the artist. In neither case was the struggle easy, nor perhaps the victory altogether complete; but by and large the fact remains that here was a man naturally fitted for communism.

Though the central theme of this book has carried me far down the page, I must not stop before making clear that here is also a detailed picture of an era in American intellectual life and an autobiography of a writer. In both undertakings Mr. Freeman, whose style is pungently personal, has had much that is interesting to say; and by embarking upon them he has kept the Communist angle of his book from becoming shrill. But the literary side of "*An American Testament*" has been too indiscriminately thrown up, and at times too indulgently prolonged, to be worth quite all the space it receives. Mr. Freeman's gusto has saved his story from anywhere being a bore, but has failed to save it from seeming trivial at times, and even irrelevant. The book, frankly, is too long, the material too undisciplined. It seems to me that Mr. Freeman had at the outset to choose between describing—in full, of course—his social development and describing his total self. He chose to describe both; and by letting the book carry him wherever memory lighted he has cost himself the powerfully focused, strongly fibered effect that he might have achieved. For the material was there, and the ability to set it down. But it is not often that one can cavil at excess; that may indicate, at least, how interesting and valuable a book Mr. Freeman has written.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Perspicuous Opacity

THE GEOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA, OR THE RELATION OF HUMAN NATURE TO THE HUMAN MIND. By Gertrude Stein. With an Introduction by Thornton Wilder. Random House. \$2.50.

GERTRUDE STEIN has a theory that the American has been influenced by the expansiveness of the country and the circumstance that there are great areas of flat land where one sees few birds, flowers, or animals. There are no nightingales, she says, and the eagle is not the characteristic bird it once was; whereas "the mocking-birds . . . have spread . . . and perhaps they will be all over, the national bird of the United States"—one ambiguous significance which she makes unequivocal. We owe very much to Thornton Wilder for giving us the clue to the meanings in the book, since the mind resists a language it is not used to. Realizing the laziness of the ordinary reader Mr. Wilder explains that Miss Stein, as a result of thinking about masterpieces of literature, found that in them the emergences of the Human Mind were dependent upon the geographical situations in which the authors lived—flat land conducing to the ability to escape from identity, hilly land conducing to the specific and the insistent. The Human Mind and Human Nature, as he says, are here "invented terms" of a "private language,"—the Human Mind being selfless and without identity, Human Nature insisting on itself as personality; and "it cost pain to express and think these things." Therefore sadness and tears are mentioned as connected with Human Nature and the exterior trudging we do, as opposed to felicity and the operations of the Human Mind. When an author writes as if he were alone, without thought of an audience, "for an audience never does prove to you that you are you,"

A truly great book!

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THE absorbing autobiographical story of the growth of a young poet, philosopher, editor and militant liberal . . . A fascinating record of dramatic events . . . as rich and vital a biography of a man as *The Education of Henry Adams*. 678 pages, \$3.00.



An American Testament

A NARRATIVE OF REBELS
AND ROMANTICS

by Joseph
Freeman



FARRAR & RINEHART
232 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

Glowing: "It is that much-desired, often described, but so rarely encountered work—an autobiography which is both critical and creative . . . full of color and searching appraisal. The whole thing is not only a testament but a glowing document."

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Vivid: " . . . a vivid description of an important group in a crucial period."

—Irwin Edman.

Fascinating: " . . . a fascinating STORY of people, ideas, institutions, and history . . . "—Mrs. Robert Minor (Lydia Gibson).

Magnificent: "His magnificent exposition is one of the greatest things I've ever read . . . should be mandatory reading for every American writer who believes that writing is more than amusement, either of self or of others."—Paul de Kruif.

Engrossing: "Not only has Freeman written an engrossing personal narrative of life in New York, but he has succeeded in tracing the evolution of a radical in a way which will explain both the currents of modern thought and the frenzied screams from Mr. Hearst's editorial pages."—Robert Forsythe.

Grand: "It is a grand book and I hope it has the reception it deserves. I read every word with absorption."—Carl Van Doren.

Exciting: " . . . exciting record of the growth of a mind. His story—a poet into revolutionary—will help anyone to understand the processes that are remaking American life and literature."—Granville Hicks.

Moving: "It has the stuff of an important personal narrative—simple, modest, crystal clear, detached, and in many passages, moving and eloquent."—Max Lerner.

Indispensable: "I have had a very exciting time with it. This is, I think, an indispensable book for the understanding of why so many middle-class intellectuals go radical these days. Freeman's narrative proceeds, not only in a most absorbing and readable fashion, but with a sincerity and honesty and, above all, an absence of rancor that is rare in these times."—Corliss Lamont.

Important: "The story of the found generation. It is not only a personal history which is tremendously and generally interesting, but an important and a good book."

—George Seldes.

it is this which makes a masterpiece. "Anyone who writes anything is talking to themselves," not conversing, "and that is what Shakespeare always has done, he makes them say what he wants said," and is "everlastingly interesting."

Miss Stein likes naturalness. "Nothing I like more," she says, "than when a dog barks in his sleep"; and in giving lectures here, her attitude to pretense was calculated to make those who overanalyze a piece of straight thinking seem like the milliner's assistant in *Punch* who asks a dull patron, "Would Modom entertain a feather?" She says, "I like to look about me," "I love writing and reading." In looking about her she has detected things; in science, "well they never are right about anything"; excitement "has to do with politics and propaganda and government and being here and there and society"; the electioneering politician "has no personality but a persistence of insistence in a narrow range of ideas" and is not exciting; whereas science is exciting and so is writing. Miss Stein says, "I wish writing need not sound like writing," and sometimes she has made it sound so unlike writing that one does not see at first what is meant. Looking harder, one is abashed not to have understood instantly; as water may not seem transparent to the observer but has a perspicuous opacity in which the fish swims with ease. For example, "There is no doubt of what is a master-piece but is there any doubt what a master-piece is."

To like reading and writing is to like words. The root meaning, as contrasted with the meaning in use, is like the triple painting on projecting lamellae, which—according as one stands in front, at the right, or at the left—shows a different picture: "In China china is not china it is an earthen ware. In China there is no need of China because in china china is china." Definitions are pleasurable, and words can fall sweetly on the ear:

I like a play of so and so.
Loho Leho.
Leho is the name of a Breton.

"Winning is a description of a charming person," and "the thing about numbers that is important is that any of them have a pretty name. . . . Numbers have such pretty names in any language."

It is a feat of writing to make the rhythm of a sentence unmistakable without punctuation: for example, "When they said reading made easy reading without tears and someone sent me such a beautiful copy of that," or "No one knowing me knows me. And I am I I." In a real writer's experimenting there can be an effect of originality as one can achieve a kind of Venetian needlepoint by fitting into each other two pieces of a hackneyed pattern of peasant edging.

"The Geographical History of America" is offered as a detective story—"a detective story of how to write," making use of the political situation in the United States, with allusions to the two Roosevelts and the two Napoleons—and is not propaganda, which is platitude. A detective story is a conundrum, and this one has "content without form" and is "without a beginning and a middle and an end"—Chapter I following Chapter II, and Chapter III following Chapter II. The repeatings and regressions are, as Thornton Wilder says, sometimes for emphasis, sometimes a method of connecting passages, sometimes a musical refrain, sometimes playful. And, one adds, sometimes a little inconsiderate and unaccommodating and in being willing to be so, partake of Human Nature rather than of the Human Mind. And "nobody need be triumphant about that." But the book is a triumph, and all of us, that is to say a great many of us, would do well to read it.

MARIANNE MOORE

The Gentleman of Shalott

TIME AND THE ROCK. PRELUDES TO DEFINITION.

By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THE will to die may generate great poetry, but the continuous pose of dying is boring and morbid. Any poem must resolve some conflict stated or implied. Eliot knew this when in his poems of irresolution he used the dramatic "black-out" at the end of a scene having implied connections with another scene. Poetry, in other words, cannot be a continuous "prelude to definition"; it must, if only for the moment, define. This is just what Mr. Aiken's poetry does not do. It is a continuous prelude—but to what?

Aiken is master of a tired verse music, master too of phrasing suggestive of the flow of a weary mind. He is never shoddy, never technically bad. But he is not an important figure in American poetry. He may be, as has been said, the first poet to discover the Wasteland. Certainly he is one of a number of disillusioned singers who have made much of their disillusionment. But Aiken is a lyric poet. He did not dramatize and impersonalize the Wasteland scenery and consciousness. Eliot did, and Eliot, therefore, became the poet best expressing his own generation. Aiken meantime sang of himself and of his own ennui. Like the Lady of Shalott he wove from pictures in a mirror, looking at himself against a vague background of clouds, moons, and trees. In the mirror he saw himself romantically as one of the lost generation, saw the old dreams of romanticism, strangely dimmed and doubted. He looked at himself and he tied his tie and he sang that man was the greater for his crimes. Through confusion only, he wrote, man was able to know the "angel of his consciousness."

The mirror did not break; reality did not rush in. Aiken, after all these years, is still the gentleman of Shalott. He is a mystic and his absolute is hopelessness. Such an enfeebled stoicism as his takes comfort from beauty, purity, and love, is charmed most by its own poses. Aiken's "man in a world of doom," participator in the crime of God, "the seeker of the self amid the ruins of space," is in truth Byron's man the rebel. But a Byronic rebel must act, and Aiken's romantic despairer cannot act. Nor can he feel, though he, like the aesthetes of the nineties, believes that the high emotional moment only can be seized and felt. Not acting and not feeling, Aiken's protagonist wanders like a ghost in the "large unconscious scenery" of the poet's land.

The vague, melancholy thoughts of this poet affect of course his language. Musical as his lines are, they are almost never incisive or easily remembered. His imagery suggests but does not define and is in constant flux. Just what it suggests it is impossible to state. It is a kind of dream, a flow of consciousness not represented as discontinuous, as in Eliot's dramatic monologues of the mind, but as continuously becoming something else.

Philosophically Mr. Aiken is saying nothing new. He is trying to argue that mind is matter, matter mind. He believes Godhood lies in man himself and that awareness is Godhood if it is only an awareness of hopelessness. He sings of ghostly individualism dreaming while Rome burns. Prelude after prelude in this book is a beautiful but monotonous slow music "with a dying fall," but it does not die. Each of Mr. Aiken's poems seems to suggest another poem. Therefore he writes voluminously, though the same emotional associations and poetic ideas appear in all his poems. He is caught in limbo. If Mr. Aiken's poetry has changed at all, it has moved toward greater vagueness, toward a mysticism wherein the poet finds

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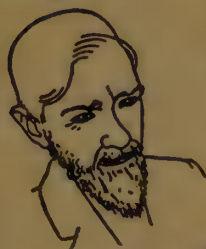


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DIVINE ADVENTURER

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comfort in one affirmation—that all is lost. To be the Eternally Lost is a kind of divinity.

Once the theme of complete disillusionment has been sung or stated by a writer, that writer has really nothing more to say. Eliot left his *Wasteland* for religion; others have left it for revolution. But for Aiken the *Wasteland* is a pretty place; it is his mirrored world where he may see dim delights, not too dark despairs, and mirages of man's supposed greatness. Preludes to dying, without dying, are this poet's sweetest music.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Testament of Von Bernstorff

MEMOIRS OF COUNT BERNSTORFF. Random House. \$3.50.

IN THIS volume Count Bernstorff reviews his entire life. He tells of his eight years' service in the German artillery and of his extraordinarily rapid rise in the diplomatic service—he jumped from consul-general in Egypt to ambassador in Washington—and describes again his fateful years in the United States, of which he had already written at length in his "My Three Years in America." Beyond doubt he is in a far happier position to discuss his service in Washington than he was in 1920, when he published his earlier book. There doubtless are some Americans who will go to their graves believing that Count Bernstorff wears horns and a tail, but the unbiased student of events will agree with Colonel House that Count Bernstorff was "the one man in Germany who occupied a great office during the war who had an understanding of the situation not only during the war but later, during the trying period of reconstruction."

Though it is not possible to give Count Bernstorff an entirely clean bill of health so far as the underhand and entirely improper and illegal acts of the German emissaries in the United States are concerned, Colonel House was quite correct in writing to him in 1926: "If Germany had followed your counsel a different story might be written today." Three times Bernstorff prevented the outbreak of war between the United States and Germany. He really loved this country, was never so happy as when here, and he knew what our coming in would mean. Being a democrat, he earnestly desired a peace in accord with Wilson's famous proposals of January 22, 1917 ("no victors and no vanquished"). He was correctly called "pro-American" in Berlin, for he was utterly opposed to almost all the policies of Berlin from 1914 on.

The Count's bitter disappointment when the peace negotiations of 1916-17 fell through, when Wilson delayed too long the offer of mediation locked in his desk, and when the idiots in the Berlin government finally refused it after more of their double-dealing, is set forth again in this volume. The failure to make peace then certainly gave us the Treaty of Versailles, Hitler, the new and worse Germany, the other dictatorships, and all the other evils flowing out of the peace which the victors wrote.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of this book is the Count's considered judgment of Woodrow Wilson which he wrote down nineteen years after his return to his Fatherland—he refrained from judging the President in his earlier book. Here it is in part:

The man who wanted to be *Arbiter Mundi* was shattered by the magnitude of his task. Like Moses on Mount Pisgah, Wilson saw the Promised Land, but he did not reach it. The world applauded his purpose over much, and then passed too harsh a judgment on his want of power to carry it out. . . . His obstinate dogmatism

and his inclination for solitary work made him little suited to foreign politics. Internal questions can be solved by a theorist from his writing table, if he has gone into them with proper care, but foreign affairs can only be mastered in actual practice. Eloquent orations can sway a nation and convince a parliament, but they are of little use when the interests and the armed might of foreign powers are vigorously engaged.

The Count vigorously defends Wilson from the charge that he betrayed Germany at Versailles and stresses the fact that Germany was responsible for our coming into the war by its failure to accept the services Wilson offered. And he adds that "without Wilson's intervention the great powers at Versailles would have deprived us of the Rhine and the Saar. And if the Saar territory is German today we owe that entirely to Wilson." He lays Wilson's physical breakdown to the struggle for a compromise with the French.

As for the Germany of today, the Count feels that "the best that we can hope for our poor Fatherland is a democratic monarchy." He who worked so hard for the modernization and democratization of Germany after the war feels that "all such hopes have been engulfed by dictatorship, which admits of no development." Speaking of a visit to an orthodox monastery in Finland, "where the monks themselves provided for all their own needs," he remarks bitterly, "From what I hear today, I gather that Hitler and Schacht would like to reduce the German people to a similar level." He thinks the end of the revolution of November, 1918, "is by no means yet." Again he writes that a German "policy that is not guided by moral considerations will find no mercy before the tribunal of world history, though it may achieve a passing success." It is very much to the Count's credit that he makes it clear that he is absolutely opposed to anti-Semitism. He says: "I have always detested anti-Semitism, not merely because in the course of a long life I have had many loyal and trusted Jewish friends, but because as a politician I see in anti-Semitism a weakness and one that I have always regarded as involving the sin against the holy spirit of politics."

Finally, it must be added that this worth-while volume contains many letters of genuine historical worth; some written by Bernstorff himself, others written to him after his return to Germany and during his service as ambassador at Constantinople by Count Monts, Bülow, Bussche, Haniel von Haimhausen, Von Jagow, Prince Max of Baden, and others. Unfortunately the book is not as well translated as it should be, the phrasing being often stilted and Teutonic. There are also some inexcusable errors. Thus, Wilson's January 22, 1917, speech is dated January 1; a letter of Count Monts of 1922 is dated 1912; Ernst Hanfstaengl becomes Hanfsstaengel in one place and Hanfstaengel in another.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Pitiless Christ

THE RIGHT TO HERESY. CASTELLIO AGAINST CALVIN. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$3.

WHEN Calvin went to Geneva in 1536 in the same month that Erasmus died, two ideologies were preparing to dispute control of the civilized world, as two others prepare today. The future leader of Protestant Europe was born in 1509, eight years before Luther nailed his theses to the door at Wittenberg. Although educated at the orthodox college of Montaigu, together with Loyola and Servetus, who also were to figure in the great impending struggle, Calvin espoused Protestant views and was obliged to flee from France

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... HOW TO BUY AND USE FUEL

"Stick to stove coal and avoid trouble . . . buy #2 oil, #4 is too heavy for your type of burner," say many fuel dealers in response to queries about the most suitable types or grades of fuel. What do heating engineers say? *How To Buy Fuel* in this issue will tell you how to buy anthracite or bituminous coal, coke, or fuel oil—will show you how, by careful selection of coal and by skillful firing, you may be able to cut your fuel bill 20% to 25%.



... GINS, BRANDIES, CORDIALS

The second of three reports on liquors—the first of which dealt with whiskies, the third of which will deal with wines—this report rates 43 brands of gins, brandies, rums and cordials. Among these brands are Gordon's, Hildick's Hennessy's, Gilbey's, Milshire, Fleischmann's, Anchor, Martell's, Laird's, Old Mill, Charley's, and Rum Carioca.



... TOOTHPASTES and POWDERS

Based on chemical and physical analyses and on investigations by unbiased authorities, a report in this issue tells which dentifrices are safe; which are injurious; whether powders or pastes are better, and what scientific bases there are for the claims made by dentifrice manufacturers. Fifty brands of dentifrices, including such widely-exploited brands as Pepsodent, Squibb's, Forhan's, Iodent, Ipana, Colgate and Dr. Lyon's, are rated.

Also rated in this issue—on the basis of tests by unbiased specialists—are many brands of canned peas and apricots and other products. The labor conditions under which many of these products are made are also described.

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Increasing Frequency of Depressions

Industrial depressions were not frequent in the United States while frontier land was cheap and the volume of taxation was light. But as the tax burden became heavier, and all unused land on the frontier and elsewhere was taken up into speculative holdings, grave economic changes occurred.

Self-Bankruptcy of System

Under the new conditions, which came to prevail, widespread bankruptcy is frequent and automatic. The most outstanding element in this picture is "frozen paper" based on inflated ground values. Ground rents and the purchase cost of land are a mounting charge on industry as a whole; and until these costs are deflated, no revival of business takes place. But renewed industrial activity leads to re-inflation of ground values in city and country, followed by a new deflation.

Vanishing Frontiers of America and Britain

Seven million (7,000,000) acres of unused land in Britain were "appropriated" by the aristocracy, through Parliamentary Acts, between 1700 and 1850. In the meanwhile, British ground rents increased one thousand (1000) per cent.

A like process took place in the United States, where western frontier territory and all unused land in the nation was absorbed into speculative holdings by the beginning of the present century (1900).

Labor, Capital Exploited

Wholesale grabbing of land by the British aristocracy drove small farmers and field hands off the soil into the industrial towns, where the resulting over-supply of labor led to competition for work, thus holding wages down.

British capital, in city and country, alike, had to pay ground rent and taxes prior to wages; and under these conditions, the purchasing power of the masses remained below the point where British labor could buy the equivalent of its toil and keep British industry in motion. Hence, as ground monopoly solidified, and the tax burden became heavier, British capital entered upon active search for outside markets.

Economic Problem and Marxism

The "Communist Manifesto" of Karl Marx appeared in 1848; and his volume

"Capital," written in London, was published in 1867. British industry was now completely gripped in the economic vise of ground monopoly and taxation.

The chief dogma of Marx was that Labor is exploited through private ownership of productive capital; and the main plank in his platform was the well known demand for public, or collective, or common ownership of "the machinery of production and distribution."

A correlative Marxian dogma was that the modern Parliamentary State represents the triumph of the capitalistic class, the "bourgeoisie," over the landed nobility.

Ground Monopoly Seen Too Late by Marx

Stimulated by the "Communist Manifesto" and the first edition of "Capital," the socialist-communist movement rapidly acquired form and momentum on the basis of the dogmas mentioned above.

But in the meanwhile the author of "Capital" continued to investigate economic problems; and after his death, a new edition of "Capital" was published, with appended matter left by Marx under the significant heading "*The Expropriation by which the Country Folk were Divorced from the Land.*"

This new section about land monopoly, however, was put into the book too late to become an organic part of "Capital." And, in fact, Marx never understood the double pressure exerted upon productive industry by ground rent and the fiscal power of the State. His posthumous emphasis upon land grabbing, therefore, has never caught up with his early dogma about the monopoly of capital.

Modern State a Compromise Between Land and Capital

The standard pattern of the modern legislative State originated in Britain during the period when land-grabbing reached its climax (1700-1850). The ground lords reluctantly admitted the bourgeoisie to parliamentary power on condition that the mounting fiscal burdens of England and Scotland be laid upon capital and its products, instead of upon the value of land in city and country. *The exempted rental values therefore became an increasing liability upon industry, over and above taxes.*

Hence, the modern parliamentary State does not represent the victory of the bourgeoisie over the landed nobility, as Marx claimed. But on the contrary, the modern State is a compromise between the social prestige of Land and the economic energy of Capital.

Confusion and Readjustment

Today's confusion will persist as long as the world-wide economic issue is pictured as a mere conflict between "Labor and Capital," or between "Communism and Fascism."

But the stream of current history is gradually shifting its course. Marxist elements find themselves under constraint, for the time being, to act with bourgeois progressives against the menace of complete reaction. And in the meanwhile the compromise between Land and Capital, which, in Britain, paved the way toward the modern parliamentary State, is in process of reversal: The British constitution is amended so as to abolish the tax-veto of the House of Lords (the citadel of ground monopoly), thus concentrating governmental power in the House of Commons; and it is only the presence of a "rentier" majority in the Commons that prevents, for the time being, the inevitable transfer of tax burdens from productive capital to ground values, improved and vacant, in city and country. The tax issue, now looming throughout the world, is not simply a revenue question; it is the problem of the fiscal power of the State as an instrument of social change.

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to Switzerland. He stopped at Basel, a favorite refuge for persecuted scholars and theologians, and from this safe point surveyed the situation. The walls of Catholic supremacy and infallibility had been breached, but those who remained within the walls were still one church and indivisible, whereas their assailants, the Protestants, were divided into numerous sects. He determined to unify the Protestant sects, to crystallize their doctrine, and at the age of twenty-five wrote and published one of the most influential books the world has known, his "Institutio Religionis Christianae," "the most important deed of the Reformation after Luther's translation of the Bible. . . . Luther, the inspirer, set the stone of the Reformation rolling. Calvin, the organizer, stopped the movement before it broke into a thousand fragments."

From the publication of this book Calvin was accepted as the leader of the Reformation, and in the following year he was invited to Geneva by the Town Council on the suggestion of Farel, a preacher whose fanatical devotion had succeeded in getting the Catholic religion banished from the city. Farel, of whom Erasmus said, "never in my life had I seen so presumptuous and shameless a creature," had been able to rouse the people to overthrow the old order, but was unable to organize a new and called in Calvin—who promptly submitted to the Town Council a catechism of twenty-one articles which defined Protestant belief and formulated the laws of the state. He persuaded the council to require all burghers to accept this confession under oath. The slightest deviation in belief was punishable by banishment from the communion. No one could sell to the burgher thus banished, or buy from him, or speak to him. Calvin, in brief, became supreme dictator of the city. After a taste of his rule the council rebelled and banished him, but as during his absence the Catholics took heart and tried to reestablish their church, the council soon begged him to return, and from then until his death he endeavored with iron rule to make Geneva a city of God and a model for the Protestant world. The most trifling deviations of thought and conduct were savagely punished, and finally Miguel Servetus, a Spanish scholar, was roasted to death over a slow fire because he questioned the Trinity. Zweig is at his best in his account of the cold fury with which Calvin hounded the Spaniard to his terrible death.

With the murder of Servetus, Castellio, a lecturer at the University of Basel, perceived the slaughter that would ensue if the Reformation started to match the burnings of the Inquisition, and published, under the name of Martinus Bellius, "De Haereticis," a manifesto on behalf of toleration, following it later by another polemic, "De Arte Dubitandi." He would have paid for this temerity at the stake, if, worn out by Calvin's persecution, he had not had the luck to die first. Mr. Zweig gives a scholarly, moving, and extremely pertinent account of the great tragic drama played out by the man of iron and the man of light.

The Reformation had arisen on the heels of the Renaissance, that awakening of the individual mind after centuries of confinement in dogma. Calvin put the mind in chains again. "Future generations will wonder why, after so splendid a dawn, we are forced back into Cimmerian darkness," Castellio cried in his vain effort to prevent a hundred years of religious wars and persecution. Although Mr. Zweig never expressly defines the modern instance, it is obviously always in his mind, as he traces the rise and course of dictatorship, that we stand today in the same place as Castellio—between two rival theocracies which punish heresy with death.

Alice Beal Parsons

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In a world I never made,**

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The Poet in Prose

THE BURNING CACTUS. By Stephen Spender. Random House. \$2.

THE WIND BLOWS OVER. By Walter de la Mare. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE five pieces collected in "The Burning Cactus" point the way backward from the order of Spender's lyric poems into the chaos out of which they emerge. If one elects to regard them merely as the prose exercises of a poet on leave of absence from his medium, they may be disposed of briefly. The poet's disciplines have a way of becoming the story-teller's indulgences, and it is clear that Spender, in common with most poets who turn to fiction, has taken the tools of his craft along with his sensibilities. He has given small evidence here of any taste for the blunter implements of the story-teller's trade. He prefers instead to liken the singing of nightingales to white-satin streamers, to note of one of his characters that "his dark clothes were a creeping fog encroaching on the fading tan of his sportsmanship," to enlist symbol wherever possible to do the work of statement out of sheer impatience with the labors of exposition. His methods fail by reason of their obliquity—and they are oblique everywhere the story-teller would be most likely to insist on hard outlines. Only one of the five stories, *The Cousins*, succeeds in conveying its information and achieving its effect; in the end *The Burning Cactus*, *The Dead Island*, and *Two Deaths* dissolve in their own images.

Whatever importance "The Burning Cactus" can claim, derives from the fact that it defines for us Spender's world in a way that we have not so far been permitted to see it in his poems. It becomes the principal function of these stories to measure, out of their failure, the censorship that Spender as a lyric poet has been compelled to exercise to escape the bankruptcy that engulfs him as an individual. The world of "The Burning Cactus" is a world of "the ever-drunks, the drug addicts, the people with sexual lives as complex as logarithm problems," lacking direction or identity, lost in the mazes of their sensibilities and contemplating the pageant of their ego; the themes fly apart in a barrage of random impacts and responses; and the language idles between prose and poetry in a fruitless effort to surmount the confusion it is reporting. It is by these very faults of craft, however, that Spender makes clear his unmistakable authority as a poet. His poems, rooted in the same unhealth and disorder, speak another language. It is their achievement to have pared away the decay that has submerged these stories and given to the burning cactus the odor, as well as the symbol, of death.

Characteristically, "The Wind Blows Over" begins in the dream world of delirium and ends among the tombstones of a parochial burial ground in the last "daylight steadily draining out of the church and dusk seeping in." Between lies a twilight milieu of fancy, horror, whimsy, and the macabre which is De la Mare's by right of faith and possession. Even when these stories do not actually traffic in bona fide wraiths, as in *The Revenant*, which concerns a visitation by the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe, or in magical sigils, as in *The Talisman*, concerned with an enchanted watch with a single hand "telling no hours, no minutes, no seconds even; only Time," they nevertheless carry within them a quality of dream and wonder whose magic is the more palpable for being engrafted upon commonplace situations. Few writers since Katharine Mansfield have sustained as saturnine a quietness in the narration of horror as the child's soliloquy, *In the Forest*, or carried forward the bold juxtaposition of pathos and hysteria of

Physic. Among those engaged in the craft of fiction today, De la Mare has come closest to creating for himself a genre of the contemporary fairy tale in which fantasy wears the dress of our own day without affectation or seeming intent. Again, it is the poet who informs the story-teller; unlike Spender, however, De la Mare has not so far permitted his readers to discover where the one begins and the other leaves off.

BEN BELITT

A Lawrence Budget

PHOENIX. THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited and with an Introduction by Edward D. McDonald. The Viking Press. \$3.75.

THIS bulky volume of 852 pages is probably the last full book by Lawrence that we shall have. It is widely miscellaneous, with travel sketches, book reviews, and imaginative pieces, as well as essays on ethics, painting, religion, education, and other subjects which caught Lawrence's bright attention. At first it seems a disordered book, but it is really organic, owing to skilful, unobtrusive editing and the fact that Lawrence in his way followed a consistent line of thought. The many who have not read him may find parts of this volume difficult, yet there is enough of general interest and enough of Lawrence at his best and almost best to make this an influential book.

"Phoenix" is chiefly representative of what must be called Lawrence's philosophic side. Much of this is unfortunately lost in a mysticism that could be valid only to Lawrence himself. This is sometimes excusable in poetry (consider Blake as well as Lawrence) but not in the province of logic. It frequently hampers the effectiveness of Lawrence's message, as in the previously unpublished *Education of the People*: despite its analytic and destructive values the essay is weak positively because its solutions come from too deep in this personalized mysticism. But the philosophic side of Lawrence also has an easier aspect—common sense. A great deal of Lawrence's utterance that has been taken as prophetic is little more than his common wisdom. Consider *Pornography and Obscenity*, which is reprinted here; it is brilliantly penetrating in detail, yet its central argument against the suppression of sex in literature has usually been axiomatic to the citizen of the world. Its greatest value is in the expression: like most of the writing in this volume it makes the kind of reading that keeps your mind awake.

The largest section of the book, *Art and Literature*, contains prefaces and reviews. Lawrence's criticisms are biased but they go deep, turning up undiscovered bits of brilliance or grimly reporting hidden flaws. As early as the appearance of "In Our Time" he could admit Hemingway's gifts but with amazing clarity could also see him eventually becoming "a sort of tramp, endlessly moving on for the sake of moving away from where he is. . . . He wants just to lounge around and maintain a healthy state of nothingness inside himself, and a negation to everything outside himself." Sometimes the statements seem far-fetched, as when Lawrence is "certain that some of Shakespeare's father-murder complex, some of Hamlet's horror of his mother, of his uncle, of all old men came from the feeling that fathers may transmit syphilis, or syphilis consequences, to children." But in the main his probing seems as accurate as it is keen; it is interesting to read his estimates of such differentiated authors as Mann, Rozanov, Van Vechten, Verga, Dos Passos, Corvo, and others, and see him picking out the good and the bad; you couldn't fool him in these matters. This section has the longest single piece in

the book, a Study of Thomas Hardy. While this is really more about Lawrence than about Hardy, it nevertheless tells a good deal about the older writer, from a fresh line of approach, and about literature itself.

The principal value of Lawrence is poetic. He is a poet in the larger as well as in the expressional sense. This doesn't mean that he was a craftsman in verse or that he wrote "poetic" prose; it means above all that his writing had a third dimension where, as he would put it, things were "quick." "Phoenix" gives enough of this phase of Lawrence to be fairly representative of him. Most of his writing has a running fire of poetry through it, and this is found most effectively where it is most pure. Since this is a volume of prose it can be explained that Lawrence wrote some of the greatest prose in English and some of it is in this book. To select a specimen—you can find rich things at random—there is the description of Mercury Hill above the Black Forest, the tourists huddling together when a storm comes up; then, when storm-darkness begins to settle, "suddenly the lightning dances white on the floor, dances and shakes upon the ground, up and down, and lights up the white striding of a man, lights him up only to the hips, white and naked and striding, with fire on his heels. He seems to be hurrying, this fiery man whose upper half is invisible, and at his naked heels white little flames seem to flutter." This Blakean figure, coming out of a previously "realistic" description, is typical of Lawrence's power to create and project an image, and incidentally it includes some Laurentian symbols. The best single piece in the book is the unfinished novel *The Flying Fish*, contrasting "the fatal greater day" of the dark races with "the fussy, busy lesser day of the white people." This fragment is one of the most important keys to Lawrence and one of the finest things he ever wrote. Like *The Man Who Died* (not reprinted in this collection), it was leading English literature into another domain. And like that story it gives a hint of what Lawrence might have done if he had lived.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE

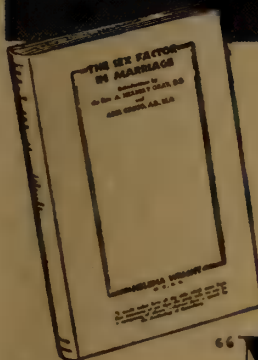
The Sadness of Mr. Hindus

MOSCOW SKIES. By Maurice Hindus. Random House. \$2.75.

MAURICE HINDUS is well known for his articles, his travel books, his lectures on the new Russia. It should not surprise us that in his first novel he has chosen Soviet Moscow as the locale, or that Bernard Blackman, an American journalist, is the hero. Further preparation for what the book contains is written in a brief foreword. Mr. Hindus confesses that the setting of this novel is the critical period of 1929 to 1930, which followed the NEP, and warns us candidly: "To me it will always remain one of the saddest and most heroic periods of the revolution." I report that Mr. Hindus has sustained his sadness for over six hundred closely printed pages and that he has succeeded in writing one of the most oppressive first novels I have ever read.

Some further hint about the character of this curious document may be given by listing the chapter titles: Beginnings, Confusion, Love, Dismay, Tribulation, Trial, and, last, Reconciliation. Mr. Blackman, as we see at once, has a difficult road before him. As the son of Russian immigrants in America he inherits a revolutionary tradition; the new Russia offers hope for the satisfaction of his curiosity concerning an actual revolution. Throughout the book Mr. Hindus is extremely vague about the source of his hero's American experiences, which are always referred to as arising from "a prairie country," very

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different, of course, from the kind of life he has chosen to live in Soviet Moscow. As Mr. Blackman arrives in Moscow, the great Soviet machine is having engine trouble; things are going wrong everywhere: old liberal leaders are deposed by Bolsheviks, the GPU is active, and the factory schedules are notoriously inefficient. Mr. Blackman consoles himself by falling in love with the wife of a Soviet official, and the lady reciprocates his melancholy affections. And quite as Mr. Hindus warned us in his foreword, the affair in exhaustive—and insignificant—detail is very, very sad.

Had Mr. Hindus condensed his book into a series of short sketches (I found his description of the Soviet cotton mill interesting), had he been less pretentious in giving us the full display of Mr. Blackman's loves, trials, and tribulations, we could have had a view of Moscow unobstructed. And best of all, he would have avoided writing a heavily worded, unprepossessing novel. Evidently Mr. Blackman went to Moscow to discover heaven, and found to his discomfort a Five-Year Plan. While I am willing to admit that in 1930 Moscow skies may have been gray, I believe that this particular adventure should have been called "The Journal of a Disappointed Man."

HORACE GREGORY

Under the Swastika

DEATH OF A MAN. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

KAY BOYLE'S new novel develops as far as it can go the theme of a short story in "The White Horses of Vienna." In both cases a young Austrian doctor works secretly to further the cause of Hitler in the southern mountains, and in both cases there is the attempt on the part of Miss Boyle to hypnotize the reader into a state of what may be called mystical fascism. The icy art for which she is celebrated warms up as best it may to a contemporary and a social subject matter. So topical is she here, indeed, that many of her pages would be unintelligible to one not conversant with the foreign news. Hitler is never referred to except at two or three removes; he is "A," or he is the man with the lock of dark hair falling across his forehead, or he is the northern god whose voice comes with a miraculous deep sweetness over the radio at 7 p.m., but he is never called Hitler. So with Dollfuss and the Socialist massacre and the fascist putsch; these are fundamental in the narrative without ever emerging fully into the glare of direct statement. Always conspicuous for the detachment of her method, Miss Boyle now flings herself headlong into the stream of passing life and produces a "significant" novel.

The result, curiously enough, is a book very much like her previous books; for the gods of the North have proved after all to be her kind of material. Miss Boyle's special delight is the sort of human being concerning whom it is relevant to write like this: "He looked very clean in his white starched blouse with his black hair cleanly clipped in his neck, and the nails on his fingers a clear strong ivory white. . . . His spine was bent like a finger and he wore a little saddle of black silky hair across his skull. Around the seam of his perfectly lipless mouth and up the jawbone to the ears, the bristles were shaved blue and the rouge on his cheekbones bloomed in great dark concave roses, rakish symbols of dissolution worn with resignation on either side of the long mournful nose. . . . The two ladies [Jewish] smiled humbly, eagerly at him, the delicate black silk hairs of their moustaches just visible at the corners of their mouths. . . . Toni, with his good hat on and

his town jacket and one leg swinging in the white woven stocking that ended just below the gold hairs on his small neat knee. . . ." There always has been and there still is something waxy about her people. They are clean, clever manikins, exquisitely carved out of perishable paste and decorated with doll's hair—hairs, rather, for each little bristle has its purpose and its place, and each of them is there to intensify our sense that the creature upon whose neck or chin or knee it is glued has nothing inside of him worth looking for. They are as empty as Easter eggs, and as incapable of getting up and walking off under their own power. There is to be sure an accompanying style which gives the illusion of incessant movement in Miss Boyle's world; but one hears it at last as the music-box which it is, tinkling expertly and monotonously while the little figures stare.

Not that Miss Boyle is without interest in emotions and convictions, and not that in the present case she fails to labor so that we too shall be moved. But the most she has ever been able to put into her creatures is a series of spiritual antics—little freezings and burnings which depend for their success with us not so much upon their rightness as upon her rhetoric. So here, where the dummy gods and the stuffed brown shirts of fascism furnish her so congenial a background. All that she can fill her doctor-hero with is a perfumed and airy diatribe against human reason. "Believe me it is not necessary to think, only to follow and believe. It is not necessary to reason, only to feel the blood moving and to know . . . even while the mind is shed as cowardice is shed, disdained like caution, the mind cast off and even the reason for it cast aside and the direction of the body not lost but weaving magically, like a trumpet call unwinding through the flesh, the destination not even questioned, residing as it does in every instant, every breath that's taken, NOW." Upon the success of such passages depends the success of the book as a whole; and their success, as I have said, depends upon the conviction which they carry. The brilliance of the landscape and the ability shown by Miss Boyle in the handling of certain plastic details are really irrelevant to this central question, my own answer to which is, I suppose, already clear enough.

MARK VAN DOREN

Life and Work of Stravinsky

STRAVINSKY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

STRAVINSKY, Edited and Designed by Merle Armitage. G. Schirmer. \$5.

THERE are facts in Stravinsky's autobiography, but not all the pertinent facts; there are penetrating observations, but also this statement about Beethoven: "It is in the quality of his musical material and not in the nature of his ideas that his true greatness lies." This statement is incorrect. In his use of his medium Beethoven certainly is one of the greatest of artists; but the detail of substance and form in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony represents the working out of an "idea"—that is, an attitude, a personal vision or awareness of life; and it is as the embodiment of such ideas—or, in other words, by the way it performs its function as art—that Beethoven's music acquires its unique greatness and importance.

Stravinsky makes the statement about Beethoven because he does not want his own music to be judged by its ideas. In composing he sets out not to express ideas but merely to establish order and discipline in a purely sonorous scheme (these are his terms). Nevertheless, his music, no less than Bee-

thoven's, represents the working out of an idea, of a personal attitude; only that Stravinsky's attitude is one that leads him, in writing prose, to state feeling itself with precisely calculated emotionlessness, and, in writing music, merely to establish an order and discipline in purely sonorous schemes. In other words, the triviality, the sterility, the ugliness of his more recent music represent the poverty of his spirit; the progression of his works records the process of its impoverishment, and he must deny the importance of riches.

Now the factual record, as I have said, is not complete. Stravinsky chronicles the composition of one sonorous scheme after another as though each were in line with the others; and it is not until almost the last page of the book that he even mentions the change in idiom that has alienated the great mass of his listeners ("I believe that there was seldom any real communion of spirit between us"). True, there has been reference to charges of sacrilege occasioned by his treatment of Pergolesi's music in "Pulcinella"; but he has not informed us of the factual basis for the accusations—has not told us that he, who has "always been sincerely opposed to the rearrangement by anyone other than the author himself of work already created," had introduced jazz glissandos into Pergolesi.

These factual omissions are important, for jazz glissandos in Pergolesi arouse a suspicion that Stravinsky's works have not arisen entirely from an austere preoccupation with order and discipline in sonorous schemes. And there is in fact a background for the changes in idiom and style—which he has omitted with studied sobriety, but which Constant Lambert has supplied with equally studied brilliancy in his "Music Ho!" This background, according to Lambert, was Diaghilev's attempt to hold the interest of fashionable Paris by creating a vogue for mere vogue with a series of maneuvers in which Stravinsky collaborated and for which he even supplied a formulation of principle: "Toute réaction est vraie." Among other things there were ballets in the post-war scrapbook taste—with settings, choreography, and music of different periods; with music that itself displayed a mixture of styles in melody, harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration—the jazz glissando in "Pulcinella," observes Lambert, being like the photograph of a Negro with a cocktail shaker pasted on an Alma Tadema reproduction. And even Stravinsky's austere neo-classicism was the last of his reactions for reaction's sake—the sensationalist's final sensation.

Merle Armitage's book, with its articles by Cocteau, Komroff, Satie, Vuillermoz, its reproductions of Picasso, Kandinsky, Merida, Elise, is part of the background Lambert has described.

B. H. HAGGIN

Mr. Santayana's Philosophy

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SANTAYANA. SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA.

Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by Irwin Edman.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THESE selections, giving a quite complete exposition of the structural elements of Mr. Santayana's philosophy, will help reveal to the critical student why, not only for psychological reasons which relate a philosophy to a personality but for purely intellectual ones, the work of this master leaves one so profoundly dissatisfied.

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traditional notions which he has not sought technically to validate and which do not square with the facts of experience as discovered by the modern mind. He says in a most eloquent passage that he has put his hand into the hand of Mother Nature and asked her to tell him a story. Either Mother Nature spared his feelings or he fell asleep before the story was half told. For how else can we account for that missionary zeal which characterized the first half of his life in favor of "happiness" and of an "ultimate good"? And what, in the bosom of Mother Nature, is that ideal "harmony," envisaged for all his protestations to the contrary as static, of which he speaks so mellifluously? And who were those Greeks from whom he says he learned these notions?

Nor is the latter phase of his work better grounded. He has claimed that the "Realms of Being" have been reared upon discoveries arrived at only after criticism was allowed to do its worst and the mind was cleansed of all pretended knowledge. But of course it is not difficult to show that the criticism to which he submitted all his beliefs was not radical enough, because it never led him to challenge the categories with which the inquiry was conducted. For are not the "Realms of Being" at which he arrives and the essences on which his pure spirituality loves to dwell possible only to a half-hearted naturalist who never successfully rid himself of the "malicious psychology" he was taught during his undergraduate years?

But if this is true, how can we account for the reputation he enjoys? Let us first remember that his appeal has chiefly been, as he himself is not unwilling to concede ("Soliloquies," pages 255 and 257), to ladies and to idealistic youngsters of the well-to-do who are seduced by his dream of the Life of Reason because they know so little of life itself. And secondly let us not attribute his reputation to the wrong causes. He has written on religion and on art with unusual sanity—but in religion that sanity was made possible by his failure to grasp the full implications of Spinoza's distinction between the divine and the ceremonial laws. He has written superb prose and some excellent sonnets; he has also written keen criticism with the suavest malice and the most abrasive irony; and he has coined aphorisms which have already become part of our common literary heritage. Last year he published a novel the unvarnished cynicism of which does not seem to have disturbed its hundred thousand readers. In "Skepticism and Animal Faith" he has shown what absurd conclusions one can rigidly draw from bad assumptions. And lastly, in "The Life of Reason," though of course not meaning to, he has shown how intolerable life would be if its values did not spring from the irrational womb of nature but were generated in the sterilized mind of a hedonistic philosopher who, finding Heraclitus and Nietzsche unintelligible, dreams under the shadow of a romantic ikon of Plato of "happiness" and of an "ultimate good."

These are the contributions which have earned Santayana a reputation. Other gifts may give him a place in history. Before long the new fascist barbarians may have divided the West among themselves. And to the sensitive intellect who shall live in that future tragic twilight of a dying epoch Santayana may be the new Boethius, offering a lyrical Consolation of Philosophy in the English tongue.

Mr. Edman has succeeded in the introductory essay in giving a very complete if flattering exposition of Santayana's thought. With the selections the reviewer would not quarrel, though he would add one or two pieces, particularly the more mordant passages from "Egotism in German Philosophy" and the defense of himself in "Soliloquies" to which allusion was made above.

ELISEO VIVAS

The Idea of a University

THE HIGHER LEARNING IN AMERICA. By Robert Hutchins. Yale University Press. \$2.

PRESIDENT HUTCHINS, who doesn't like confusion, finds higher learning in America confused. The love of money makes *maitres d'hôtel* of professors; a misconception of democracy fills our universities with dolts and renders the curriculum responsive to public opinion; alumni bite the hand that nourished them intellectually; trustees and regents, exercising their legal rights, rule educationally as well as financially; and an erroneous notion of progress induces the belief that everything is getting better every day in every way. The result is gay campus life, good football, courses in radio broadcasting, students who are correct about their collars, red-baiting and complacency. In that chaos the aims of a unified university, the pursuit of significant truth for its own sake, the development of the intellectual virtues, and the preservation of a common stock of fundamental ideas are lost. A narrow vocationalism reduces the professions to trades; a narrow specialization produces isolation; a narrow empiricism results in an anti-intellectualism which negates the function of a university.

To end this confusion President Hutchins proposes a sound general education in a college which starts at the present junior year in high school and ends with the present sophomore year in college; and a university consisting of three faculties concerned with the fundamental problems of metaphysics, natural science, and social science. Clustered about his university would be research and technical institutes with staffs of their own, only those research and technical professors who are also studying the fundamental problems of the three faculties holding university appointments. Techniques and professions lacking either unity or intellectual content would be excluded from the institutes. In such an institution all students would acquire a unified education, and professors and students, working together disinterestedly, would "know what truths to pursue and why."

Mr. Hutchins's dilemma comes when he attempts to give values to the mathematical symbols of his formula. Method is put to one side in the secure faith that, given the perfect content, educational technique can be trusted to devise means of introducing it to the mind of man. Time, however, cannot be disregarded, and its limitation forces a rigorous selection of material. Quite appropriately Mr. Hutchins declares that the student is incapable of making his own selection; quite inappropriately he assumes that professors who disagree radically are equally incapable. Their disagreement may render impossible the building of a common stock of ideas, but it is basic to genuine intellectual progress.

The dilemma is resolved by a fundamentally unsound oversimplification of our intellectual heritage and the mind of man. That the former is confined to what was created out of the rib of Aristotle is irrelevant. The point is that it is confined, and a small segment of world culture is naively called a unified whole. The mind is assumed to be a *tabula rasa* on which can be written not only ideas but intellectual habits which will guide all future thinking. The psychology on which that assumption is based has been disproved experimentally as well as by common experience. Each of us knows at least one brilliant mathematician or logician who is a babe in arms when he applies his trained intellect to concrete subject matter. Logic may be essential to science but logicians are not.

It is Mr. Hutchins's faith in university education that leads him into error. It makes him believe that the decline of the present-day church is caused by the decline of theological

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schools and that a sound general education may change the character of our civilization. And it makes him forget that four or even six years on a university campus are introductory, not terminal in learning. All that an educator should hope to accomplish in the college and university years is to make his students conscious of their ignorance and still profoundly and irreverently curious. And that cannot be done by a worship of history, no matter how great that history may be. The past has relatively little to teach the present. Rather it is through the present that we learn of the past.

DONALD SLESINGER

Shorter Notices

CALLING WESTERN UNION. By Genevieve Taggard.
Harper and Brothers. \$2.

Consistently pure poets are the products of careful censorship. This is not a book of pure poems but the unexpurgated utterances of a prophetic poet. Here, for example, are: a confused cry of disgust (*Night Letter to Walt Whitman*), a flower-disdaining sneer (*Not for Philosophy*), a wishful vision (*At Last the Women Are Moving*), a celebration of poetic power (*Definition of Song*), slack, rambling prophecy (*On Planting a Small Lilac*), irony and pity in grand poetry (*Try Tropic*), a good cry (*A Middle-aged, Middle-class Woman*), an incoherent cry (*Adding Up America*), some philosophy (*Eye of the Beholder*), sharp and kindly wit (*Community*), and a mellow song rung out on one of the oldest bells of poetry (*Everyday Alchemy*). It is the bit of prose in the Note to Book III, however, which is to my mind perhaps the best poem and the best prophecy in the volume, for it suggests that Marx, who was certainly a prophet, was no poet, because if he were he would have said his say as simply as this.

IRVING FINEMAN

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Columbia University Press. Eighteen Volumes. \$105.

In sight of harbor, the Columbia Milton has struck a rock. Nothing hinted trouble and Peter Ramus himself is not uninteresting. He had been dead exactly a hundred years when Milton printed the epitome of his system now Englished in Volume XI of the Columbia Milton. The book, its editor observes, "has never before been translated," but it is a long time since I have seen a translation of a Latin book so ill made. The translator had undoubtedly a hard task. "The words of Milton," he says, "cannot always easily be rendered into the English of the present." For parts of his vocabulary, accordingly, he has resorted to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; fishing out such pearls of diction as "consentany," "dissentany," "consectary," "proegumenic." All this I could have tolerated, though hardly, if his translation had been even moderately accurate. But it is not. The following, from the Preface, must suffice as a specimen: "Hence Pole comments correctly on Plato's 'Gorgias'" (pages 13, 2). Who, I asked myself, is Pole? Can he be the great cardinal? But what Milton's Latin has is: "Plato's Polus rightly remarks, in the 'Gorgias.'" I did not know who Pole was. Mr. Gilbert does not know who Polus is; and he does not know, either in this sentence or at pages 49, 6, the meaning of the Latin word *apud*. The number of very common Latin words of which he does not know the meaning is, I may notice in passing, surprising: For example, he renders both *quamquam* and *quamvis* by "since" (pages 29, 25; p. 51, 19); *quoniam* by "although" (pages 71, 4), *tantummodo* by "commonly" (pages 33, 18), *quid quod* by "because" (pages 57,

15), *voluntas* by "pleasure" (pages 147, 25). By the text of Milton's Latin which he offers, Mr. Gilbert must be accounted no better as an editor than as a translator. On page 4 *per pendenda* appears, absurdly, for *perpendenda* (and Mr. Gilbert's translation suggests that he sees nothing the matter with *per pendenda*). Ramus was accused on one occasion of inviting his pupils to discuss passages of St. Augustine which were "dangerous" (*lubricos locos*). They were dangerous to faith. But Mr. Gilbert, misunderstanding the word *lubricos*, speaks of Ramus as "setting forth to his hearers *obscene* passages of St. Augustine" (page 505). What between not stopping to think and thinking too curiously, Mr. Gilbert is almost absurdly unlucky. This is indeed an unlucky volume, quite unworthy, I feel, of its noble companions.

H. W. GARROD

SEVEN RED SUNDAYS. By Ramón J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. Liveright Publishing Corporation. \$2.50.

"My book sometimes appears confused and loosely wrought," admits Sender in his preface; but "if the reader is of those who can see and grasp he will admit that my method is logical, because chaos has its own logic." Perhaps. But aesthetically as well as logically it would seem that social chaos should be simulated rather than reproduced. Sender, however, chooses to tell his story of a general strike in Madrid in the person of five protagonists, first one and then another, alternately, with no transition, no explanation of who is writing what, or when, or why. He also includes a chapter written by the moon—the *bourgeoise* Lady Moon, no less—who acts as a sort of floodlight for the police who fight the strike by night. As a result he so muddies the realities of anarcho-syndicalism that even after 439 pages one is still without a decent understanding of the issues here in question. Nevertheless, in the weirdly emotional, intuitive story of the journalist Samar and of Amparo, the daughter of the colonel opposing the strikers, he so clarifies the character of the Spanish revolutionary that he compensates, in part, for his book's confusions, and achieves a degree of that "human truth of the most generous kind" at which he avowedly aims.

LEIGH WHITE

DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY: MASARYK OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA. By Emil Ludwig. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.

There can be no doubt: this is not Emil Ludwig's *magnum opus*. All his biographical works from Goethe and Napoleon to Schliemann and Hindenburg were more impressive, and even his conversations with Mussolini gave perhaps more food for thought. Why are we now somewhat disappointed? The reason may be found in the fact that Masaryk himself is an admirable writer whose memoirs belong to the outstanding books on contemporary history; and, moreover, Karel Capek told the story of the former President's life only a year ago. Nevertheless, Ludwig's work is worth reading. Not only will students of foreign affairs appreciate the lucidity and keenness of Masaryk's remarks in these discussions with one of the world's foremost journalists, but also young people should enjoy the book as an easy introduction to the life of a remarkable man. This is really excellent reading for undergraduates (but not merely for them!) who want to know something about the one great representative of the democratic ideal on the European continent. With the exception of the first chapter, the whole book is based on conversations held at the castle of Lany. Masaryk himself revised—and expanded—the text.

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DRAMA

With Hamlet Left Out?

FOR some reason or other Guthrie McClintic's production of "Hamlet" (Empire Theater) is set in the middle of the seventeenth century. Unimportant as the fact may at first sight seem, it is a symbol of all that is unsatisfactory and bitterly disappointing in the long-awaited interpretation of John Gielgud. "Hamlet" is a Gothic play, not a courtly one. Remove from its atmosphere all sense of the importance of the unseen world, of things "undreamed of in your philosophy," and you reduce it to the level of sentimental melodrama. Yet the manners and the costumes of the period here chosen are the very essence of complacent worldliness, and every effort seems to have been made to fit "Hamlet" to them. Not only Mr. Gielgud's performance but every detail of the production is calculated to minimize the atmosphere of wonder which must surround the play if it is to mean anything at all. Perhaps the intention was to produce a "Hamlet" which suggests no mystery and arouses no awe, but it is difficult to understand why anyone who saw no more in the play than Mr. McClintic seems to have seen should want to produce it at all.

Unfortunately, Mr. Gielgud, who comes to us with the applause of all England ringing in his ears, appears to have no conception of his part subtler than the director's conception of the play as a whole. He has a mellifluous voice and a graceful, almost femininely graceful, manner; but he will be chiefly remembered, I think, as the only actor who ever undertook to play Hamlet "like Niobe all tears," as not so much the "melancholy Dane" as the "weepy" one. He is harassed, all but hysterical, and, I suppose I may grant, "appealing." But that is not all or even the most important part of Hamlet, not the part which has enabled him to capture the imagination as no other character of fiction ever has. Hamlet is, above all else, a thinker and an ironist. He never ceases to consider things curiously, and he dominates every scene by the force of his personality. That is, perhaps, one of the sources of his weakness, one of the reasons why he can never quite escape the tendency to play when he has resolved to act. But it is also his strength, the reason why he is succeeding at one thing while he is failing at another, the reason why he is perhaps the first, as he is certainly the greatest, representative in all literature of the man whom we respect and admire and love not for what he does but for what he is. Yet of all this Mr. Gielgud seems not to have conceived the slightest suspicion. Hamlet's intellect and Hamlet's irony are hardly suggested. He has not even the antic disposition, for he is merely a dejected young man who finally works himself up to a hysterical blood-letting.

All this would not be quite so distressing as it is if Shakespeare's play did not so implacably refuse to submit to any such cavalier treatment. The situations and the speeches out of which neither Mr. Gielgud nor Mr. McClintic make sense do, nevertheless, continually obstruct the play they are trying to produce, and since they have not even had the courage to throw away what they cannot use, long passages of superb poetry remain to get in their way. The famous soliloquy has so little relation to the character Mr. Gielgud is portraying that he can only treat it as a set piece which tradition unfortunately compels him to interrupt his part to speak, and certain other of the characters are even more visibly embarrassed

by passages which appear as tiresome excrescences upon meaningless parts. Certainly Arthur Byron is, or is made to be, the worst Polonius ever seen on any stage because, though the lines finally compel him to recognize that he is playing a comic part, the play is half over before an uninstructed spectator would suppose that Polonius had any character at all. He speaks his first speech, supposed to give the key to his character, as though he were ashamed to be compelled to get off such a rigmarole; he mutters under his breath one of the funniest harangues in literature—"Brevity is the soul of wit," and so on; and unfortunately all this is typical of the way in which nearly every member of the cast is led to treat some of the best lines ever given a player as though they were an imposition upon an actor's patience. Honorable exceptions are Barry Kelley, an excellent first grave-digger, and Judith Anderson, a superbly sultry queen, but neither can, unfortunately, materially alter the unfortunate effect of the whole.

Perhaps the production is, in the most superficial sense of the term, "theatrically effective." It does, that is to say, move briskly except when some great or subtle passage gets in the way of briskness, but anyone who knew the play only from this performance might well wonder why it had fascinated men's minds for three hundred years. Doubtless the mystery, or rather the complexity, of both the play and the central character can be interpreted in various ways, but neither can be treated as though there were no mystery or no complexity there. If what we have is not "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, it is at least "Hamlet" with three-fourths of him missing. In my time I have seen various mediocre productions of the drama; I have never before seen one which so nearly succeeded in making it seem a shallow play.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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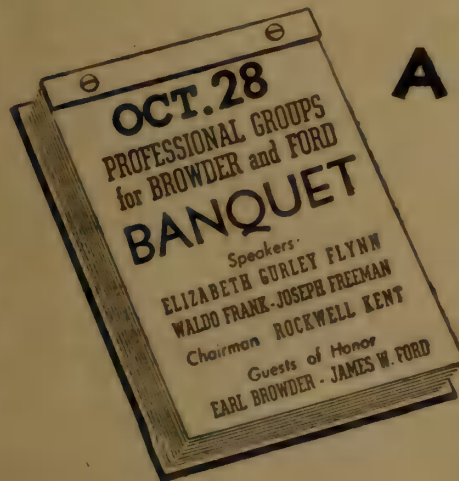
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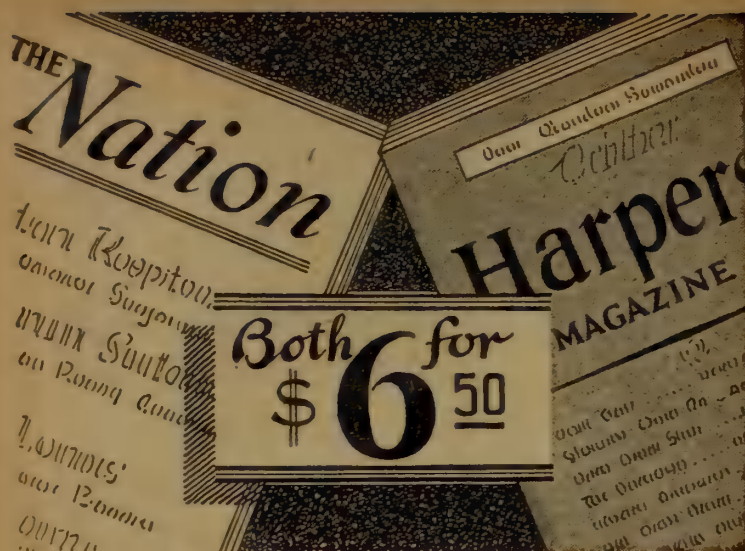
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An absorbing article by Aldous Huxley on "Propaganda" heads an exciting list of features scheduled for early publication in Harpers which includes "Money and Banking in Russia" by Richard Hellman, "Why Things Grow Old" by Roy Helton, "Machines and Individuals" by Peter Van Dresser, and "The Nature of Telepathy" by Ernest Hunter Wright.

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FILMS

The Broken Bowl

THOSE who saw "Craig's Wife" as a play are certain to remember the exciting moment when Craig asserted his independence of the terrible woman who presided over his house by dashing a china something-or-other to the floor and shattering it into as many pieces as the gesture did his marriage. Now the play has become a film (Columbia), and the difference between the two can best be measured by a description of what happened at the Music Hall the other night when John Boles dropped the ornament. Six thousand people laughed. I do not remember any laughter at the play, and in fact I am sure that that audience held its breath; for everything so far had tended to produce in the spectator a conviction that Mrs. Craig was genuinely terrible, and one literally could not tell what might follow the iconoclasm. The trouble is perhaps John Boles, who is too much the handsome dummy for us to care whether he asserts himself or not. But more likely it is Rosalind Russell, who as Craig's wife does a very attractive piece of acting in the wrong key. She permits us almost to love and pity her; nice emotions, but destructive of the main point, which should be that she deserves everything she gets.

Ruth Chatterton meets a similar challenge with greater wisdom in "Dodsworth" (United Artists), where to be sure she is excellently supported by Walter Huston in the title role and where the demand is not so clear for a woman with whom we shall be unable to sympathize. Mrs. Dodsworth does, however, grow less and less lovely as the film unwinds; and her willingness in the last scene to look wholly shifty and defeated has much to do with the fact that "Dodsworth" is in general a success. Both films are worth seeing if only as evidences that plays can after all be translated to the screen—provided the translators remember that a great deal of care needs to be exercised lest the momentum of the original leak out through the immense spaces between the stars.

"Nine Days a Queen" (Gaumont-British) has for its subject matter the six years of English history between the death of Henry VIII and the accession of Mary, and has for its heroine Lady Jane Grey, who for nine days was queen after the death of her cousin, Edward VI. The story then is of how two children, Edward and Jane, are played with against their innocent wills by the wolves at court—Warwick, Seymour, and Somerset—and of how the pale face of Mary looks in at last and puts an end to all this. If the accuracy of the film is not a fault—lending perhaps a little coldness to what in more reckless hands could easily have grown overheated—then it has no fault. It is serious and convincing, and intelligently respectful of its material; one of the best historical films, indeed, among the many now to be seen; and without question superior to "Mary of Scotland."

"Millions of Us," the American labor film which started at the Filmarte, has moved to the Cameo and seems there to be entirely at home judging by the applause which greets it nightly. The Filmarte should have hung on to it in spite of the hisses, for it is not only good as a labor document, it is good as a film, and points the way to still better ones of its kind.

"The Human Adventure" (Plaza Theater) takes a flying trip over the chief excavations of the Oriental Institute between Egypt and Persia, and can be heartily recommended.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

Dorothy Thompson and Taxes

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the September 12 *Nation* was altogether too generous to Dorothy Thompson. Her whole exposition was based on ignorance of the provisions of the Revenue Act imposing the undistributed-profits tax.

Her problem is this: a corporation has made \$500,000 profit. Out of this it has to pay \$10,000 state tax—obviously no concern of the federal government—and the federal income tax of \$73,000. The latter is, of course, the old federal corporation-income tax, which has been in force for many years and is not the one which Mr. Landon considered "cock-eyed." The amount of the profits remaining is therefore \$416,500. Out of this the corporation desires to repay \$135,000 to a bank and to set up \$175,000 as working capital. Now Miss Thompson claims that if the corporation were to repay the \$135,000 and retain the \$175,000 as working capital it would subject itself to an undistributed-profits tax in the sum of \$94,500. Apparently you concede that claim. As a matter of fact, however, and under the official Treasury regulations, nothing of the kind will take place. The corporation may make the indicated disposition of its profits and may retain \$106,500 as additional reserves, without resorting to trickery or going contrary to the letter or the spirit of the law.

All the corporation has to do is to declare the entire \$416,500 as a dividend, payable, however, not in cash but in the corporation's stock. The only restriction is that the stockholders must receive a stock dividend in a class of stock different from that which they hold. In other words, preferred stockholders must get a common-stock dividend and common stockholders a preferred-stock dividend. The corporation therefore issues new stock in the amount of \$416,500, retains the \$416,500 in cash, pays the bank, increases its working capital, and increases its reserve. No undivided-profits tax becomes due. None is paid.

Sometimes, however, such an increase of the outstanding capital stock by the payment of a stock dividend is undesirable. In such a case the corporation may pay the \$416,500 in the form of a bond dividend. It issues debenture bonds at whatever rate of interest it may deem fit, with interest and principal repayable ex-

clusively out of future profits, and not repayable if no future profits are earned. As these bonds are not a burden on any of the assets of the corporation, they do not interfere with its credit standing. If one wants to be particularly careful, one may even expressly state in the bonds that the bond-holders, in their claims, shall come after all other creditors of the corporation.

Each of these two variants is extremely simple and, as I say, absolutely legal and proper.

ALBERT HIRST

New York, September 15

Dear Sirs: The Reply to Dorothy Thompson in your issue of September 12 has just been brought to my attention. Since my firm is the one to which she refers, I trust you will permit me to explain our situation further.

You are right in your correction of the tax. An error in transcription made a difference of about \$7,000.

First as to the size of the business: Earnings of the size we are enjoying (?) this year come at the most in only two or three years out of ten. There are other years in which the losses are equally great, particularly if we try to keep our men employed. As a matter of record, we have not been able over the full period of the business cycle to distribute earnings of over 5 per cent on net worth, and this would not warrant a capitalization of one-fifth of that suggested.

The company chooses to pay its debts and to return to full employment. There seems to be some question in your mind as to whether we should make this choice. Such doubt can only be due to inexperience in business and a consequent lack of comprehension of the simple elements of the situation.

Debts must be paid this year and next when earnings are available. An industry of our type cannot budget on a yearly basis. For one period of the business cycle it receives more than it pays out. For another period—and it has been a long one—it must pay out more than it receives. It cannot exist unless it repays its borrowings and lays in a new reserve, nor is there any other time to do this than now.

It is only ignorance of business principles that suggests new capitalization for making good these recurring losses, whether the new capital is to come from



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present stockholders or from the security markets. Do you really suggest that we capitalize these recurring losses and attempt to pay dividends on the pyramided structure? Of course we might capitalize these losses—just this once—on the theory that "it ain't goin' to rain no more." Many august voices sang this song in 1929. We didn't believe them then, and our employees are glad we didn't.

Finally there is this question of "a new investment of \$175,000," which is your term for describing our addition to working capital. This is by no means "new investment." It is repairing a depletion which must be repaired before we can return to full employment. When one goes from, say, 25 per cent capacity to 100 per cent capacity, it is a prerequisite to such expansion that we carry correspondingly more raw materials, more work-in-process—with its accumulated costs in labor, overhead, and material—more finished goods unshipped, and more goods shipped and in the customers' hands but unpaid for. These expenditures must be made months before the increased returns come in. To get thus up to full employment cost us \$175,000. Do you really believe that stockholders should be penalized for providing this new employment?

ASTONISHED MANUFACTURER
Vermont, September 23

[Astonished Manufacturer dodges the issue of the desirability of collecting taxes on what is indubitably income for the stockholders. Is there any sound "business" reason, apart from the desirability of avoiding taxation, why the additional working capital should not come from additional capitalization, whether by a stock dividend or otherwise? Does the aggrieved manufacturer mean to suggest that he does not expect to get a return on the \$175,000 of stockholders' money reinvested in the company?—EDITORS THE NATION.]

An Apology

[Under date of August 8 *The Nation* published a review of "Practical Aspects of Psychoanalysis" by Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie. Thereafter Dr. Kubie addressed to us in connection with this review a letter which was not intended for publication but which, by an inadvertence, was published without permission and in deleted form in our issue of September 12. *The Nation* regrets this inadvertence. The incident was particularly regrettable, since it concerned a review which has been the subject of sharp criticism.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, has been in Spain for six weeks. He will contribute other first-hand reports of the progress of the civil war.

CARL RANDAU is a reporter on the *World-Telegram* and president of the New York Newspaper Guild.

ROBERT H. JACKSON, now Assistant Attorney General, awoke to find himself famous when as chief counsel for the Department of Internal Revenue he conducted the government's investigation in the Andrew Mellon tax-evasion case.

JAMES T. FARRELL has just published a new novel, "A World I Never Made."

WALLACE STEVENS, winner of *The Nation's* poetry contest for 1936, is mentioned in an editorial paragraph on p. 463.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP has published two volumes of verse, "Now With His Love" and "Minute Particulars" and a novel, "Many Thousands Gone."

CARL VAN DOREN, one time literary editor of *The Nation* and author of many books of criticism and biography, has just published his autobiography, "Three Worlds," in part a survey of the literary lights of the twenties by one of them.

MARIANNE MOORE is a distinguished American poet whose "Collected Poems" were published last year with a preface by T. S. Eliot.

EDA LOU WALTON, assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is preparing a book on modern American poetry in its relation to social problems.

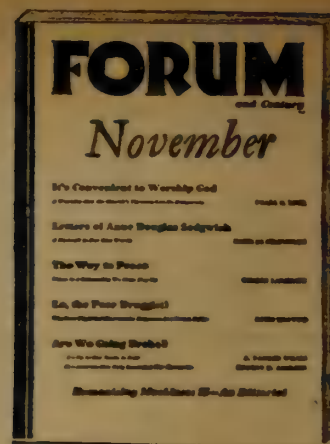
HARRY THORNTON MOORE is book editor of the new magazine *Midwest*. He is writing a book on Lawrence.

DONALD SLESINGER is peculiarly fitted to review Dr. Hutchins's book, having served at one time as assistant dean of the Social Science faculty at the University of Chicago.

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The Shape of Things

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NO FEATURE OF THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN has been so thoroughly dishonest and contemptible as the recently exposed practice of inserting notices in workers' pay envelopes warning them of wage deductions under the Social Security Act. In attempting to arouse working-class opposition to a law which is patently to labor's advantage the Republicans have not hesitated at inconsistency or misrepresentation, and have even indulged in a little outright lying. Contrary to the implication of these notices, the Social Security Act is not a partisan measure but passed Congress with the active support of both Republicans and Democrats. The deduction from the workers' pay may be indefensible from the standpoint of true social security, but it was imposed as a concession to the very elements that are now suddenly rushing to the defense of the workers. The maximum tax is incorrectly stated as being 4 per cent instead of 3 per cent, and there is more than an implication that the government might go back on its promise to return the wage deductions, with interest, to the employees as old-age annuities. Lies are notoriously hard to combat, especially in the heat of an election campaign. But President Roosevelt could effectively take the wind out of the Republican sails by announcing in his next radio broadcast that he will recommend a revision of the law removing the tax from the workers and placing it entirely on the employers, where it properly belongs.

*

WE HOPE THE LA FOLLETTE COMMITTEE investigating the violation of civil liberties is equipped with a thumb-tack artist. If it is, let him hang up a map and stick in a tack at those points where Earl Browder, the duly nominated candidate of a legal political party, has been forcibly prevented from speaking. At those points it will be discovered that violation of the Bill of Rights is nothing unusual; the American Legion will be found to be riding high, with the local authorities, the press, and the leading employers generally lending aid. This alliance may be, for the present, loose and half invisible; it may seem like a local phenomenon. But it is probably linked, loosely still, with similar alliances all over the country. Certainly the "direct" methods of Tampa and Terre Haute are all too similar; and if the local boys are not already in touch with each other and with some higher power such as the American Liberty League, they can be

"coordinated" quickly when the time is ripe. To expose and break and keep broken the threads of a web which is as yet weak but definitely fascist in pattern is one of the important functions of democratic government. Government agencies might well turn their attention from the deportation of refugees from European fascism to the clipping of fascist wings at home.

*

THE DEATH OF SENATOR COUZENS OF Michigan, just after his defeat for reelection, ends the career of one of the most courageous, useful, and honest members of the Senate. The amazing romance of his career—a fortune of \$30,000,000 acquired as a result of his investment of \$1,000 in Henry Ford's car and his subsequent organization and brilliant management of the Ford Motor Company—never threw him off his balance or gave him an inflated idea of his own importance. He refused to be bound by narrow party ties. Indeed, he told the electors last summer that the reelection of President Roosevelt was the most important matter confronting the nation, and that the outcome of his own candidacy for the Senate was "neither important to the nation nor me." His long experience in the affairs of a large corporation made it possible for him to meet on equal terms the business men who appeared before Congress, notably when he was chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. They could pull no wool over his eyes, nor baffle him by any intricate points they raised. The Michigan Democrats who backed him last spring characterized him as "one who cannot understand the fight of the Republican Party for the almighty dollar and its disregard for human rights." A great fighter, Senator Couzens never hesitated to oppose rich men and the big business interests. He will be remembered for the fight he waged against Secretary Mellon and the tax favors which he charged Mr. Mellon with granting to the big corporations. Throughout his term of office he fought for increasing the income-tax rates in the higher income groups. Without being a progressive himself, he was often of the greatest value to the progressive bloc in Congress.

*

THE ARREST OF THE BELGIAN REXIST LEADER, Leon Degrelle, may indicate a general tightening by democratic governments in the treatment of fascist violence. Franco, Mosley, Degrelle, Doriot are the present luminaries in the fascist heaven. Spurred by Hitler's success, they are adopting new tactics. They are all loud-mouthed men, but lung power has not been enough. For years Mosley, for example, has ranted to little effect. But now, responsive to the advice of Goebbels, he has carried his message and his thugs into the Jewish-populated East End of London, where his provocations can lead only to riots and pogroms. Sir John Simon, the British Home Secretary, evidently means to follow a hands-off policy, which is exactly what the fascists are counting on. But the immense protest from every source shows that the English people have a more realistic view. Roughly it runs as follows: Let the fascists talk so long as it is only talk. But

let there be no uniforms permitted as badges of a private army. And as soon as a speech or a demonstration shows clearly that its consequence will be to incite to riot and violence, let the law come down with all its force. This is the method that is now being used with success in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. It is a method and a problem that Americans may have to face in the not distant future.

*

WHILE THE UNITED STATES CONCERNS ITSELF with the outpourings of political aspirants and their supporters, in person, in the press, on the air, all irresponsibly charging fascism and communism and the betrayal of democracy, the reality behind these tags dominates the diplomatic war that all Europe is engaged in as well as the desperate physical war in Spain. In this week's *Nation* Europe's realities are drawn into focus in three articles that taken together form a picture of progress toward chaos. Louis Fischer, from the dangerous vantage-point of Madrid, describes the eager hope of Soviet help that lifts the hearts of the desperate defenders of Spain's—and perhaps Europe's—democracy. Meanwhile, Russian efforts are checkmated at London, and French sympathies are drowned in the fears and vacillations of the Blum government, which Robert Dell on another page exposes as a helpless appendage to the British Foreign Office. In England labor's efforts in behalf of European democracy are similarly diluted. Harold Laski analyzes the fateful divisions and the naive credulity which combine to emasculate the attempts of British labor to direct or modify the government's policy. When the pieces are put together, the resulting picture of Europe is about as somber as a landscape could be.

*

DESPITE BLUM'S NON-INTERVENTION FIASCO, the French Popular Front government enters on its second six months with moderately favorable prospects. The Radical Socialist Congress at Biarritz voted unanimously to support Blum on condition that the stay-in strikes be suppressed and the budget balanced. While neither of these objectives will be easy to attain, Blum has promised that his budget will be "sound" and not create a huge deficit. On the left, the Communists are dissatisfied both with the government's policy of neutrality in the Spanish conflict and with the recent prohibition of Communist meetings, but have indicated no intention of abandoning their support of the Popular Front. Economic factors should work increasingly in the government's favor. Devaluation not only promises to stimulate general business activity but has made possible the belated introduction of the forty-hour week and other reforms which were voted last June. The government's greatest strength, however, lies not so much in anything it has accomplished as in the certainty that its downfall would bring chaos in France. Armed with this weapon Blum could, if he chose, make a real beginning toward introducing the Socialist commonwealth to which he professes allegiance.

THE SUSPICION THAT GOVERNOR LANDON has a very inadequate conception of foreign affairs was fully confirmed in his Indianapolis speech, the first that he has given on the vital issues that will preoccupy the President during the next four years. That he should be against the League and World Court is not surprising, considering that he is a protege of Hearst's. Instead of collective security, he assures us that we may rely on goodwill, mediation, arbitration, and preparedness to pull us through the next four years and make this country an "oasis of peace" in a war-ridden world. However, lest he be mistaken for a pacifist, he opposes any specific pledge not to go to war, and utters a tacit warning against any country violating our neutral rights as Germany did in 1917. As a final touch of irony Mr. Landon, who has been touring the country denouncing the Hull reciprocal agreements, pleads for a "lowering of trade barriers and the reestablishment of healthy economic conditions." As against the contention that peace and recovery can only be assured if the United States is willing to modify its imperialistic aims, Mr. Landon merely denies that we have any such interests.

*

THE MAN ON THE STREET CANNOT AFFORD to buy paintings. Ordinarily he cannot even buy prints at from \$20 up. We have already commented on the admirable work being done by the WPA art projects in creating an art by and for the many. The problem has now been approached by the artists themselves from the side of distribution. The American Artists Group has lately announced the sale of a group of etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts at \$2.75 each. The prints are unsigned and the number printed from one plate is unlimited. An attempt to popularize painting is being made by Living American Art, Incorporated, which four times a year will offer exhibitions of twelve paintings reproduced by the collotype process, almost indistinguishable, it is said, from the original. Some 250 exhibitions of the first twelve reproductions are being shown simultaneously in various American cities. Among the artists in the two groups are Jean Charlot, Asa Cheffetz, Howard Cook, Adolf Dehn, Mabel Dwight, Wanda Gag, William Gropper, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Sloan, Louis Bouche, Peggy Bacon, George Grosz, and Reginald Marsh. The collotype reproductions are for sale at \$5 each and are available to libraries and schools as loan exhibits. The artists will receive royalties on the sale of these pictures. This is an encouraging sign that the fences in the art market which have kept artists isolated from their larger public and therefore impoverished are being broken down. There will soon be no reason why good pictures should not be common, even in modest households, as good books.

*

IN GREAT BRITAIN THIS MONTH COMPANIES of men are marching along many roads converging on London. They are the unemployed from the distressed and derelict areas, where dribbles of relief have kept them hanging by their fingernails to the subsistence level,

where they have gone without work and suffered the rigors of the means test long enough. Now they are carrying their case direct to the government at Westminster. The Jarrow marchers from the north of England, whom Mr. Laski mentions on another page, started 200 strong on October 5, after attending special services in the church and being blessed by the bishop. They were accompanied on the first ten miles of their way by the mayor and the alderman and on the whole journey by Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Jarrow's M.P. At the same time 400 are marching from Scotland and 500 from South Wales, welcomed along their way by town officials with offers of food and lodging. The ineptitude of the government in handling relief has just been emphasized by the resignation of Malcolm Stewart, Commissioner for Special Areas, who could no longer put up with the entirely inadequate measures he was allowed to take. Yet the first thing the Cabinet did on Baldwin's return was to declare that the marches were "altogether undesirable" and could have no "constitutional influence on policy," and that the Ministers would receive no deputations. While the Cabinet was thus drawing aside its skirts, the King announced his intention of making a personal tour of inspection of the distressed areas in South Wales. What can be said of a government that takes even less responsibility than its supposed "figurehead"?

*

THE VANGUARD PRESS "HAS THE HONOR TO announce" the publication of James T. Farrell's new novel, "A World I Never Made." But not in the *New York Times*. According to a statement issued by the publishers on October 23, the *Times* has refused to advertise Mr. Farrell's book because the novel is "too frank." The issue is not one of censorship. An advertisement may be refused for any adequate reason. One can only quarrel, in the present case, with the adequacy of the *Times's* reasons. As its own reviewer pointed out on the same day the publishers' announcement was made, the book "is a broad human scene, peopled by characters unmistakably human and deplorably true to life." It is the case of "Ulysses" over again, a book which was certainly "frank" but not—and the highest courts finally so declared—in any sense of the word salacious. Mr. Farrell's high seriousness has never been questioned. More than that, he is an author whose performance has equaled his intent. His "Studs Lonigan" trilogy can stand comparison with Dreiser's best work. And to make the parallel complete, one need only recall that "Sister Carrie," which has been duly advertised more than once in our best journals, was refused publication for many years because it was thought to be improper and degrading. What the *Times* is said to object to is Mr. Farrell's "language." His characters talk the language of the streets; his small boy talks and thinks in the words that a small boy knows. But the offense, if there is any, lies not in the words themselves but in the poverty and ignorance out of which they rise. When our censors of bad language protest against these also, we shall be able to accept their censorship of words with better grace.

Address to the Candidates

GENTLEMEN: We have been listening to addresses from you during the entire campaign. Now on the eve of the election, when we know that you will have nothing to say that you have not already said over and over, we want you to listen to an address from us. Hitherto it is you who have done the talking. Now it is we who are about to speak—we, the people of the United States, gathered in the greatest assembly world history has known—the assembly of 45,000,000 men and women about to vote at the polls.

But before we let our ballots speak for us, there are certain preliminary things we want to make clear. One is that there are not many countries left on this unhappy globe in which gentlemen like yourselves are so tolerated or given so wide a scope for showing yourselves foolish and wise, and in which the final word is left with people like ourselves. For that fact both you and we should be thankful—thankful for a democracy, however imperfect, in which the candidates speak but the ballot talks.

Then we want it made clear that we are not as dull-witted as some commentators have implied. We have looked you over at your rear-platform appearances, crowded around you at mass-meetings from one end of the continent to the other, applauded you when you were intrepid and glowed when you were benign, heard you praise our cities, our climate, our state houses, our governors, our wisdom, and ourselves, dialed on and off as your voices came over the radio, listened to your sound trucks, read your publicity handouts—and we think we have your measure. You are in so many ways like ourselves—small and big by turns, decisive and weak. Only this brief moment has given you what added stature you have. It will not be long before most of you are forgotten men, merged with the middle-class and labor and capitalist ranks from which you have come.

We have not been wholly taken in. These newspaper scare headlines about Moscow and Mr. Roosevelt have left most of us cold, even when several of your number (including Mr. Thomas) have repeated the charge. The fact that most of the press has thundered away on one side has served only to undermine what faith we may have had in the truthfulness and detachment of newspaper owners. Our votes are of course influenced by words, and words can be wooed with money, but today on the eve of election it seems clear that our votes cannot be bought by campaign funds or frightened by the last-minute pay-envelope lies from our employers.

We do not claim too much for ourselves. There are some—mainly literary men and philosophers—who put a halo around us. They do it out of their deep and abiding need for belief, and so they reach for depths of wisdom in the folk-mind. But there is no mystical wisdom in us. Sometimes we can be stupid and blind, as we were at Terre Haute when we threw eggs at one of you—Mr.

Browder—in order that we might not have to face his words, and again at Tampa when we overturned the platform on which he was speaking. Usually we are overzealous in our allegiances, and even where popular devotion has some sort of a genuine base, as with Mr. Roosevelt, we allow it to become a sort of shining hero-worship. Our only wisdom is that our political sense is finally rooted in our jobs and our daily lives. On the whole we have come to understand that the forces that mold our jobs and livelihoods are national forces and must be dealt with in national terms.

Listen, candidates. We have been mulling over your speeches. Some of you have told us a lot of things that aren't so. What is it we want from whichever of you is elected? We want a chance to apply our energy and skill and devotion to our jobs—and we want an economic setup in which we can have jobs to apply ourselves to. We want a measure of security in our lives, so that we and our families won't have to face the blankness of a future without hope. We want peace: at least, we don't want our decisions about war and peace made by munitions manufacturers and war profiteers and sticklers for the freedom of the seas. These are for us the issues behind the issues of the campaign. And when we hear all your talk of prosperity or bureaucracy, when we hear Mr. Landon shout about the American way and Mr. Roosevelt assert his fidelity to the profit system, when we hear Mr. Roosevelt talk about being a "good neighbor" and Mr. Landon display his ignorance on foreign affairs, we try to translate it all into the simple terms we understand—jobs, security, peace.

What lies ahead of us and you—after we have spoken at the polls—we don't know. One thing we do know is that this election will be only a stage in America's search for a way of order and security in a world of crisis and chaos. There will be other elections and other candidates and other programs before we end our search. For the present let us say our adieus. And let us add that to have known you all and to have listened to your speeches and promises and warnings, while it has been an exhausting experience, has not been entirely without profit.

The Soviets Accept a Challenge

IN CONCLUDING a general understanding with Italy, Hitler has scored the most important of a long series of diplomatic successes. Eighteen months ago when Germany first announced its plan for rearmament, Mussolini was so apprehensive about the Nazi military program that he entered unreservedly into the Stresa front. At that time informed observers were practically unanimous in saying that personal jealousy between the two dictators and rivalry over Austria precluded any possible agreement between them. Ethiopia, Spain, and the growing strength of the Soviet Union have altered the picture. The differences over Austria were patched up last summer, and the present agreement covers the recognition of Italy's

conquest of Ethiopia, as well as the Locarno pact, the League, Central Europe, and Spanish policy. The two fascist powers are united in their opposition to collective security and to any form of international agreement which would hinder their common expansionist plans. Whether the understanding goes as far as a military alliance must be left for conjecture, but since both countries think of diplomacy largely in terms of bayonets it may be assumed that military cooperation has not been ignored.

The secret of fascist success in the field of diplomacy has been absurdly simple. Mussolini learned many years ago that the democratic countries would swallow almost any indignity that did not affect them too directly rather than run the risk of war. Hitler has not been slow in mastering the same technique. The method has its dangers, but they are minimized by the fact that the fascist leaders, by virtue of their command over the agencies which determine public opinion, are capable of making the most astonishing reversals of policy on a moment's notice. In the face of Mussolini's and Hitler's growing boldness the leaders of the democratic countries have crawled farther and farther into their shells. This was evident in the Ethiopian crisis, but it has been even more glaring in the controversy over Spain. Without question, M. Blum would like to have come to the assistance of the Spanish Popular Front government. But since, with Germany and Italy already aiding the rebels, such action was obviously dangerous, he turned to a general non-intervention pact. Nothing could have played more completely into the hands of the fascist powers. Having had no compunctions about aiding the rebels in defiance of international law, they had none in evading the non-intervention agreement. Blum had merely succeeded in signing the death warrant of democracy in Spain.

At this point we have the somewhat incongruous phenomenon of the Soviet government—long an uncompromising foe of capitalist democracy—coming to the rescue of the Spanish republic when all its sister democracies had thrown it to the foe. The Soviet statement before the London Non-Intervention Committee that it does not consider itself "bound by the non-intervention agreement to any greater extent than the remaining participants" still leaves the way open to collective action. But it is a clear-cut declaration of Russia's intention to aid the government of Spain against fascist intervention. Already the Soviets have dispatched a number of shipments of sorely needed food and clothing, accompanied—according to the British—by motor lorries, airplanes, and munitions of war. The British charges may or may not be correct, but it is significant that all the alleged Soviet shipments occurred after the Russian note pointing to German and Italian violations and threatening to withdraw from the non-intervention agreement.

It is difficult to see how the Soviet Union, single-handed, can turn the tide of the Spanish war. Geographically, the Soviets are under a tremendous handicap as compared with Italy or Germany. The Baltic ports, which are nearest the chief industrial centers, will soon be closed for the winter. Russia has no navy to use in beating off attacks on its ships. The fascist countries have an added

advantage in that they have already put huge quantities of supplies in the hands of the rebels. But if the Soviet Union should destroy the neutrality pact so that England and France could furnish munitions to the government, it would have achieved its purpose. Because of its geographic situation France is in a position to render almost unlimited assistance, and shipments of arms might well be supported by more direct aid on the part of working-class and anti-fascist groups who fear that victory for the Spanish reactionaries would be a signal for a fascist coup at home. The Soviet Union may not be able to jolt Blum sufficiently to cause him to abandon his non-intervention policy, and it may have acted too late to save Madrid from the Moors. But at least it acted when all the supposed friends of democracy were supine.

Sacred Cows in New Haven

IN 1917 Professor James McKeen Cattell was fired (let us not be too nice in these matters even though we are moving in the upper intellectual circles) from Columbia University for activities connected with our entrance into the World War. This action cost Columbia another of its most eminent professors, because Charles A. Beard resigned in protest. It remains to be seen whether Yale University will lose any of its staff as a result of its failure to reappoint Jerome Davis, associate professor in the Divinity School. For Professor Davis's case promises to equal that of Professor Cattell in its importance for professors who dare to twist the tails of a university's sacred cows.

When questioned on the Davis case, President Angell declared that the question of academic freedom was in no sense involved. It was purely a financial matter; even Yale has suffered from a reduction of the life stream of a modern university—hard cash. "Mr. Davis," President Angell's statement for the press added, "has always been accorded full freedom of speech and action both in the classroom and outside. Neither the action of the board of permanent officers of the Divinity School nor that of the corporation is based upon dissent from his views."

In the light of this unequivocal statement a brief review of the case is in order. Mr. Davis came to Yale as assistant professor in 1923, with assurances that his academic future was bright. In 1925 Dean Charles R. Brown wrote him that he had every reason to hope for promotion to a full professorship at the end of a three-year term. But it was not until 1930 that the Yale Corporation, on the unanimous recommendation of the Divinity School, promoted him to the rank of associate professor. Since then Mr. Davis's further promotion has been coming up periodically, with a good deal of acrimonious argument in between. The Yale Corporation has opposed it for some time; the President has not favored it; and a year ago the Divinity School itself refused

to recommend more than reappointment at the same rank.

Things evidently had been happening to bring about this change of heart. On October 13, 1925, President Angell, in a conversation reported by Mr. Davis, "mentioned the public censure and possible dismissal which would result if extensive protests continued as a result of outside speeches." On December 28, 1925, the President chided him in a letter for "your apparently unqualified acceptance of the sort of material which Mr. Fay and Mr. Barnes [Sidney B. Fay and Harry Elmer Barnes] have been publishing on the responsibility for the war." On December 30, 1926, Howell Cheney, a member of the Yale Corporation, wrote to Dean Weigle of the Divinity School that "New Haven men are particularly exercised by Professor Davis's efforts to unionize the non-union factories and employees in New Haven." In November, 1927, President Angell received a letter from E. M. Roberts, president of Chase Roberts and Company of Long Island City, asking: "Do you think that a man who associates with and believes in Anarchist, Bolshevik, and Communist (different names but all mean anarchy) is a fit person to teach in Yale College?" (Mr. Roberts may represent the Yale point of view in politics; it is to be hoped that his is not typical of the Yale epistolary style.) Late in 1935 an outraged mother who preferred not to sign her name complained to Mr. Angell: "Jerome Davis turned my son against his God, his home—Father and Mother. Shame on Yale, paying traitors to ruin Americans!"

It is quite likely that every college president receives letters of this sort. But the best of them keep a wastebasket handy. President Angell, for some reason or other, let them get under his skin. Incident followed incident. But the denouement which Mr. Davis had been expecting for five years was at hand. Last January a committee of which Mr. Davis was chairman invited Senator Gerald P. Nye to speak at Yale. Senator Nye had just charged the late Woodrow Wilson with falsehood in connection with his testimony on the secret treaties. This, to a number of Yale alumni, was *lèse majesté* of an unforgivable sort. President Angell not only insisted that the lecture be canceled but wrote a letter—on January 15—to Dean Weigle which riddles his denial that academic freedom had anything to do with Mr. Davis's dismissal. "Here is another little piece of sand in the gear box," he wrote, "which comes to me from one of our outraged alumni, in Reading, Pennsylvania. I must say that I think Jerome is becoming an increasing nuisance and my patience is inevitably wearing rather thin."

Jerome Davis has been well known for many years as a speaker and writer in liberal causes. He championed the recognition of Soviet Russia long before such championship became respectable. He has been active in urging—although not, as charged, in organizing—trade-union activity. He has published many volumes which have received the critical approval of his professional peers. His students protest that he is a stimulating teacher, one who "fills an invaluable place on the campus." But the President of Yale University found him a nuisance. And as a result he was fired.

Portrait of a Nation

ALL tales from Indiana of Lazy Jeff and old Squirelly—those less well-known brothers of Paul Bunyan—pueblos in New Mexico, the Georgia barn that saw the birth of Eli Whitney's cotton gin, the New York sky line, logging in Wisconsin, tobacco-curing in South Carolina, gold-panning in Colorado, the legend of the origin of Uncle Sam, a white Colonial church in Connecticut—these and a vast collection of kindred material in text and pictures make up a portrait of a country in the WPA's "American Guide."

As the major undertaking of the Federal Writers' Project, the "Guide" was planned first of all to give work to unemployed writers, secondly to create a project on which their previous experience and training would not be wasted, and lastly to produce not an ephemeral boondoggle but something of intrinsic value. The scheme involves a description for each locality of its history, legend, people, topography, means of livelihood, architecture, and whatever other indigenous peculiarities go to make a living portrait. While there will be individual guides for each state, a condensed version for the country as a whole will be published this winter in six volumes representing six geographical divisions. A preliminary exhibition showing excerpts from the text and examples of the illustrations is now on view at the New York Public Library.

The stuff of America is in this exhibit, from our clipper-ship and covered-wagon past to our gasoline-station present. One gets an armchair view of the country from the photographs, some of which—the sand dunes of Death Valley in California, navy planes flying in double-V formation against the clouds, a wrought-iron gate in a Delaware churchyard—are superb. Particularly those by a WPA worker named Highton are as good as any photography, excluding portraiture, being done by Americans today. Although the text suffers from occasional *baedekerisms*, it retrieves itself nobly at other times. The nameless author of the chapter on Nebraska has the touch of a genuine historian as he projects himself back into pioneer days and feels the shock of an icy gale when a shack door blows open in the bitter wintertime. And a refreshing irreverence, rare in guidebooks, actually makes good reading of a description of MacMonnies's statue of Civic Virtue in City Hall Park.

Some 6,000 people have been at work on the "American Guide"—reporters, photographers, magazine writers, map-makers. When the project found them, one had been sleeping in subways for a week, one had taken his hat from an ashcan, one had had nothing to eat for three days and fainted when he received his first salary check. These men are now being given work, as nearly as possible fitted to their training, that keeps them employed from twenty-four to thirty-nine hours a week and pays a weekly wage of from \$21 to \$30. They have produced in the "Guide" a further proof that, whatever else has been the record of the Roosevelt Administration, the four arts projects are something in which it can take unqualified pride.

Will Moscow Save Madrid?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, October 25, by Cable

ANXIETY over Madrid's fate mingles with the widespread conviction that the tide will soon be turning in the government's favor. Optimists believe that the rebels can be prevented from approaching the gates of the capital until the big offensive starts which will roll them back and force them to seek refuge in Portugal and Morocco. Pessimists contend that Madrid may fall, but that anti-fascists advancing from Valencia could soon retake Madrid and continue the struggle against General Franco. Since the protests of the Soviet Union to the Non-Intervention Committee, few non-fascists are ready to contemplate the failure of the government's cause.

If Madrid does not fall within ten days, the menace is probably ended. This week is the most critical period. Military experts maintain that the rebel column advancing along the Toledo road has the best chance to come within gunshot of Madrid streets. However, this column is said to number no more than 3,000, mostly Moors and foreign legionaries whose excellent equipment gives great driving power. They possess many machine-guns, mortars, field guns, and cavalry, and Italian caterpillar tanks capable of forty miles an hour. They are supported by airplanes, whereas the untrained government troops have only army rifles and cannon. The Loyalists have been without airplane support for the last fortnight, which is the chief reason for the enemy's advance. The fast tanks are also a formidable factor, although they achieve more by frightening than by destroying. Such a force might reach Madrid but could not take it. It would be annihilated in house-to-house fighting. Therefore unless Madrid succumbs to complete panic, there is no reason to suppose that the city is lost.

Since morale is the determining factor, it is important that the last five days have witnessed a recrudescence of the early élan which not only is unspoiled but has perhaps been enhanced by the appearance last Friday of four giant foreign airplanes which raked suburban streets with machine-guns, killing a child and four adults. Five days ago a thousand Andalusian volunteers carrying their own rifles arrived in Madrid in autobuses and asked to be sent to the front. On Friday eighteen hundred teachers mobilized by their trade unions paraded the streets. They still wore mufti, but their marching showed the effect of military training and their enthusiasm was keen. Other trade unions are also mobilizing their members for war, putting women in their places. An hour after Friday's third airplane visit long contingents of fresh soldiers defiled through the avenues. The Communist "fifth regiment," which is really an army twenty-five thousand strong, has been able to retain part of its politically skilled

soldiery in Madrid for the emergency. Valencia has sent troops to Barcelona for munitions.

The republic's new foreign legion—composed mostly of French, but also of Italians, Germans, and Poles who are motivated by political hopes and not merely by the promise of adventure or loot—is mostly concentrated in the eastern provinces. This constitutes a valuable reserve. As I write, on Sunday evening, I hear drums beating and men marching to the front. Yet no danger, however frightful, can rob Madrid of its gay Sunday mood. Crowds are promenading in the clear warm sunshine; cafes are overflowing. Even the two rebel airplanes which flew over the center of town fifty minutes ago failed to dampen the spirits of the inhabitants. Judging by previous performances the rebels, if they became masters of Madrid, will slaughter tens of thousands of persons. But even the probable victims wore a carefree air. The Spaniard is a natural optimist; a blue spot in the sky dissipates all clouds for him. This time the spot looks large, for if the Loyalists' hopes are warranted, Spain is indeed guaranteed against militarist-fascist domination. Should the salvation of the republic be achieved quickly, the European repercussions might be small, but a protracted struggle would invite further Italian-German assistance to the rebels, in which case the possibilities are too terrible to contemplate.

The recent dictum of Foreign Minister Del Vayo, "The bloody battlefields of Spain are actually the battlefields of the next world war," was intended as a poetic prophecy, but the second phase may follow so soon that his words will become an immediate reality. On the other hand, Stalin's important political acts are always characterized by prudence and circumspection. Somebody had to call Hitler's and Mussolini's bluff if the world is to be relieved of the chicanery of their deeds and diplomacy. Victory for the Spanish rebels would not only so strengthen the fascist camps as to make inevitable a world war of territorial aggrandizement, plus the extinction of liberty everywhere; it would give carte blanche to the fascists to defy international law and the national interests of European countries. It would be Blum's political death warrant and would provide serious damage to the interests of the British Empire. That neither Blum nor the British bourgeoisie is capable of adopting a policy reflecting these certainties is a criterion of the impotence of the forces hitherto regarded as potentially anti-fascist. The Soviet Union, therefore, is compelled to seize the initiative and point the way. It is possible that Stalin is rescuing the British Empire; it is possible that he is saving Blum and the French Popular Front from themselves. Victory for the Spanish government would be the first fascist setback in Europe for years. It would check fascist arrogance and be a signal triumph for world peace.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Farley Captures Labor

Washington, October 25

THE dullest Presidential campaign of the post-war years will be near its end when these words are read, and the polls will be yawning to receive the millions of votes that will give Franklin D. Roosevelt an even more overwhelming mandate to power than he received in 1932, unless all the factors that have created political victories in the past prove meaningless this year. At the moment Landon looks like an odds-on bet in only two states, Maine and Vermont, and worth even-money backing in less than half a dozen others, including his own Kansas. Even Hearst has given up the battle. Early this past week Hearst sent a confidential "rush" wire to all his editors ordering them thenceforth to play down political news and be strictly impartial; the word "Landon" immediately became something of a rarity on front pages of Hearst papers, whose reporters until this week had been estopped from writing anything that suggested even indirectly the possibility of Roosevelt's reelection.

More important than the indications of a Roosevelt victory are the indications that the Democrats will retain all their Senate seats and possibly add one or two more, and that the Republicans at best cannot hope to capture more than fifty new House seats. The signs also point toward the Democrats retaining a majority of the governorships, and this, together with retention of their Congressional majorities, should leave them strongly entrenched against the Republican drive for power in the elections of 1938.

It has been a disappointing campaign in many respects but in none more so than in the failure to provide the third-party movement with the headway that had been expected. Labor's Non-Partisan League, which started out as the most promising step toward a farmer-labor party that this country has seen, winds up the campaign as a mere adjunct of the Democratic National Committee, and the Progressive National Committee emerges, in turn, as a mere adjunct of Labor's Non-Partisan League. Neither group has dared to seek commitments from Roosevelt in keeping with its aims, and neither has dared to insist upon a clarification of campaign issues. As Norman Thomas has said, both groups have put themselves in the position of praying: "Please don't tell us, Mr. Roosevelt, what you will do if reelected, for then we might not be able to vote for you so happily; leave us hope at least." The Progressive Committee's function has been little more than that of a lecture bureau, providing dignified and high-toned speakers for billings that the Democratic National Committee itself is unwilling or unable to fill. It has been just as much a false-front organization as the Liberty League or the Sentinels of the Republic.

Labor's Non-Partisan League, on the other hand, unquestionably has been a power in the campaign. Its efficient, high-speed operations have silenced and impressed the veteran political writers who at the outset jeered at the league and its theory that labor's vote could be organized and delivered. These writers come back to Washington from forays into the sticks jabbering, as if they had seen miracles, of evidence of the league machinery reaching down into wards and precincts in workman-like fashion and shouldering out the Democratic or Republican machines there. They also report that the league is fulfilling its promise to spend between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 in its campaign. But it has been a campaign simply to reelect Roosevelt, and most of the league's founders who embarked upon that campaign as a first strategic step toward the formation of a third party have in the interim lost their heads and become hysterically orthodox supporters of the status quo. To hear them cursing Norman Thomas with the violence of a Streicher cursing the Jews is to lose all faith in their ability to return the league to the path on which it started. They are now justifying their position and expenditures in the campaign on the ground that Roosevelt has saved their unions a lot of money. They tell you how many millions it cost their treasuries in strike benefits under the Old Deal to get shorter hours, how it cost them nothing to get still shorter hours under the NRA, and how in this campaign they are simply repaying Roosevelt for favors done in the past and asking nothing for the future. Their position is on a par with that of bankers, brokers, and industrialists except that in the case of the business men campaign contributions are usually liens upon the future rather than payment for the past.

And what has the league gained? Can it actually be said to have demonstrated the political solidarity of labor? There remains a large doubt as to the league's ability to do for a genuine labor candidate what it has done for Roosevelt. It has run with the tide. It has championed a candidate who might have won without its help. Risking all for Roosevelt, it has not had the courage to test its strength by entering the Congressional jousts in truly non-partisan support of labor candidates, Republican, Democratic, Progressive, Independent, Socialist, Farmer-Labor, or Communist. The result is that, outside New York, it will be impossible to gauge the league's strength by the returns. Even in New York, where a league offshoot, the American Labor Party, will have a place on the ballot, it will be difficult to estimate the part that labor's vote has played in the campaign, for the American Labor Party has backed away from its early promise to enter its own Congressional and local candidates and offers to the electorate a ticket bearing the names of only Roosevelt and Lehman. It will be impossible to say that this or that Con-

gressional candidate was elected because labor wanted him and was voting in its own interest rather than in that of the party of Joe Robinson, Pat Harrison, Bilbo, Carter Glass, Curley, Copeland, Frank Hague, Pat Nash, Farley, Cummings, and Roosevelt. And why didn't the American Labor Party fill out its ticket and buck the major-party candidates in the Congressional districts of New York? Because it owed allegiance not to labor but to Roosevelt, and Roosevelt, doubting labor's political strength, preferred the support of the old-line machines, which might have been antagonized if his supporters in the American Labor Party had invaded their domains.

For the men and women who this year have deserted more progressive and radical causes to back Roosevelt as a necessary preventive of fascist reaction in this country, it must be a little disconcerting to discover Roosevelt's gang supporting the fascists in Spain. That is precisely what they are doing in distributing, under the imprimatur of the Democratic National Committee, thousands of copies of a recent radio address by the Reverend John A. Ryan. Father Ryan's speech was mainly a denunciation of Coughlin and a defense of the New Dealers against the charge that they are Communists, but in it he advocated the overthrow of the constitutional government of Spain. I seem to recall that about a year ago Mr. Roosevelt sent a thunderous note to Moscow merely because a citizen of the United States—not of the U. S. S. R.—had seemed to

advocate the overthrow of our government in a speech before the Comintern. In the present instance he has not, so far as can be learned, even sent a note of protest to Jim Farley. The American Friends of Spanish Democracy, under the chairmanship of Bishop Robert L. Paddock of New York, have just served upon both Roosevelt and Farley a demand that they disavow and repudiate Father Ryan's attack on the Spanish government and his expression of "unhesitating" preference for Italian fascism as against Russian communism. Various labor leaders supporting Roosevelt, including John L. Lewis, and a number of high Administration officials sought to have these passages cut from Father Ryan's address before it was delivered. They succeeded only in getting Father Ryan to change his preference from fascism in general to Italian fascism, barring Hitlerite fascism because of its anti-Semitism. Their second attempt, made after the speech had been delivered, succeeded only in getting Father Ryan to amplify his remarks for the reprints with an expression of opposition to totalitarian states in general. Incidentally, the speech itself, with its "Thank God, they [the Spanish fascists] now seem likely to be successful," was delivered under the auspices of the Good Neighbor League, set up with the financial aid of the Democratic National Committee to enlist for President Roosevelt the support of clergymen, educators, social workers, and pacifists.

Pennsylvania Hits the Roosevelt Trail

BY JESSE LAVENTHOL

Harrisburg, October 26

NOT since 1856, when Pennsylvania cast its electoral votes for James Buchanan, a native son, has the majority of its citizens supported a Democratic Presidential nominee. In that span of eighty years, marked simultaneously by the expansion of industry and the rise to political power of an industrial and financial oligarchy, the Pennsylvania record of straight Republicanism in national elections has been broken only once. Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 led Woodrow Wilson and William Howard Taft, although he polled a minority of the total votes cast.

Today the keystone of the G. O. P. arch, its mortar eroded by the election of a Democratic Governor and United States Senator two years ago, is on the verge of being torn loose. The temptations—and the risks—of political prophecy are normally great, particularly with regard to Pennsylvania, where skulduggery at the ballot-box has been for years a notorious and highly developed art. However, careful analysis of the registration and voting trends of recent years, the writer's personal knowledge of local situations and his contacts with voters who are not politicians, assays of public estimates and private admissions of leaders on both sides, all weighed together with

the results of so-called straw polls, justify the conclusion that President Roosevelt will carry Pennsylvania.

Not the least of the psychological elements contributing to the miraculous metamorphosis of Penn's Commonwealth is the conviction of the voter today that, at long last, he is somebody. Never has he been so wooed, cajoled, flattered. It is all delightfully intoxicating to one who in the not far distant past was accustomed to being almost completely ignored. In the days of unquestioned Republican dominance the Pennsylvania voter was solicited only at primary time. During Presidential campaigns he was virtually disregarded; Republicans took him for granted, and Democrats thought to notice him would be a waste of time. Today Pennsylvania voters have been visited by Messrs. Landon, Hoover, Coughlin, Smith—and Knox, several times—on behalf of the G. O. P. The Kansan, who formally opened his campaign in the West Middlesex village where he was born, will stop off at Philadelphia on his final tour. Mr. Roosevelt accepted the nomination at Philadelphia, made triumphal tours through the anthracite counties in the northeast and the neighborhood of Johnstown in the west as part of his "non-political" flood-control survey, and delivered an important campaign address at Pittsburgh. He too will probably return to Pennsylvania

before election. In the interim Governor George H. Earle, first Democratic Executive in more than forty years, is burning up the hustings at the head of an army of state leaders, federal Cabinet members, diplomatic officials, and outside Senators and Congressmen, pleading the New Deal cause.

The largest number of citizens in the state's history, approximately 4,900,000, have registered to vote. Complete official figures probably will not be available before Election Day, but returns from forty-seven of the sixty-seven counties indicate that the division of the total will approximate: Republicans, 2,750,000; Democrats, 1,900,000; with the remainder distributed among non-partisans and a half-dozen minor parties. For the Democrats this is an all-time peak, an increase of more than 1,000,000 since 1928 and 1932, of a half-million since 1934, when Governor Earle and Senator Guffey were elected, and of 200,000 over last year's local-election registration. For the Republicans their estimated total represents a loss of 100,000 since 1928, of 150,000 since 1932. It is an increase of about 125,000 since the fateful state election of two years ago and of slightly less than 120,000 over last year's figures. Obviously, the novelty of a strong minority challenging the supremacy of a party long in power has dispelled the lassitude of many citizens. This reawakening of the electorate proves that in the past their lack of interest was the meat upon which the Quay, Penrose, and Vare machines fed.

In this unprecedented roll of eligible voters the Republican registration lead has been cut from 2,000,000 in 1928 and 1932 and 1,200,000 in 1934 to about 650,000. In 1932, in spite of the imposing Republican predominance, Herbert Hoover's plurality over Roosevelt was only 157,592; in 1934 Earle beat former Attorney General William A. Schnader, the G. O. P. nominee, by 66,000. The Republicans contend that four years ago their showing was good in view of the tremendous anti-Hoover vote in the country generally; and that Earle two years later rode with Guffey the crest of a New Deal wave said to be now receding. On the other hand, Democratic partisans point to a constantly rising total of open adherents and maintain that if their cause were on the down-grade those persons who have heretofore been voting Democratic while registering Republican would hesitate to switch party labels.

As the total enrolment has increased, the Democratic vote has increased and the Republican vote has diminished. This is doubtless partly due to the fact, established by straw polls, that the bulk of young men and women just attaining their majority are supporting the New Deal. Census authorities estimate that about 750,000 have reached voting age in Pennsylvania since 1932. Of course, not all of these have registered, and if they had they would not account for the entire increase. There is the item of state patronage, of which there is a vast amount with more than 18,000 state employees, and there is federal patronage, which Senator Guffey as a practical politician does not overlook.

The abnormal disparity between party registration and the percentage of registration actually polled is being re-

duced as the voters tend to enrol under the banner of their true allegiance. Democratic candidates, garnering support in the opposition ranks, received votes 23 per cent, 50 per cent, and 5 per cent in excess of their party registration in 1928, 1932, and 1934 respectively. A vital question this year is whether or not this reserve has been liquidated. Republicans assert that registration today represents the true relative strength of the parties. In addition they charge that many WPA workers have been coerced into switching to the Democrats, and they hope that this alleged pressure has created a resentment among relief-project workers that will cause them to vote Republican. Democrats with equal assurance point to evidences of influence exercised by private employers to keep many workers unwillingly enlisted under the G. O. P. standard and count on an indefinite but apparently substantial number of these workers voting for Roosevelt.

Hot inter-party local fights in 1931 carried Republican enrolment to a record height of 2,963,738. The decline thereafter was steady to the lowest point of 2,624,386 in 1934, when the party lost control of the state government. Last year's slight upturn was the first in four years. Now another gradual advance has occurred. That a party out of power, with nothing in the way of patronage to offer its followers, should gain adherents is a matter that bears watching. The resurgence, if such the increase denotes, is not strong enough, however, to betoken more than a stimulated organizational activity that cannot bear fruit before the 1938 elections.

The indications are that Roosevelt will have a minimum net lead of 150,000 votes in the twenty-three counties west of the Alleghenies, most of it supplied in Pittsburgh and the five surrounding counties by the miners and the mill workers of that thickly populated bituminous and steel region. That lead will be increased in the anthracite fields and still further in a half-dozen traditionally Democratic eastern counties, which will emphasize their party loyalty more strongly than ever this year. The Republicans must offset this advantage, if they are to win, in the central rural counties, outside the Philadelphia line. The prospects are anything but bright that the G. O. P. can do it this year with the Democrats making inroads in those very counties in which their foes must make their best showing.

The President will lead the Democratic ticket, of course; the fate of many candidates will hinge on whether he wins a sweeping victory or runs a close race with Landon. The state legislature has been racked during the last two years by struggles between a Democratic House and a Republican Senate. Liberal social and labor measures passed by the lower branch under administration sponsorship have been killed as fast as they reached the Senate. Control of the latter body is almost certain to pass to the Democrats for the first time in a half-century since the hold-over half comprises sixteen Democrats and nine Republicans; the G. O. P., therefore, is concentrating on the lower house.

Congressional contests in the districts now represented by Dennis J. Driscoll and Patrick J. Boland are attracting national interest. Driscoll is the object of an open campaign of vengeance by the utilities, which are seeking his

scalp because of his exposé of their use of fake telegrams in the battle against the Holding Company Act. Senator Hugo Black, chairman of the committee which investigated the Hopson lobby, and Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas, co-sponsor of the Wheeler-Rayburn bill, are aiding Driscoll's campaign. Boland is a special target of Father Coughlin, whom he denounced on the floor of Congress during the feud between the priest and Representative O'Connor. Coughlin's invasion of Boland's district in the hard-coal region was followed by President Roosevelt's visit, during which he gave the Congressman the benefit of a public ride in the Presidential automobile.

Pennsylvania's Senate has long been notorious as a slaughter-house for progressive legislation. The election of the incumbent Governor was in part a protest against this record. But even in the last two sessions, minimum-wage, maximum-hour, railroad full-crew, and miners'-certificate bills have been ruthlessly killed. Measures to revamp an outmoded workmen's-compensation law so as to extend its benefits to victims of occupational diseases, to ban the hiring of deputy sheriffs by private companies, and to revise the state's archaic constitution have all met their end in this chamber. To top off the record the Senate majority killed the administration's bill qualifying the state to participate in the unemployment-insurance phase of the federal Social Security Act and setting up a co-ordinate state system out of taxes to be credited against the 1 per cent federal levy. As a result, no benefits will accrue to Pennsylvania workers from the proceeds of the \$23,000,000 in taxes which must be paid anyway.

The Pennsylvania branch of Labor's Non-Partisan League, headed by Patrick T. Fagan, western district presi-

dent of the United Mine Workers, is organized down to the last voting precinct in every one of the urban, industrialized counties. Its energetic campaign was one of the main factors in the increased Democratic enrolment. John A. Phillips, president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, is resident vice-chairman at the Capitol. The largest unions participating in the drive for Roosevelt are the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers. The Railroad brotherhoods have indorsed Roosevelt and are active in his behalf.

But after all, the weightiest Roosevelt argument is recovery, and it is the one which his opponents find it most difficult to gainsay. Federal and state reports show 3,064,000 wage-earners at work in Pennsylvania industries in September as against 2,342,000 in March, 1933, a reemployment record of 722,000 in the three-and-a-half-year interval. Relief rolls are shorter today than at any other time since the Pennsylvania Emergency Relief Board was established in September, 1932. This is due to rising private employment and a shift of employables to the WPA, which has more than 240,000 on its rolls and has expended \$195,000,000. Federal agencies, including the WPA, have expended approximately \$700,000,000 in Pennsylvania since 1932. These comprise all the emergency units such as the FERA, whose bounties to the state ceased last December, the CCC, with more than a score of camps in the state forests, the HOLC, the AAA, the NYA, the FHA, the RFC, and so on. Their expenditures have contributed indirectly to a huge rise in purchasing power, which is reflected in increased industrial activity and profits.

British Labor and World Crisis

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, October 13

I

TO SEE the Labor Party's conference at Edinburgh in proper perspective it is essential to remember the circumstances in which it was held. It was the first conference since the last general election in which the progress of the party toward power was definitely disappointing. It was the first conference, also, since the party had learned, from the Hoare-Laval conversations, what comes of an even conditional support for the National Government. It met after Nürnberg had shown decisively the will to war that is the foundation of Hitler's policy. It met while the fascist rebels in Spain, openly helped by Hitler and Mussolini, were multiplying successes against the Spanish workers, whom a policy of non-intervention, mainly due to Great Britain, had deprived of the arms to which they had a legal right. It met with the knowledge that the relentless pressure of Japanese imperialism on China had entered upon a new phase of insolent attack. It

met, also, when the future of the League of Nations was obviously dark even to the most ardent of its supporters.

Domestically, the situation was grave. Nothing had been done for the distressed areas. The tragedies of the means test were to be continued by the new Regulations. The greatest living authority on unemployment statistics—Sir William Beveridge—had just warned the country that a new depression was approaching. An Education Act had just been placed on the statute-book which every authority in the country had combined to denounce as evasive trickery. The armaments program had meant a boom on the Stock Exchange; but all over Great Britain, while wealth accumulated, men were decaying.

Such an atmosphere called for certain obvious things. (1) A clear lead was required. It was vital not merely for this country but for the whole world to know where the Labor Party stood on the vital issues of the day. (2) The maximum unity in the working-class movement was required. At this time of all times a movement so united that

it could take the offensive was essential. (3) Realism was required. The mind of the conference should have been directed not to the possible result of a general election three or four years hence but to the immediate shadow of war and fascism which now bestrides the world.

II

No one can say that these requirements were met at Edinburgh. The rearmament resolution was a muddled compromise. It meant one thing to Mr. Dalton, who moved it in a speech which seemed to imply full support for the government's program combined with contempt for its members. Mr. Morrison interpreted the resolution quite differently. Mr. Bevin protested against Mr. Morrison's interpretation. Both Mr. Lansbury and Lord Arnold pleaded for absolute pacifism; the latter seemed to speak as if Lord Beaverbrook were the one sane guide on international policy in a mad world. Lord Strabolgi explained that the National Government must be allowed to rearm now since a subsequent Labor government might need arms if and when it was in office; what this government would do with the arms before that time he did not think fit to inquire. No one, at the end, knew what the resolution meant. In a speech intended to bring clarity from confusion Mr. Atlee seemed to conclude that its meaning would later be decided by the parliamentary party when the House of Commons met.

The position on Spain was less muddled in result, though it showed weakness and hesitation. On Monday, despite bitter protests from the delegates, the block votes of the trade unions secured a big majority for non-intervention. On Wednesday the delegates heard from two Spanish comrades what non-intervention in fact meant. Mr. Atlee and Mr. Greenwood were then dispatched to London to consult with Mr. Chamberlain. As a result, the conference agreed on Friday that if the non-intervention agreement was found to be either ineffective or violated, the Spanish government should be given back its right to purchase arms. It should be said that all the evidence which produced the new decision on Friday was available to the conference when it took its first decision.

Three-quarters of the conference voted against the admission of the Communist Party to the ranks of Labor. The debate was farcical, and not even honestly so. It was deliberately closed by the executive, after some half-dozen speeches, on the pretext that the Spanish delegates must be heard. The arguments used for exclusion were pitiful. They were (1) that Communists are hypocritical in applying for application; (2) that they are too unimportant to risk alienating other parts of the electorate; (3) that, if admitted, they will swamp the party conferences; (4) that they believe in dictatorship and not in democracy as the Labor Party does; (5) that they are dominated by Moscow. A word on these arguments is desirable. On the first, Mr. Lawther reported the experience of the Miners' Federation in an exactly opposite sense; and many other organizations would speak—as they have resolved—in the same way. In any case, proof of the Communists' sincerity depends upon an attempt to work with them. The second and third arguments cancel each other; if the Com-

munist Party is so unimportant, how could it dominate the party? The fourth argument is a mere blind. The issue is deliberately framed so as to mislead. No Communist, to my knowledge, believes in dictatorship for its own sake. He argues that the capitalist class will overthrow democracy rather than accept socialism, and that a proletarian dictatorship will prove the necessary vehicle of capitalist defeat. The fifth objection seems to me more solidly grounded. I think the Communist Party's affiliation with the Third International is a definite stumbling-block unless the party agrees that, after admission to the Labor Party, it will accept the latter's decisions in preference to any made at Moscow. But I should myself hope that such an agreement would end the present divisions of the international working class and lead to the creation of that world united front that is now an urgent matter.

Closely related to the refusal to admit the Communists was the decision to reorganize the League of Youth. This was done to remove from the latter body certain members who, seemingly, were dissatisfied with executive policy and dared to criticize it emphatically. This was represented as disloyalty, and the officials will, accordingly, be able to produce a tame league responsive only to what the executive sees fit to indorse. This decision seems to me a disastrous one.

There is one other debate to which reference must be made—that on the distressed areas. Three resolutions directed attention to their special problems, and grim pictures were drawn of their citizens. The growth of malnutrition, the increase in maternal morbidity and tuberculosis were emphasized. But there was no response to the one concrete suggestion made—that the party should put all its weight behind the marchers from Jarrow. What moves the government is not investigation—we have had that almost to the point of nausea—but such a depth of public feeling that they become convinced that defeat is the consequence of inaction. I cannot discover in the conference resolutions one principle, one method, which will cause this government a moment's discomfort. Only profound national agitation can be effective in Whitehall; as I read the debate in Edinburgh, I could not but feel that this was an art the Labor Party had lost.

III

The leadership at Edinburgh was fumbling and incompetent. There was no sense of direction. There was no clarity of purpose. There was no message to the country which would convey a sense that a change in the constitution of the government would alter the perspective of affairs. Over it all there reigned a timidity grimly like that which proved the downfall of the two Labor governments. There was, above all, a lack of realism before the great events that confront us. For surely the experience of the post-war years has made certain propositions unmistakably clear. They are:

1. Capitalism and democracy are no longer compatible with each other. They are engaged in a death struggle. And the main factor in the defeat of democracy is a divided working class. Where this exists, capitalism is always in a position to take the offensive. Where it does so,

it is able to establish a dictatorship which can only be overthrown by revolutionary means.

What is the answer of the leaders of the Labor Party to this view? That we are not like the Germans? That was what the Germans said of Italian fascism. That a Labor victory at the polls would be a safeguard against capitalist attack? But, with the present temper of our leadership, what is the prospect of victory at the next election? And even if we won, are not the constitutional problems involved so delicate and dangerous as to risk all the fruits of victory? More, after Spain is it not clear that no reliance can be placed upon a governing class to accept the consequences of its defeat? Is there, in fact, any way to victory except a policy which, built upon a united Labor movement, meets the capitalist challenge with a full recognition of all it may involve?

The alternative is the acceptance of the theory of the "community consciousness" upon which MacDonald acted when he was Labor Prime Minister. It is a theory which involves cooperation with, instead of a break from, capitalism. It means an emphasis upon social reform—where this is financially feasible—to the exclusion of any Socialist measures which capitalism is unprepared to accept. And from it there emerges the certainty of another 1931.

2. The contradictions of capitalism mean imperialist war. This is plainly implicit in the policy of the fascist powers. It is futile to think that we can keep out of such a war. The only way to prevent it is by an alliance with those powers which have no interest in aggression and a warning to the fascist powers that any attempt on their part to change frontiers by force will be met with force on our part in concert with our allies. A British pact with France and Soviet Russia, which would be open to other powers similarly prepared to resist aggression, justifies rearmament against the menace of fascism. No other policy can justify it; for it is clear from the Sino-Japanese struggle and the Italo-Ethiopian conflict that the National Government is not prepared to take any action which may endanger the stability of the fascist powers.

3. To maintain the doctrine of non-intervention in Spain is indefensible. It is being violated every day by Germany, Italy, and Portugal. Its result is simply to reinforce the authority of fascism by persuading fascist nations that they can intrigue for the overthrow of any constitutional government so long as they threaten war. The Labor Party ought to be clear that our own fate, as well as that of France, is being decided on the battlefield of Spain. The victory of General Franco will bring a world war a long step nearer. His defeat will renew the prestige of constitutional government all over the world. The only way to bring about his defeat is to allow the Spanish government its right in international law to purchase arms. The denial of that right means surrender to the most dangerous maneuver the fascist powers have yet invented. For it is to allow them to finance and organize civil war in order to extend their empire over Western civilization.

This, let me add, is the only policy of collective security which has now any meaning. It is in full accord with the principles of the League. It recognizes—what is the fact—that the principles of the League have now no meaning for

the fascist powers. It emphasizes that aggression on their part will not take place against an isolated opponent but against the most highly equipped alliance that can be arrayed against them. Once they understand this, they will hesitate; and once they hesitate, the initiative in international policy will pass to the powers which have no interest in aggression. That will be the beginning of the end of fascism. It is therefore the duty of the Labor Party deliberately to inform the country that since fascism and peace are no longer compatible ideas, these are the principles upon which it is prepared to defend peace. And it is its duty to make it plain to the National Government that on any other principles its rearmament program will meet with unrelenting opposition from the forces of Labor.

IV

For anyone who realizes how vital is the time factor in the present juncture of affairs, Edinburgh is inevitably a disheartening experience. But the lesson from it is the need to redouble our efforts for unity and not to slacken them. There is plenty of evidence to show that the decisions made there are far from representing either the ideas or the mood of the rank and file. We must use the next twelve months to reshape the Labor Party into a fighting instrument of the working-class movement. But to do this, we must induce the party to adopt consciously a social philosophy which recognizes the nature of the battle in which we are engaged. Until the movement has such a philosophy it can adopt neither the strategy nor the tactics required by the situation. Its present drift arises precisely because such a social philosophy is absent. The leaders of the Labor Party think of themselves as an opposition which can inherit the mantle of office from the government in precisely the same way as the Conservatives used to inherit it from the Liberals. They forget that the classic form of representative government only worked in this country because Conservatives and Liberals alike accepted the private ownership of the means of production as the postulate upon which all their fundamental policies were built. The Labor Party rejects that postulate. Its accession to power would therefore raise problems for those who believe in capitalism different in kind from those to which we have been accustomed in the years since 1689. Either the Labor Party must adapt its technique to the faith it is supposed to hold or it must reveal itself for what it otherwise is—a revised form of the Liberal Party which wants larger social reforms in the periods of upward trend in the trade cycle. If it decides to be the latter, it is then clear that Socialists have no place in its membership. For socialism is a method of action as well as an ultimate goal; and its method of action is built upon the recognition that the historic mission of the working class is to capture the state and so end the private ownership of the means of production. The whole technique of socialism as a living philosophy flows from that pivotal insight. The lesson of Edinburgh is, I suggest, that we must either convert the Labor Party to its acceptance or, through new instruments, find the way to that goal which is now alone capable of giving mankind the peace and plenty which science has made the rightful heritage of our generation.

Europe's Fate and the French Front

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, October 17

AS I LEFT last May the memorable congress of the French Socialist Party at which Léon Blum's consent to form the government of the People's Front was approved, I confess that I was deeply moved. For thirty years—ever since I settled in Paris—I had followed the fortunes of the party and watched it gradually increasing in numbers and influence, and for several years I had been a member of it, and now at last it was taking office for the first time, not indeed in a Socialist government but as part of a coalition of all the forces of the left. The enthusiasm of that congress was infectious. In a remarkable speech free from rhetoric or demagoguery Blum had clearly exposed the situation. He had warned his fellow-Socialists not to expect too much from a government which would not be a Socialist government and would take office to carry out a program common to all the parties forming the People's Front, which was not and could not be a Socialist program. It was, he said, an experiment—a first and a last experiment. They were going to see whether it was possible to do anything in a capitalist society, since they were not yet in a position to destroy capitalism. If the experiment failed, he would come back and tell them so and it would be for them to draw the conclusions.

At the end of the speech, sober and intellectual as it was, the delegates rose to their feet and, with clenched fists raised, sang the International with an enthusiasm that brought tears to the eyes of some of us. As I walked away from the hall in which the congress was held with my old Communist friend, Charles Rappoport, we asked each other whether the experiment was likely to succeed. In every European country where the Socialist Party had been in office it had failed. Would the French Socialist Party stand the test? We both felt that there was reason to hope that it would. Now, less than five months later, the failure of the government of the People's Front is patent, and the People's Front itself is in danger of disruption. Perhaps it would have been different if the government had been a coalition of Socialists and Communists only. It is impossible to say, but it is certain that one of the causes of the failure is that from the first Léon Blum has had the Radical millstone round his neck. But for that, one can hardly believe that he would have damped down the extraordinary wave of revolutionary feeling that swept over France. That movement was not revolutionary in its aims, but its spirit and methods were revolutionary. It was, so to speak, a dress rehearsal, and it was above all a symptom of the change in the temper of the French people. Last winter France appeared to be under the domination of fear. In June the fear of Hitler had gone and the French people had recovered their self-respect and their

courage. The revolutionary spirit in France has never been pacifist.

It is in the domain of foreign policy that the failure of the government of the People's Front has been most conspicuous and disastrous. So far as foreign policy is concerned, it is the weakest and most incapable government that France has had since the war. Its foreign policy has followed the general lines of that of Laval, with all the worst elements in Laval's policy accentuated. And whereas Laval at least knew what he was doing, it is only too evident that the present French government do not know what they are doing or where they are being led. The British Foreign Office has them completely in tow, and the real Foreign Minister of France is Sir Robert Vansittart, who has discovered that when persuasion fails he can always get his way by bullying. The weakness of the French government has been particularly evident during the recent Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva. So much so that even members of the British delegation would have preferred at least a little more show of independence on the part of their victims. It is not pleasant for the British government to be saddled with all the responsibility for what is supposed to be a joint policy, nor is it to the interest of Great Britain that France should cease to count as a factor in European politics, as is actually the case. I deeply regret to have to say this, for I have known both Blum and Delbos for years, and for Blum, in particular, my feeling is one of affection.

No doubt the present French government came into a difficult heritage. The British policy of buying off gangster governments by concessions culminated in the capitulation to Hitler when he violated the Treaty of Locarno on March 7 and the capitulation to Mussolini in the Abyssinian affair. The blunder made by the Sarraut Cabinet in not mobilizing on March 7—it is now known that a French mobilization would have led to the immediate withdrawal of the German troops from the demilitarized zone—has had irrevocable consequences, but these also might have been averted. It may safely be said that had the present French government adopted from the first a firm policy towards Germany, France would not have lost Belgium and would not now be in danger of losing all her other Continental friends and allies. At the time of the Hoare-Laval plan (which was really the Vansittart plan) a representative of an Eastern European state allied to France—not Soviet Russia—said: "This plan suggests that England and France are afraid of Hitler and Mussolini. If that be so, we shall have to reconsider our position, for Germany and Italy will become the dominant powers on the Continent." The government that he represented is now reconsidering its position, and it is not the only one that is doing so.

After the visit of Léon Blum and Yvon Delbos to London in July, visitors to the Foreign Office were told, "We have never had to do with French ministers so easy to deal with." In London Blum and Delbos made the grievous mistake of agreeing to overlook Hitler's insulting refusal to reply to the British questions and of accepting the "Locarno" conference, although Hitler had made it plain that he would accept no settlement with France unless the Franco-Soviet pact were denounced. In my opinion, the "Locarno" conference is a trap laid for France by the British Foreign Office. When the conference meets, if it ever does meet, England, Germany, and Italy will join in bringing pressure on France to abandon the Franco-Soviet pact and give Hitler a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe—which is Sir Robert Vansittart's policy—and if the French refuse, they will be denounced as the obstacle to a Western agreement and a danger to peace. As Delbos, under the influence of the British Foreign Office and certain permanent officials of the Quai d'Orsay, in particular M. Massigli, has been won over to the Vansittart policy and has become definitely anti-Soviet, Blum will stand alone.

It was during the visit to London that the British government proposed the policy of "non-intervention" in Spain—that is, the policy of intervention against the Spanish government. Delbos was won over to it at once, but Blum was strongly opposed to it. Soon afterward the British Ambassador in Paris informed Blum that if Germany attacked France because the Spanish government obtained war material from France, the British government would not consider it an "unprovoked attack" within the meaning of the Treaty of Locarno and therefore would not go to the aid of France. Even this did not shake Blum, who must have recognized that the British government was bluffing. Apart from the extreme improbability of a German attack on France on such a pretext, the British government would always go to the aid of France in the event of a German invasion because it will never tolerate Germany at Calais. Between August 2 and August 8, however, the leading Radical members of the French Cabinet, including Delbos, Daladier, and Chautemps, threatened to resign unless France at once put an embargo on the export of arms and war material to Spain without even waiting for other countries to take the same course. Blum then yielded. Evidently he was in an extremely difficult position, for the resignation of the Radical ministers would probably have brought down the government. He appears to have thought that this would be a greater evil than the Spanish embargo. I cannot think that he was right. Apart from any considerations of loyalty and international solidarity, it cannot be doubted that we are faced with a new form of aggression. Instead of attacking Republican Spain from without, Hitler and Mussolini have adopted the method of attacking it from within by supporting insurrection and civil war. If they succeed in Spain, they will apply the same method in other countries, one after the other. Before long the British government may be joining with Germany and Italy in a "non-intervention" agreement concerning France, or Belgium, or some other country. Blum might perhaps have accepted the Radical resig-

nations, filled the places of the resigning ministers, and if he failed to get a majority in the Chamber, asked the consent of the Senate to a dissolution. Failing that consent, it might have been necessary to resort to unconstitutional methods, but it is at least possible that he could have detached enough Radicals from their party to keep a majority in the Chamber, especially if he had revealed the facts about the British pressure. It is time that such things were made public.

Flushed with their success in the matter of the Rhineland, the British forced the French to agree to the unconditional suppression of sanctions against Italy. Both the French and the Soviet governments had insisted that sanctions should be suppressed only on certain conditions, but the French had not the courage to stand out against British pressure and the Soviet government could not risk a breach with France. For that reason it agreed later, most unwillingly, to "non-intervention" in Spain. Next the British government imposed on the French the maneuver to exclude the Abyssinian delegation from the League Assembly on a legal technicality. The successful resistance, led by Litvinov, to the Anglo-French maneuver was the one redeeming feature of the most barren and discreditable Assembly in the history of the League. In this matter Eden played the clever game of keeping in the background and making the innocent Delbos do the dirty work. In a speech a few days ago Eden said that in the matter of Spain the British government had followed the "French initiative."

The French government had announced their intention of asking that the Commission for European Union should be convened in September during the session of the Assembly. The commission, which consists of all the European members of the League, would no doubt have discussed the question of a European pact of mutual assistance. For this reason the British government strongly objected to a meeting of the commission and once more the French gave way. The reason given by the British for preventing the Assembly from dealing with any question of importance was that any action by the Assembly might annoy Hitler and compromise the success of the "Locarno" conference. The French government do not appear to have recognized that this means that the British desire an arrangement of some sort with Hitler at all costs and are prepared, if necessary, to throw over the Covenant and the principles of the League to get it.

The situation is black indeed, and it may be too late to save it. I am inclined to think, however, that it could be saved if France had a government with a policy of its own, which refused to make any further concessions to Hitler or Mussolini and set about forming a combination of mutual defense against German aggression with or without England. There is little or no prospect of such a government. In my opinion, the greater part of the European continent will in about three years be either Communist or else under German domination, and the chances at present are two to one in favor of fascism and Hitler, thanks to the egoism and duplicity of the British government and the gullibility and helplessness of the government of the People's Front in France.

The General Staff Takes Charge

BY EDWARD ROBBIN

Redondo, Cal., October 15

MR. ARAM is a meticulously dressed, bald-headed, middle-aged man with a pince-nez. He is a prominent San José attorney whose clients have usually been prosperous farmers. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and he wears on his watch chain what appears to be the emblem of some high Masonic order. In short, Mr. Aram is a respected citizen in his community.

A month ago Mr. Aram received a telephone call from the California Federation of Labor. Would he represent certain strikers who had been arrested in Salinas on vagrancy charges? After some hesitation Mr. Aram said he would. He had never handled a labor case before.

When he arrived in Salinas he told the strike committee he was going to the City Hall to meet the chief of police and the sheriff. "The City Hall?" There were smiles. "If you want to see the chief of police and the sheriff you'll find them on the sixth floor of the Jeffery Hotel."

On the sixth floor of the Jeffery Hotel Mr. Aram found what I found there three weeks later. The chief of police was in one office, the inspector of the State Highway Patrol in the next. The third office was the office of the Growers' and Shippers' Association, and next to that was the office of the "Coordinating Committee," headquarters of Colonel H. R. Sanborn, editor of a little red-baiting paper called the *American Citizen* and recently in strike-breaking service in Seattle. (He had registered at the hotel five days before the strike under the name of Winters.)

Mr. Aram was present at the famous interview in which Colonel Sanborn announced to the press that he was in Salinas as "Coordinator of Law Enforcement Agencies," and explained that the agencies "coordinated" were the Police Department, the Sheriff's Office, and the State Highway Patrol of the three counties of San Benito, Santa Cruz, and Monterey. This Napoleonic gesture, however, was too much even for Salinas. The next day the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a conservative paper, printed an article headed "Sanborn's Statement to the Press—But Who Is Sanborn?" The Colonel quietly left Salinas three days later, to be supplanted by Chet Moore, whom the *Chronicle* later described as dictator of Salinas, but who knows how to keep his mouth shut. Chet Moore won his laurels in the San Joaquin strike.

What may be found today on the sixth floor of the Jeffery Hotel in Salinas, California, is perhaps the first open alliance in America of industry and government to crush civil rights. This is the definition of fascism. For twenty-nine days it has existed in an American city and evoked no real protests from the liberals of America. For twenty-nine days a "general staff" has openly ruled and terrorized the city.

On September 16 the Mayor of Salinas proclaimed the compulsory conscription for riot service of every able-bodied male in the county, including strikers. His proclamation read:

I command all able-bodied male citizens of Monterey County between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to report to my office to assist me in overcoming the resistance and to put down riot, and to assist me seizing, arresting, and confining the persons resisting, their aiders, and abettors.

What was the "resistance" for which Salinas mobilized every able-bodied male? All assembly of three or more persons on the streets of the city had already been forbidden. A United Press dispatch published on the following day stated:

Not a picket was in sight. They were not to be found at their union headquarters, at the Central Labor Temple, or on downtown streets and about packing plants. Police believed they were in their homes nursing their wounds after being driven through the city with tear and sulphur gas, beaten with clubs, and finally driven from their union hall by a terrific blast of tear and nauseating gas.

I met in Salinas an attorney by the name of George Pollock. He knows personally the shippers and growers of Salinas, belongs to their clubs, takes part in civic affairs. He served overseas in the war and is an officer of the American Legion. When he refused to serve in the strike-breakers' compulsory draft, his friends called him a "slacker," his bank credit tightened.

One lettuce shipper, the Tracy-Waldron Company, agreed to sign with the union. Almost immediately it found it could not buy ice even as far south as Los Angeles. Tracy-Waldron has since rejoined the united front with the other shippers.

There is no strike in Salinas. It is a lockout. The union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, has made no demand for increased wages or different working conditions. A day before the termination of their contract the employers posted a notice refusing collective bargaining. The notice announced that anyone who returned to work on the next day accepted the open-shop contract.

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles has openly raised a large sum of money and a corps of strike-breakers for use in labor disputes. Some of the smaller manufacturers have had to post a \$5,000 bond with the association, contracting not to bargain independently with unions. The nucleus of the vigilantes in Salinas is the Citizens' Association, organized six months before the strike in military fashion in corps and squads headed by officers. A similar Citizens' Association has been organized in every county in California.

A few days ago Mr. Aram sent the following telegram to William Green:

Sinclair Lewis should be informed it did happen here. It was directed from outside of Monterey County. It embraces all city departments. City police and state highway patrol are directed by a civilian committee acting as the provisional head of a dictatorship.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"**B**UT, my dear," said the Republican woman leader, who was entertaining unawares a Democratic wolf at her heavily laden lunch table, when that wolf had remarked she had yet to hear a Republican say a good word for Governor Landon and his campaigning, "you must not let that trouble you at all. The thing to do is not to think about Governor Landon, but to think how much you hate Franklin Roosevelt." This actual happening is characteristic of the Republican campaign. It has had nothing constructive to offer, and it has received no aid from the weakest candidate the Republicans ever put up for the highest office. We have had no sane and rational discussion of the principles of government or of the social and economic problems which confront not only the American Republic but the whole world. There has been no debate on the critical state of foreign affairs, no genuine discussion of whether the Constitution should or should not be modernized, no locking of horns on the exact relationship of the federal government to the juggernauts of business, or on what should be the status of labor in a modern state, or on what is the proper solution of our tariff follies. In other words, we have had no education in fundamental principles and far-reaching policies, but only hate, hysteria, bitterness, denunciations, counter-denunciations, and the false assertions by Republicans that our lives and liberties are in jeopardy. Mr. Roosevelt himself has given us scarcely a constructive thought, certainly not an intimation of what his program will be if he is reelected.

What the Roosevelt haters do not realize is that if their candidate should be chosen they might easily find themselves within a short time hating Landon almost as ardently as they hate Roosevelt. They would be the first to find him little, inadequate, and unsatisfactory—unless he wholly played their game, licked their boots, and filled their purses to overflowing. They do not realize the chance they are taking of giving us a man in the White House who would be utterly unequal to a serious international situation, such as the outbreak of war in the Orient. They would be bound to be angry with him because as President he could not undo 75 per cent of the Roosevelt New Deal—the New Deal he praised so unqualifiedly in 1933-34—if he would. He could not disavow the principles of the NRA—the abolition of child labor, the right of collective bargaining, the fixing of hours of labor and minimum wages, and the abolition of unfair and unethical trade practices. He could not reduce taxes rapidly or balance the budget at once, and he certainly could not get the needed moneys for the relief of the unemployed "out of the hides" of those who have exploited relief for their own or for political ends, as he said he would. At all times the Governor's thinking has betrayed a lack of grasp, a failure to

think things through, an absence of logic and depth, a smallness of stature which are nothing less than appalling as one tries to visualize him in the White House in this crisis of our and the world's history.

So the feeling that this campaign has all been shadow boxing, grossly artificial and apart from the realities of life, has stolen over me again and again. Have we not been marking time—precious time that ought to be utilized to the last second to clarify our national thinking, to put our national house in order, to speed up and reinvigorate the processes of democracy, and so to gird it to meet the approaching struggle with the forces of fascism and communism which seek to destroy it? It may well be that the absurd Republican slogan of "Life, Liberty, and Landon" may four years hence turn out to be apropos instead of ridiculous—without the Landon, of course. It may be that the 1940 campaign will mark a real showdown on the issue of who shall be the masters of America. Mr. Wilson in 1912 said the masters of America were "the captains of industry"—shall it be they or the plain people to whom he in his "New Freedom" days wished to return the country? A realization that the battle of 1936 dates back to 1908 and 1912 in historical continuity has been as lacking as any deep and constructive thinking.

I am not thinking merely that there may be a strong farmer-labor party in 1940 with the slogan of "Production for Use" and not profit, or that the Republicans will enter 1940 stripped of their incredibly anachronistic assumption that they, the defenders of reaction, special privileges, and great government-created riches, have suddenly become the champions of freedom and of liberty. What is coming is a vital struggle to preserve our institutions and our freedom from the very beneficiaries of our economic system who now portray themselves as the champions of liberty. Mr. Roosevelt has moved haltingly and inconsistently in the right direction, creating ideas which will carry farther than he has any thought they may. But he has not clarified the issues; he has not gone about saying: It matters not now what my mistakes, or the errors I admit. This is not the time to discuss whether I have gone too far here or not far enough there. This is the time to challenge the selfishness, the aggrandizement, the faithlessness of the controllers of great capital and the defenders of trusts and monopolies. This is the time to chart our course with all possible detail. This is the time to show the world not only that we are the masters of our own souls and destinies, but that we are prepared to bring democracy back to its original aims and ideals in America and to prove that it can easily surpass in its wisdom, its justice, its equality, its power for righteousness, and its humanity any system of dictatorship ever devised on earth.

BROUN'S PAGE

Roosevelt Shows Up the Press

IF Franklin Delano Roosevelt fails of election, every political reporter in America is a dunderhead, and I for one will seek the top of some tall cliff. And yet even if such an unfortunate thing comes to pass, the following statement will remain true. F. D. Roosevelt is the greatest politician this country has ever produced. His fifth cousin was a tyro in comparison and Alfred E. Smith a lisping lad.

Consider some of the factors with which the President has been compelled to contend from the beginning of the campaign. One of the principal handicaps has been absence of newspaper support. At least 85 per cent of the American press has been against Roosevelt, and it has actually been difficult for him to get a break even in the news columns. Two of the toughest spots have been Chicago and New England. The *Chicago Times*, which was a comparatively obscure tabloid until the present campaign, is the only Democratic paper in that city, and in New England the Republican line is practically unbroken save for a single Worcester paper. There must have been pressure from the early days of the campaign. Advisers said, "Mr. President, you'll have to come yourself and come soon or Massachusetts is lost."

The President's timing was more shrewd. He let the newspaper publishers have more rope. They proceeded to commit sins of inconceivable stupidity. Before Colonel Knox received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, many critics praised him for his editorial acumen in printing a piece by O'Brien, the columnist of the *Chicago Daily News*, in which Mr. O'Brien said that while his boss was a good newspaperman he would make a poor executive for the nation. But later Knox proceeded to show that he wasn't a very good newspaperman. His obvious role should have been to lean over backward in the news and editorial columns of his own paper. After all, the *Daily News* will still be appearing long after Colonel Knox's candidacy for the Vice-Presidency has been forgotten. But the campaign showed that the Colonel likes a joke on the next fellow better than one on himself.

Westbrook Pegler's column "Fair Enough" is the joint property of the *Chicago Daily News* and the Scripps-Howard papers. Lately it has been left out of the *Daily News* on several occasions. These were mostly on the afternoons when Peg had been speculating on the difficulty of finding Republicans dumb enough to bet on Landon and Knox. And every time a Pegler column was omitted, the *Chicago Times*, the enterprising tabloid, would pick it up and advertise "the Pegler column which Colonel Knox did not care to print."

Still more embarrassing was the slight blunder committed by Colonel McCormick's paper, the *Chicago Tribune*. President Roosevelt had finally called his shot

late in the campaign. "Now, I will go to Chicago," he had said. The part of good common journalistic sense would have been for the hostile press of Chicago to pretend to be good sportsmen and all that sort of thing. Colonels McCormick and Knox should have put on their uniforms and William Randolph Hearst his morning coat and proceeded to the station to welcome Roosevelt. They could readily have said, "We do not like his taxes, but he is still our President." They might have spread in eight-column headlines "Welcome President Roosevelt," and then when his little time was up they could have returned to the stuff about communism and the raw deal and the rest of the rot.

Somebody in the Birdie McCormick shop outsmarted himself. The chief exhibit on the first page of the *Tribune* showed a man sweeping up a lot of discarded Roosevelt buttons from the streets of Chicago. It was a bright young man from the *Times* who discovered that the sweeper in question had been paid twenty-five cents out of the McCormick largess to pose for the picture and that the buttons had been supplied from two paper bags borne by the *Chicago Tribune* representative. This was one of the chief factors in the booing of the press which took place that night as the President's parade swept through the city.

Out of their own physical images, out of rubbing elbows together, out of seeing their own mightiness, the people of Chicago learned that their newspapers were liars and panderers to petty propaganda. It was not true—that they could see with their own eyes—that Landon was sweeping the country like a prairie fire and that the voters of America were up in arms against the New Deal. And after taking his trip to Chicago and to Detroit, Franklin Delano Roosevelt invaded New England and went to places where his own lieutenants had expressed no hope. The genius of Roosevelt as a politician is that he can come much closer to predicting the size of the crowd in Waterbury than the local committeeman is capable of doing.

Naturally there were those who told him not to venture near Boston because he would challenge comparison with the Smith meeting of 1928 and bring Al's name even more definitely into the picture. Roosevelt took the rap and the risk. The biggest crowd any political meeting in America has ever known turned out for him. And this throng of more than a hundred thousand had not met up an alley but in the center of Boston Common. The thing had happened. It was palpable and not to be denied. Franklin Delano Roosevelt had gone over the heads of the headlines and back to the people.

Of course, some of it must be luck. The break he gets on weather suggests black magic. But was it luck, I wonder, or the inspiration of pure genius which so fixed things that Roosevelt came into Cambridge at dusk and was booed by Harvard snips after the workers of Massachusetts to the extent of a million had cheered him? That was a break.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Athenian Death

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

Born proud and fitful, hot and cold,
Suspicious as a king who sees
In every face unfaith unfold—
Born thus, bred in these qualities,
No wonder, turning, he again
Would turn to seek a steadfast lodgment
For love that was not peace, nor pain,
But a confusion past assuagement.

His was the equinoctial heart
Wherein untutored weathers veer
And random violences start:
Blank paroxysms of the year.
Or his the heart that knows no north,
Unpoled, pole-hungering, and spun
In aimless gyre, and little worth
To mark the sure direction.

His eyes pursued the flight of birds
Or read the horizon's hieroglyph;
Grudging as coin, his flattened words
Were paid for innocence, or if,
Unbound as grain, his kindness fell,
The ravening crow, his afterthought,
Revised the yearning furrow well;
And flattery rancor then unwrought.

He is not dead, for dying still,
Each day undoes the death fordone;
Nor living, for his unfed will
Refrains the sustenance of sun.
Young Lucifer! who daily falls
From glimmering pinnacles of light
And daily in the heart's four walls
Erects a hell in heaven's despite.

No traitor he! our brother yet,
So packed of truth and perfidy,
Of rage and charm, that we may get
Thus magnified and perfectly
Our image glassed in grander grace—
Bright parable of paradox.
And thus the passion of his face
Our secret secretly unlocks.

Under the starred and foreign sky,
After the spears made their carouse
And flame played only fitfully,
Timandra crept from out the house

To seek the wild one steel had tamed,
And weeping, held upon her knees
His head, whom men had always named
The clever *Alcibiades*.

Mr. Bates's Bible

THE BIBLE DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LIVING LITERATURE. The Old and New Testaments in the King James Version. Arranged and Edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

READING through the Bible from end to end, Mr. Bates has blue-penciled the passages that seemed to him readable or otherwise interesting from a literary point of view. He reprints them in ordinary book form in a beautiful large clear type and with a dignified page, arranging, among other things, to make the poetic elements in the famous anthology of Hebrew literature visible to the eye. He comes home with some 1,200 pages of "living" material, which he introduces by rapid, concise, and immensely suggestive digests of the results achieved by Biblical criticism during these last generations. The result is a Bible that people who have acquired some historical perspective will truly enjoy. Bible lovers will find their favorite passages, stories, poems, more easily here than in the usual editions of the complete Bible. Mr. Bates's featuring and headlining also call attention to many bits which I, for one, had never noticed before as specially beautiful or interesting.

This is not God's Bible. It belongs to Mr. Bates. On that score one wishes that Mr. Bates had given us more of himself. I miss, for instance, at the ends of his introductions, some indication of the literary fortune of this or that passage, which Mr. Bates, as one of the best-read literary historians who ever lived, could have given us out of his head. Deuteronomy is one of my favorite books, and I have read it many times, but not till the Blessing of Joseph was printed in just this way did I notice that the Praises of the Creatures of St. Francis was a paraphrase of it. Throwing out the prophets bodily as setting the worst literary and intellectual examples imaginable, with no great moral altitudes to compensate, and banishing with them the much overpraised book of Job, there would have been room for enough literary addenda to enhance the literary atmosphere of this Bible, which, at best, can never be the Bible of the pious.

Keeping still to Mr. Bates, who is the protagonist in this edition, leaving Jehovah and the others in very subordinate positions, one must rebuke him for quoting with admiration the inane fatuities of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch on the difficulties of reading the traditional Bible—one thinks of a line of Boileau which I am too polite to quote. Everybody knows that the difficulties people have in ever seeing what the Bible really says is due in the first instance to the cloud that hangs over it as a Holy Book; that historical training is prerequisite to full enjoyment of it as to the enjoyment of any ancient literature; that, at any rate, if the Gospels are "dead" literature when read in the order of Matthew-Mark, they do not become "living" when read in the order Mark-

Matthew; that if the spirited book of Esther is "dead" literature when read as history it does not come to life when it is called, unhistorically, "a tale." Which leads to a second rebuke: Mr. Bates should dust the literary genres out of his head as cobwebs hanging over from his days as a professor. If Job is a "drama," it is, apart from the prologue, a mighty dull show.

All the same, I like Mr. Bates's rearrangement for the very shock it gives one. It lends newness to these often jaded texts that may have become hackneyed by long repetition. The Bible will never be enjoyed till it is read as it is, quite free from those blinders of piety that the average reader is forced by a gigantic social pressure to wear. And one of the most effective ways to achieve that end is to produce a shock that will make readers rational or at least semi-rational. The rearrangement in this edition accomplishes just that.

This is Mr. Bates's Bible. It is not mine, altogether. Mine is a lot gayer. Is it not true that the folklore of all peoples of all ages, when it happens to be good, often if not usually has a definitely comic value? The comic in question is to be sure extrinsic—one sees from the outside a quality which the writer or story-teller is not conscious of himself. I will say nothing of the Pentateuch, which I reread at least once a year for the laughs, among other things, that it gives me—the scene where Moses and Jehovah stack the cards on a willing but stupid Pharaoh, the rage of Moses in breaking the first stone edition of the Decalogue when he tries to fool the Hebrews but finds he has been fooled by them; Moses's arraignment of Jehovah's administration during the depression at Sinai; Moses's marriage, in his dotage, to an Ethiopian and Miriam's attempt to base a coup d'état on the color issue. These for just a few among dozens! Or think of the paean the author of Proverbs raises to "A virtuous woman," for whom he outlines a twenty-four-hour work day while he sits in state among the elders in the market-place. The comic element in the Bible has been brought home even to our pious public in works like "Green Pastures." It has already had its literary consecration in the poems of such geniuses as Belli and Fucini. It is real. Mr. Bates for practical reasons saw fit not to feature it in this Bible. It would have seemed irreverent. But need one be so fussy if one is to knock the pious tradition sky-high by making the ghastly wreckage that the "higher" criticism has wrought as obtrusive and as palpable as it is made in this modernistic Bible?

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

The Poetry of Doom

ABSALOM, ABSALOM! By William Faulkner. Random House. \$2.50.

MUCH confusion will be saved if one applies to Mr. Faulkner's new book not the usual standards of the realistic novel but whatever standards we are accustomed to apply to lyric poetry of the most subjective sort. All writing is personal, to be sure, and in the last analysis so-called objective fiction represents just as temperamental a view of the facts as the frankest lyric. But in fiction usually there is some line of demarcation between the facts and the writer's vision of them, some pretense of establishing a norm or mean in their presentation. Leaving aside obvious examples of the realistic or documentary, we need only turn to such a work as "Wuthering Heights," which Mr. Faulkner's book helps us recall, to recognize how safely we are removed from the tempestuous center of feeling by the device of a narra-

tor who is a model of sober and balanced vision. Even in James, through his "frames" and his politely colloquial style, and in Proust, through his sustained abstract logic, we are permitted within the work itself something like a normal or social angle on the facts. Nothing so distracting is allowed us by Mr. Faulkner. From first to last we are plunged into the same world, and everything that we see and feel and think is saturated with the special atmosphere of this world. Through neither the form nor the style do we escape from the closed universe of his intensely personal vision. Despite the elaborate orchestration—the story is told through at least a half-dozen voices—the voice that we hear throughout is always the same. Whether it is Miss Rosa Coldfield, frustrated Southern belle of 1866, or Shrevlin McCannon, matter-of-fact Harvard undergraduate of 1910, rhythm and vocabulary are identical; all the characters have fallen under the influence of Mr. Faulkner's later prose style. As for the method of multiple point of view borrowed from James and Conrad, it has not here any real justification. It does not give us those contrasts of perception for which it was invented nor is it actually required for the order. At best it adds a little factitious intensity to a work already sufficiently fraught with intensity of the most genuine sort. The aggravating ventriloquism of method does not disguise the fact that everything in it is the product of the same unrelieved and unrelieving vision of existence.

Through the uniformity of his image-laden and mournfully cadenced style Mr. Faulkner gives most reason for being considered as a poet rather than as a novelist; but there is also the peculiar operation of his imagination. Given a view of living as "one constant and perpetual instant when the arras-veil before what-is-to-be hangs docile and even glad to the lightest naked thrust," he is more concerned with the potentials than with the actualities of experience. Life being a very bad dream in which anything might happen, his imagination posits isolated people, actions, gestures, even speeches, broods upon them until they take the full shape of his vision, and then attempts to relate them in some sort of pattern. The reader will be struck by the recurrence of phrases like "Just imagine," "Conceive only," "Listen," all springing from the passion to make us realize, in the most literal sense, the unique person or event. Young Tom Sutpen turned away from the front door by a Negro butler, Henry throwing the dead body of his sister's fiancée at her feet, old Tom Sutpen killed by a rusty scythe—each of these scenes is something separate, complete, and detachable. Each is a symbol of the same uniform vision. The work is put together not out of a logical sequence of such symbols, for the imagination does not recognize the pattern of logic, but according to order of ascending horror. Even to speak of pattern or order is perhaps inaccurate. It is rather the scale or gamut of all possible human misery and depravity.

Mr. Faulkner's imagination, that is to say, does not operate by filling in some design that has been constructed by the rational mind. It will be disappointing, for example, to try to discover in the career of Thomas Sutpen—who migrated from West Virginia by way of the West Indies to Mississippi, where he acquired a hundred miles of land and built an enormous mansion, only to be defeated in his effort to found a family by the intervention of the Civil War and bad luck with his sons—a demonstration of the social and economic contradictions of the Old South. Nor is it possible to stop at the explanation that his domestic troubles are all traceable to a social attitude that regards miscegenation as a more heinous crime than incest. Undoubtedly these circumstances of history and geography affect the form of the Sutpen saga, but its meaning will be

found in a much deeper and broader interpretation of life as a whole. According to this interpretation, everything that has happened could have happened anywhere else in the world. The little drop of Negro blood that runs through Sutpen's destiny becomes no more than the symbolical materialization of that irrational element which exists to thwart the most carefully planned designs of the human will. The ultimate cause of everything is that "sickness somewhere at the prime foundation of this factual scheme," that sickness inherent perhaps in the imagination itself which always sets before it more than it can ever accomplish and enjoy.

It is because of the depth and the scale and the cumulative grandeur with which Mr. Faulkner presents this intuition that his book seems not only the best that he has yet given us but one of the most formidable of our generation. His vision of existence, which is a product of temperament, will be ultimately accepted or rejected according to the temperament of the reader. But to reject the vision is not necessarily to reject the book. T. S. Eliot refers somewhere to the mark of the great poet as the ability to understand and communicate "the essential strength and weakness of the human soul." For most readers Mr. Faulkner will fail of this mark through giving us too much of the weakness and not nearly enough of the strength. Unquestionably, his book will suffer from the limitations of his vision. But there is also no question that it owes most of its astonishing qualities to these same limitations. It possesses the awful impressiveness that comes from exhausting any attitude or vision, however wrong and one-sided, of its last measure of intensity.

WILLIAM TROY

The Age of Animals

AUDUBON. By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THE story of Audubon has been told many times; and rightly so, since Americans in the century to come are likely to be as curious about it as they are about the stories of Washington and Lincoln, of Paul Revere and Daniel Boone. It is already one of the indispensable American myths, being first of all a success story on the grand scale and being in addition a symbol of our national Golden Age. Every author who touches John James Audubon shines with a certain light reflected forward from the time, now a little more than a century ago, when the continent basked in the white man's sunrise and a long-haired French youth could plunge through its forests with nothing but hope and glory in his eyes. The special virtue of Miss Rourke is that as a historian she has studied the sources of that light and knows how to stand where its rays will fall full upon her as she tells the story again. The title of her twelfth chapter is *In the Golden Age*, and the next to the last sentence of her book says of the light in Audubon's paintings that it is "always clear and cool, as though the world were seen in the early morning." She has written as much about the age as about the man.

This will account for the obvious fact that her narrative is less dramatic than it can legitimately be. She has not felt her hero with the intensity, for instance, which distinguished the recent biography of Audubon by Donald Culross Peattie. Whereas Mr. Peattie made a great deal of drama out of the famous meeting in Louisville between Audubon and his future rival, Alexander Wilson, Miss Rourke contents herself with noting in two pages that the episode occurred; and against Mr. Peattie's exciting account of Lucy's arrival in New Orleans to be once more with the husband for whom she had made so

many sacrifices there stand in Miss Rourke's book eight non-committal words: "The family was reunited, and this was happiness." For that matter she has toned down the sacrifices; to the extent at least of itemizing from a bill of sale in 1819 the handsome household goods with which the Audubons lived in Henderson, Kentucky, until their failure there. She can not be said to ignore any important incident in the biography, nor does she tell her story without skill. It is simply that her deepest interest is in the background: in the lingo which Audubon heard along the rivers and learned to use, in the folklore with which as a hunter he was invariably plied, in the songs and dances among whose rhythms he moved, in the tall tales and the practical jokes which he liked as well as anyone. She gives no more space to the meeting with Wilson in Louisville than to the great earthquake of 1811 which sank islands in the Mississippi and created lakes in western Tennessee. She makes the most of every possible encounter with Daniel Boone, because Boone too is background that cannot be slighted. And her portraits of places—New Orleans, Feliciana, Fatland Ford—are painted for their own sakes by one to whom every recoverable portion of early-nineteenth-century America is precious and must be preserved.

Her final triumph, however, is with the fauna of the time. The biographer of David Crockett, the historian of American humor, and the untiring student of our remotest folkways makes herself for the present purpose and for the time being a naturalist, a familiar on their own ground with the birds and quadrupeds of which Audubon's America was so full. It is as if she had decided that no living thing in such a world must be alien to her; and remembered that life for her hero was chiefly a matter of wings, a thunder of feet. Cataracts of birds pour through her pages, and the forest is alive with an army of animals; nor has she forgotten the jungle of flowers from which the painter selected sprays to perch his subjects upon. She has lavished upon the task, too, an exact learning; she does not let it go with a few patches of impressionism. She is always specific, always documented, and always interesting; as when, for example, she watches over Audubon's shoulder a snowy owl along the Ohio shore near Louisville:

Deep cavities or potholes lay among the shoals where fish found the shelter of calm water. Near these the owl was watching. Lying flat on a rock in midstream like a stealthy cat watching for a mouse, his body lengthwise, his head down but turned toward the water, he looked like a soft patch of snow and seemed asleep, but if a fish rose to the surface from the pothole, out went his barbed claw; he carried it away, devoured it, and came back. When one pothole failed to yield fish he slid over to another. He was joined without a rustle of sound by his mate in the pale early darkness. With the first streak of light they were lost like small white clouds in General Clark's woods.

Or as when she looks up with him at "some goshawks trailing a great crowd of swiftly flying pigeons over the Ohio":

Suddenly one of them turned aside to a flock of blackbirds, and the blackbirds swiftly closed together and were like a dusky ball passing through the air. The goshawk claimed four or five of them with ease, squeezed them, dropped them into the river. As the blackbirds reached dense woods they plunged, and the goshawk wheeled and dipped and picked up his prey from the surface of the water.

She has Audubon's own notes to guide her in many a passage of this sort. But it is plain that she has equipped herself to understand the notes, and as far as possible to see what Audubon saw. He saw "the primal natural world as part of our inheritance." She desires that we see it too; and has her desire.

MARK VAN DOREN

On Making War

HOW TO RUN A WAR. By Bruce Winton Knight. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THIS book is not meant for readers of *The Nation*. It is directed to the Upper Classes, and Mr. Knight makes it very clear that such persons as ministers, university professors, and the like are not included in this group, no matter how much they may delude themselves into thinking that they are. Moreover, with an eye to reaching the truly elite, it is written in a primer-like style which would be scorned by the sophisticated readers of this magazine.

One would suspect that Mr. Knight had read Newton D. Baker's recent article in *Foreign Affairs* on how we got into the last war and had decided that the whole affair had been bungled badly. Abhorring inefficiency, he has set forth in simplest terms detailed rules not only for getting into war but for killing the greatest number of people, including your own countrymen, as expeditiously as possible. In this respect the book is infinitely superior to Moss's "Military Manual," and should be compulsory reading for all Veterans of Future Wars. A Congressional appropriation for putting the book in the hands of every schoolboy might easily yield a greater loss of life per dollar expended than the millions now wasted on naval vessels which will be obsolete before they are launched.

Although perhaps it is indiscreet to reveal the book's contents to persons who really have nothing to do with starting wars, something of its nature may be garnered from its chapter headings. There are sections on How to Start, How to Intervene, How to Balance Power, How to Get in Somebody Else's War, How to Lie for Your Country, How to Stir Up the Animals, How to Keep Them Mad, The General Principles of Killing, How to Kill Soldiers, How to Fix the Pacifists, How to Practice Internationalism, How to Make the Enemy Pay for It, and How to Compute the Dividends.

Unlike most volumes written exclusively for the Upper Classes, Mr. Knight's book represents a thorough and commendable research job. While there are few facts which have not appeared elsewhere, there is also little of the science of starting, organizing, and preserving war which does not appear in this little volume. If it had been available a few years ago, the Nye committee and the various commissions for Improving the National Defense might have been saved a lot of unnecessary labor.

Not until the final chapter—the author assumes a great deal regarding the sustained literacy of the Upper Classes—is there any intimation that war may not be all milk and honey for its initiators. Then there is a vague suggestion that the final outcome of the war cycle is revolution, an idea which is not likely to appeal too strongly to those who are surest about the many virtues developed by a good international scrap. Yet the chances that this minor handicap will dissuade any enthusiastic member of the Liberty League from pursuing policies that will lead to war are exceedingly slim. The author suggests that there are four ways to stop war: (1) a growth of pacifist sentiment that would frighten the politicians, (2) a strong League of Nations, (3) a more even distribution of wealth, (4) more knowledge regarding the actual character of war—"because men are not by nature fools." But is there any danger that the Men Who Count will espouse any of these four causes?

Possibly the first step toward carrying out the fourth of these suggestions would be for a few of the 125,999,950

Americans who are not members of the select circle to go to the nearest bookstore and steal a few paragraphs from the book when the clerk's back is turned.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

An American Dictionary

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Edited by Sir William Craigie and James R. Hulbert. *PART I, A-BAGGAGE.* University of Chicago Press. \$4; \$75 for 20 parts.

READING page by page the first fascicle of the "Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles," one realizes gradually that the work before him is not only a great achievement in lexicography but one of the most memorable of all American books. Because it will be published in parts over a period of several years and, when completed, will be rather expensive for private purses—at least, if paid for in one fell swoop—there is some danger that it will be relegated to the reference alcoves of public or institutional libraries, there to be consulted occasionally in elucidation of some obscure term or to be studied once in a decade by some stray specialist in Americanisms. That would be a dismal career for a book that ought to be accessible and familiar to every American who desires to come into full possession of his own language and to understand the cultural history of his country.

Strong words about a mere dictionary, and ridiculously inapplicable if Sir William Craigie and his staff had been content to compile a bulkier rival to the several good dictionaries already available. What they have done is something very different. Avoiding so far as possible the duplication of previous work, they have endeavored chiefly to exhibit clearly "those features by which the English of the American colonies and the United States is distinguished from that of England and the rest of the English-speaking world." They have included, however, "not only words or phrases which are clearly or apparently of American origin, or have greater currency here than elsewhere, but also every word denoting something which has a real connection with the development of the country and the history of its people." To gather the materials for their work the editors have conducted an unparalleled ransacking of the national library, not neglecting manuscript diaries and records. Even Mr. Craigie, veteran of two great dictionaries, seems to have been astonished at the mass of evidence that had to be collected and presented, and users of the dictionary will share his wonder. They will share also what must surely be his delight in his accomplishment, for this first fascicle promises that the completed dictionary will illustrate three centuries of linguistic and cultural development with an amplitude and a richness of detail hitherto unrealized. No other dictionary now existing is so continuously readable, so brimful of the life of the nation whose language it registers, or so brilliantly exemplifies the intimate relation of language and society. Consider what compact monographs on American life are the articles in the first instalment on *apple*, *anti*, and *back*, together with their various compounds.

Sir William Craigie and his staff, assisted by a number of volunteer helpers, have been at work on the dictionary for eleven years, and it may take as many more to bring their task to completion. The General Education Board has borne most of the cost of the enterprise, to which the University of Chicago and the American Council of Learned Societies have also contributed substantially. They have thus rendered a lasting service to American culture.

GEORGE GENZMER

Melodramatic Mexico

THE STONES AWAKE: A NOVEL OF MEXICO. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

UNLIKE his first novel, "Black River," in which he told in the guise of fiction the story of Tampico's rape, Carleton Beals's second novel of Mexico lacks the authenticity and the weight of an exposé. It is a novel merely, and in it there are no new facts, no new interpretations to counter-balance Mr. Beals's considerable deficiencies as an artist. Even so, it is a sincere and laborious attempt to retell, in terms of the individuals who have helped to shape it, the history of Mexico from the Maderist revolt to the regime of Lázaro Cárdenas. It is full of revolutionary violence and surface detail. And it is profoundly sympathetic. But more than that one cannot say, for the crudities of its cliché-ridden style crop up with such regularity that one can't remain less than hyper-critical throughout. When such phrases as "ill-gotten money," "hale and hearty," "happy as a bird," "raving mad," fail to suffice him, Mr. Beals lapses into intolerable tropes of his own, like "ham-shaped lips," "lemon-squeezed expression," or cliché-combinations which are even worse.

Behind the slovenly writing, of course, there is a compelling story. But it is compelling only as Mexico's metamorphosis is compelling, and not because of Mr. Beals. One reads on in it, despite his writing, because of his superior knowledge of his subject. In the character of Esperanza Huitrón, the daughter of Indian peons, Beals takes one briefly through the sadistic feudalism that raped, stole, flogged its way to the inevitable uprising of Esperanza's class under the aristocrat-idealist, Francisco Madero. Luis, Esperanza's lover, escapes from the hacienda to join Zapata in the south; her brother José escapes to join Villa in the north. Thus a complex setting is arranged in order that Esperanza can be made to witness the betrayal of the bourgeois revolt, and the venal succession of Huerta, Carranza, Calles, Gil, Rubio, up to the pseudo-socialism under Cárdenas.

The bulk of Esperanza's experience can be found in Beals's own book "Mexican Maze," and the rest of it in the writings of Grüening, Brenner, Gamio, and Tannenbaum. Willy-nilly, Esperanza, illiterate though beautiful *india* that she is, is made to come in contact with the decadence of Mexican officialdom and the gringo influx, and finally, by means of her life with David Muñoz, a painter, she is brought into the very center of the revolutionary artists' movement led by Siquieros and Orozco. Hardly an exploitable incident in Beals's own life has been overlooked, nor a single historic figure. Only twice is Esperanza's story really credible: once, when after Luis's death she labors in a soap works until a disastrous strike; then, when she returns to Milpa Verde at Popocatepetl's foot to assist her brother in founding a public school against the sabotage of priests and *hacendados*. Both sequences are carried along, simply and accurately, by the force of their dramatic content. The rest of Esperanza's life, unhappily, is quite unreal, and is held together mainly by Beals's excessive use of the melodramatic crutches of coincidence, hatred, lust, murder, and infidelity.

To be forced to condemn so completely a work of a writer with whose intent one sympathizes wholly is a hapless task; and for this reason one may beg to hazard a single extraneous thesis: that the novel is not the medium for Mr. Beals's synthesis of Mexico's tumult, but that the sketchbook is; and that therefore he should waste no further energy on a medium beyond his ken but return to the hodge-podge impressionistic

stuff of "Mexican Maze" and fashion a surface study of life under the Six-Year Plan of President Cárdenas. It is a task that needs doing, and there is no one better equipped to do it than Mr. Beals.

LEIGH WHITE

A Great Poet Lost and Regained

THE WORKS OF BEDDOES. Edited by H. W. Donner. Oxford University Press. \$5.

THE BROWNING BOX. Edited by H. W. Donner. Oxford University Press. \$5.

READERS of anthologies know Beddoes exclusively by his song—"If there were dreams to sell, what would you buy?" Readers of detective stories who have come across Dorothy Sayers's "Have-His-Carcass" know Beddoes rather better. They know at least that he wrote something called "Death's Jest Book," from which she culled the powerful lines prefixed to each of her chapters. Now that H. W. Donner has edited and published the complete "Works of Beddoes," ignorance or casual acquaintance will no longer be excusable for those who pride themselves on a knowledge of the great English poets or take pleasure in reading them. For Donner's work of editing, his life of the poet, and his publication of letters by Browning and others regarding the man and his work leave no doubt that here is an outstanding master of English verse who has been overlooked for a mere century or so.

One of the reasons for that neglect is that Beddoes was much more than a poet, or at least, many other things. In fact, except for some juvenile publications, he never was a professional poet at all. He was a physician like his distinguished father, a resident of Germany, a pamphleteer on behalf of political freedom in Central Europe, an interpreter of German culture to his English friends, a letter-writer of transcendent power, a translator of scientific works, a student and critic of the English drama, and finally a suicide. His finest work was published posthumously and partially in 1850 and 1851, and from that time to the days of Mr. Donner he has been at the mercy of editors who, careless or over-fastidious, have never got round to doing their subject justice.

Yet it does not seem very difficult for the present generation to understand Beddoes or to carve him an ample niche by the side of Byron, Shelley, Schiller, Goethe, Hugo, Pushkin, and Leopardi. He belongs to that company, both by temperament and by achievement, despite the false appearance of fragmentariness that a hasty glance at his work is likely to discover. The conventional attitude has been to call him a belated Elizabethan dramatist and to point to "Death's Jest Book" as a proof that he lacked constructive power, that he was in short a gifted amateur or even a genius *manqué*. Another way of reading the evidence commends itself as more critical. "Death's Jest Book" is a seemingly shapeless mass, not because it is unfinished, but because it is, as a creation, boundless. A poet with a limited imagination would have polished off his five acts and been done with it. When Beddoes died at the age of forty-six, he had written enough for three plays on the one theme and had still not exhausted his inspiration within the limits of his original conception. It is precisely the process Goethe exemplifies in Faust, with nearly forty years more of meditation and accumulation, and it is one characteristic of the romanticist productive power. It creates by addition rather than by whittling; which does not in the least mean that Beddoes—or Goethe—was not self-critical. The contents of the famous "Browning Box" show the endless pains Beddoes took with his lines, until he achieved what many of the younger

English and American poets are coming to consider one of the notable contributions to English verse forms—the Beddoesian blank verse. Steeped as he was in the Elizabethans, he nevertheless does not echo their music. Milton's, Blake's, and Shelley's are equally distant from his; so that standing alone on his own summit he justifies the appellation of great English poet.

The history of these poems since the death of Beddoes is an involved but exciting tale of mischance and miracle—from their custody in the hands of Beddoes's devoted friend Kelsall to the prudish treatment of Robert Browning (who gave up all interest in Beddoes on learning that he had committed suicide) and thence to the incompetent and patronizing paws of Sir Edmund Gosse, who fastened gratuitously upon the poet the character of homosexual by altering the text of his letters. As usual, the Germans began the work of rehabilitation, Dr. Alwin Feller having as early as 1914 denounced the spurious golden eggs that Sir Edmund was laying in successive partial editions of the poet's remains. Finally, Oxford, Beddoes's Alma Mater, came to the rescue and through Mr. Donner and the University Press has furnished us with the two volumes under review. They supersede all previous editions and lives and invalidate almost all former critical opinions.

One interesting essay, published some years ago by J. A. Ogdon in "Life and Letters" but not mentioned by Mr. Donner, makes a point that deserves notice, for it is likely to arise again and again. Mr. Ogdon drew a parallel between Beddoes, Berlioz, and Poe as romanticist artists fascinated by the theme of love and death. It is of course a plausible analogy, though one should include Heine—and Hardy—but it really carries little weight. Striking as the macabre may be in the work of the three romanticists, it bears only a minor and varying proportion to the rest of their work. To take Beddoes alone, Ogdon's suggestion amounts to mistaking a recurrent mood for a limiting obsession. Beddoes could and did write of smiling nature, of calm contemplation, and of almost all the gentler "normal" feelings. He wrote love lyrics that were not sardonic, and he indited two of the funniest poems in the language—*The Oviparous Tailor* and *The New Cecilia*. His letters reveal a balanced variety of moods, and if the penultimate note struck in them was gloomy ("I am food for what I am good for—worms") it was the clear gloom of the stoic who knew himself and the world, though he obviously did not know that the best part of him was only then beginning the long road to earthly immortality.

JACQUES BARZUN

Shorter Notices

THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES: AN ENGLISH VERSION. By Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.25.

Messrs. Fitts and Fitzgerald have put the "Alcestis" into English in such a way as to convey both its poetic and its dramatic qualities. This is a translation in the best sense of the word, namely, a rendering of the "emotional and sensible meanings" of the original, with a necessary but not ruthless disregard of literal accuracy. The sonority of Euripidean Greek could not, of course, be plausibly reproduced throughout in contemporary English; and the young American poets have used free but controlled cadences which, by hinting at the Greek meters, recreate the original more faithfully than the Swinburnean anapests and mock-heroic blank verse so dear to aca-

demic translators. The simple dignity of the version is well exemplified in these lines:

My mother was cursed the night she bore me,
And I am faint with envy of all the dead:
How clean they are, who are out of life forever!
They are beautiful, and I would be with them.

One of the richest of ancient works of literature in psychological analysis, the "Alcestis" is a play that should readily appeal to a contemporary audience; and it is matter for rejoicing that it has at last been made available for the modern stage.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN. By Martha Gellhorn, With a Preface by H. G. Wells. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

Miss Gellhorn spent a number of months as an investigator for the Federal Relief Administration. She saw men and women who were the recipients of the government's bounty, or who needed such bounty and could not get it. Her stories are all about people in that lower fringe of society where there is no guaranty of something to eat or a place to sleep, where heaven on earth means simply a job, at any wage so long as it is paid regularly. Except for an occasional lapse into sentimentality, Miss Gellhorn writes soberly of people who are credibly honest and industrious. They not only want to work but they must work to keep themselves sane. Her most successful story is the last, the record of a ten-year-old girl who, given a toothbrush as a prize for orderly work at school, had to have toothpaste to go with it. Ruby wanted roller skates, too, and a can of peaches for her mother, to supplement the three dollars a week for food that the city allowed. Without knowing what she was doing, she followed the oldest profession of women because that was the only way she could get fifty cents. Miss Gellhorn is wise enough not to put her pity for Ruby into words, with the result that the child's tragedy is altogether pitiful and convincing.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

U. S. CAMERA 1936. Edited by T. J. Maloney. William Morrow and Company, \$2.90.

This is the second annual issue of a volume modeled in physical form and in intention on the well-known French volume "Photographie." Many of the best-known as well as various less prominent American photographers are represented in well-reproduced plates, and by way of introduction there is an amusing squib on the divagations of the aestheticians of photography. Wisely the editor is committed to no theories and has gathered a riotous collection of pictures varying all the way from the conventional to the merely fantastic. Though solemnly debated for nearly a hundred years now, the question whether or not photography is an art is still really beside the point. The indubitable fact remains that people like pictures, and that photography has given them various kinds produced in no other medium. Just what is left after one has discounted the pretty-pretty on the one hand and the merely astonishing on the other may be still an open question, but the best way to settle it is to let the camera men do whatever they like. At the present moment they are very actively doing it. J. W. K.

THE LAST ENEMY. A STUDY OF YOUTH. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Mr. Strong has taken the title of his new novel from I Corinthians xv: 26, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." The scene is a boys' school in England and the hero is a young master there—a very young master—whose

experiences alternate between the realism of conversations which he overhears at Oxford about the recent war and the rather delicate hallucinations of his private mind, particularly on the subjects of death and survival after death. The novel is better than ordinary, but it would be still better if Mr. Strong had found a way to unify it. There is too much distance between the hardness of the war talk and the softness of the death theme; the first runs off into brutal hysteria and the second into something that sounds like spirit meetings. It is unlikely, however, that the demoralization of Oxford during war time will ever need to be "done" again; or that any reader will forget the Walpurgisnacht in which a dozen drunken students curse everything, including one another. M. V. D.

DRAMA

What's Hecuba to Him?

THE production which has been given to "Daughters of Atreus" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) is a good deal less than satisfactory. Upon that point there can hardly be two opinions, and under the circumstances the fact is hardly a cause for surprise. No one knows precisely how such a play should be acted or directed because no one in the contemporary theater has had much opportunity to learn, and it is hardly to be expected that a style, harmonious and complete, should be brought to perfection during a three weeks' rehearsal. The play will never be given the production it really deserves until that time comes—if it ever does—when this particular kind of formalized dignity and this particular sort of more-than-human passion are as genuine a part of our theatrical tradition as realism now is.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that we shall not only do wrong to all concerned but cheat ourselves as well if we fail to realize that here is one of the most extraordinary American plays of a generation. Her heavy accent may mar the otherwise often impressive performance of the German actress Eleonora Mendelssohn, who plays Klytaimnestra; Joanna Roos, as Elektra, may seem somewhat lacking in force during the early scenes, even though she is, I think, very fine indeed in the last one. But that is not the point. The point is that even at its worst the production is not so opaque as to prevent the beauty, the originality, and the power of the play from coming through. Robert Turney, a young and hitherto unknown writer, has achieved a near-miracle: without outwardly spectacular innovations he has retold the whole familiar story from the sacrifice of Iphigeneia to the murder of Klytaimnestra in some fashion which makes it seem both old as time and fresh as the moment in which it is unrolled.

The intention of Mr. Turney's play is exactly opposite to that of "Mourning Becomes Electra." O'Neill, if I understand him aright, undertook the most drastic possible transmutation of the story because he wanted to show, not that Greek culture was still alive, but that we ourselves were capable of giving our own meaning to a series of events which, so far as the mere events themselves are concerned, might take place in any civilization. Mr. Turney, on the other hand, aims at something quite different. He modernizes only to the extent of shifting emphasis somewhat so that more stress is laid upon motive and also slightly more, perhaps, on something which I believe is fully implicit in some of the Greek versions

SEX

TECHNIQUE

in MARRIAGE

By
ISABEL
EMSLIE
HUTTON, M.B.,
Ch.B., M.D.

Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London
Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.
Former Commissioner of Education,
N. Y. C.

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with
EXPLANATORY
DIAGRAMS

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Necessary Sex Knowledge—Sex Freedom Before Marriage for the Man; For the Woman—Sex Instinct in Men and Women Contrasted—Implications of Courtship—Hereditary Factors—The Age Factor—Indications of Sexual Incompatibility—The Neurotic Temperament in Marriage.

FIRST SEX ACT

Analysis of Sexual Intercourse—Preliminary Love Play—Overcoming Mental Obstacles—Pain—Early Intercourse—The Fatigue Factor—The Husband's Part—The Wife's Part—Methods of Sexual Stimulation—The Active vs. the Passive Wife—Nervous Shock of First Intercourse—Temporary Impotence—Simultaneous Climax; How Produced.

THE SEX ORGANS

Knowledge of Male and Female Organs Essential to Both Husband and Wife—"Fitting"—Anatomy of Sex Organs—Hygiene of Sex Organs—How Fertilization Takes Place.

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IN MARRIAGE

The Arts of Love—Timing—Impotence During Marriage—Sexual Cooperation—Influence of Age, Sexual Instinct and Health—Sexual Adjustment—Sex Errors—Sexual Rhythm—Frequency of Intercourse—Positions in Intercourse; when Variations are Indicated—Sexual Starvation—The Unsatisfied Wife—Prelude to Sex; Love Play—Sex Life During Pregnancy; after Childbirth.

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BIRTH

CONTROL

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IT comes as a startling fact to many couples who THINK they are well-informed, that they ARE in REALITY, AMAZINGLY IGNORANT OF THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE. "When no trouble is taken to learn how to make sexual intercourse harmonious and happy, a variety of complications arise. Very often wives remain sexually unawakened, and therefore inclined to dislike sexual intercourse. When that happens, husbands do not experience what they long for, and are apt to be sexually starved. Neither husbands nor wives on these terms attain to harmony, and the result is nervous ill-health. . . The cause of all this is not want of love. It is want of knowledge."—A. H. Gray, M.A., D.D.

"FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of "the bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. In THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

WHILE completely frank, Dr. Hutton handles the subject with excellent taste, and, as the American Medical Association says, "with good judgment as to what constitutes general medical opinion."

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—namely, the essential conflict between dominant *mores* which enforced the duty of revenge and a growing sense of the evil of a code which did so. But he departs from tradition no farther for the very reason that his intention is the antithesis of O'Neill's, that instead of setting our culture against the culture of the Greeks, he assumes for the latter a still living vitality. Paraphrasing Hamlet's question, he asks, "What's Electra to us or we to her?" And he answers in a fashion which is somehow convincing, "Almost everything."

Why this should be, how a legend which was already archaic twenty-five hundred years ago when Sophocles and Euripides wrote their versions can be so moving today, I do not know. Perhaps it is because the childhood of Greece is our childhood in a sense more real than we, our understandings blunted by ten thousand fatuous repetitions of the fact, are aware. Perhaps because, for that reason, the emotional conflicts embodied in its legends are fundamental to us and find more satisfactory solutions as well as a clearer expression in them than in any later or more sophisticated story. But whatever the reasons, the fact remains that "Daughters of Atreus" is amazing in two respects.

For one thing it is astonishingly effective both as drama and as theater. The last scene, in which the aging Klytaimnestra, weary of life and weary, above everything else, of the effort to keep herself going on the bloody passion which has been the mainspring of her life, finds herself in this mood suddenly faced with Elektra and Orestes, both full of all that she is done with and ready to begin all over again that tale of woe which she thought lived out, is as moving as any I can remember in the modern theater. The speech in which she implores them to spare her, not for her sake but for theirs, is magnificent in itself but doubly so when it falls, as we know it does, upon the deaf ears of those who can only learn for themselves what Klytaimnestra cannot teach them. Each of the three acts has a climax almost as powerful, and yet I am not sure that this dramatic effectiveness considered merely by itself is as remarkable as the fact, mentioned above, that the whole seems so relevant in meaning and so immediate in its emotional appeal. I should hardly have supposed it possible that so old a tale could be retold with so little obvious reworking and yet again be felt through with such unmistakable freshness. It is seldom that I am moved in the theater as on this occasion I was.

Mr. Turney's chances for a "run" are, I am afraid, dubious at best. No such fears need be felt for Jacques Deval, whose "Tovarich" (Plymouth Theater) is undoubtedly set to repeat its European success. The reasons are obvious, for the little farce about two exiled members of the old Russian nobility who go into domestic service in Paris is staged in Gilbert Miller's best manner. It is also bright, high-spirited, and frequently very amusing, though I must admit that its sentimental passages left me slightly unhappy. "Iron Men" (Longacre Theater) is a slow-moving and all too obvious play about a certain gang of structural steel workers who appear as modern versions of the Three Musketeers. Probably it would never have been produced at all had not Norman Bel Geddes seen the opportunity it afforded him to set a skyscraper a-building upon his stage. Literal reproduction of a scene could hardly go farther, and in the very midst of the depression it might have drawn crowds anxious not to forget what the thing was like. Surely, however, some buildings are going up now, and the spectacle at the Longacre affords little that cannot be observed from a well-chosen position on the curb. Besides, I always thought that excavations drew even larger crowds.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

COLUMBIA is re-pressing in a new series and at a higher price foreign records of special distinction, including some originally issued by subscription. The idea is excellent, and so is the beginning: an abbreviated version of Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice" sung in French by Alice Raveau, contralto (Orpheus), Germaine Feraldy, soprano (Eurydice), Jany Delille, soprano (Eros and a Happy Spirit), the D'Alexis Vlassoff Russian Choir, with the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris conducted by Henri Tomasi. The performance is not without its occasional flaws, which are heard chiefly in the singing of Mlle Delille, and a phrase or two broken in disturbing fashion by Mlle Raveau; but these do not make Mlle Raveau anything less than a superb artist, or the performance less than a beautiful and moving presentation of the work. Columbia itself, however, deserves a rebuke for issuing a set of this kind with a mere synopsis instead of the complete text in French and English (eight records, \$16).

From Columbia, also, comes one of Haydn's most exquisite and delightful quartets, Opus 33, No. 3, played by the Roth String Quartet, whose performance of it when they first came here was something of a sensation. Some of the vitality, the sparkle, the dazzling incandescence which I recall in that performance—particularly in the last movement—has gone out of it; but there remains quartet-playing exemplary in tonal balance and phrasing, and unsurpassed in feeling for the essential style of this music; and that is a great deal (three records, \$5).

Victor has re-pressed Mozart's beautiful Piano Concerto in E flat, Köchel No. 482, in the performance of Edwin Fischer with a chamber orchestra under John Barbirolli, the new conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. The playing of the orchestra is excellent in technical finish and musical style; but don't take that as the complete answer to your question about Barbirolli. All it tells us is that he can do well with an orchestra that respects his competence and authority; whether Toscanini's orchestra will do that remains to be heard.

As for Fischer, he can play like a great artist, as he does in the piano's first entrance in the slow movement with a variation on the theme first played by the orchestra; he can also shock one by his bad taste, as he does in the piano's next entrance. This is a second variation on the theme; and such increased movement as Mozart desires he achieves by a bass (lower part) with more notes to each beat; but that he intends the beats to maintain their original pace he indicates not only by an absence of printed directions to the contrary but—and this should be even more significant to an artist—by having the orchestra play the original theme with the piano's variation. I say "more significant" because I would expect an artist to realize that by putting on a sudden burst of speed in the variation he was altering the character of the original theme. There are other lapses of taste on Fischer's part—his sentimentalizing of the concluding section of the movement, of phrases in the first movement; and I take it that the dreadful cadenza is his; or if not, that it represents his choice (four records, \$8).

On other Victor single records (each \$1.50) are Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, well played by Lhevinne; and two Händel items superbly sung by Marian Anderson; a Te Deum, and "Ch'io mai v: possa lasciar d'amare."

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

"Are Annuities Safe?"

Dear Sirs: Maxwell S. Stewart's article *Are Annuities Safe?* in *The Nation* of September 26 should have been captioned *An Alarmist Looks at Life*. I am so convinced of the safety of insurance that when you question the stability of insurance, I feel that you are undermining the United States government. Insurance funds are invested in the basic industries of the country.

You mention a return on annuities of 3 per cent to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. I am inclined to think that you mean the interest rate the companies pay on dividend accumulations and trust funds. The return on annuities is larger. For example: a single premium of \$1,000 deposited in an annuity will yield a guaranteed return of 22.4 per cent based on age eighty-five, and 7.9 per cent based on age sixty. You mention the fact that money put in an annuity is beyond recall. That is true, but that does not seem like a drawback to me because \$1,000 deposited with the company to give you the generous return of 22.4 per cent for life is not invested with the company temporarily but is an exchange for a guaranteed life income; you should not expect to have the \$1,000 at your command as well as a life income.

As for the companies refusing to make loans in 1933, it was at the request of the government and not because of the diminishing cash reserve. As a matter of fact, the insurance companies have had more cash in the depression years than they know what to do with. They have a tremendous surplus just waiting for the kind of investments that will yield the interest rate they are pledged to pay and more.

The oldest insurance company, the Mutual Life is 102 years old. In the entire history of the business not one mutual company has failed to pay one death claim, one disability claim, or one matured contract.

MARJORIE BERCOVICI

Springfield, Mass., October 16

[This letter was written under the letterhead of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.]

Dear Sirs: Please accept my thanks for the copy of the article *Are Annuities Safe?* I have read it very carefully and with great interest, and I want to extend

to Mr. Stewart my congratulations on his clear understanding of the matter discussed and on his absolutely correct conclusion.

But on one or two important points Mr. Stewart's information is not in accord with the facts. He says: "... in New York and other states insurance commissions forced them [the companies] for a time to refuse policy loans except in cases of dire necessity." Now the facts of that moratorium are these, as reported by Morgan B. Brainard, president of the Aetna Life, to a meeting of his managers and general agents in the fall of 1933, just as the long six months' default was being lifted: In February, 1933, there was held in New York City a secret meeting of life-insurance executives attended by one or more representative of each life-insurance company in the East, as well as of some from other sections of the country. The subject discussed was the unbearable demand for cash-surrender values and policy loans under which the companies were then staggering, some of them failing. In the course of the meeting, according to Mr. Brainard, a certain life-insurance executive offered a resolution "requesting" the insurance commissioners to save the companies from ruin by declaring a moratorium on policy loans and cash-surrender values; the resolution was immediately seconded by another executive; and on being put to a vote it was adopted with but one dissenting vote.

Mr. Stewart is also mistaken when he states, "Insurance companies are probably fully as strong as the banks." This is not at all true; most of our banks have cleaned house and taken their losses, and continue to do business in the attempt to recoup at a later date. Practically no life-insurance company has done that.

JAMES P. SULLIVAN

Chicago, October 14

City Planning at Harvard

Dear Sirs: I should be most obliged to you if you would correct an unfortunate impression made by a letter signed by Oscar Sutermeister and published in your issue of October 10.

Mr. Sutermeister refers to the "tragedy and injustice" of discontinuing the School of City Planning at Harvard, which now lies, he tells us, a "burnt

offering on the altar of Tercentenary ambitions."

During the academic year 1936-37 no instruction in city planning, except for certain advanced students, will be given at Harvard, since it will be necessary to devote all the funds available for city planning to the completion of researches in this field which at the beginning of the year were already in process. In September, 1937, instruction in city planning will be resumed; and although this instruction will be on a scale substantially reduced from that of recent years, it will nevertheless be unsurpassed in quality or range by the instruction given in any other American university. The School of City Planning has been united with the Schools of Architecture and of Landscape Architecture to form the School of Design. This is an administrative adjustment which will in no way affect the character of the instruction in city planning.

JOSEPH HUDNUT,

Dean of the Faculty of Design,
Harvard University

Cambridge, October 14

Would It Work?

Dear Sirs: It was a refreshing experience to find the editors of *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the *Herald Tribune* in such amicable agreement over the ridiculousness of the President's suggested plan to call a peace conference of the heads of governments. *The Nation's* alternative to the President's "fantastic" plan, to sit and wait for trouble until it comes, confirms a suspicion I've entertained for a long time concerning the similarity between conservatives and so-called liberals when a bold, unconventional plan to prevent world-wide disaster is presented to their unimaginative minds.

To line up behind the President's peace plan would give a setback to the isolationist spirit triumphant even over the best of our peace societies today. Once the necessity of preventing other peoples' wars, if we ourselves want to stay out, is established it will be comparatively simple to create the essential international political and economic reorganization on which to build a real, all-inclusive, democratic, non-military Federation of Nations. But we sarcas-

tically refuse to support Roosevelt's "fantastic" peaceful attempt to achieve a warless world, leaving it to the militarists to uphold his spending fantastic billions on armed defense.

This convinces me that today's most urgent medical need is a serum with which to inoculate liberals against the fear of being ridiculous. The militarists are immune. Two madmen, Mussolini and Hitler, disregarding the world's laughter, disappointed the learned doctors hoping to kill them with ridicule. Now the whole world trembles at their every new antic.

EDITH WYNNER

New York, October 16

Difference of Opinion

Dear Sirs: Mr. Adamic's articles on the assassination of King Alexander is reminiscent of the fantastic rumors and persistent misstatements which filled Europe in July, 1914, after the murder of Franz Ferdinand.

In the beginning of his tale Mr. Adamic accurately describes the murder as one of the great mysteries of recent years. Then he proceeds partially to solve it by asserting that French officials "gave the assassin almost direct aid in the commission of his deed." The proof of this sensational charge is a composite array of what even Mr. Adamic admits are rumors, newspaper stories (found in French and Balkan newspapers!), and rhetorical questions answered in a hoarse whisper. He ends the piece by reaffirming his complete ignorance of the solution of the mystery.

Without appearing pedantic, I wish you would bring to Mr. Adamic's attention the news that "the established fact of history that twenty years earlier . . . Franz Ferdinand was given no protection on arriving [in Sarajevo]" is really a rumor; the two leading students of the Sarajevo murder specifically deny the "fact." (See S. B. Fay, "The Origins of the War," Vol. II, Chap. 2; B. E. Schmitt, "The Coming of the War," Vol. I, Chap. 3).

FRANK J. MANHEIM

Schenectady, N. Y., October 12

Dear Sirs: I have read with great interest Mr. Adamic's excellent and well-reasoned article concerning the assassination of Alexander Karageorgevich and believe that you may be interested in the following additional facts.

Shortly after the happenings in Marseilles, a lieutenant and spokesman of Dr. Ante Pavelich, one of the leaders of

the movement for Croatia independence now held incommunicado by the Italian police, admitted to me that Pavelich had received substantial sums of money from Count Ciano, the son-in-law of Mussolini, at that time chief of the Italian Propaganda Bureau.

This spokesman of Pavelich told me this in order to show, as he said, the duplicity of the Italians, who first had encouraged the assassination and then right after the event arrested Pavelich. He added that the Italians are holding the release of Pavelich as a permanent threat over the Yugoslavs in case the latter should enter any diplomatic combination directed against Italy.

JOHANNES STEEL

New York, October 20

What Really Matters

Dear Sirs: Mr. M. Fursterberg, now of Indianapolis and formerly of Sweden, informs me that Dr. Hugo Valentin, author of "Anti-Semitism Historically and Critically Examined," which I recently reviewed in your columns, is not, as I stated, a Christian, but a Jew. I will appreciate your publishing this correction; and may I add that Dr. Valentin writes neither as a Christian nor as a Jew, but as a historian.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Monsey, N. Y., October 10

On Murdering Slogans

Dear Sirs: Heywood Broun expresses doubt, in your issue of September 26, that the Greeks and Romans ever "took popular slogans and placed them on some rack by which they could be stretched wholly out of their natural shape and length." Let him be assured that they did. One example will suffice. In the latter part of the Peloponnesian War the oligarchs raised the cry "Back to the constitution of our fathers" (*patria politeia*). This slogan was bandied about Athens and apparently took in a great many through its very speciousness and vagueness. It goes without saying, however, that the "ancestral constitution" the oligarchs had in mind bore no more relation to the pre-Solonian constitution than the Chicago *Tribune's* "freedom of the press" does to the well-known constitutional guaranty; a fact that was clearly demonstrated during the two brief periods in which the oligarchs bullied their way into power.

JOHN F. CHARLES

Buffalo, N. Y., October 15

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER'S experience of the early years of the Soviet Union and his wide knowledge of European affairs have fitted him to be an ideal correspondent to report the Spanish civil war. When last heard from Mr. Fischer was in Madrid preparing for the siege.

JESSE LAVENTHOL is the Harrisburg correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record*.

HAROLD J. LASKI has just published "The Rise of European Liberalism," the latest in a long line of distinguished works on political theory. He is professor of political science at the London School of Economics and an active and influential member of the British Labor Party.

ROBERT DELL is an English journalist who has a good claim to being called the doyen of the foreign-correspondent corps. Author of "My Second Country (France)," he was at one time Paris correspondent for *The Nation* and is now the Manchester *Guardian's* representative in Geneva.

ROBERT PENN WARREN, whose "36 Poems" was published in 1935, is on the editorial staff of the *Southern Review*. He was this year's recipient of Houghton Mifflin's \$1,000 fellowship and the Helen Haire Levinson poetry prize, which has been awarded in the past to many of America's most distinguished poets.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON, the translator of Pirandello and Pareto, is associate professor of Romance languages at Columbia University.

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The Shape of Things

*

THE ROOSEVELT SWEEP WAS NOT ONLY A Democratic triumph. This is shown by the impressive victories obtained by non-Democratic progressives in all sections of the country. In Nebraska, Senator Norris, running as an independent, has beaten both his Democratic and his Republican opponent. In Idaho, Senator Borah has emerged as victor from one of the bitterest battles of his career. In Minnesota, as we go to press, Congressman Lundeen, Farmer-Labor, is leading by a small margin in the race for the Senate. Wisconsin has sent at least six members of the La Follette Progressive Party to Congress, and has reelected Philip La Follette Governor. Despite the overwhelming Roosevelt sweep in Massachusetts, the notorious Curley has been defeated for the Senate. The one important exception to the general liberal trend was in New York, where Congressman Marcantonio lost to his Democratic opponent by a small margin. In Texas, Maury Maverick, one of the few outstanding progressive Democrats in the House, pulled through in a surprisingly close contest. Kopplemann, foe of the arms manufacturers, won in Connecticut. Less encouraging was the minor-party vote. Although returns are as yet fragmentary, it is apparent that Norman Thomas is running far behind his 1932 vote. New York City gave Thomas approximately 40,000 as compared with 122,000 four years ago. The Communists, on the other hand—despite their alleged support of Roosevelt—polled 32,000 as against 24,000 in 1932. In contrast to the admittedly disappointing showing of the Socialists, the approximately 300,000 votes cast for the new American Labor Party in New York State contain a promise that a new political alignment may be an indirect result of the Roosevelt landslide.

*

NOW THAT THE CAMPAIGN IS MERCIFULLY concluded, we feel as limp as an old mop left out in the rain. The poor old mop, indeed, has been rained on pretty steadily for four long months. Predictions, promises, accusations, threats, and straw votes have provided a tempest that has blurred our eyes and deafened our ears since June. In our exhausted state we were able to get up statistics only for the month of October. In that time, as reported in the *New York Times*, Mr. Landon made twenty-three speeches; Mr. Roosevelt made nineteen; Mr. Bleakley beat them all with twenty-nine. In addition there were thirteen by Knox, six by Hamilton, four by Al Smith, four by Father Coughlin, eighteen by

Governor Lehman, five by Ickes, three each by Hull and Wallace, and four by the Postmaster General (when he works at it). Mr. Thomas was not reported very often, but it is safe to say he made about three a day. Mr. Browder, as reported in the *Times*, made one speech and three tries. Add some thirty-five to that for his total. This probably does not cover the field completely, but it gives you the idea. Other statistics, less reliable but equally important, are as follows: The New Deal was mentioned with enthusiasm 78,924 times; with sneers, 85,964. Twenty-seven miles of news film was used to show candidates in various attitudes of hand and hat waving. Just under 900,000 radio tubes blew up and burst. Forty-seven tons of torn-up paper was swept off the streets by 6,799 brooms working on double shift. The debauch is now over. The first plank on *The Nation's* platform for 1940 will be Shorter, Softer, and Sensibler Campaigns. Pardon us now. We have a date with a Beautyrest.

*

IN WHITEWASHING ITALY AND PORTUGAL of the charges of violating the neutrality pact, the London Non-Intervention Committee displayed a fine feel for politics and an utter contempt for facts. As Frank L. Kluckhohn, correspondent for the *New York Times*, pointed out on the following day, one does not need documentary proof that the fascist countries are aiding the rebels. The insurgents have already furnished all the evidence necessary. It is common knowledge that Franco and Mola did not have more than fifteen airplanes between them in the early days of the conflict. Recently the Corunna radio station boasted that 160 planes flew over Madrid in a single mass demonstration. The insurgents had no tanks in the early weeks of the conflict; a number of correspondents have recently described, with the permission of rebel censors, the effectiveness of new Italian whippet tanks. Ammunition for the special type of rifle used by the fascists has recently appeared on the front. None of these supplies could possibly have been produced in the part of Spain now held by the rebels. If the Non-Intervention Committee has no proof that they came through Portugal or Italy, that is in itself the most damning evidence that it is either hopelessly inefficient or blindly partisan.

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AS WE GO TO PRESS, THE UNITED STATES IS landlocked by a strike of waterfront and sea-going workers which has virtually tied up American coast shipping and, in New York City, is being extended to transatlantic boats as well. Harry Bridges is the actual leader in San Francisco, and his name is the watchword at every other port. In California the objective of the strike is the holding of gains won in the 1934 walkout; the new demands which the employers have refused to accept, thus precipitating the strike, are the Maritime Federation's answer to the owners' open assertion that they intended to wipe out those gains. They represent a strategic assertion of union strength, not picayune obstacles to a settlement. The solidarity of the West Coast unions is another dramatic answer to the embattled shipowners. In New York the

rank-and-file seamen have walked out in sympathy with their West Coast brothers. Beyond that, however, their objective is to take over control of the International Seamen's Union, which has been about as militant as a company union, and to set up an East Coast Maritime Federation to match the Pacific organization. Needless to say, the solidarity, strength, and discipline so far displayed by the unions are bound to inflame the minds of the giant red-baiters that have made California famous. We may expect red scares and atrocity stories and appeals to the government to end the Communist menace. What the government does in this extremely ticklish situation will provide an immediate index to its labor policy for the next four years. Meanwhile the union card is taking on new significance. In New York City no reporter is admitted at strike headquarters unless he can show that he is a member of the Newspaper Guild in good standing. This too is a reflection of the spirit in San Francisco, where, as one sailor put it, they look for the union label even on the hamburgers.

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WHEN IT COMES TO ATTACKING THE REGIME in power the French rightist press could take the *Herald Tribune*, the *New York Sun*, and the Hearst papers, roll them all into one, start them off at the peak of their preelection frenzy, and still win in a walk. The big Paris papers, *Figaro*, the *Temps*, the *Jour*, and the *Action Française*, plus the conservative press all over the country, have subjected the Front Populaire government to a brutal campaign of invective which has not stopped at barefaced lying, libel, personal defamation, and even advocacy of violence. Moreover, since the advent of the Blum regime many fly-by-night journals have appeared to breathe poison on the government, their support, it is suspected, being drawn from the ample funds of the German Propaganda Ministry. Reform of the press was one of the pledges of the Blum program which had to wait until after the more pressing problems of labor legislation, nationalization of arms manufacture, reform of the Bank of France, and devaluation had been solved. But now the news has come that at the November session of the chambers Blum will present two measures, one to put an end to personal defamation by tightening the libel laws, and another requiring all papers to publish their sources of revenue. Also welcome is the news that Charles Maurras, leader-writer for the Royalist paper *Action Française*, who was indicted for incitement to murder at the time of the February riots of 1934, has been sent to prison for eleven months. His bloodthirsty articles calling for the death of 140 deputies who advocated sanctions against Italy led directly to the murderous attack on Blum's life last winter.

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THE THUNDER OF MUSSOLINI'S ORATORY ON November 1 sounded around the world, and the reverberations have not yet died out. For Il Duce, ostensibly talking to the people assembled in front of the cathedral in his old home, Milan, in fact addressed fateful words

to the governments of Europe. To Italy's weaker neighbors he spoke words of conciliation and promise. To Germany he offered his country's "vast sympathy" and full collaboration in the crusade against communism. To France he administered a rebuke, asserting that Italian friendship, chilled by sanctions, could hardly be restored until France recognized the conquest of Ethiopia. To England he shouted defiance, promising that if Italian interests in the Mediterranean were threatened, the people of Italy would "spring to their feet like one man ready for combat." For the operations of the League of Nations he reserved his deepest contempt. He dismissed as illusions the ideas of collective security and disarmament. He attacked sanctions as an "iniquitous siege against the people of Italy." He sneered at the League itself, declaring, "As far as we are concerned it can perish." Thus in a few words the fascist dictator swept aside the efforts of the great Western powers to establish peace on the status quo, and announced his own "armed peace"—the peace of the dissatisfied nations—to be achieved through increased armaments, the rectification of boundaries, and the war against communism. The line-up was made startlingly clear; and it must be admitted that determination, recklessness, and a fair number of just grievances are ranged on the side of the fascist bloc; while Britain and France are bogged by vacillations and an unwillingness to right, or even recognize, existing wrongs. Mussolini and Hitler are in a strategic position to nourish and harvest Europe's bumper crop of ill-will, and both have announced their intention to do so.

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THE EASING OF TENSION BETWEEN CHINA and Japan can have only one explanation. Meeting a strong opposition in China which it hardly expected, Japan has backed down in its extreme demands rather than face the certainty of a Sino-Japanese war. When it is recalled that five Japanese were assassinated within a period of thirty days, and that Japan rushed gunboats and troops to China with every apparent intention of bringing severe pressure, its sudden soft-pedaling is all the more significant. In 1932 Japan did not hesitate to invade Shanghai when five Japanese priests were attacked by a Chinese mob. Although they met determined opposition from the Nineteenth Route Army, the forces under Chiang Kai-shek maintained a scrupulous "neutrality" which enabled Japan to pull through after weeks of bitter fighting. This time, however, the anti-Japanese feeling in China has become so aroused and articulate that Chiang can no longer remain on the sidelines, and Japan is seemingly wise enough to realize that it would have little to gain and much to lose in a protracted war.

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OVERHEARD IN A PULLMAN SMOKING CAR the night before election: "If that man Roosevelt turns to the left in the next two years, the United States is going to be another Spain. I know thousands of men, including myself, who would be willing to take up arms against the government in order to stop him."

Will Roosevelt Go Left?

MR. ROOSEVELT'S smashing triumph has left the country dazed and happy. A Roosevelt victory had been expected by most of the political observers, but an electoral vote of more than 500 and a popular majority of about nine million are more than a victory. They are the crushing, unmistakable answer of the American rank and file to all the powers and principalities of reaction, now and to come. It is still hard to believe, but true. And each man in his own heart is happy that he stands massed with millions of his fellows in his desire for a decent living and a decent world.

Whose is the triumph? First of all, President Roosevelt's. In the face of one of the most rancorous campaigns in our history, the election is a tribute at once to his statesmanship and his showmanship. Despite returning prosperity, despite the political advantage of the work-relief rolls, another man in Mr. Roosevelt's place might easily have lost. He might have fallen prey to the opposing newspaper campaign, to the red scare and the atheist scare and the pay-envelope scare, to the huge campaign funds that were loosed against him. It was Mr. Roosevelt's tactics and timing, his talent for exposition, his sustained energy, his unruffled good humor—above all, the remarkable educational job he did in his whole campaign—that were such large factors in his victory. It is a triumph also for labor, which now emerges from this election with greater political prestige than it has ever before had in American history. And it is, finally, a triumph for the good sense of the common man and his capacity to remain unfooled.

Whose is the defeat? Not primarily Mr. Landon's. He was a little man caught in one of the blind alleys of history, forced to defend a losing cause with the rusty weapons of well-worn shibboleths like "Americanism" and "liberty." Two weeks from now he will be the most forgotten of all the forgotten men who have sought the Presidency and have lost. A special niche will have to be carved for him in the realm of American political oblivion. But the great defeat belongs to the men behind him and the interests they stand for. The rich are grieving in America today—the du Ponts, Henry Ford, Alfred E. Smith, the Liberty Leaguers, the big battalions of Wall Street, and their wives, who, organized in various "legions," bestirred themselves against Mr. Roosevelt with a concentrated hatred hitherto unknown. The men of ill-will are grieving—William Randolph Hearst, Paul Block, the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, the Reverend Gerald Smith, and their ilk. The unwary are grieving—and in this category we must place our contemporary the *Literary Digest*, of hapless straw-vote fame. All these are grieving but their grief is of little importance. For the Landon minority was, like all propertied minorities, vociferous far beyond either its numbers or its place in the community life. And the Roosevelt majority was, like all majorities of the plain people, inarticulate except when it had a chance to greet its candidate and—most important—when it came to the polls.

We take it that the election was not a triumph for the Democratic Party. Never since 1912 have the people so blithely played ducks and drakes with party lines. It was a triumph for three things: for a *man*, for a *point of view*, for a *direction*. The man is Mr. Roosevelt. The point of view is progressive and involves the assumption of increasing government responsibility. The direction is toward the left—that is, toward progress in social legislation, the protection of labor's rights, the curbing of big enterprise.

The American people have, in short, given Mr. Roosevelt a mandate. When they elected him by a landslide in 1932 their vote was mainly a protest against Mr. Hoover and his policies. When they reelected Mr. Roosevelt in 1936, by an even bigger landslide, they placed their stamp of approval not only upon him but upon his policies as well. They have shown that, for all the charges of radicalism hurled at Mr. Roosevelt during the campaign, they want those policies continued and extended. "We have only just begun to fight," repeated Mr. Roosevelt again and again in his Madison Square Garden speech. And the applause may be read in the election returns.

We should like to take Mr. Roosevelt at his word. We should like to believe that this fight of his—against the vested interests, against the holding-companies and the market riggers, against labor spies and company unions and slums—is really only in its initial stage and that the best is yet to come. But we must beware of being over-sanguine. Mr. Roosevelt has had four years of the Presidency, and after four years the will to reform slackens unless it is deeply rooted and massively fortified. Mr. Roosevelt has reason to be a tired man. He is also a sensitive man. He does not like being disliked and being hounded as a traitor to his class. He is, most important of all, limited in his vision by his antecedents, his education, his class roots. Already there is talk of healing the scars of battle, and there will be more of the same talk for the next months. By all means let us have peace. But let us not fling away all the fruits of victory in our desire for the goodwill of all groups.

Will Mr. Roosevelt move left? The past years have taught us that questions like this are answered by three sets of factors. One is the nature of the economic situation and the necessities that flow from it. The second is the men in office and the philosophies they hold. The third is the strength and organization of the workers and their allies. The first two we now know. The third is in the making, and it is the most important of all. Let us assume that Mr. Roosevelt has the will and the energy and the fiber to carry out over the next four years the mandate the people have given him. What remains is that the workers and the farmers and the liberal middle-class groups shall build a framework within which this can be done.

THE second of Max Lerner's two articles on the American progressives has been crowded out of this issue by the pressure of other material. It will appear next week, and will deal with the position of the left groups in the light of the Roosevelt victory.

"Peace" and the C. I. O.

NOW that the election is over, that section of the American labor movement represented by the Committee for Industrial Organization, which has been devoting most of its energies to the cause of Mr. Roosevelt, may be expected to get down to its own business, the organization of steel and the other mass-production industries. At a meeting to be held November 7 in Pittsburgh the members of the C. I. O. and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee will meet to take stock of the organizing campaign to date and formulate plans for the future. The members of the C. I. O. may also discuss the "peace proposal" put forward by Max Zaritsky of the United Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers; they will certainly devote a few words privately, and we hope publicly, to the manner in which this incident has been handled in the columns of the *New York Times*.

It was about a month ago that a writer on the *Times* reported sighting a dove of peace hovering over the two armies into which the American labor movement divided when the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor suspended ten of the unions represented in the Committee for Industrial Organization. It all began at a luncheon in honor of Abraham Cahan, editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. Matthew Woll, who with William Green is a reigning favorite of the Socialist Old Guard in New York City as well as a prominent member of the A. F. of L., said that labor must sink its differences in the face of its enemies. In reply, Max Zaritsky of the hatters' union, who is himself a member of the C. I. O., said that he too hoped for unity but saw a necessity for a "reshuffling of cards" in the federation. It was several days later, according to the dove fancier on the *Times*, whom we shall hereafter call Joseph Shaplen for short, that Mr. Zaritsky pulled the bird of peace out of a hat at the annual convention of the millinery union, clapped it firmly in a cage, and set out to bring A. F. of L. and C. I. O. together in a love feast. Since then Mr. Zaritsky, with the *Times* reporter at his heels, has been carrying the bird around to the tune of long-winded stories, exclusive to the *Times*, replete with quotations from Mr. Zaritsky and with rumors gathered in vague "labor circles" of peace, compromise, and dissension in the C. I. O. ranks.

The unfortunate part of it for the *Times* is that the dove of peace has not alighted yet; moreover, the suspicion is widespread that the dove is a decoy or that the *Times*, to shift our metaphor, is being used as a second-hand machine-shop for grinding Old Guard axes.

The facts are relatively simple. (1) At the annual convention of the hatters' union David Dubinsky made a speech in which he mentioned the "talk about peace" and stated that he too would be happy to see peace. He said, however, that the only basis for peace was a change in the A. F. of L. policy which would make it possible to organize the mass-production industries on a complete industrial basis. (2) The same convention passed a

resolution. It was a long statement in which the executive council was denounced for its attitude toward the unions in the C. I. O., and the C. I. O. was given whole-hearted defense and support. To this statement was appended the "peace proposal," which contained two parts. It called upon the executive council "to permit the organizations affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization to be represented in the next convention"; it proposed that pending judgment by the convention the executive council name a subcommittee to meet with a like subcommittee of the C. I. O. "for the purpose of jointly exploring the possibilities of reconciling the existing differences and finding a formula by which the hopes of all workers for the unity of the labor movement and the organization of the workers in the mass-production industries may be realized." The first part of the proposal can have only one meaning: the hatters were asking the executive council to lift the suspension of the ten unions, since that alone would make it possible for them to participate in the Tampa convention this month.

The resolution of the hatters was transmitted to both Green and Lewis. The executive council agreed to the second of the two proposals. It appointed a subcommittee to meet with a committee from the C. I. O. but committed the council to nothing. It ignored the first and crucial recommendation. Mr. Lewis asked for clarification. Then the committee appointed by the A. F. of L., in an obvious bid for separate peace with individual unions which are known to value their A. F. of L. affiliation very highly, wrote a letter to Mr. Zaritsky saying it was willing to meet with any individuals or individuals representing unions affiliated with the C. I. O. To this splitting tactic Mr. Zaritsky replied that action must be collective.

On the basis of this clear-cut situation, however, the *Times's* New York labor expert built up an elaborate campaign of which the themes were (1) that the C. I. O. was crumbling and begging for peace, and (2) that John Lewis was delaying peace by not accepting terms which would mean the end of the C. I. O. and all it stands for! There is not space for a detailed case history, but a few examples of *Times* headlines in chronological order will indicate the outlines of the campaign:

A headline on October 5 reported "Peace Overtures Made to the A. F. of L. by C. I. O. Leaders. Dubinsky Says Group Is Ready to Dissolve if Organizing of Steel Workers Is Pressed. Green Hails the Offer." This story related, among other things, that Green's statement had been obtained by telephone from Washington.

On October 7 a Washington dispatch signed by Louis Stark gave rise to very different headlines: "Lewis Denies Move for Peace in A. F. of L. He and Green Differ on Dubinsky's Speech." In this story it was stated that Mr. Lewis looked upon Mr. Dubinsky's statement as a reiteration of the position of the C. I. O., and the dispatch contained the following sentences: "Disagreeing with Mr. Lewis, who quoted Mr. Dubinsky as insisting that the executive council should agree to organization of certain mass-production industries along industrial lines, Mr. Green said it was his understanding that Mr. Dubinsky

would abandon the C. I. O. if the A. F. of L. supported an organization campaign in the steel industry. *This version, said Mr. Green, was conveyed to him on the telephone by the New York Times from New York [our italics].*"

Lewis quoted from a copy of Dubinsky's speech, and his version agreed with that given by Dubinsky himself to Edward Levinson in the *New York Post* on the day the *Times* "interpretation" appeared. But the campaign continued, and on October 9 it was reported that "Lewis Joins Peace Move." Lewis was in New York, and his "joining" consisted in a statement that he was ready to enter into negotiations with the executive council, provided the council, then in session, rescinded its suspensions. There followed long accounts of Mr. Zaritsky's movements and opinions, which reached a climax when he went to Washington to see Mr. Lewis. At this point two dispatches from Washington again introduced a note of reality. The first related that "Labor Peace Move Strikes New Snag. Lewis Demands Clarification of Council's Stand on Lifting Suspension." The second recorded a "Move to Split C. I. O. Begun by A. F. of L. New Committee as Its First Step Seeks to Pull Unions Away from Lewis Banner. Letter Sent to Zaritsky. But Hatters Head Insists on Collective Action." After that the New York stories were filled with reproaches of Mr. Lewis. "Lewis Unions Irked by Delay on Peace." "C. I. O. Head Refuses Quick Peace Move."

On October 25 the campaign against the C. I. O. and Mr. Lewis reached a climax in a story headed "C. I. O. Drive Fails, Steel Men Assert. Executives Say Only 4,000 Dues-Paying Members Have Been Signed Up So Far. Split Is Held Imminent. Peace Overtures of Dubinsky and Zaritsky Seen Spurred by Depletion of Funds." Mr. Shaplen has denied being the author of this vicious mélange, but he must take the credit for preparing the way for it, and the story contained all the familiar phrases, including the charge that the "peacemakers" were still "irked."

On October 27 the baiting of Mr. Lewis continued. Although he had arranged for a meeting of the C. I. O. immediately after the election and had come to New York to help carry the state for Roosevelt and not to talk peace, the headline ran "Lewis May Decide Course Here Today. His Reply to A. F. of L. Offer to Talk Peace With C. I. O. Awaited by Colleagues. Four to Meet at Rally. Insurgent Labor Chief's Delay Protested as Unions Fear Ban at Tampa Session."

The four met—and there was also a fifth in the person of Mr. Shaplen of the *Times*. It is reported that Mr. Lewis at that time complimented Mr. Shaplen on conducting "the greatest one-man propaganda campaign I've ever seen."

It is to be hoped that a formula can be found which will allow the industrial unionists a free hand in the mass-production industries without splitting the labor movement in two; but the October "peace" campaign in the *Times* was designed to obstruct unity, not to hasten it.

The *Times* is the most influential journal in America; its leads are followed by all other newspapers. Likewise the Committee for Industrial Organization and the job it has set out to accomplish—the organization of the unorganized—constitute the most important development in

recent American history. When, therefore, a reporter on the *New York Times* is permitted to use its columns to distort and discredit the position of the C. I. O. it becomes a matter of vital public interest; and it becomes necessary to warn readers of the *Times* that articles on the C. I. O. emanating from New York City are not reliable.

How Real Is Recovery?

WHETHER by good luck or good management President Roosevelt went into the election campaign with economic conditions better, on the whole, than at any time since the end of 1929. The tide of recovery set in so relentlessly in the last few months that the campaign against the New Deal on economic grounds virtually collapsed, forcing the Republicans to fall back on vague and ineffective charges of "dictatorship" and "communism." The fact that the majority of traders in the stock market were strong Landon supporters did not prevent them, on the eve of the election, from bidding stocks to the highest level in more than five years. Many of the directors of the United States Steel Corporation must have been disturbed at the possible political effects of announcing, just a week before the polling, the largest earnings for a three-month period since 1930, together with a projected wage increase. But the facts of the business upturn are too glaring to have been concealed even if it were so desired, and what good business man does not put profits ahead of politics?

Even before the recent favorable announcements by the steel companies, the *New York Sun*, scarcely a pro-Administration paper, pointed out that the aggregate net earnings of the first 113 industrial companies had increased nearly 47 per cent in the third quarter of 1936 over their earnings in the same period a year ago, while the net profit of the same companies in the first nine months of 1936 was 52 per cent higher than in the corresponding months of 1935. The earnings of the steel companies will push up these various averages materially. Corporation outlay has also increased, though not as rapidly as earnings. Dividends declared in the first nine months of the year totaled \$2,521,902,358 as compared with \$2,030,929,120 in 1935—an increase of 24 per cent. The indices of business activity, employment, and pay rolls have lagged considerably behind those of profits, but have also shown considerable improvement. In August the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production reached 107, which was higher than the average for any year since the index was established with the exception of 1926, 1928, and 1929. The more current indices of the *New York Times* and the *Annalist* indicate that this rate was maintained through September and October. Aided by better business conditions, the revenues of the federal government surpassed a billion dollars in the first quarter of the present fiscal year, making the best first-quarter showing since the depression. Foreign trade, though still seriously depressed, has also shown encouraging gains and has returned to the normal export surplus.

Despite this impressive showing, hints of uncertainty about the future are beginning to find their way into the financial pages. An official of one of the larger automobile companies recently declared that his company wished to be clearer about prospects for 1937 before it committed itself to a further program of expansion. Doubts have been expressed regarding the ability of steel consumption to keep pace with the present rate of production. Retail sales are still running nearly one-third lower, in dollar value, than in 1929, although the price level is not more than 15 per cent below that of seven years ago. In spite of a considerable rise in employment, there are still at least ten million unemployed. The National Industrial Conference Board recently pointed out that while production was within 15 per cent of that of 1929, employment was 19 per cent under the pre-depression level. And this, of course, makes no allowance for the net gain due to the fact that the number of young men and women who have come into the labor market in recent years is much greater than the number withdrawn by death or retirement.

No one will deny that business activity is a direct function of profit-making. Business men will only spend money on expansion when earnings are good and increasing. But the extent to which earnings can rise depends, in the last analysis, on consumer buying power. The fact that a larger and larger proportion of the national income is going into dividends and profits means that the supply of funds which is available for investment is increasing more rapidly than the potential buying power. During the past three and a half years this has been more than offset by the great increase in farm income—partly the result of devaluation—and by government spending. Once started, the upward trend of the cycle has been accelerated by capital expenditures for new equipment and machinery, and even if government expenditures were stopped, the recovery process might extend well into the next year on its own momentum.

Sooner or later, however, the natural forces which have worked toward prosperity will burn themselves out. The normal length of the business cycle in the past has been seven to eight years. Seven years have already passed since the Wall Street débâcle of 1929. The first three and a half years of this period were years of steady economic deterioration; the succeeding three and a half years have witnessed steady improvement. While the upward movement of business normally takes somewhat longer than the decline, the time has arrived when prudent business executives will make a careful appraisal of the situation. Should government spending continue, there need be no early anxiety. Nor need we expect a recession if there is definite evidence—which so far is lacking—of a sharp credit expansion for business purposes. Such a development, once it got under way, would create new purchasing power and push the country well along the road to inflation. But with our millions of unemployed and with world trade at a low ebb, there is even less stability in the Roosevelt boom than in the New Era, concluded under Mr. Hoover in 1929. And more than ever before our national welfare is dependent on an intelligent understanding of economic affairs at Washington.

Madrid Keeps Its Nerve

BY LOUIS FISCHER

By Cable from Madrid

AFTER breakfast today, when I began to write this dispatch, the rattle of the typewriter keys was mixed with the roar of fascist bombers, the ear-piercing whine of alarm sirens, and the strains of the International sung by new recruits marching down the Gran Via. Yesterday foreign airplanes honored us with three visits, Friday with four. The day consists of intervals between bombings. Nobody knows when they will come or where it is best to stay when they do. On Friday I inspected five places where the bombs hit. In Calle Nuncio a bomb killed five women standing in a milk queue and struck the pavement, making a three-inch dent. Then the bullets and shrapnel it contained sprayed the street and passed through an open doorway. A woman was sitting on the stoop with her two-months-old baby. The baby had fallen asleep; it never awoke. The mother's head was blown off; the child's body was crushed back into the mother's body. "And they call themselves Christians," commented a sixty-year-old woman when I climbed to her third-story room, which had just been opened to the sky by a bomb.

Indignation is the general reaction to these repeated bombings of peaceful civilians. "They've lost," my maid declared this morning. "That's why they are frantic." These air raids can have no military object. The government will not lose its nerve or leave the capital. It is a fight to the finish. Perhaps the rebels have lost their nerve. This week loyalist aviators bombed almost all of the important enemy airdromes and inflicted severe damage on planes and hangars without themselves suffering the slightest damage. Was it this startling development which made the fascists so wild with rage that they seek revenge on women and children, or are the Madrid bombings simply a sample of what fascists do when a real war starts? That Italian and German pilots should attack noncombatant Spaniards with bombs and machine-guns without provoking a protest so violent as to force democracies to intervene to protect Spain's progressive republic is a pretty fair gauge of the world's moral caliber these days.

About a hundred persons, the majority of them children, perished as a result of this week's bombings. Madrid answered with hundreds of men volunteering for military service and a multitude of women applying at the nurses' corps. (I stopped here and went out for lunch. While I ate roast lamb—Madrid is not starving; indeed, the food situation has improved recently—the sirens sounded again, the second time today. Guests at forty tables proceeded with their meals as though nothing had happened.)

The outcome of the war will not be determined by these cruelties. It will be decided on the various fronts. It does not take long to get to the front. I left my hotel in Madrid

at 3:30 today and reached the second line at four. Here the Communist "Fifty" regiment, which is holding this sector, has fortified a convent by digging three semi-circular trenches around it. While I stood on a hill two mammoth bombers appeared over Parla, twenty-one kilometers from Madrid, and dropped bombs on it which sent smoke up from the mountains. At one o'clock this afternoon two government tanks supported by infantry retook the village of Parla, which the loyalists had evacuated several days ago. The enemy is bombarding it from the air, using cannon shells which burst in full view with mighty booms. Airplanes bomb, circle, then bomb again with complete impunity, for the government apparently has no fighting planes to drive away these giants. They fly at a height of 1,500 meters, where no shots from the earth can reach them. As I watched, fascinated by the violence and power of this murderous performance, three tri-motored Junkers zoomed overhead. I dashed for cover on the slope of the hill, but soon regained my senses. There is no protection from the destruction of these weapons. Fortunately they were not interested in this spot. Madrid was their goal.

The rebels may retake Parla tomorrow; the government may reoccupy Valdemoro tomorrow, and lose it the next day. Opposing forces on this as on all Madrid fronts seem more equal now than they did a week ago. Moreover, the morale and discipline of the loyalists have been noticeably stiffened by the presence of political commissars, by the better work of new staff officers who prefer the front line to the War Ministry, and by the appearance of fast tanks. The moment a tank goes into action soldiers follow it with enthusiastic cries.

Pushing the enemy back village by village, however, is a costly affair in time, materials, and men. Madrid talks of a flanking offensive to cut off the enemy around Madrid and to compel him precipitately to retreat. (In general, Madrid talks about everything. There are no secrets in this war. Amateur strategists in cafes are almost as numerous as fighters at the front.) The government's Foreign Legion, if it can be prepared soon enough, will probably constitute the spearhead of such a movement. This unit consists of Communists and Socialists from various European countries—no Soviet Russians—and much hope is reposed in it. Its friends expect to reinforce it in time with British, Irish, and American contingents. The Foreign Legion will be ably seconded by increasing numbers of Spanish battalions, which are quickly losing their timidity under fire. The same companies which I saw bolt a fortnight ago when a bomber hove into view, now disperse in orderly fashion, lie down, and reassemble when officers give the all-clear signal. At the front a Communist said to me, "See that white wall. We shot a Communist there this morning because he was sowing panic."

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Campaign Dirt

Washington, November 2

THE period of emotional let-down that follows a Presidential election is the time to consider the dirty and shameful tactics that were employed to bring about this or that candidate's defeat. Then and then only do they appear in all their truly hideous contours, and then and then only is there a chance that their employers and beneficiaries will be properly shamed by a review of them.

The Presidential campaign that will have ended before these words appear in print has been no dirtier than many of its predecessors, if comparisons are restricted to the kind of mud thrown. The difference, if any, has been in the mud-slingers; in the campaign of 1936 the catapults of obscenity were manned almost entirely by our Best People and Leading Citizens. Even in this respect the 1936 campaign deserves no marked distinction, for it has been generally true that the stratum of our society whose members are most certain that they comprise the gentry has always surpassed in personal vilification the ward-heelers it despises.

In compiling this space-limited *Schimpflexikon* of the 1936 campaign I shall confine myself to the less-publicized canards and pass over the various attempts, oral and printed, to prove the White House under Roosevelt merely an outpost of the Kremlin, and I shall not dwell on the contemptible frauds perpetrated in pay-envelope slips and posters concerning the Social Security Act, but pause only to point out that the ostensible elite of the nation took the lead in both attacks. For a different but quite obvious reason I shall pass over all the little leaflets attacking the private lives of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, including especially the pamphlets dealing with Mr. Roosevelt's physical infirmities.

What remains that is printable divides itself into two categories—the anti-Semitic and the anti-Negro. Neither represents an innovation in Presidential campaigns in this country any more than does the line of attack that may be euphemistically described as the medicinal. But it is probable that the anti-Negro and anti-Semitic attacks—and especially the latter—have been used to a greater degree this year than ever before.

The anti-Negro attack, later vociferously exploited by anti-New Deal newspapers in the South, including the Charleston, South Carolina, *News-Courier*, first broke out into the open at the grass-roots convention at which Gene Talmadge pontificated—with members of the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution serving as celebrants, acolytes, and deacons—when insinuatingly captioned photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt in the company of Negroes were circulated. They continued to circulate

throughout the Presidential campaign. And who financed the convention at which they received their initial distribution? Why, some of our leading Liberty Leaguers, including the du Ponts, who may have deplored the resultant publicity but seem never to have deplored publicly the use to which their money was put. Thomas F. Cadwalader, a Maryland gentleman and Liberty League leader in the Free State, when cornered by reporters, expressed regret that some of his money had been used to finance a convention utilizing so ugly a propaganda device, but saw no reason why he should resign from the S. C. U. C. or withhold further contributions.

A certain letter was distributed to Democratic women in many parts of the South. It is a long letter, addressed to "My Friends of the Southland," and says in part:

Do you realize the activities of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt in spreading Communism in your beloved Southland? They are deeply involved in the many Negro organizations such as: The Struggle for Negro Rights, the Scottsboro Case, THE ANGELO HERNDON PETITION COMMITTEE (all advocating equality with whites, even marriage) and Communistic Plans for a Negro Soviet South (The Bible Belt.) Mrs. Roosevelt's picture appears many times at their meetings, or receiving with them, also at the White House. See the Washington issue of "AFRO-AMERICAN" of April 21, 1935, headed "THE FIRST LADY HELPS THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE GET 600 NEW MEMBERS" (The N.A.A.C.P. is cooperating with the Communist Party Organizer.) Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes, was the speaker February 26, 1936, at the National Urban League. Blacks and Whites were seated together, about 60% being Negroes . . ."

This letter was mailed from the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, and inclosed with it were a number of leaflets, including one prepared by "American Women Against Communism, Box 296, Grand Central Annex, New York," baring a plot to "carve out of the federal territory a NEGRO REPUBLIC." The letter itself was signed by Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, an Ohioan and former president-general of the D. A. R.

Here is a fat manila envelope addressed to an official of a national organization, and it is not the first envelope of its kind or contents received during the campaign from the same source. The envelope says the sender is Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Joy, whose wife is a former national officer of the D. A. R., is himself a leading Liberty Leaguer, a former president of the Packard Motor Car Company, and a member of the directorates of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the American Protective Tariff League. The envelope contains five documents, and the fattest among them is an anti-Semitic book

let widely used in the campaign. The remaining items in the envelope are (1) a flier put out by the "American Vigilant Intelligence Federation, Chicago," purporting to be a reprint of an article by Kalinin from the first page of the Moscow *Daily News*, showing pictures of Roosevelt, Kalinin, Bullitt, Troyanovski, and Litvinov under the caption "An Era of Fruitful Cooperation"; (2) another attempt to paint Roosevelt as Stalin's paid understudy put out as "Letter No. 34" by the New York State Economic Council; (3) a flier entitled "Kick the Money Spenders Out of the Temple"; and (4) a pamphlet issued by the American Indian Federation, Washington, entitled "Now Who's Un-American? An Exposé of Communism in the United States Government," consisting chiefly of an attack on the American Civil Liberties Union and Roger Baldwin, who is pictured as in cahoots with Roosevelt.

The *pièce de résistance* in the collection is the anti-Semitic booklet "Toward Armageddon," published by the Militant Christian Association, Charleston, South Carolina, and composed of editorials by "The Squire of Krum Elbow," which made their initial appearance in the Highland, New York, *Post*, owned by one of Mr. Roosevelt's neighbors. On the booklet's inside cover other pamphlets are advertised, including "The Jewish Question," offered by Sawyer, 601 Fox Building, Detroit; "Anglo-Saxon Israel," offered by Adam Rutherford, of the same Detroit address; Mrs. Dilling's "The Red Network"; and the output of the now notorious Edmondson Economic Service, New York. From the

last-mentioned office have come many other anti-Semitic leaflets widely used in the campaign, including a list of "America's Jewish-Radical Masters," who, we are urged to believe, boss Roosevelt; the list runs to sixty-two names including, in addition to Baruch, Brandeis, Frankfurter, and Albert Einstein, the names of Newton D. Baker ("wife's name was 'Leopold'"); Cordell Hull ("wife's maiden name reported as 'Rosa Witz'"); Senator Wagner ("of Jew-controlled Tammany"); Marriner Eccles, a Mormon; Tom Corcoran, a Boston Irishman; Bill Bullitt, Philadelphia socialite; and A. A. Berle, Jr., son of a Congregational minister and Tufts College professor of Christian theology. The list of anti-Semitic literature used in the campaign against Roosevelt could be lengthened interminably. Any such list must include the *Revealer*, a *Christian News-Journal*, published at Wichita, Kansas, by the Reverend Gerald B. Winrod, D.D., and featuring on the first page of its October 15 issue "Roosevelt's Jewish Ancestry," illustrated by a genealogical chart that fails to bear out the article's contention that the President is a descendant of Rosenbergs, Rosenbaums, Rosenblums, Rosenvelts, and Rosenthals. Like the booklet "Toward Armageddon"—which talks of "ritual murders" and does more than hint that Roosevelt had Senators Cutting, Long, and Schall and Governor Ritchie murdered and that Al Smith has shunned the White House for fear of being poisoned there—all these anti-Semitic publications attempt to revive the old Protocols and Elders of Zion canard and show that "a formidable sect" controls the White House so long as Roosevelt is in residence there.

What the Steel Workers Face

BY ROSE M. STEIN

KENNETH KOCH worked for the Weirton Steel Company for fifteen years. During the 1933 unionization drive he was an active officer of the union and was one of the chief witnesses against the company in the famous Weirton Steel suit precipitated by the federal government under the NIRA. Much to his own surprise he was not fired for his activity. This August he was sent as a delegate from his district to a state Democratic convention, and there took an active part against the company stooges who had invaded the Democratic ranks to seek nomination for local offices. Kenneth Koch is young and energetic; he is well liked in the community, and his support of local candidates carries weight. His opposition to company candidates was the last straw and on his return from the convention he was fired. Within a week he was taken on as a paid organizer for the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee.

Plant management was annoyed. As long as Kennie was in the mill he exercised a certain amount of caution in order to hold his job. Now he was free to do his best as an organizer—his worst from the company's point of view. Something had to be done. But getting rid of Kennie

was no easy matter. Twice within two weeks he was called on the telephone and told in plain unaccented English: "Mr. Koch, we want to warn you that we are going to wreck your car tonight." But Kennie knows the ways of Weirton. "They want me to shoot at them," he said, "but I won't." Both threats were carried out. The car was parked in front of the house. While Koch and a couple of his friends sat quietly on the dark porch, a yellow coupe known to belong to Weir's private police passed by, and one of its occupants hurled a brick that broke the windows of Kennie's car. Another brick was hurled at the house, striking the screen door. Koch had his car fixed and went on organizing.

One of the jobs of the local organizer is to distribute *Steel Labor*, official paper of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. The first time Koch did it he was unmolested. Almost every worker who came along took one. Some of them were in cars and when they stopped they held up traffic. Company police watched from across the street but made no move. It was too good to last, and it was rumored that the next time something would happen to Kennie. As a precaution he asked the county sheriff to



protect him, and the sheriff solemnly promised to do so. On September 11, at three in the afternoon, when the shifts change, Kennie and another organizer, Steve Barron, took their stand about a block from the strip-mill gate. Like Koch, Barron had two counts against him. He was an organizer and he was also running for constable on the Democratic ticket. After a quarter of an hour a man known to be a "spotter" came up and took a paper. He then walked to a car parked nearby. After a brief consultation five huskies got out of the car, and the six men moved toward the two organizers. Splitting their ranks, three of them passed behind the two men and three in front of them. Then one, standing directly in front of Koch, opened the paper between them and directed a blow which Koch was just quick enough to duck. As he dodged to the side, two others grabbed his feet, threw him to the pavement, and dragged him about twenty-five feet, kicking him while the leader of the gang croaked, "We'll send him to the hospital this time for sure." A crowd quickly gathered and Koch's three assailants disappeared. Meanwhile the other three had landed a few blows on Barron. He managed to remain on his feet, however, and dashed into a shoemaker's shop, where he grabbed a hammer. By the time he got back to the scene of battle all six had packed into their car and driven away. They merely drove around the block, however, and then came back to the "clock house," where the men punch their time cards.

Barron came off with a black eye and Koch with a bruised leg. There were so many witnesses that the assail-

ants were easily identified. They were arrested and held for the grand jury. But the grand jury was made up of Weirton business men who could find no true bill against the slugging six, one of whom remarked when he heard the jury's decision, "Now we can do it again."

They did. On October 16, in front of the mill hospital, Koch was attacked by twelve men, identified as members of Weir's reorganized spy force and known as the "Hatchet Gang." This attack was in part the basis of the charge of terrorism by Ernest T. Weir brought before the La Follette committee by Philip Murray of the steel-organizing committee.

The union men have had another lesson in Weirton justice. During the campaign they showed their resentment by political independence. It was not safe for a man in Weir's own stronghold to show a sunflower in his lapel. He was not beaten up; his car was not wrecked. He was merely greeted with a chorus of boos so full of contempt that none had the courage to face it.

As the steel organization drive progresses, it becomes increasingly evident that one of the obstacles it must overcome is the sense of betrayal engendered by the failure of the American Federation of Labor to organize and support the half-million steel workers during 1933 and 1934. Section 7-a fanned into flame a long-smoldering revolt against the poverty and misery of the depression years; and the employers, taken by surprise, offered less resistance than at any time since 1892. Before they could collect their wits unionization was in full swing in the steel towns; steel workers were filled with a sense of freedom such as they had never known before and were flocking to the union. It didn't matter who the organizer was. He had only to call a meeting and the hall was filled. Every union gathering took on the air of a revival meeting, with converts rushing down the sawdust trail to get their membership cards. True, many did not pay dues or initiation fees. How could they? Work was scarce and wages were meager. But the spirit was there. Frequently lodges were formed without the knowledge of the union's international office, let alone its aid. By June, 1934, approximately 100,000 workers had signed applications to join the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers.

The mere signing of a card may not constitute bona fide membership or bring dues into the union treasury. It does represent the first important step—a loosening of the iron grip of the steel management. Unfortunately, leaders of the Amalgamated did not see it that way. They counted only dues-paying members. Locals which did not pay promptly were left to get along as best they could. In turn the locals lost interest in the international, and paid dues only for the number of members necessary to retain their charters. But some of the local lodges grew with amazing rapidity. In Weirton, for instance, where labor had never been organized, where union organizers had been convinced of the desirability of leaving town the moment they entered it, where even the 1919 drive had produced no results—the Weirton plant was the only one that worked full force throughout that strike—8,600 out of 10,000 workers joined the union in 1933. In a strike called Sep-

tember 25 of that year the plant was shut down so tight that E. T. Weir himself could not enter without permission from the strike committee. Deputy sheriffs and police were let loose on the scene in full force, but the plant remained shut until the government concocted a settlement which became the first step in the well-known and long-drawn-out litigation. In the process of that litigation the union was so effectively crushed that when the present drive began the lodge did not even have the ten members necessary to keep the charter.

Considerable progress was made in many other localities. In Duquesne, at the Carnegie-Illinois Steel plant, 3,200 out of 4,000 employees signed up. In the whole Pittsburgh area, with the sole exception of Homestead, 50 per cent or more of the steel workers signed. The Youngstown and Gary districts also developed a large union membership. It was to be expected that a union which grew more in protest against misery and depression than because of any conscious understanding of the long-range purposes of organization should be subject to a high mortality rate. But new recruits were constantly added. The organization needed only guidance and clarification. These it did not get. The international officers were either afraid of a large rank-and-file union or too stupid to realize what was happening. When they did appear at meetings they rarely offered constructive advice but concentrated on red-baiting. Leadership was left exclusively in the hands of a few active and sincere rank-and-filers, who were nevertheless confused and inexperienced. They got along fairly well, however, until the companies began to apply the old pressures. Then the union began to lose ground. The entire industry was operating at less than half its capacity, which made possible discrimination and intimidation through the allocation of work. Union men were assigned harder jobs with lower pay or they were given only one or two days of work a week, while non-union men got full time. Then came outright dismissals. At first the companies hesitated to fire officers and acknowledged leaders, but that would clearly be the next step if the organization continued to lose strength.

For most of the rank-and-file leaders the American labor movement began with the passage of the NIRA. They had taken part in strikes, though they had never led one, and they knew it was labor's most effective weapon. Why not make use of it? Thus originated the threat of a steel strike in the summer of 1934. Fortunately the strike never came off. The international leaders sabotaged it, and the rank-and-file leaders had neither the resources nor the experience to carry it through. The companies, on the other hand, were prepared for a first-class war. The record of the Senate Munitions Committee has since disclosed that practically every steel company was an armed camp at the time. But while it was perhaps wise to call off the strike, it was negligence of the first order not to provide a substitute means for building the organization. William Green pleaded eloquently against the strike on two major premises: first, that the government would appoint a steel board "with teeth in it"; second, that the A. F. of L. would undertake to build a strong steel union. The Steel Board was appointed but it was toothless; its jurisdiction was

questioned and its decisions ignored. Neither the federation nor the Amalgamated lifted a finger to build the organization or to maintain what organization already existed. The men who had joined were left high and dry. Some lost courage and quit. Those who persevered were dealt with by the companies in a fashion they will not soon forget. They were demoted, fired, evicted, had their mortgages foreclosed. By early 1936 the organization had been practically wiped out, the few surviving lodges driven underground. None of the fired men whose reinstatement was ordered by one or another of the labor boards was taken back. The rank-and-file leaders of 1933-34 were either given good jobs on condition that they would remain "sensible" or they were locked out permanently and forced to seek other means of making a livelihood. Only one survived in the movement and is now an organizer.

These experiences are fresh in the steel worker's mind. The present Amalgamated lodge in Homestead is called "The Spirit of 1892," in memory of the struggle of forty-four years ago. No D. A. R. ever took greater pride in her revolutionary forefathers than does a Homesteader in the father, grandfather, or uncle who took part in the 1892 strike, and the number of participants is increasing as rapidly as the number of those who came over in the Mayflower. But while courage is thus remembered and admired, the fear of reprisal cannot be ignored. It is too close to everyday existence. The public knows of the open warnings issued to steel workers through the press. Foremen, superintendents, and assistant superintendents repeatedly utter individual threats. For the last few months the steel



Drawings by Howard Cook

industry has been operating at the highest rate since 1930. For the first time in six years these workers and their families are not confronted with stark poverty and starvation. To join the union openly now is to risk losing one's job and to face starvation again. Admittedly this fear is the greatest single obstacle to the present drive.

On the other hand a surprisingly large number of the workers realize that their position is equally precarious outside the union. The reason is the growth of mechanization. Continuous-process mills are springing up at an alarming rate. The United States Steel Corporation has budgeted \$140,000,000 for new plants. The Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation recently borrowed \$40,000,000 to finance new mills. The Bethlehem Steel Corporation has just opened a new \$20,000,000 mill. The Weirton Steel Company already has a continuous-process tin mill. The new highly mechanized equipment is bound to throw many skilled and unskilled men out of employment. The unskilled worker is used to it, but the skilled worker is seriously alarmed.

In the present drive every precaution is being taken not to expose the worker to the eye of the stool pigeon or to the wrath of the employer. Those who sign applications become members of the Amalgamated and of the C. I. O., but no local lodges are formed and no record of membership is kept anywhere save in the central regional offices. Ordinarily, as soon as a lodge is formed, local members are elected officers and are obliged to hold business meetings for members only. Since such meetings must necessarily be held in the community, the boss, through his

spies, readily obtains a record of members. Under the present arrangement only two kinds of meetings are held—large mass-meetings held in the open and really secret meetings attended by a chosen few in somebody's kitchen or in the woods at night.

With the exception of the employees in one or two small plants and the members of two independent unions, who joined in a body, there has been no wholesale recruiting in the fashion of 1933-34. But membership cards stream in from every important steel community. No announcement has been made of the number of members to date. When the S. W. O. C. finds that in its judgment enough steel workers have joined its forces to justify its claim to bargain for the entire industry, it will notify the Iron and Steel Institute. If that body refuses recognition, as it probably will, the next step will be decided upon. For the present there is neither talk nor expectation of a strike.

The experience of 1933 and 1934 had one lasting and important result—the strengthening of class consciousness. Save for the professional labor prostitutes who appear in the newsreels to plead the bosses' cause or serve in other ways as stool pigeons, the steel workers no longer trust their employers.

It is too soon to appraise the present drive in steel, but several facts stand out clearly enough. The C. I. O. is here to do the job which the federation should have done three years ago. It must do the job now, for not a single one of the unions which comprise it is really safe as long as the basic industries, and especially steel, remain unorganized.

Reaction Rises in France

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, October 14

AFTER a hard summer hope is bracing the foes of the government to vigorous action. With the chambers in recess, the summer was a season of plans, maneuvers, and combinations; the saviors of the nation have worked hard—and it must be admitted not without some success—on all fronts, political, social, economic, financial, legal and extra-legal, and even, if certain dark rumors are to be believed, military. By the end of last month they were ready to ring up the curtain and give the country a preview of their labors. The country was duly impressed; one might even say startled. The people, who only six months ago had voted overwhelmingly for the left parties and for a left program, had no notion that the credit of the Front Populaire and the ministry had been so badly shaken by recent developments.

The oligarchy and its political friends are perhaps a little too hopeful. But there is no blinking the fact that grave conflicts have in the last few weeks been straining the left coalition almost to the breaking-point. Hardly less serious are the discords within the Radical Socialist Party.

Faction-ridden in the best of times, the Radicals have since the elections of last spring found fresh points of friction in the decline of their party, for the first time in many years, to second rank. The moderates—the *Ere Nouvelle* and *République* groups, the Lavalians, and the like—hold the alliance with the Marxists responsible for that calamity, and urge that the party detach itself without delay and stage a comeback now before the right and the fascists can profit from the collapse of the Front Populaire. Chautemps seems to be heading this group—that is the meaning of his talk about new elections—in opposition to the Cot-Daladier clan.

But all the Radicals are profoundly disturbed over the plight of the middle classes, which with the peasant-proprietors form the bulk of their support. They are aware that until prosperity returns to France, all the laws and palliatives propounded by the government to save the petty bourgeoisie are doomed to be ineffective. And they know, too, that it is not the government but the government's foes that are keeping the country from settling down to work to make a new prosperity possible.

If the strike of last spring was a spontaneous workers' movement for better wages and conditions, the new strike wave afflicting the country is deliberately provoked by the employers. This holds true of the textile strikes that broke out in the north three weeks ago, the recent waiters' strikes, and the hundred and one conflicts which keep the country seething at the present moment. The motive of the employers' associations is not merely economic—to evade the agreements they were obliged to sign last June. They are primarily political. By discharging active union men, by delaying ratification of the collective contracts, by withholding promised wage increases and even reducing wages, by permitting or encouraging rival Croix de Feu "unions," they drive the workers to frequent stoppages and renewed occupation of plants, and thereby arouse public opinion, cause dissension among the parties in the Front Populaire, and cast discredit upon the government as lacking the authority to keep order.

All this, seemingly, is part of the tactics elaborated by the opposition in the last few months. But it is only a fraction of the program. Another section is addressed to the consumer. Prices of all sorts of articles soar "to meet added labor costs." Many commodities are unobtainable "owing to occupied plant" or "because boatmen are on strike" or—since the beginning of October—"on account of devaluation." These stereotyped phrases seem to issue from a common source.

Then there is the renewed activity—under political-party labels—and the increased armament of the semi-military leagues, not merely the Croix de Feu but all the others, including the "Agrarians" of Count D'Halouin (alias Dorgires), who, after giving no sign of life for the better part of a year, some three weeks ago organized the truck growers' strike with the avowed purpose of "starving Paris." Unhappily the government cannot in this instance be absolved of blame. It neither effectively suppresses the leagues nor treats the "parties" under which they masquerade fairly. The irrepressible Colonel bluntly challenged the Minister of the Interior recently to do one or the other. Fair-minded Frenchmen who shudder at his very name conceded that "La Rocque was right."

Why are not the leagues suppressed? The satirical weekly *Canard Enchaîné* suggests a solution to the mystery which is less absurd perhaps than it appears. "If the

tinest little tiff comes up between the partners of the Front Populaire, the Count, without so much as a wink from anyone, gets busy and mobilizes his fascists—and lo! the honeymoon returns to shine benignly on the coalition of left parties. It's a useful and *unpaid* servant like this man that Salengro has the cheek to want to suppress!" In fairness to the government it must be admitted that to abolish De la Rocque and his rivals would merely result in uniting the half-dozen factions under the banner of Doriot.

The Communists deserve a chapter all to themselves. Only a few weeks ago the Front Populaire parties and groups took the motto: "Whoever attacks the Communists strikes at the Front Populaire." But now that the leagues and reactionary groups, in the classic fascist manner, are concentrating their fire on "the hordes of Stalin," scarcely anyone seems disposed to defend them. What has happened? A number of things—first of all, in chronological order, the Spanish civil war. The Communist meetings were critical of French neutrality, and *Humanité* was outspoken. For a time Jouhaux and the C. G. T. and some of the left papers, like the *Lumière*, shared the Communists' attitude. Then Blum called in his friends and laid his cards on the table. Everybody else quieted down; the Communists did not. Unkind persons said the Communists cared more about their propaganda than about the Front Populaire or the peace of Europe. Then came devaluation. During the campaign even the Socialists had said, "Neither deflation nor devaluation," and the posters and orators of the right are not letting them forget it now. The Communists—to save their faces, say their foes—after voting the measure, called meetings of their followers to explain that they had given their approval not to the cheapening of the franc but to the Front Populaire. Finally, it is pretty generally agreed that they have done themselves as well as the government much damage by insisting, despite the pleas of the Cabinet, on holding meetings in such touchy provinces as Alsace and Lorraine—even after their big meeting at the Parc des Princes had obliged the authorities to mobilize 20,000 men to prevent disorder.

Meanwhile the country is showing signs of recovery. In a month or two it is quite possible that the good effects of devaluation may make themselves felt with sufficient strength to save the credit of Blum and the Front Populaire.



Drawings by Bert Hayden

Mrs. Simpson and Palace Politics

BY AN ENGLISH EDITOR

By Cable from London

AN ENGLISH journalist is the last person competent to comment on the rumored royal marriage. In the first place, the surrounding events, so widely and intimately described in the American press, are completely unknown here. Mrs. Simpson is not a distinguished or even a well-known figure in England. A close student of the court circular and the traditional press releases from the palace might have learned that among the untitled persons who now crowd around the King there might sometimes be found Ernest Simpson and rather more frequently his wife. During the royal cruise photographs appeared of the King accompanied by, among other ladies, Mrs. Simpson. Beyond this there has been no indication in the English press that the King entertained any feelings toward Mrs. Simpson other than those of a host toward his guest.

The only thing which has so far given any basis for even the limited rumors circulating among the masses has been the failure of the press to handle the Simpson divorce. The palace gave the hint that publicity was considered undesirable. In any case the English press law on divorce prevents the reporting of any of those formal yet intimate details of adultery which must be strictly proved before the court will grant a dissolution of marriage. These factors had a curious effect on the reporting of the actual divorce itself. For example, the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* sent two reporters to Ipswich but only gave the divorce a paragraph. On the other hand, the Liberal *News Chronicle*, though saying nothing about the King, spun out the meager details permitted by law into a big center-page story. Thus those readers of the *News Chronicle* who had never heard of Mrs. Simpson were puzzled that she should receive such publicity, while those who had heard about her had only done so in relation to the King and were therefore even more mystified that her principal claim to fame was passed over. Thus the result of palace interference in this as in other cases was directly opposite from that intended, and rumors are now much more frequent; but outside London they have still only a very limited circulation.

Politically the most important factor in the situation for the moment is that most people in England know nothing of the King's friendship with Mrs. Simpson or of the possibility of their marriage. In the restricted circles where something is known two distinct rumors are afloat: first, that Mrs. Simpson will be raised to the peerage at the expiration of six months when the divorce becomes absolute and will then marry the King. True, for a long time there has been talk of the King cementing the bonds of empire by marrying a colonial; but Mrs. Simpson, though a Canadian through marriage to Mr. Simpson,

is hardly the type of bride the empire politicians had in mind, and the King's marriage to her would without doubt produce a far-reaching constitutional crisis. Some indication of the strength of this rumor is afforded by the city quoting a special but high rate—eight guineas per cent—on a postponement of the coronation for causes other than the King's illness, the death of a member of the royal family, or war, which but for the Simpson affair would cover all contingencies. This, coupled with a rise to 26 per cent on the insurance rate against the King's marriage, shows that the city contemplates marriage, accompanied possibly by abdication, but it shows little else. Lloyds is notoriously credulous. The second rumor in well-informed circles is that the King does not intend marrying Mrs. Simpson and that his feelings toward her are not of that nature. He regards her, say some palace observers, as an interesting companion and a most valued adviser but nothing more. There is yet no information available to show which, if either, rumor is correct, but the chances against the King marrying Mrs. Simpson are much higher than is indicated by the city rates.

Politically in England the affair is not a major issue. The *Daily Worker*, which published a special number ridiculing and attacking the marriage of Prince George, has not yet mentioned it. Indeed, the affair at present appears only to play an important but subsidiary part in the underground political battle going on in the palace. Under King George there was a definite palace clique composed mainly of the older, duller, more respectable peers. Typical of this class were Lords Derby and Salisbury. Derby, whose principal claim to fame was that without participating in the war himself he persuaded millions of others to enlist with his Derby recruiting scheme, is fat, sporting, and correct, unlike Lord Lonsdale, who is only fat and sporting. Salisbury is a dry, lanky second-rater, an invariable officeholder in Conservative administrations, distinguished only as the sponsor of innumerable still-born bills to increase the power of the Lords. Both Derby, through his son in the government, and Salisbury, as head of the Cecil family, are closely connected with the Conservative Party. Supported partly by two archbishops and the Queen, they have taken the lead discreetly in rallying the aristocracy against the new pleasure-seeking palace set, inadequately restrained by Sir John Aird, who is the virtual head of the palace household. They aim to compel the King, whose political rather than social instability they fear, to conform to those traditions of bourgeois domesticity established by George V, which the Jubilee and the royal funeral showed to be capable of almost unlimited exploitation by the National government. In this struggle to make the King a good Conservative, Mrs. Simpson serves merely as an unimportant peg on which to hang rumor.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IRVING DILLIARD of the editorial staff of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* brings out in the November *Harper's* an extremely interesting fact about the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court on minimum-wage statutes. In going over the decisions of the court in the three leading cases he says that he "made an astonishing discovery: that while the Supreme Court killed minimum-wage statutes in 1936 and 1923 and divided evenly on the issue in 1917, actually a majority of the justices participating in these three cases declared that such legislation was constitutional!" His analysis of this paradox shows that ten judges—Hughes, Stone, Cardozo, Holmes, Brandeis, Taft, Clark, Day, Pitney, and Sanford—favored minimum-wage legislation, while Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland, Butler, White, McKenna, and Roberts voted against it. That the decisions were opposed to minimum-wage laws—in one case tied—was therefore due to the accidental composition of the court at the time the decisions were filed. The conservative judges seem to have been longer-lived than the others! Justice Hughes, when Governor of New York, once said: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is." Mr. Dilliard thinks that an unjust use has been made of these words of Governor Hughes. None the less he poses this question: "If someone is bold enough to suggest that, with respect to minimum-wage legislation, the Constitution is rather what the judges who stay on the bench *longest* say it is, who can contradict him?"

Mr. Dilliard also points out that if the deaths and resignations of justices and the appointment of new members since the *District of Columbia* case had been such as to establish a court including Hughes, Taft, Holmes, Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo, and Sanford, the New York law pronounced unconstitutional this year would have been upheld by at least seven to two. All of which brings out how accidental are the decisions of the court; how the sacred Constitution is preserved to us often because death does or does not stay his hand. It is a lottery the outcome of which is affected by a number of factors, including the personal predilections and point of view of the man who happens to be President. That this is the case has come as a great shock to many Americans who have been brought up to believe that the court is a magnificent, sterilized institution whose members divest themselves of all prejudices and economic beliefs on taking their seats and then pass upon legislation with sole reference to the basic law of the land.

Since Mr. Dilliard's article was written, this question of minimum-wage legislation has again presented itself to the Supreme Court. At its first meeting of the new term it declined to grant a rehearing in the New York case but

did agree to hear a case which involves a similar statute in the state of Washington. In Illinois and other states deep concern is felt over the unfavorable decision, and it looks as if the issue would continue to confront the court until it is decided aright. How and when that will take place is obviously guesswork, but the situation brings up again the question whether the Supreme Court should have the right to nullify social and labor legislation. It was one of the disappointments of the Presidential campaign just ended that there was no real discussion or debate of this vital problem.

Soon after Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation of the decisions of the Supreme Court as putting us back into the horse-and-buggy age I offered to bet (with no takers) that the President would not again refer to the Supreme Court or the issue involved until he was safely reelected—or defeated. That proved to be the case, and speculation is therefore rife as to whether he will bring forward in his second term this question of the Supreme Court—whether that body has not exceeded its functions in dealing with social and economic issues, and/or whether it should be deprived of its present power. If the President chooses to lead in that direction we shall have another tremendous debate in and out of Congress, perhaps the most vital constitutional debate in our history, with the country clearly divided between those who believe the Constitution to be sacrosanct and untouchable, and those who maintain that it must be modernized, that Congress must have that right to legislate on social and economic conditions which adheres to parliaments in all other great countries. Even in Czecho-Slovakia the new Constitutional Court may declare a law passed by the legislature to be unconstitutional only upon a motion by one of six public bodies, three of which are branches of the legislature itself.

That the problem is surrounded by great difficulties no one can deny who read Professor Charles A. Beard's article in *The Nation* of April 1 last. Ordinarily quick to take a position, Professor Beard could only urge: "It may be well for all parties to the constitutional dispute to wait a while." "Meanwhile," he said, "the search for and clarification of fundamental principles proceed." I for one feel that the policy of drift cannot continue indefinitely and that it is vital to the future of the Republic in this hour when it is menaced from left and right that the issue be clarified, and that the Congress receive the power to deal finally with social and economic issues, though the Supreme Court's right to annul legislation relating to civil rights and personal liberty should still be preserved. There is where we need a real bulwark, as the readiness of our legislatures to pass teachers' oath bills and anti-red and anti-syndicalism statutes clearly shows.

BROUN'S PAGE

THIS is written before Election Day, but when it appears the result will have been decided and Roosevelt, Landon, or Norman Thomas will have been selected as the next President of the United States. Fortunately the problem I wish to discuss will remain of interest no matter which one of the three has been elected. I am thinking of the needs and necessities of labor for the next four years. If labor had been powerful enough in the year 1936 it might quite possibly have passed up all three men. Franklin, Alf, and Norman, all leave much to be desired from the point of view of organized labor.

Personally Mr. Thomas would probably do his best to cooperate, but he would be badly handicapped by some of the most influential factions in his own party. Dan Hoan has certainly not succeeded in making Milwaukee a workers' paradise. I am not suggesting at all that the agreeable Mr. Hoan could have set up a little Socialist oasis in the middle of a capitalistic country, but he cannot entirely escape the blame for the low estate of organized labor within his city. It would be unfair to call Hoan a red-baiter, but he is jittery for all that and looks under the bed at night. When the Communists announced in the last municipal election that they intended to indorse him, he went into a dither and issued a statement declaring that it was a dirty plot to discredit him and that he would not accept votes from the reds.

When the Newspaper Guild strike first broke in Milwaukee, it was mistakenly assumed that the guild leaders had fomented a conflict in the belief that a Socialist city would be the best of all towns in which to try conclusions with Hearst. A good many of us knew beforehand that Dan Hoan was just a little reactionary around the edges, and we were confirmed in that belief before the strike was a week old. Most of the labor leaders of Milwaukee are also members of the Socialist Party, and they are in addition vain and timid bureaucrats very much afraid of the name and fame of William Randolph Hearst. It was my function on several occasions to attempt to placate labor men who grew angry when the guild strike committee tried to cut the red tape in which they wrapped our efforts. I remember being very apologetic and pouring a great deal of oil on one Socialist in particular. He said that the guild had made many mistakes.

"The worst one you've made," he said, "is about your picket line. I've been reliably informed that Communists have been seen on your picket line. You'll have to change that or forfeit the support of labor in Milwaukee."

I had been kotowing so long that my forehead was sore but now I straightened up. After all, we had had as many as 4,000 pickets out on one or two occasions. We had asked all who wished us well and who were with us to join the ranks. And so I said, "That we won't do. We wouldn't want to and in any case we couldn't. The

Newspaper Guild will not set up a board of examiners at the head of the picket line and establish a set economic or political test for marchers. Those who were with us are with us."

The rule remained like that. If this article finds Norman Thomas the President-elect, I trust that he will tend to curb red-baiting by the Wisconsin wing of his party. I trust he will cease to be irritated at the work which John L. Lewis did for Roosevelt and come out much more forcefully than he has done as yet in favor of industrial unionism.

But perhaps the successful candidate is not Norman Thomas but Alfred M. Landon. Naturally I will grant that labor would be worse off under a Republican than under a Socialist administration. Landon will not be much moved by verbal arguments. In spite of a few cover-up speeches toward the end, he ran rather defiantly as the enemy of organized labor and in particular the bitter foe of the industrial type of union. At the moment he would be pretty contemptuous of labor's power. In the event that Landon is now President-elect it will be necessary to push the organization of steel and motors as rapidly as possible. Labor, in order to save itself from a hostile Administration, will have to show its power on the picket line if it is to moderate in any way the unfriendliness of Landon.

But perhaps Franklin D. Roosevelt has won. Does that mean that labor has crossed over Jordan and reached the promised land? Don't be silly. Paul Ward said before the election that the only difference he could see between Landon and Roosevelt was that Landon would call out the troops against the strikers in the first week and Roosevelt would wait until the second. I do not think Mr. Ward should have spoken of such a colossal difference so casually. A good strike is won in the first week. But taking Ward's words rather more symbolically than literally, I think there is small question that Franklin D. Roosevelt's labor policy will be very much governed by labor's own strength.

Some of the blanket condemnation of the NRA is quite unfair. Codes conferred very considerable benefits on workers in those industries which were well organized and none at all where unions were weak or non-existent. Indeed, although I was one of the bitter critics of Mr. Roosevelt during the NRA days I think there were times when he had a right to say that his own indecision and vacillation in regard to certain codes were no greater than William Green's.

Labor's job and labor's obligation are perfectly plain no matter who sits in the White House. It must develop a large and aggressive organization. It must organize not only the mass-production industries but also the white-collar workers and the unemployed. And it must organize along industrial lines.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

OUR BEST-KNOWN WRITER

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WHEN the eighteen volumes of James Boswell's private papers were recently brought to light, it became possible to know their subject more intimately than any other man who ever lived. Few persons were ever more interested in either themselves or others, and by comparison Pepys was almost reticent. Now the discovery and publication of the original manuscript from which the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" was rewritten* adds another and valuable item to the most richly documented of literary careers. Of it the prospectus says, "It will have the unique distinction of being the first edition, published 163 years after it was written, of a work that has been famous for generations"; and the description is justified.

Those who are familiar with the notebooks from which Boswell composed the "Life" of Johnson know how completely they dispose of Macaulay's libelous paradox by revealing that the "Life" is the best of biographies, not because its author was a fool, but because he had a superb sense of character which gave him an almost unrivaled skill in turning a phrase or pointing an anecdote to make it more "Johnsonian" than it actually was. Here the interest is somewhat different, since in many ways the original draft is better than the finished work for the very reason that it is less formal, considerably fuller—about half again as long—and a good deal more frank. For publication Boswell eliminated many picturesque details which he replaced by generalities, discarded bits which might be too offensive to living persons or which revealed his "revered sage" in all-too-human aspects, and permitted Edward Malone to help him revise the often easy colloquial style into formal eighteenth-century prose. Here, however, we have about three-fourths of the work as it was written—part of it actually on the tour—and the version to which Johnson himself gave the praise Boswell so proudly records.

Unless I have overlooked something, there is not, to be sure, much that is factually of great importance, but there is much that makes the whole thing more vivid and more intimate, which gives us a realer sense of actually accompanying the strange expedition. If one is to go with the incomparable pair it is better to know that at Elgin they got "good fish, but beef collops and mutton chops which absolutely could not be eat" than merely that "we fared but ill at our inn here" as the published text has it; and if we are interested in the sage it is better that we shall have all of him even when he is calling a Scotch clergyman

"the most ignorant booby and grossest bastard." There is a curious passage, later eliminated, in which Boswell very candidly analyzes the prudent limits of his Jacobite sympathies and several in which his own far from priggish sense of what was below his own or the Doctor's dignity triumphed over his desire to tell all. Usually he was willing to expose himself to any degree necessary for the proper exhibition of his hero, but though he left in part of Johnson's remarkable speculations concerning the manner in which he would manage his harem if he had one, he excised the part which dealt with Boswell's own qualification for eunuch in that establishment. Usually, also, he thought any extravagances of the Doctor were sufficiently excused when he himself had introduced suitable remarks about the solemn thoughts inspired by the spectacle of so majestic a pachyderm at play, but apparently Johnson's reflections on the proper limits of comfort in the furnishings of outhouses and his remarks upon the psychological state induced by necessary sojourns in them were thought to transcend all limits.

As a specimen of formal eighteenth-century prose the traditional version of the "Journal" will of course have to stand, but both as a travel book and as a source of information about the inexhaustibly interesting Johnson and the almost equally interesting Boswell this new edition is the one which everyone will want to use. It is a delight, and it can hardly fail to raise again the old question how a man so obstreperously wrong-headed as we are bound to think Dr. Johnson usually was can not only remain a source of endless delight but inspire profound admiration and affection. Not all his picturesqueness nor all Boswell's skill in setting it off is sufficient to account for the facts, and we are driven to reaffirm that at the bottom of what we admire is a greatness of intellect which no amount of disagreement with his conclusions can hide from us. He had to the highest possible degree one quality characteristic of all the great eighteenth-century intellectuals—a remarkable mastery of the rather limited knowledge and almost equally limited interests which were theirs. Perhaps for the very reason that their materials were relatively few and their scope relatively narrow they learned to handle what they did handle with unparalleled felicity.

Consider, for example, a passage of Toryism from the "Journal" which is not likely to strike a sympathetic cord in anyone today. Boswell has asked if the House of Peers should have as great an influence as it has.

Johnson: "Yes, sir. Influence must ever be in proportion to property, and it is right it should." Boswell: "But is there not reason to fear that the common people may be oppressed?" Johnson: "No, sir. Our great fear is

*"Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D." Now First Published from the Original Manuscript with Preface and Notes by Frederic A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. The Viking Press. Limited Edition, \$25. Trade Edition, \$5.

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from want of power in government. Such a storm of vulgar force has broken in." Boswell: "It has only roared." Johnson: "Sir, it has roared till the judges in Westminster Hall have been afraid to pronounce sentence in opposition to the popular cry. You are frightened by what is no longer dangerous, like Presbyterians of Popery." He then repeated a passage, I think from Butler's "Remains," which ends, "and would cry 'Fire! Fire!' in Noah's flood."

Whatever accessory reasons there may be, the chief reason for the interest of that passage is that it is so extraordinarily well argued, and that a superb example of method is not only interesting but useful quite aside from the material to which it happens to be applied. Turned to another purpose, the reference to Presbyterians and Popery and the witticism about crying "Fire" in the midst of Noah's flood would make a better retort than any which has yet been given to, for example, the alarms sounded by the Liberty League over precisely the dangers which do not threaten us.

BOOKS

"Not Mine, but Man's"

MORE POEMS. By A. E. Housman. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

HOUSMAN is dead; he who without wit or metaphysics saw death clearly has undergone it. In his will he stated that his brother Lawrence might print such poems as he thought good. We have, therefore, in this book forty-eight more poems which are worthy of the poet, though some have not quite the simple, dramatic perfection of those Housman himself printed. His own funeral poem and many others now belong, as Housman does, to the world; they are the product of one of the finest "minor" poetic talents in English literature. Housman's request to his brother to destroy his notebooks on poetic ideas and his workshop material results in a terrible loss to all students of poetry. Notes on a craft as perfect as Housman's would have been invaluable. We are left with only one example, printed in this book, of two versions of a poem, but this single example indicates how Housman rid himself of the characteristic romanticism and personal emotionalism common to the other poets of his period.

Housman, it must be remembered, knew the impact of modern despair as early as 1895, the year of his greatest poetic output. This is the period of decadent romanticism during which Dowson wrote of passion as a drug to stimulate and to kill, Kipling and Henley hymned physical activity as reason for living, and many poets turned Catholic. Thirty years before our modern poets announced the death of an era, Housman wrote of it. While Yeats wrapped himself in the cloak of Irish myth and legend, Housman faced reality and found it tragic. He was of his own times in that he focused on individual tragedy but of our times in his bitterness against injustice, his hatred of war and empire. And he alone of the poets of his era depersonalized his philosophy and emotions so that they, and his poems, became "not mine, but man's."

To speak of these new poems of Housman's is to speak of his poetry in general. Most of them date with "Shropshire Lad"

and the "Last Poems." Housman presents the modern knight, common man, fighting his last battle against too much self-knowledge, fighting with his "sword that will not save," pride and courage. His form is an adaptation of ballad and bucolic lyric, medieval and classical forms shaped to the simple, impersonal lyric which gives the essence of a story and an emotion. In words of one syllable Housman asserts the paradox of life—that the human will is immediately negated by a man's taking thought. The closing lines of poem after poem illustrate this. Here are two examples from his recent book:

The head that I shall dream of
That will not dream of me

Thy creature that thou madest
And wilt cast forth no more

Such dramatic reversals as conclude Housman's poems—"our eyes are in the places where we shall never be"—indicate this poet's irrevocable belief that man's own sense of time and death must deny him—once youth and its illusions of physical delight are past—any reason for living save the will to endure.

There are, as Kenneth Burke once remarked, nuclei of emotions and ideas fused in any poet's writing and from these a poet's characteristic images and symbols emerge. The finer the poet the fewer, most probably, his essential responses, for in the fine poet emotions and ideas form clusters which determine a point of view or a philosophy. Housman illustrates this perfectly. His visual scene is Shropshire, its moor and mountain, town and steeple, barn and stack, a background simple and universal enough to be named and not elaborately described, a country small enough to seem typical of any provincial setting wherein man takes thought concerning his own life and the life of others. His fundamental belief is that man's own awareness of decay and death is tragic. It follows therefore that youth, less aware, is alone happy, that suicide is justifiable if willed, that love may momentarily blind one to an inevitable defeat in life. And Housman's symbols—youth in sport, youth in love, the soldier in the fight of life, the mature man thinking about time and its harvest—all emerge from his philosophy. But because Housman's poetry is rather more classic than romantic, his scene and his essential drama and its characteristics are presented simply and universally, in inevitably correct and direct statement, so that his poetry—even when the first person pronoun is used—seems impersonal and applicable to every man. This is why every clear and perfect line of his, every poem with its dramatic close, is remembered. EDA LOU WALTON

The Triumph of the Traders

CALEB CATLUM'S AMERICA. Edited with an Introduction by Vincent McHugh. Illustrated by Georg T. Hartmann. Stackpole Sons. \$2.50.

MR. MCHUGH claims that he was visited one day by a long lean American with red hair and blue eyes, and that before this fellow went away he told the stories which Mr. McHugh sets down here as the stories of Caleb Catlum. "He looked like a young man, and one who had been young a long time." He even "looked young enough to be his own grandson." But "there was about him the air and habit of another age of Americans." In a word, he was timeless. So Mr. McHugh finds Caleb an excellent vehicle for his own opinions and emotions concerning the American past, not to speak of the American future. Caleb will not, I suspect, make his mark as one of our folk heroes, nor does Mr. McHugh offer him as such. He is admittedly synthetic—a dash of Daniel

Boone, a whiff of Mike Fink, a whoop of Paul Bunyan, a touch of Mark Twain, a suggestion of Samuel Adams, a suspicion of Jefferson, an aroma of Whitman and Lincoln. He has known all these persons and dozens of others in their class; or if he has not known them his pop and his grandpop have, and every older Catlum back to Eric the Red.

They indeed *are* Catlums—all the good guys of American history are—and the most that Mr. McHugh wants to do is to make a list of the good guys; in other words, to write American history in something like a folk language, with grammar by Mencken and poetry by God. Since the Catlums are immortal and move easily through time and space, and since Mr. McHugh is no respecter of periods, his history comes at us in a high sort of jumble; which shakes down finally into two lists of names, one a white list of Catlums and one a black list of persons for whom Caleb can find no better name than Traders. Whitman's name for them was hogs. They like war and money, they do not like liquor, and they have never learned how to make love.

Mr. McHugh's allegiance is to the unsymmetrical Americans: to the independent and the original ones, the ones with flavor, the cussed, cantankerous, cockeyed ones, the ones who would rather spend money than make it, and who like best of all to give it away; to the engineers of our destiny who build bridges only to burn them behind them; to the straight shooters who talk a little crookedly out of the corners of their mouths because that is the nature of their lingo. They are not high-brows, and neither are they primitives; they are run-of-the-mill Americans, probably Scotch-Irish—though John Henry is one of them, and John Henry is as black as iron. At any rate they do not number among themselves such notables as Hamilton, Hoover, and Rutherford B. Hayes. They are always something of a disturbance in the state; they like fights even if they see no sense in war, they never balance the budget, and their talk is loud in the land. Their lingo, as I have said, is neither academic nor aboriginal; a condition which Mr. McHugh very economically expresses by having his Indians talk like Harvard men, or worse yet like bally Englishmen. There is the Lakota chief, for instance, who has changed his name from Sleeping Water to Charing Cross and who chirps like this: "'Frightfully awkward, what? I mean, dash it all, one *ought* to have ponies, don't you know? If you chaps will just set your kit down, I'll have my people fetch it in for you. *Travois*,' he says, giving a little wave. 'All that sort of thing.' " No, the Catlums talk plain American. "Way I figure it," says Caleb to Uncas, "you got to observe the customs o' the country. . . . I guess I'll take my lingo 'long with me an' just let 'er grow up with the country." Along, that is to say, with Huck Finn, Buffalo Bill, Casey Jones, Davy Crockett, and Johnny Appleseed.

The Traders, of course, we have always with us. One of them was here in the beginning, like original sin, and Mr. McHugh sometimes yields to despair when he notes how their numbers increase. Franklin was one of them, but that was not so bad because Franklin had compensating charms. Latterly the Traders have not been charming; they speculate, they dicker, they budgetize, they withhold relief from the poor, they view with alarm; they are for all the world what good Democrats accuse good Republicans of being. It is not without significance that Mr. McHugh in his preface acknowledges a debt to Parrington's "Main Currents of American Thought." Parrington was Jeffersonian and agrarian, and so as a matter of fact is Caleb, who discovers a cave in the West and follows it down to a wonderful land of golden farms and lazy sunshine—the agrarian's paradise. He comes out of the cave and has many further adventures; runs into more Catlums and identifies more

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piccolo-players (that is, by reference to a current anecdote which I had better not repeat, Traders). But in the end, exiled with all his tribe from a country which has gone completely Trader, he leads the mournful procession of those he loves back into the cave. And there Mr. McHugh leaves him.

It was a mistake to do so. A few Catlums at least should have been left among us to toughen under opposition and to skylark down the years. They are in essence a minority breed, thriving in unpopular places and difficult to kill. It is sentimental of Mr. McHugh to save them all of a sudden by hiding them in a hole where they must cease to be themselves, and where it is to be feared they will learn the odious virtue known in our days as prudence. It is also sentimental of Mr. McHugh to write as he does of Whitman and Lincoln, whom somehow he never manages to fit into his scheme. But those are minor blemishes in a joyful and powerful book whose heart is on the whole so definitely in the right place.

MARK VAN DOREN

Girl of the Golden 90's

PORTRAIT OF AN ERA, AS DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

By Fairfax Downey. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.50.

ARTISTS are by no means exempt from the sour-grapes complex. How many times has the present reviewer spoken of the consummate skill of C. D. Gibson's pen drawings, only to be greeted with uplifted high brows and "Oh, *that* sort of thing!" As a matter of fact, in his mature work the grace, dash, and ease of Gibson's line, the presentation of what he saw fit to present, reveal a master in a chosen field. He was a virtuoso of the pen as Sargent was a virtuoso of the brush. To those who don't like his point of view and therefore denigrate his ability, the answer is "Go and try to do it."

His favorite subject matter, and his attitude toward it, is another story. It is quite possible that if all our artists had been Gibsons and all our producers Ziegfelds, the revolution had ere this been far around the corner—behind us! Gibson, for example, was unconsciously the perfect irritator of the masses. Court chronicler to the "Four Hundred," official historian of the pre-rayon era of metropolitan womanhood, a reversed Thorsten Veblen violently inspiring conspicuous consumption, he created the Gibson Girl.

His achievements as satirist, political cartoonist, war propagandist, and painter all sink to insignificance beside this feat. His Gibson Girl, delicately fed, marvelously clothed, idle, beautiful, insolent, destined to be a spoiled wife, sweeps haughtily and gracefully through his life edifice. Even more romantic than the romantic 90's, for her he became the apologist of courtship with "Love Conquers All" and "They Lived Happily Ever After." A glance at his life illumines his art.

He was "a child normally happy," sold his first drawing to *Life* in 1886, rose to "an income respected by mining magnates and railroad chieftains," and bought the magazine in 1918. Other periodicals clamored for work. In 1927 he received \$100,000 for 100 drawings and later as high as \$2,000 a drawing. Handsome, charming, internationally famous, happily married to a Southern belle, a social registerite, and rich in friends, he has had a congenial, busy, and pleasant life.

Aside from the Gibson Girl, the artist's greatest success was "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Here was real Americana. Archetype of "downtrodden consorts," the unlucky protagonist is "the composite of a thousand henpecked husbands." With two beautiful Gibsonized daughters, a social-climbing and domineering middle-aged harridan of a wife (lineal descendant of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women"), and no do-

mestic will-power, this retired captain of industry exemplified that pathetic, ridiculous, and, in European eyes, contemptible creature, the American husband. Here was explained why our great business executives of the 90's clung to their offices until arteriosclerosis killed them, and here was suggested a definition of modern marriage—a respectable device by which man pays for love and woman gets paid for it.

None the less C. D. Gibson was primarily a romantic reporter of sentimental and amusing things, a one-man periodical—a *Punch* without politics, a *New Masses* without message. As an illustrator he would have been perfect for "The Prisoner of Zenda," medium for "Diana of the Crossways," terrible for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and zero for "The Brothers Karamazov." His great creation was his Dream Girl, who was almost as well known in her day as Mickey Mouse is in ours.

— His popularity was enormous, something like that of a later movie star such as Rudolf Valentino. "Along with the captains and the kings he extended his vast and beneficent sway," and, as Mark Sullivan points out, influenced "the manners of a whole generation of Americans." His imitators were, and are, legion.

Twice he renounced line drawing and took up painting. His contribution remains his work in black and white. It forms a veritable storehouse of authentic data on the costumes and etiquette of the American leisure class during a specified period. And if a supreme technical mastery of a certain problem be greatness, C. D. Gibson was, and is, a great man.

Mr. Downey's interesting book, of course copiously illustrated, is good but not great journalistic narrative.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT

Parliamentary History

COMMONS DEBATES OF 1621. Edited by Wallace Notestein, Frances Helen Relf, and Hartley Simpson. Yale University Press. Seven Volumes. \$35.

THAT this is the most distinguished piece of editing a record of Parliament has so far received is beyond all question. We are here given nine diaries of the Parliament of 1621 which together cover practically the whole of its proceedings. None of the diaries here produced was previously known. One, on good grounds, the editors feel able to assign to the great Pym; a second, if brief, is nevertheless the work of Wentworth; and a third is the work of that attractive figure John Smyth, who wrote the "Lives of the Berkeleys." The editing of the volumes is superb. Everything that the reader could require, down to a magnificent index, is here; and it should be added that the form of the volumes is worthy of their content. It is important to express one's humble gratitude to the scholars who are responsible for this achievement. They have thrown a flood of light upon a vital period of English history.

For they have enabled us to see the realities of the political scene at a moment when the accent of revolutionary change is beginning somberly to be heard. What is vital in these pages is the picture of ordinary members of Parliament, soberly, vigorously, and with determination, indicting the government of the day for its economic maladministration. They are acting after the collapse of a boom; and they are, clearly enough, shaping their thoughts to the transformation of the seat of power. The matters they discuss—taxation, companies, tariffs—are undramatic enough; but these reports have in them that depth of feeling, that apprehension of grim reality, that one finds in the debates of European parliaments when

they survey the economic scene at the present time. In some degree, no doubt, their main value is to the specialist, though there are few pages in which there is not some incident or some phrase that is its own justification. Taken altogether their significance lies in their emphasis upon the economic background of the Stuart crisis. The struggle for parliamentary control was a struggle for a new form of social organization. These diaries make it possible to see how men's minds shaped themselves to that realization. There will be few histories of the English Parliament in the next generation in which these volumes will not have their part.

Their publication has been made possible by a grant from the Commonwealth Fund. Every scholar must note his gratitude to that foundation for the insight it displayed in making that grant. Work such as this is literally indispensable not merely to the historian but to students of politics and sociology. The diaries form, as it were, a moving-picture of a critical epoch, made by the men who shaped its destiny; and they are given to us with an *apparatus criticus* as exact, as delicate, and as graceful as that which it is traditional to lavish only upon a classical text. I know one other book of the kind only that compares with this in quality; it is Maitland's edition of the "Memoranda of 1306." Professor Notestein and his colleagues will desire no higher praise.

Perhaps I may add one word in conclusion. The debt of English history to American scholars is already a great one. Gross, Adams, Haskins, McIlwain, Read—the roll of distinction is an eminent one indeed. Nothing shows more splendidly the international character of scholarship than that enterprises of this magnitude and quality can be undertaken at an American university and financed by an American foundation. An Englishman is inclined to be humble as he looks at these massive volumes; their precision, their elegance, and their learning are the proof that American scholars have earned the right to stand with those of any other people in the forefront of the battle for knowledge. Professor Notestein writes gracefully of the hospitality he has received in English houses. When he returns friendships with so noble a gift, we should be churlish indeed if we denied him whatever he might choose to ask. And, at the least, he and his coadjutors will accept our thanks and gratitude.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Golem in Germany

THE WAR GOES ON. By Sholem Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

THE integrated setting of "The War Goes On" helps to give the book an even greater epic objectivity than the author achieved in "Three Cities." No other writer has depicted with such breadth of view and insight the suffering, the pathos, the chaos, and most of all the unmitigated brutality which during the period of inflation combined to spawn the present rulers of Germany. His magnificent pages are alive with the passionate anger of the proud Jew, but even more with the brooding, all-embracing sympathy of the great artist. And if Sholem Asch has in this novel failed to create characters as memorable as some of those in his earlier writings, he has made of it nevertheless a towering work of fiction.

The story deals with the effect of the inflation on the German people, when all values were tumbling precipitately, when the mark finally became "plain dirt," when prolonged hunger drove strong men to despair. The protagonists embrace nearly every type of Jew and German—the petty speculator and the all-powerful Stinnes, the Communist and the Nazi, the Junker,



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the degenerate, and the Bolshevik. There is, foremost, Aron Yudkewitch, the extraordinarily clever *Luftmensch* who rises from nothing to a place of power in the great Bodenheimer bank. All his fabulous wealth, however, which he loses in the end, is as ashes in his mouth because his bought wife despises him for his impotency and because his conscience never permits him to forget that his life is a fraud and a mockery.

Yet Yudkewitch is after all the interloper; more central to the main theme are the Bodenheimers, the Von Stickers, the Spinners, in whom the tragedy of Germany is concentrated. Max Bodenheimer, the head of a Jewish banking family, kills himself when the inflation makes it impossible for him to preserve the good name of the bank established by his grandfather and made powerful by his imperious father. His brother Heinrich, the selfish genius of the family, devotes his brilliant gifts to the cause of Nordic superiority until tragedy forces upon him the truth which he has all his life tried so eloquently to avoid. Adolf, the artist of the family, gives himself wholly to the enjoyment of painting—only to sacrifice his precious collection in order to feed "two living masterpieces." Hans, the only son of Max and his Christian wife, is the most pathetic and the best-drawn of the Bodenheimers. He was baptized when in his teens on the assumption that the sprinkle of holy water would save him from the ignominy of being a Jew. Yet he suffers most of all for his Jewishness. Nothing can compensate for his tainted blood—not his wealth, nor his Aryan appearance, nor his Christian baptism. These and other Jews are shown broken on the rack of blind, brutal hatred; a hatred giving power and prestige to "Death's Prophet," the "*Golem* set in motion by an inner mechanism . . . a machine created to give out vibrations of hatred, nothing else."

Of equal significance are the Junkers. When Robert von Sticker, a Goethe scholar completely impoverished by the inflation, learns that his daughter is in love with the son of his Jewish banker, he drives her out of the house with Junker ruthlessness; and when his money is about to give out he makes the proper arrangements for his funeral before sending a bullet through his brain. His son Wolfgang, brutalized by the war and the post-war years of shiftlessness, becomes a Nazi gangster and shoots his sister when she refuses to give up her unborn child. Only Lotte von Sticker has come through the years of suffering with a clear eye and open heart. When she meets Hans and falls in love with him, she does not hesitate to give herself to him. For this she is killed by her own brother. Finally, to fill out the picture, there is Albert Spinner, the worker and Social Democrat, whose acute undernourishment brings him to lend an ear to the Nazi promises of shared wealth and national greatness. All these Germans are uprooted, mad with hunger, suffering for their defeated country; all but Lotte are confused and brutalized and violently anti-Semitic. As they break away from the old order they hie themselves quickly to the groups of gangsters presided over by "Death's Prophet."

These characters are delineated with live sympathy. Yet the significance of the book lies not so much in their individual stories as in the tragedy of Germany which made their stories possible. For the central theme of the book is the epic pathos of a haughty people driven mad by defeat. Sholem Asch makes painfully clear the awful post-war conditions which forced the Germans to strike out with barbaric brutality against those weaker than they and to foster their delusions of grandeur at the expense of others. At the same time he mourns with his fellow-Jews and trains his energies upon the hatred of which they are the outraged victims. The epic objectivity of his approach makes the indictment all the more crushing.

CHARLES A. MADISON

DRAMA

Too Good Not to Be Better

IT IS unfair, of course, but anyone as good as George S. Kaufman must pay the penalty for not being a great deal better. He has paid it before and he will have to pay it again in connection with "Stage Door" (Music Box Theater), which he has written in conjunction with Edna Ferber. Since the penalty generally includes an extremely profitable run, it is perhaps not too severe, and yet Mr. Kaufman must have heard "It's enormously amusing but—" too often not to entertain very melancholy convictions on the subject of human ingratitude. The scene is a boarding-house for aspiring young actresses somewhere in the fifties, and all of the play's very good best is strictly topical in nature. Underneath is a sentimental story and a familiar sentimental moral—that the real actor would rather starve in the theater than live in luxury anywhere else, even in Hollywood—but what really counts is the succession of what would have been called in the seventeenth century "the humours of a boarding-house."

It is true that even these may not be strictly new. One could easily guess beforehand that one was going to meet the girl who could play anything if she was given a chance, the girl who thinks that men are dreadful, and the girl who goes wrong in mink. But Mr. Kaufman and Miss Ferber have hit them off with such crisp, amusing strokes that they seem quite fresh, and the whole thing moves with such perfect ease in such a perfectly calculated tempo that one is carried irresistibly forward on a ripple of laughter. All the gags, whether expressed in words or embodied in "business," are as smart as a night club which won't open till tomorrow and as quotable as what the *New Yorker* will say next week. The proletarian playwright who goes Hollywood is "one of those fellows who start off on a soap box and end in a swimming pool"; the austere young lady who is sure "Kit Cornell isn't seen at parties" gets "Yeh, Bernhardt was a home girl, too" in reply; and the bit of business in which the irreverent flapper throws the peel of a banana she has been eating in front of the top-hatted proletarian renegade and then beckons him forward with a finger deserves to win a place in the standard repertory of gags. "It's tremendously amusing but—"

The real reason that it is impossible to enjoy one of Mr. Kaufman's shows without feeling a certain undercurrent of resentment is, I think, that the lines are not only much better than the play itself but also actually upon a much higher level of intelligence. At its best his wit is pretty nearly everything which wit ought to be. It is smart and sophisticated and crisp; it is also based upon shrewd insight and a keen sense of sham even in its most modish embodiments. Why is it that the plays themselves must be fundamentally incompatible with the spirit of their dialogue, that they must be based upon hokum of the very sort which the man who writes them was born to expose? How merry he himself could make with the thesis he is preaching and with the more sentimental of the scenes through which he develops it! Or could he? Perhaps, after all, the answer is that his intelligence and his power of criticism exhaust themselves in a phrase, that the part of him which speaks in epigrams cannot make any whole of itself.

The WPA theatrical unit has staked much on "It Can't Happen Here," produced at the Adelphi Theater in New York and simultaneously in various other cities. As a play it is unfor-

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tunately not much more than so-so: it is reasonably well acted but rather pedestrian on the whole and rather obvious in its working out. There is no novelty in maintaining that Mr. Lewis's books are convincing largely because of the wealth of their accessory detail, but when the novel has been stripped as bare as in this dramatic version it is, one has lost the very quality which made the whole thing seem real. It is too bad also that the scene in which the radio priest and the potential dictator get together before the microphone should be broadly burlesqued, for the whole effect of the play depends upon its seeming plainly factual, and with such elements of burlesque present there is no possibility that it shall. Is the story a solemn warning or is it a *reductio ad absurdum* whose title is to be taken literally? At the dramatic version one can't be sure.

"Ten Million Ghosts" (St. James Theater) is Sidney Kingsley's intellectually oversimplified pageant of the munitions industry. Whatever Kingsley's faults, he has shown himself so skilful a writer of speakable dialogue in "Dead End" and "Men in White" that it is difficult to believe him responsible for the wooden and generally incredible talk which goes on in the new play. He has buried his talents not only under a storehouse full of scenery but also under a mass of data which overflows the play on to three pages of introduction in the program. The result is to put one in precisely the mood for "Swing Your Lady" (Booth Theater), a very rowdy tale of a dumb wrestler and his love for a female blacksmith, which the author of "Sailor Beware" has somewhat laboriously but hilariously concocted. Mr. Nicholson is a scholar and perhaps got his idea of an amorous wrestling match from Piron; but if I add that to me the funniest moment was the one when the wrestler stomps on the toes of an opponent, I shall have sufficiently indicated that the real merits of the piece are not literary.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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FILMS

Cooperative Cannery

"THE President's Mystery" (Republic Pictures) comes close enough on the heels of "Millions of Us" (Cameo) to induce the belief that a new species of American film is on its way, if indeed it has not already arrived. It is not strictly new, since Europe has long been familiar with it, but in this particular form it is new to us; and the interesting thing about the present examples, not to speak of last summer's "Fury," is the success with which they have adapted what has hitherto been a foreign idea to purely native materials. They are, without further preamble, propaganda pictures; or, if one prefers, films of social significance; or better yet, studies of contemporary public life. "Millions of Us" was moving to me not merely because it was a labor film with whose thesis I could agree, but even more because it was an American labor film, with an indubitably American boy dreaming of food in the alleys not of Moscow or Paris but of Los Angeles. And so with "The President's Mystery," which generates authentic excitement out of a story concerning, of all things, cooperative canneries.

Like its Russian progenitors it makes a very black villain out of the business man—in this case the president of National Canneries, an organization which of course is out to do the people. He is handsome, scheming, and cynical; in contrast to the hero (Henry Wilcoxon), who is handsome, honest, and easily converted to the cause of the cooperatives as soon as chance and a pretty girl bring him to see how much they mean to the very people whom as counsel for National Canneries he has been cheating. He renounces his former life, disappears completely from New York and Washington (that, incidentally, is the mystery), and slips into control of the Springdale Cooperative, which after a long fight with National Canneries he steers into solvency and saves for all time to come. I have purposely exaggerated the simplicity of the tale in order to make its origin evident and in order to suggest that the simplicity in question is proper. The purpose of the authors, Lester Cole and Nathaniel West, was to get something said; they chose a transparent rhetoric with which to say it; and they have said it with power. They took off, I understand, from a mystery story which President Roosevelt inspired several other authors to write last year for *Liberty*; but the direction in which they went, I am also given to understand, was quite their own. They undoubtedly benefited by having a detective story to carry their doctrine; but on the other hand it is to their credit that they saw the value of the vehicle and mixed their types so cleverly. And they have kept the American scene before our eyes.

A French film of the fortnight turned out to be disappointing. "Les Misérables" (Cinéma de Paris) has of course some great acting by Harry Baur, who plays three roles; but as a film it is intolerably slow. The American thing called "pace" is said not to be highly regarded in the European studios, and perhaps it is not the highest virtue a film can have; yet it seems to me a necessary one, and at any rate I can derive only moderate pleasure from a picture that dies dozens of deaths before its close. A few fine moments—and Harry Baur provides more than a few as Jean Valjean—are not in themselves enough.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

"The Used-Car Racket"

Dear Sirs: In your issue of October 19 you published an article, *The Used Car Racket*, by Elliott Arnold, which for misleading statements parallels much of your pro-Jewish propaganda.

Alluding to a bent frame, Mr. Arnold says: "The proper straightening of a bent frame is a long and costly job. The body of the car must be lifted off and the frame recast in its original mold." Automobile frames are not cast; they are fabricated out of sheet steel, and no mold is at any time used.

Confident in his supreme ignorance, Mr. Arnold continues with the egregious assertion that a slipping "dry clutch" can be "fixed" by inserting fuller's earth "through an oil hole in the transmission"—a manifest absurdity since a "dry clutch" is never located in the transmission case. He then asserts that king-pins, which are without exception made of hardened steel, can be hammered till they are "egg-shaped" and nicked with a chisel; that loose connecting rods are "reinforced," that metal will not take a second welding, that ether, irrespective of its cost, is mixed with gasoline. As an appropriate climax, he cites a case where a screwdriver blade was made to function as a piston!

How many of your readers swallow such "bilge" it would be interesting to learn.

N. W. ROGERS

Tompkins Corners, N. Y., October 15

Dear Sirs: Mr. Rogers's letter, with its splendid tone of politeness and restraint, certainly merits a detailed answer. I'm happy to be able to provide one.

A frame is stamped in separate parts and then riveted together. When a frame is badly bent, to straighten it properly it is necessary to raise the body, and then use a stamp, or mold, of precisely the original shape and size.

I never said that a clutch is "located in the transmission case." A clutch, for Mr. Rogers's benefit, operates on the transmission. At the junction of the clutch and the transmission there is a small lubricating hole, or hand hole. On a dry clutch that is where the powder is inserted. Perhaps Mr. Rogers shifts his gears without using his clutch.

Certainly when king-pins are put into a new car they are of hardened steel. But

when they need replacement, they need it only for one reason, because they are worn to a frazzle. And when they've reached that stage they can be flattened, egg-shaped, nicked, or tied into a bow.

When the connecting-rod bearings wear, their looseness can be easily muffled by means of the heavy compound I mentioned. The molasses-like substance acts as a heavy padding, reinforcing the rods for the purpose of fraudulent sale.

The trick of using ether in gasoline to increase power is so ancient I was almost ashamed to mention it.

And lastly, I never said the screwdriver blade "functioned as a piston." My words were: "In one case, where a piston was broken, the dealer put an ordinary screwdriver blade in its place; it worked long enough to sell the car." (Note, I said in *one* case.) What happened, of course, was that the screwdriver blade, wedged against the broken piston, acted as a stopple, and prevented oil from being pumped through the area.

It may act as a sop to Mr. Rogers's erudite indignation to know that five veteran mechanics scrutinized my article before I submitted it and admitted wryly that they all had used the tricks mentioned, except the screwdriver blade, one or more times.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD

New York, October 20

The Spanish People's Front

Dear Sirs: Anita Brenner's attack upon our integrity in her review of "Spain in Revolt" (*The Nation*, October 17) exceeds the measure of common decency. Miss Brenner abhors the People's Front. We do not. For this reason she charges that we wrote this book "not to reveal, but to conceal." Our book, she writes, was "tailored" to fit the "party line" and "simple honesty has long since become a useless—indeed a dangerous—virtue" for people of our beliefs. Obviously, people may honestly differ on such questions as the People's Front without falling foul of Miss Brenner's irresponsible charges.

One sentence in her review is peculiarly revealing: "Messrs. Gannes and Repard do prove all this [feudal land relations, etc.], which is to say they assert it and then draw the desired conclusions." To define "prove" as does Miss Brenner may be more autobiographical than critical.

Miss Brenner is an extraordinary person to fling about such charges, considering her record. The subject of the People's Front rouses her to fury. In an article called *Who's Who in Spain* (*The Nation*, August 15) she called the People's Front a "political fiction" and applauded the position of the Nin-Maurin group because of its program "workers' front as against Popular Front." On September 27 last Andres Nin joined the People's Front government of Catalonia as Minister of Justice. In other words, Miss Brenner's private hero has joined a "political fiction." Inasmuch as the Anarcho-Syndicalists are in the new Catalan government, this "political fiction" is supported by every left group in Spain with the sole exception of the diehard Trotskyites who support Miss Brenner's position. It is disturbing to find *The Nation* giving persons of this mind and temper a virtual monopoly on books friendly to the People's Front movement.

HARRY GANNES

THEODORE REPARD

Brooklyn, N. Y., October 16

Dear Sirs: I still charge Messrs. Gannes and Repard with sloppiness, ignorance, and bad faith. This is not a criticism of their politics. It is their workmanship and their ethics I don't like. In the very short space you allow me, I can list only the most flagrant examples of these shortcomings, for there is one on almost every page.

Sloppiness: All references to Angel Herrera, whose name is as familiar in Spain as Coughlin's here, and who is the brains of the Gil Robles crowd, are to "Angel Herrara." On page 206 the Basque province of Alava is put down as "Alvara." On page 211 the name of the Socialist Party is misspelled twice, and so on.

Ignorance: One major inaccuracy is the frequently made reference to the "feudal land relations" and to the "large landholding" of the church and religious orders. The conclusion drawn is that the Spanish revolution is not against capitalism but against feudalism—this is the cornerstone of the whole People's Front platform. History, however, says that the church lands of Spain were expropriated and sold over fifty years ago, at the time of the first republic. The biggest landowners of today made their fortunes

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mostly out of that bargain sale. The church is the biggest banker and industrial capitalist, and most of the other big fortunes, like March's and Cambo's, are likewise capitalist. These are the backers and financiers of the fascists. The struggle is clearly worker-capitalist, as Gannes-Repard will have to admit almost any day now, just as they will have to forget their enthusiasm for Azaña and company, who have machine-gunned the workers quite a lot of times and who knew for months of the fascist plot and did nothing at all to stop it or to prepare a decent defense.

Another major example of ignorance is the reference to the "backward peasantry," a concept imported from Czarist Russia or the Latin American countries and applied mechanically to Spain, even to the point of saying that the "poor peasantry and the unemployed" follow Gil Robles. The Spanish peasantry backward! Had the authors ever been in Spain for even a week, they could not have dreamed of saying such a thing. But why, at least, didn't they look at the photographs from the front?

Bad faith: (1) Anarchists are defined as people who "despised strikes for partial and immediate ends on the theory that workers . . . would be discouraged from fighting for fundamental change." (2) The Anarcho-Syndicalist C. N. T., which put up an epic fight against Primo de Rivera, isn't even mentioned in that connection. Instead, the authors say that Rivera met no militant labor opposition. (3) Pestaña, ■ right-wing reformist, as prominent in Spain as Woll in America, is put down as a leader of the Anarchist F. A. I. Similar distortions, but with more malice, occur every time the P. O. U. M. and its leaders are mentioned. For example, the authors date this party, which is three years old and now playing a very important revolutionary role, from 1936, and say it has greatly dwindled since the February elections. The Workers' Alliances launched by it in 1933, the most important event in Spanish labor history until this year, are credited to Maurin personally, who "started them in a vague way"; but on the next page the authors betray their confusion by saying that the Communist Party "later regretted having boycotted these alliances."

I say that any book that distorts, conceals. If the authors want to say they did so involuntarily, they then plead guilty merely to sloppiness and ignorance, which is their privilege. But that still does not make them historians worth trusting.

ANITA BRENNER

New York, October 18

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The Shape of Things

*

ALTHOUGH MADRID IS STILL HOLDING OUT as we go to press, the possibility of its continued resistance appears exceedingly slim. With no means of obtaining food and supplies from the outside world except by a single road from the coast, the only hope of saving the city lies in the sudden appearance of a well-equipped relief army from Valencia or Barcelona. Meanwhile, every day that the embattled residents of Madrid can hold up the Moors and Foreign Legion adds to the chances of an ultimate government victory. Uncensored reports from rebel territory indicate that the peasants and city population in some sectors are continually rising to harass the enemy's rear guard. The entire Mediterranean coast from Port Bou to Malaga remains in government hands, as does the Atlantic coast from near San Sebastian to Gijon. Even without Madrid half of the population of Spain is in loyalist territory. Given a fair opportunity to purchase arms and ammunition from abroad, the overwhelming pro-government majority in these areas ought to be able to organize an effective defense, particularly if the workers of Madrid can inflict serious losses on the Moors. The chances of the loyalists are enhanced by the very real possibility that France's long-standing interest in Catalonia may cause Blum to recognize and support Catalan independence. Catalonia is by far the richest province in Spain, the center of its industry, and relatively isolated geographically. Already far advanced on the road to social revolution, it could readily serve as the nucleus for the new Spain which will yet emerge from the ashes of the present conflict.

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THE FARMERS AND WORKERS WHO HELPED elect Mr. Roosevelt are not letting any grass grow under their feet, now that the balloting is over. Various labor groups have already put forward a list of "must" legislation for the new Congress. This includes in effect a new NRA—the abolition of unfair competition in industry, the regulation of wages and hours, the abolition of child labor. A new Guffey bill for the coal industry is urged by Mr. Lewis, to include not only the bituminous but the anthracite industry. The Wagner-Ellenbogen housing bill, favored by the President in the last days of the old Congress, is also on the agenda, and pressure will be brought for amendment of the Social Security Act so that the employees' contribution to old-age annuities will be transferred to the employers. This last is, in itself, a neat retort

to the pay-roll campaign of the Republicans in the final days before election. The farmers are equally vigorous in pressing for a better agricultural program. A group of 150 farmers' representatives, called to Washington to confer with the President's Committee on Crop Insurance, had very little to say about crop insurance and a good deal to say about the necessity for a new AAA and the control of distribution, "in spite of what the Supreme Court says about it." As if in answer to these prayers, Mr. Roosevelt, in a message to the National Conference on Labor Legislation, promised to ask for legislation which would provide "safe and healthful places of work; adequate care and support when incapacitated by reason of accidents, industrial disease, unemployment, or old age; reasonably short working hours; adequate annual income; proper housing; and elimination of child labor." This takes care of everybody but the farmers; but they have given evidence that they will not allow themselves to be forgotten.

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IN THE NEW CONGRESS THERE WILL BE 17 Republican Senators out of 96 and 89 Republican members of the House of Representatives out of 435. Four Republican governors were elected and three held over, making a total of seven out of forty-eight. Pennsylvania Republicans lost control of both houses of the state legislature, and in Delaware, Rhode Island, and New Jersey the G. O. P. could capture only one house. The defeat of a once proud and unassailable political party was a rout, and it was effected by the party which twelve years ago was pretty generally described as dead. Curiously enough, although diehard business men were united before election in predicting the collapse of the American industrial system if Governor Landon were defeated, the stock market showed a healthy activity as soon as the returns were in, and by Thursday stocks had advanced from one to seven and three-quarter points. Even public-utility stocks, which suffered a slight decline the first day, soon picked up to their former levels. The New York Times index of fifty stocks advanced to the highest level since July, 1931. The poll of the minor parties, including the Union Party and the New York American Labor Party, appears not to have greatly exceeded a million votes. In the Senate one Progressive, two Farmer-Laborites, and one independent make only a modest showing; in the House there will be five Farmer-Laborites and seven Progressives. Minnesota elected a Farmer-Labor governor, North Dakota an independent, and Wisconsin a Progressive. It was Mr. Roosevelt's day all around. The minor parties, including the Republican, didn't have a chance.

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NOW IT CAN BE TOLD TO WHAT LEVELS THE Republican strategy descended in the last desperate attempt to elect Mr. Landon. We have it on reliable authority that early last summer there was a definite understanding between the Democratic and Republican parties that the Social Security Act was not to be used as an issue in the campaign if only because it had been passed with strong Republican support. In line with this understand-

ing, the Social Security Board refrained from issuing any literature addressed directly to workers. It merely put out routine and pretty dull information. When the Landon attack came, the board was unprepared to cope with it. The employers followed the Landon attack by stuffing pay envelopes with lies about the tax; yet it was not until the closing days of the campaign that the Security Board got out a leaflet addressed to workers explaining the provisions of the act. Meanwhile the Republican cry of dictatorship and regimentation rose higher and higher, reaching a climax on November 2. On that day the New York Sun printed a lurid tale charging that "New Deal Will Tag Workers." The story had come out of the mouth—and out of the imagination—of John D. M. Hamilton. It was illustrated with two pictures, one of the metal tag itself and one showing a handsome but tagged victim of social security. The Sun obviously had strong doubts of the accuracy of the story. The caption over the pictures read: "Everyone May Have to Have One" (italics ours); and the legend underneath ran as follows: "Suggested 'dog tag' for 'security' tax and how it will look on a taxpayer. Such a tag has been prepared and submitted to the Social Security Board for approval." Four days later, in the same position in the Sun, appeared the official explanation of the act and the statement that the worker would be provided with a card, not a tag. In the interim the answer to the stuffed pay envelope had been ballot boxes stuffed with labor's vote against the Republicans.

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THE FALL OF THE PROPHETS WAS ALMOST AS impressive as the defeat of the press. Forget all the Republican oracles; their errors of judgment were a part of their job. Even Mr. Hamilton's forecast of victory at eleven o'clock on Election Night may be put down to a loyal spirit and a buoyant disposition. Let the dead bury their dead, and turn to the Democrats themselves. Save only Mr. Farley, one and all, the President included, underestimated the extent of Democratic victory. Mr. Roosevelt in his final and most optimistic guess gave himself 360 electoral votes and Governor Landon 171. They were equally wrong about the popular vote, and about the number of states their party would carry. As for the straw-vote takers, the public-opinion samplers, their downfall was a sensational feature of the result. The Fortune survey was very close to accurate, but, as Paul Ward shows this week, the Gallup poll was wide of the mark, while the Digest poll can only be looked upon as a major casualty of the election. But we understand that the straw-vote boys got together after the obsequies and figured out a satisfactory explanation. The error, it seems, was not in their methods or even in their results. It was the election itself that came out wrong. They are thinking of contesting the result.

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MEANWHILE THE NATION LOOKS BACK WITH modest pride at the more general predictions that adorned its preelection pages. As early as June 3 we announced editorially, "Mr. Roosevelt will win the election. He has a safe margin of victory now, with enough to spare even

for the accidents of the intervening months." From then on our political commentators stood firm for a Roosevelt sweep. Our writers took no polls; they looked at the country with the cold, unsympathetic eye of the political reporter and told what they saw, and what they saw was the truth. Paul Ward predicted the Roosevelt landslide from his first campaign article. Early in August he called thirty-one states "sure" for Roosevelt and gave Landon six "at the moment." His assurance increased as the campaign went along. After traveling with Landon through four supposedly doubtful states—Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana—and talking to Republican leaders, he said, "I would not give a nickel for Landon's chances of carrying any one of them, and if their total of 88 electoral votes goes to Roosevelt atop the 105 votes he will get from the solid South and those he is certain to get from the West, Landon will go down to defeat on November 3 in a Democratic landslide of 1932 dimensions." Two other "doubtful" states were disposed of by two other not at all doubtful observers. Carl Randau stated flatly, "President Roosevelt will carry New York." Jesse Laventhol presented a close analysis of all the conflicting factors in Pennsylvania leading to the equally definite conclusion that Pennsylvania would swing to the President. These predictions lead us to place our faith in the judgment of experienced men rather than in the dubious mathematics of polls and tests.

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IT IS DOUBTFUL WHETHER EVEN PRESIDENT Roosevelt's presence at Buenos Aires can arouse popular enthusiasm for the Inter-American Peace Conference opening December 1. The conference has been called to consider the creation of "new instruments of peace." The existing system of conciliation and arbitration is admittedly confused and defective at many points. But in view of the difficulties encountered in the past in securing general ratification of multilateral pacts, it is doubtful that the conference will seek to formulate a new general treaty. On the crucial issue of collective action the Latin American countries are hopelessly divided. Argentina favors both non-recognition of territorial changes achieved by force and economic sanctions against an aggressor, while Chile would limit sanctions to the severance of diplomatic relations. Moreover, despite the effusive messages printed in our press about the popularity of the coming conference, most of Latin America is skeptical of any peace program sponsored by the United States. From their point of view Secretary Hull's pious words regarding the building of a new structure of peace contrast very sharply with the Navy Department's intimation, released the day after the departure of the peace delegation, that the United States is about to construct two new battleships. A "good neighbor" does not show his neighborliness with a gun.

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THE STEEL INDUSTRY HAS RECOGNIZED AN important principle in linking its wage increase to the cost of living and stating that future changes in living costs will be accompanied by corresponding changes in pay. It

will be noted, however, that the wage scale which the steel industry takes as normal is that prevailing on July 15, 1936, when real wages among steel workers were at least 15 per cent under the pre-depression level. The index of pay rolls for July, 1936, was 74.5 as against an average of 107.8 for 1929, a difference of 32 per cent. This contrasts with a decline of approximately 17 per cent in the cost of living during the same period. Meanwhile, the earnings of the steel companies have shown fantastic increases in the past year. United States Steel had a net profit of \$30,000,000 in the first nine months of 1936 as against a net loss of \$4,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1935. Bethlehem enjoyed earnings of \$8,600,000 this year as contrasted with less than \$2,000,000 in 1935. As far as wages are concerned, the steel companies believe in playing the game both ways. During the depression the industry defended a series of vicious wage cuts on the ground that it was losing money. Now that profits are beginning to roll in, it has reversed its policy and established a system of pegging wages at existing living standards. The C. I. O. is on solid ground in attacking the increase as hypocritical; it is evident that any real improvement in working-class living standards can come only through organization and an increase in labor's bargaining power.

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THE FAILURE OF YALE UNIVERSITY TO RENEW the appointment of Professor Jerome Davis for reasons which are far from concealing the real cause—fear of his liberalism—was discussed in an earlier issue of *The Nation*. We are happy to report that the *New Republic* this week is devoting a special supplement to a thorough examination of all the facts in the case and of the charges on both sides. Everyone who cares about academic freedom should acquaint himself with this material.

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FATHER COUGHLIN COMMITTED HARA-KIRI over a nation-wide network in a speech filled with the syrupy vowels and two-way sentences for which he is famous. While reasserting his belief that the sixteen cardinal principles of the National Union can alone save the United States from disaster or dictatorship, he announced that he was withdrawing from all radio activity in the best interests of the people. He sees a new party composed of Democrats, Socialists, Communists, progressives, and Farmer-Laborites; he looks forward to dictatorship. Will he combat these evil possibilities? "I love my country and my church too much," said Father Coughlin, turning both cheeks at once, "to become a stumbling-block to those who have failed to understand." Father Coughlin's stock in trade has been the confusion of issues; like all demagogues he battered on depression. His retirement at this time may denote a realization that prosperity dulls the appeal of panaceas. It may have something to do with the feelings of his religious superiors. It may of course be merely the gesture of a sportsman who has lost a bet. Since he is a demagogue, his speech tells nothing. But the unctuous assurance of the Silver Knight that he is retiring from public life because the forces of evil have

won out leaves us with a sense of security similar to that created by the knight errant of San Simeon, who has just discovered publicly that Roosevelt is after all not a dictator but a Jacksonian Democrat. They have both promised to be good in public, but it would be just as well to keep an eye on them in case they start playing with matches behind the barn.

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THE ENTHUSIASM WITH WHICH PRESIDENT Roosevelt's reelection was received by foreign governments and the foreign press was much greater than diplomatic courtesy demanded. It is evident that the nations have come to believe that a spirit of international cooperation has definitely supplanted earlier American policies of isolation or bullying interference. One and all, they interpreted the Roosevelt victory in terms of their individual interests, with some quaintly paradoxical results. France and Geneva, for example, hailed the continuance of the Democratic policy of cooperation with the League—though carried out within limits and at a safe distance—while Italy spoke with equal warmth of Mr. Roosevelt's "true neutrality," and Japan expressed satisfaction that the party responsible for the Stimson doctrine was not returned to power. Naturally the countries that have benefited by reciprocal trade agreements and new quota arrangements—particularly Canada and Cuba—were loud in their enthusiasm. Russia, too, despite its difficulties with the Roosevelt Administration, openly prefers it to a return to Republican policies. The internal significance of the Democratic sweep is generally and amusingly interpreted by each nation in its own image. Various German newspapers read into Roosevelt's great majority an indorsement of the *Führer* principle; the *Giornale d'Italia* explains that the vote indicates popular approval of "the tendency of the President to concentrate political, economic, and directive powers in a form that a European democracy would call dictatorial"; while British and particularly French commentators see in the Roosevelt triumph a magnificent vindication of democratic control and a sign that a great people can still dominate its destiny even against the opposition of the press and the powers of high finance.

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REPUBLICAN REACTION TO THE ELECTION has revealed what disunity has been tearing at Republican ranks ever since the nominating convention. Dissatisfaction with the standard-bearer and his advisers, hinted at elsewhere, becomes explicit in the comments of Mark Sullivan and Walter Lippmann. Their thesis is that the Kansas group by trying to "out-deal the New Deal" prostituted the Republican Party in a futile effort to catch votes, whereas they should have kept the G. O. P. true to an uncompromising rugged-individualist opposition. Mr. Sullivan sourly and Mr. Lippmann solemnly conclude that the campaign strategy "compromised" the Republican position and destroyed its "moral and intellectual integrity." As for the rest of Republican reaction, it concedes on the whole that Mr. Roosevelt's victory was not due to

the relief or trade-union or any class or sectional vote alone but to the country's recognition that Mr. Roosevelt represents a philosophy of government more in keeping with the realities of the times. Special mention should be made of the New York *Sun's* rancid editorial, quite devoid of the good sportsmanship shown by most Republican papers; of Mr. Hearst's bad headache on the morning after and his desperate dash for the band-wagon; and of that gem of understatement uttered by Mr. Funk of the *Literary Digest*, "Perhaps we did not reach a representative cross-section of the electorate."

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THE RELATIVE INDEPENDENCE OF THE 1936 voter was demonstrated by two votes in the East. The New York charter and proportional representation went through with pluralities of more than 350,000 despite Tammany opposition and a generous majority for the Democratic slate. Even more impressive was the anti-Curley vote in Massachusetts, where 150,000 persons knew enough to refuse to send their Democratic Governor to the United States Senate, while supporting the reelection of their Democratic President. Unfortunately this demonstration of mass intelligence was sufficient only to beat Curley; not to elect a strong Senator. Young Henry Cabot Lodge is shifting and unstable. In the Massachusetts legislature he set himself up as a friend of the worker, but he supported labor measures and Legion measures with startling impartiality, and against him is recorded, to his permanent discredit, a vote against the repeal of the teachers' oath. Lacking a machine, however, and the other perquisites of autocratic and corrupt power, young Mr. Lodge must be welcomed as the only practical alternative to Mr. Curley.

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ONE OF THE SADDEST OF THE CASUALTIES Spain has suffered since the beginning of the civil war is the death of Federico Garcia Lorca, shot down last month by a rebel firing squad. At thirty-seven he was already Spain's most popular poet, his short life wholly devoted to the emergent modern Spain for which he died. Born in Andalusia he took for his themes the passion, suffering, and death characteristic of the "deep song" of the south of Spain, adding to them the sure touch of an imaginative craftsman. While his poetry was winning popularity that overflowed the boundaries of Spain and spread to Latin America, his plays were produced in Madrid (and one, "Bitter Oleander," in New York), his paintings were exhibited at Barcelona, and his transcriptions of old Spanish songs were sung everywhere. With De Falla, the composer, and Zuloaga, the painter, he organized the first fiesta of folk-songs in Granada, and as director of the government's student theater he revived for the provinces the classical drama of old Spain. To the end Garcia Lorca's abundant vitality was devoted to creating a new popular art for Spain and reviving the best art of her past. He used folklore throughout because it was the living expression of the people whose individuality he respected and whose ultimate freedom he sought to bring about.

Roosevelt Is No Dictator

TWO questions are now uppermost in the minds of the American people. One is, What does the Roosevelt Administration contemplate in the way of a legislative program? *The Nation* is publishing in this issue the first instalment of a symposium by progressive leaders seeking to answer this question. The second question is one that lurks beneath the surface of post-election discussion: Has Roosevelt now a chance to become a dictator?

A vague fear of dictatorship is implicit in the comments of people who say that while they voted for Mr. Roosevelt they wish that the result had not been so tremendous a landslide. It is explicit in Republican editorials, which talk ominously of the power the American people have surrendered into the hands of one man. Along with the wave of rejoicing that has swept the country, there is a wave of fear, mainly unexpressed. Partly it goes back to the American tradition of distrust of governmental power; partly it is inspired by what is happening in Europe.

A fear like this is something that must be faced. Has it any basis in fact? It is true that the people have given Mr. Roosevelt an almost unlimited warrant to go ahead as he sees fit. The power of the executive is always large in the American political system. What produces the present fear is not only that the executive has now been freed from any real opposition but that the checks upon which we ordinarily depend for restraining its power seem no longer to exist. First of all, the humiliation of the Republicans weakens them as an effective opposition. Second, the new Congress is more overwhelmingly Democratic than before, and its members not only owe their election to Roosevelt's popularity but, what is more, they know they do. Third, the newspapers, which generally offer the most vociferous opposition to any Administration, have with few exceptions been so discredited because of their bitterly partisan role in the campaign that their further opposition is likely to go unheeded. Fourth, the crackpots who under the sway of Huey Long and Father Coughlin were always a source of trouble to the Administration seem now to have been at least temporarily shoved off the scene. Fifth, the small vote accorded to the radical parties weakens whatever opposition they may offer. Finally, the Supreme Court finds its prestige seriously impaired.

All this adds up to a rather impressive sum. But cold analysis reveals that we need fear no dictatorship on the part of President Roosevelt. The very fact that the main source of his strength comes from a sweeping popular vote is itself a refutation of the claim that he may exercise dictatorial power. The confidence which the people have given to him they can also take away.

Nor has the opposition really been removed. It has only changed its form. The labor and farmer groups are likely to develop a considerable organization of their own which will function effectively as an opposition. Nor should we congratulate ourselves that reactionary opposition is dead. It seemed just as dead in March, 1933, at the time of the bank panic. Yet within a short time it had revived sufficiently to swing Mr. Roosevelt's policy sharply to the

right. In a capitalist state the propertied interests do not sit back submissively because they have lost an election.

But most important of all, Mr. Roosevelt lacks the temper of a dictator. He has often been accused of a strong leaning toward personal government, but he has just as often been accused of not knowing his own mind and of yielding too easily to influence. Neither charge seems to us to sum up the man. He is merely one of our stronger Presidents—of much the same fiber as Theodore Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson—with a genuine belief in democratic processes.

It is not very difficult to detect what lies behind the talk of a possible dictatorship. Some of it is undoubtedly genuine enough and arises from a misinterpretation of the Roosevelt victory, but a good part of it is drummed up. The plain meaning of the election results is that the people want the New Deal legislative program consolidated and pushed forward; but it is also clear that the Supreme Court has stood and will stand in the way of this program. The logical conclusion would be Congressional action curbing the action of the court, or—what is more likely—a constitutional amendment expressly giving Congress power which is denied it under the existing interpretation of the law.

But this is exactly what the defeated groups are trying to prevent. A *Herald Tribune* editorial, after describing how the Supreme Court and the Constitution have "held fast against the Presidential will to power during the last four years," goes on, "Here is, we submit, the line upon which those who still hold the American faith must stand and re-form their lines." Translated into less eloquent language that means that the propertied interests, defeated at the polls, are planning again to withdraw behind the earthworks of the Supreme Court as they have done ever since the days when the defeated Federalists intrenched themselves behind John Marshall. But in order to make their position the more secure they are not loath to stir up the fear of a Roosevelt dictatorship.

Brandeis at Eighty

IT IS one of the current simplifications to criticize the Supreme Court because its members are old men. Thus is a grave issue of social policy twisted out of its proper plane and reduced to triviality. The serious observer today cannot doubt that the Supreme Court majority is standing in the path of social progress. But he knows also that age has little to do with it. Justice Holmes's mind was as resilient at ninety as at fifty; Justice Story was already a conservative when he was appointed to the Supreme Court at thirty-two. November 13 of this year marks the eightieth birthday of Justice Brandeis. He is the oldest man on the present court. He is also the greatest in stature as a jurist, the ablest as a statesman and economist, the most uncompromising in his passion for social justice.

The nation has grown best acquainted with him as the leader of the liberal minority during these years of constitutional crisis. What lies behind this leadership is a record that has written itself into the history of the American progressive mind. A boyhood in the individualist

frontier society of Kentucky and a brilliant career at Harvard and as a young lawyer in Boston—many a life has started hopefully thus only to end up in a rut. But Justice Brandeis's did not. He would never take a case without turning it about in every direction, seeking to understand it. Similarly he could not live and work in a society without seeking to uncover its foundations. And the deeper he dug the clearer became his conviction that it was the concentration of economic power that was responsible for the social blockage. It stood, a menacing giant, in the path of democratic action; it snuffed out the chances for a decent individual life.

He set himself, David-like, to fight this giant. The only weapon he had was his mind—concrete in a legal brief, swift and sure before a judge or an investigating commission, merciless with a witness—an architectural mind that laid brick on brick until the argument became a structure that could not be broken down. He mastered the intricacies of corporation finance because he saw that it was a key to the economic and therefore the social structure. From a few published figures and weeks of work he reconstructed the accounting system of the New Haven Railroad with such a deadly accuracy that the opposing attorneys thought he must have had access to the books. For twenty years, from 1896 to 1916, he fought the street-railway companies, the public utilities, the railroads, the life-insurance companies, the money trust. It was never a vindictive fight and never an aimless one. He had what Graham Wallas called "social inventiveness," and was always ready with a plan by which the railroads could be operated more efficiently or life insurance could be furnished to workers more cheaply. He took the causes that didn't pay, and became "the people's attorney." At sixty he was a public figure without having held public office—a living proof of how great a man can become if he loves justice and masters arithmetic.

This was the man whom President Wilson appointed in 1916 to the Supreme Court of the United States. For months Wall Street and its allies in the bar associations fought the appointment in the Senate committee. Here was a man whom the propertied classes could not depend on to be their servant and apologist. But the appointment went through. And in his twenty years on the bench Justice Brandeis has shown himself a legal technician of amazing skill and an unrivaled statesman in his social vision.

Today at eighty he is the biggest force standing in the way of Supreme Court reaction: he is also a symbol of how useful the court could be if its composition did not so accurately reflect the dominant economic groups. He has striven heroically, with his liberal colleagues, to interpret the Constitution as a living flexible instrument of government rather than as a shibboleth to freeze the existing economic system. He has striven to keep us out of the constitutional impasse we are now in. If he has failed, the sources of his failure must be sought elsewhere, not in him. His life is one of the high points of our American culture. We wish him, like his great colleague Holmes, another decade on the court. There is the fighting line today, and he was never one to abandon a position.

Must We Take Over the Railways?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S action in listing "better and cheaper transportation" among the objectives which his Administration will "of course" strive for during the next four years has increased the panic of conservatives, who see government ownership of the railways as an immediate peril. For some months the Railway Business Association has been conducting a spirited campaign against what it felt to be a powerful drift toward public ownership. Writing in the *Financial World* of September 30, Harry A. Wheeler, president of this organization, declared that the "currents bearing American railroads in the direction of government ownership" could be turned back only "by a strong tide of opposing public sentiment." With a view to testing "public opinion" Mr. Wheeler conducted a poll of 633 business organizations—chambers of commerce, manufacturers' associations, and groups like the American Newspaper Publishers' Association—and found that with one exception they were unanimously opposed to nationalization.

Although the Roosevelt Administration has never sponsored legislation that would interfere with private ownership of the means of transportation, the Railway Business Organization professes to see a serious threat in the bills introduced by Senator Wheeler and Representatives Lundeen and Maverick. These bills are similar in character, calling for government ownership and operation of the railways through an agency to be called the United States Railways Corporation. The roads are to be acquired by exchange of securities, or by condemnation. While none of the bills were reported out of committee in the Seventy-fourth Congress, they will probably be reintroduced in much the same form in the Congress which assembles in January. The fact that they are believed to have been drafted by the legal staff of the Federal Railroad Coordinator has raised at least a suspicion that Mr. Roosevelt has been merely waiting until after the election to extend his support. Even more alarming than the ownership proposals, from the standpoint of the business diehard, is the series of "make-work" bills, which, if passed, would so add to the expense of the railways that they might actually welcome an opportunity of being taken over by the government. These include the Wheeler six-hour-day bill and measures limiting train lengths and specifying the number of men which trains of given lengths must employ. Passage of these proposals would, according to critics, increase operating expenses by an amount equal to more than 90 per cent of the railways' entire fixed charges.

The pressure for government ownership of the railways should not be taken as an indication of a growing acceptance of socialistic principles. On the contrary, the impetus comes primarily from security holders who look to the government to bail them out of serious financial difficulties. The railroads of the country may be divided into three groups, more or less equal in total mileage. In the

first group are 17 important railways which were able, on the whole, to earn fixed charges throughout the depression. The second group contains 22 roads that failed to earn their fixed charges for from two to five years in the period between 1930 and 1935, but which might expect to come out of the red in case of a continued upturn in business. The third group consists of 21 systems the earnings of which have been far below fixed charges and which have been forced into receivership. Stock- and bond-holders of the third, and to a certain extent the second, of these groups may be found at the forefront in the agitation for government ownership.

The financial difficulties of the railways are attributable partially to the depression but primarily to the gradual encroachment of motor transport, an encroachment made possible by the relative inflexibility of railway rates. During the past fifteen years the cost of moving freight has decreased by nearly a third, but rates to the consumer have tended to rise. As a result the volume of freight moved by the roads failed to increase even during the prosperous years of 1923-29 and fell off catastrophically during the depression. Much the same has been true of passenger traffic. It is only within the past two or three years that the railroads have made any serious effort to modernize their equipment and speed up service in order to compete with motor and air transportation.

The Railway Business Association is probably correct in saying that the make-work bills would add an intolerable financial burden to the railways. On the other hand, it is obvious that the government must take some action if the American railways are to be kept running. And there is a limit to the amount of taxpayers' money that can be utilized merely to preserve the existing antiquated, overlapping system of rail transportation. Government ownership has its limitations in a capitalist economic order. But the great majority of countries in the world have found it more satisfactory than private ownership in an enterprise so closely affected by public interest. In the case of the United States, the ordinary arguments are rendered doubly effective by the conservatism of the majority of the railway executives. The prolonged fight which most of the lines waged against the two-cent fare is but an illustration of the incredible bureaucracy and lack of imagination which characterized the management of the larger systems.

It is true that public ownership may be somewhat afflicted by the same evil. But federal ownership could at least eliminate duplication of effort, and the introduction of new blood should have a salutary effect on basic policies. It should also make possible the elimination of much of the dead weight of fixed charges which now overburdens the roads. The chief danger lies not so much in the threat of political influence—the Post Office is not free of politics—as in the possibility that the government may pay far more for the railway properties than they are worth. This is precisely what happened in Canada when the government was forced to assume the obligation of the Grand Trunk system. And unless precautions are taken, government ownership may readily become not an experiment in socialism but a means of propping up one of the weakest sections in the profit system.

How Close Is Television?

TELEVISION broadcasts have already been made available to the British public. They are not similarly available in the United States, but the reason apparently is less a technical lag here than a desire on the part of American interests to be a little surer of their ground before undertaking commercial exploitation. Last week the Radio Corporation and the National Broadcasting Company gave a press demonstration of what can be accomplished at the present moment, and the results were highly interesting. Laboratory experiments had been exhibited before, but this was the first time that a sample program designed as entertainment had been demonstrated on finished receiving sets suitable for home use.

In size and general appearance the R. C. A. apparatus resembles an ordinary cabinet radio except for the fact that a screen, seven and a half by ten inches maximum size, is set in the top and viewed in an inclined mirror. Sound is, of course, transmitted separately, but the synchronization is perfect and the general effect might be best described as that of a miniature talkie, perfect so far as the sound is concerned and at least tolerably good on the visual side. In other words, the pictures, though not so clear or steady as a modern movie, are at least as good (except as to size) as the movies were twenty or twenty-five years ago. The program included two speeches, a singer at the piano, a colored "swing" trio, and the re-broadcast of several short movie films.

Those who are anticipating a new terror in our brave new world have little to fear for the immediate future. Pocket transmitting sets to be applied secretly at keyholes and such like horrors are a long way off, and it is not likely that anyone need be afraid for some time to come lest his private life be broadcast to the world without his knowledge or lest he be compelled against his will to be still further familiarized with the intimate doings of public personages. The broadcasting apparatus is still fearfully elaborate and strictly circumscribed in its field of activity. You cannot point a television "camera" at any old thing the way a modern movie camera may be pointed. Television programs must originate in a studio, and the best results are obtained when the field is about large enough to include a half-length figure.

Of more immediate interest are the questions of entertainment possibilities and commercial exploitation. Apparently the Radio Corporation officials are not themselves sure, since no announcement was made of plans in this direction, although the ten or a dozen receiving sets exhibited seemed ready for the showrooms. One can only say that while probably no one could be interested continuously in present-day television by itself, it would appear to be, even in its present state, a perfectly acceptable accompaniment to certain radio programs—particularly of speeches. There is no question that the sense of intimacy is greatly increased. The President's fireside talks, for instance, would be more real than ever if we could see him as plainly as the speakers were seen last week on the television screen.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

It Has Happened Before

Washington, November 9

IF YOU have been reading the public prints devoutly these last few days, your head is full of false notions about what happened in this country on November 3. You are under the impression that Mr. Roosevelt's victory was not only personal but also unprecedented in size and that it represented a great triumph for the forces of democracy, liberalism, and progress over the legions of fascism, greed, stupidity, and reaction. You are also under the impression that the election returns showed that the nation's wage-earners are at last beginning to wake up and feel their oats, and you have been led to believe that in the campaign just ended great strides were made toward a realignment of political forces in this country. In an attempt to exorcise such false beliefs, the following campaign catechism is offered:

Q. Was President Roosevelt's victory the greatest achieved since New Mexico and Arizona joined the Union in 1912 and brought its total to forty-eight states?

A. No. A greater popular-vote victory was scored by another champion of democracy. Warren Gamaliel Harding captured 63.8 per cent of the major-party vote in 1920. Roosevelt, according to the latest available returns, got only 61.7 per cent. Since we shall not know what the minority-party candidates polled until the next edition of the "World Almanac" is printed—and even then shall get only the votes that the Democratic and Republican election judges were magnanimous enough to count up for Browder, Thomas, Aiken, Colvin, and Lemke—it is impossible at this time to calculate Roosevelt's percentage of the total popular vote. For that matter, Harding got 60.4 per cent of the total vote, even though 1920 was the year in which the Socialists rolled up their record vote of 919,799 for Debs. The minority parties got 5.4 per cent of the vote that year; they will have done well to get 2 per cent this year. In 1924 democracy also upsurged and one Calvin Coolidge got 65.2 per cent of the major-party vote; the presence of La Follette in the race as a third-party candidate, however, brought Coolidge's percentage of the total vote down to 54.0. It might also be mentioned in passing that another great foe of the vested interests, Theodore Roosevelt, got 60 per cent of the major-party vote in 1904.

Q. Why should Roosevelt's vote be measured in terms of percentage?

A. Because that is the only sound basis of comparison. Increases in population and in the number of persons eligible to vote make measurement in terms of pluralities misleading. The latest returns give Roosevelt a plurality of 9,809,940 over Landon, and in the unlikely event that

the ratio of votes is maintained by the 12,373 precincts yet to report, the total major-party vote will end at 46,330,000 and Roosevelt's plurality at 10,870,000. Mention of the plurality figure alone tends to obscure the fact that while Roosevelt was piling up a bigger popular vote than any other candidate ever polled, Landon was running up a bigger vote than any other Republican seeker of the Presidency, except Hoover, ever got. It is notable that Roosevelt's vote at the moment tops Hoover's actual total by less than 4,500,000 and that at best it will not exceed it by more than 7,200,000. It is also notable that Landon's probable total vote of 17,725,000 tops by 2,700,000 the vote given to Alfred E. Smith, who in 1928 was just as much the idol of the forces of democracy, liberalism, and progress as Roosevelt is today.

Q. Doesn't the fact that more than 40,000,000 votes were cast this year show that the citizenry reached a new high in political awareness and enthusiasm?

A. Not particularly. Between 1928 and 1936 the number of persons eligible to vote increased 10,597,000, according to the estimates of experts in calculating population trends. In 1928, 56.8 per cent of the eligibles voted. If the final returns show, as is likely, that 43,000,000 votes were cast last Tuesday, then 57 per cent of the eligibles voted this year; at 46,000,000 votes, the percentage would be 61. For that matter, the widely ballyhooed increase in registration was not remarkable. This increase, which amounted to 15.6 per cent over the 1932 figures for the country as a whole and to 22.2 per cent for the nation's ten largest cities, also dwindles in importance when measured against the increase in population. In 1932, 71 per cent of all persons eligible to vote were on the registration books; this year the percentage climbed 1.8 points to 72.8. Furthermore, the stay-at-home vote remained about normal. Between 15 and 20 per cent of the registered voters usually fail to vote. The percentage will be 16.1 this year if the total vote reaches 46,000,000. It will be 21.6 per cent if that total vote reaches only 43,000,000.

Q. Isn't it at least remarkable that Roosevelt got 61.7 per cent of the popular vote and almost the whole electoral vote in view of the powerful forces lined up against him?

A. Quite the contrary. No Democratic or Republican seeker of the Presidency ever entered a campaign with the cards so heavily stacked in his favor. He had behind him the biggest political machine the country has ever known. From the start he enjoyed a statistical edge (primary votes, registrations, and so on) in far more than half the states and in nearly three-fourths of the Congressional districts. To keep that machine running, he had at his command the biggest array of patronage any President ever

has had. To be sure, the Democratic National Committee did not itself have as much money as the Republican National Committee, but it had more than any Democratic high command had ever had before. Furthermore, the Republican millions were as nothing compared with the New Deal's billions in WPA, PWA, CCC, HOLC, and similar expenditures, which, even if made with the utmost innocence, had the same effect as ordinary campaign expenditures. On top of all this Roosevelt had the most efficient support from organized labor any candidate has ever received. He also possessed the inestimable advantage of having arrayed publicly and indisputably against him all those persons, corporations, and organizations which from time immemorial politicians of both parties have found it profitable to disavow and revile.

Q. Hasn't the Republican Party been crushed for all time, and doesn't that mark a great advance for the forces of liberalism?

A. Yes and no. It is true that the G. O. P. has been crushed as never before, but it still retains some of its roots; the Democrats when given enough rope have always hanged themselves; and there is nothing in the returns of last Tuesday to indicate that the electorate has recovered in marked degree from its notorious fickleness. Teddy Roosevelt used to sound like Franklin Roosevelt and was as popular, and Taft was his successor. Wilson's

New Freedom sounded even better than Roosevelt's New Deal, and its echo was Harding's normalcy—and Teapot Dome, Coolidge, and Hoover. As for the crushing of the G. O. P., in itself a mark of progress toward the true and the beautiful, what reason is there to believe that the party of Bilbo, Robinson, Pendergast, Pat Nash, Frank Hague, Blantin, Carter Glass, and Tammany is any substantial improvement over the party that gave us Norris, Couzens, La Follette, Cutting, and most of the other true progressives who have sat in the Senate?

Q. What myth did the election dispel and what new myth did it create?

A. It killed the *Literary Digest* myth and set up in its stead the myth of the Gallup poll's accuracy. The Gallup poll erred by nearly 15 per cent in forecasting Roosevelt's percentage of the popular vote. Worse still, it showed him on that basis less rather than more popular than he was in 1932. In addition, it erred by 50 per cent in giving Landon three states as "certain," and it fell 40 per cent short of the mark in assigning Roosevelt only 315 electoral votes as "certain." It placed fourteen states and 204 electoral votes in the column "too close for accurate" prediction, missed the vote proportions all along the line, and ended up as a prophet far below a majority of the chartless and non-scientific newspapermen who made lone tours or traveled with the candidates.

The Task for Progressives

BY MAX LERNER

THE election has swept away various myths that looked as if they would be a permanent part of the American landscape. There was the myth of newspaper prowess, the myth of campaign-fund prowess, and the myth that American voters would swallow whatever was told them with enough iteration. But most important, from the standpoint of progressive action, was the myth that labor must never mass its forces in politics. Back of that myth was, I think, the belief any underlying group has—you find it among Jews and Negroes as well—that partisan tie-ups are dangerous because they expose you as a group to the vindictiveness of the victor. Back of it was also the fear, on the part of the more conservative labor leaders, that once labor learns to act politically as a unit its next step is radical action.

The progressives have massed their forces behind President Roosevelt with an undreamed-of success. Now, on the morning after the election, they confront a difficult prospect. I spoke in my first article of the dilemma of the progressive in the election—torn as he was between the knowledge that Mr. Roosevelt was a very reluctant capitalist reformer and the certainty that under Mr. Landon the difficulty of organizing labor would be immense and the fate of American progressives would be sealed. But dilemmas have a way not of disappearing but of changing

their form. The very size of the Roosevelt landslide has, from the progressive point of view, some serious drawbacks. Mr. Roosevelt is now, as never before, a colossus bestriding the American world. If he had just squeezed through the election he might have continued to need the support of the labor and progressive groups for his legislative program. He said at Madison Square Garden, "We have only just begun to fight." But with a popular majority of eleven million his new eminence places him above the battle. There is a further and very serious drawback. As long as Mr. Roosevelt had a strong and determined opposition he could afford to be militant. But the new power placed in his hands makes him vulnerable to accusations of dictatorship. And to ward off those accusations he will be tempted to lean backward and do little.

Today the progressive groups are faced with two questions. One is in the area of what may be called their foreign relations—what attitude they shall adopt toward the new Administration. The other lies in their own domestic economy—what degree of unity of ranks and coherence of program they can achieve among themselves. In France, where a bloc system operates, the progressive groups have joined the Blum government and formed a popular front. In England, where the Labor Party already has a history and where Cabinet government compels an

opposition to write a program, the progressives are still far from clear as to their attitude toward either the government or one another. In America the progressives do not yet form an opposition party, nor are they faced with the immediate choice of joining or not joining Mr. Roosevelt's government. None the less they must in a sense at once function as an opposition—the only effective opposition the country can have.

Labor emerges from the election with increased prestige and with a new sense of its power. But in that very fact lies a danger. During the days of the NRA America had in a sense a government of national concentration: labor leaders like Mr. Lewis, Mr. Hillman, Mr. Murray joined business leaders like Clay Williams in cooperating with Mr. Roosevelt. During the campaign Labor's Non-Partisan League furnished money, speakers, energy with which to reelect Mr. Roosevelt. They had their adequate reasons, as I pointed out in my first article. But the first order of the day is to sever this connection. Labor has a task to perform of its own—the task of organizing the mass-production industries. It is a task requiring militant energies and allowing for no governmental commitments. Political alliances can only result in swerving labor from its task.

But there is another task, and it is one in which the progressive bloc in Congress, labor and farmer organizations, peace groups, and professional and middle-class groups must combine. That is to keep the new Administration firm in the direction it has thus far taken toward a liberal social-service state. This will involve a direct confronting of the Supreme Court issue. It will involve further movement in taxation, housing, and public-utility control. As for the labor groups themselves, they must, as they grow stronger, act as spearheads in the movement toward a planned economy. The cry that the reactionaries have raised against Mr. Roosevelt's "unconstitutional" legislation is a cry really directed beyond Mr. Roosevelt to a not impossible labor program. Labor will get its foretaste of what lies in store when the Labor Relations Act is invalidated: in fact, even the Social Security Act cannot be considered out of reach of the court.

I know that the temptation will be great for the progressive leaders to continue along the arc of the 1936 campaign. I know that many of them will be lured by the chance to gain concessions for the lower-income groups by working within the camp of the better of the two capitalist parties. They will argue that unless they are inside they can hope for nothing at all. But they must remember that progressive support of Mr. Roosevelt in this election was not premised on a belief that the progressives could capture the Democratic Party, or even find comfortable quarters in it. It was premised on the necessity of fighting off reaction and gaining time and an open state of civil liberties in which further organization could be pushed. The logic of such action ends with the election. To push it farther and make the alliance permanent means the destruction of independent labor action.

The problem of inner unity is far knottier. The crux of it lies in the present struggle for power being waged between the C. I. O. and the executive board of the A. F.

of L. This struggle is bound to come to a head in the very near future—perhaps we shall see its climax within the year. Many peace formulas will undoubtedly be offered, and undoubtedly peace must be striven for. But the only possible peace here is one that provides for continuing the organization drive at the greatest pitch of intensity. Whichever group of leaders or combination of leaders gets the allegiance of the men who are waiting to be organized is the group which must win out in the struggle. There can be no other answer, no other peace formula—one which does not provide for it is worse than disunity.

The situation seems to me far less serious with respect to the more purely political groups. There has been considerable feeling during this campaign between the Socialists, the Communists, and the Roosevelt labor progressives—although far less than the dissensions that have torn progressive groups in past years. It was Justice Holmes who said that hard cases make bad law, and it may be true in a sense that a Presidential campaign is a bad time in which to start working for a popular front. The reactionary danger this year was great, but it was not as great as it is some day going to be. Unity is the one thing to strive for in the political field—a unity that includes in a labor party every progressive group that wants to come into it with sincerity and will subordinate itself to the decisions of the entire group.

God, we have been told, is on the side of the biggest battalions. That, whatever your beliefs, is a good maxim for political action. But where are the big battalions in American life? We had always been convinced that they were irrevocably with big enterprise. Now we are not so certain. Mr. Roosevelt has marshaled the big battalions in the teeth of reactionary opposition. Can labor and the progressives ever marshal them without the help of a Roosevelt? They can if they stay clear of further political alliances and achieve a unity of their own. If they fail they may look for themselves in the mirror that Sinclair Lewis holds up to the American future.



John L. Lewis

What I Expect of Roosevelt

[The Roosevelt victory has swept away many of the landmarks in American political life. In the belief that progressive thought should be clarified and brought to bear on the problems of the next four years, The Nation asked a group of progressives and labor leaders for their opinions on the prospect for the new Administration. Two questions were asked of them: What action do you think the new Administration ought to take? What action is it likely to take? The writers were asked to discuss either the entire program or the field of their own interests. Other statements will appear in next week's Nation.]

NORMAN THOMAS

THE Roosevelt landslide was easy to predict; the future is less easy. There are too many contingencies in the labor situation and in domestic and foreign politics.

The campaign was encouraging by reason of the collapse of the Coughlin-Lemke semi-fascist movement and, to a degree, the proof it gave of the political solidarity of Lincoln's "common people." Nevertheless, I am rather pessimistic. Far more than the support which labor gave Roosevelt do I deplore the way in which it was given. Nothing was asked; nothing was promised. Mr. Roosevelt's campaign was intellectually on a low level. It was skilful politically, but it made no contributions to statesmanship or to intelligent democracy. The President discussed no issues looking toward the future. He goes in without definite mandate, without definite philosophy, and without proper inspiration or restraint in Congress. The next Congress will probably be in general more conservative than the last; it may have a higher percentage of crackpots put in by the efforts of Coughlinites or Townsendites, and it will be even less amenable to the right sort of leadership. I fear that it will not be able to supply that leadership from its own ranks. I do hope for something from a progressive bloc, which will, however, need to develop a more positive program and a sounder philosophy than it has yet evolved.

Under the circumstances a man with less tendency to a Messianic complex than Mr. Roosevelt would be greatly encouraged in its formation. I doubt if his plans will be definitely right or left. They will be personal; they will be shrewdly calculated in the light of their political effect. He will probably continue to give the worst reactionaries in the country a free hand in the South in return for their political support. He will probably continue a leadership in naval armament which can only have tragic consequences.

I think the imperfections and the increasing unpopularity of the Security Act may lead him to propose certain amendments. He may, especially if there is pressure from the left, really do something to push the inadequate Wag-

ner housing bill. I have little hope of him in the field of constitutional policy because I think he has played a very undemocratic role in refusing to discuss it. His appointments to the bench have not commanded confidence, and there is still some persistence of the rumor that one of the first vacancies in the Supreme Court may be filled by Joe Robinson.

Under all these circumstances about the most we can reasonably hope for from the Administration will be a rather friendly attitude toward organized labor and a willingness to continue unemployment relief in a form which, while very unsatisfactory, is better than nothing and probably better than what Landon would have done.

The President will probably respond to pressure, but proper pressure from the left will require far more principle than was evidenced by anything done or said by labor's Non-Partisan Committee for Roosevelt. Certainly I am more than ever of the opinion that the right sort of pressure must come from those who definitely reject the profit system to which the President has again affirmed his undying allegiance. Unquestionably, however, there is a real place for a genuine farmer-labor party—and by that I do not mean a party from the beginning socialist in all but name. In such a party the Socialists, I think, will be glad to cooperate, and through cooperation will have a genuine contribution to make. The danger is that the President, with the aid, let us say, of Governor Earle of Pennsylvania as crown prince, can play a game which will make a labor party not so much a real force in its own cause as an instrument of political maneuver.

JOHN L. LEWIS

LABOR is rejoiced at the reelection of President Roosevelt, and labor is largely responsible for that reelection. Those unions which are members of Labor's Non-Partisan League have stood firmly in support of the President, and unorganized labor has followed their lead.

Labor's Non-Partisan League, which has announced its continuation as a functioning entity for political action in the future, is unquestionably responsible for much of the President's success in this campaign.

Our experience before and since 1933 has conclusively demonstrated that our financial and industrial leaders are unable of themselves to govern our economic life in the public interest.

All precedents and present-day objectives so far as industry and agriculture are concerned point to the necessity in the future for constructive action through the federal government guaranteeing economic freedom and democracy to wage and salary workers, accompanied by a high degree of economic planning and regulation for both industry and agriculture.

By what legislative policies and measures such objectives may be attained, and how soon we may be able to establish economic democracy and a life of plenty for all groups of our people, can only be a matter of conjecture at the present time. If the Supreme Court were only responsive to popular mandates, as it should be, the happy day of America's deliverance from economic bondage would be greatly hastened.

MARY VAN KLEECK

AS ONE who supported the American Labor Party in New York State and therefore voted for Roosevelt, I believe that the trend of governmental action in the next four years will be determined not by the mind of the President but by the political and economic strength of labor, the farmers, and all other workers and producers. The issue, as in the election, relates to the forces which will control policy rather than to specific legislative proposals. The overwhelming vote of the people has been a rebuke to the efforts of big business to elect its candidates. But in industry big business continues its anti-union policy.

For labor the decisive issue has been the right to collective bargaining and the preservation of civil liberties, particularly as affecting the right to strike. These demands of labor will be challenged with renewed vigor by the anti-union forces in the highly organized corporations. The Roosevelt Administration will probably act upon the philosophy voiced in the early days of the NRA. The President will seek the "cooperation" of labor, and all agencies of government will work to prevent strikes. With rising prices and lagging wages, and with the working class burdened by the vast number of unemployed, a strike movement on a wide front is inevitable. The plea to cooperate by government officials will meet a new situation and new elements. The rank and file yielded in the early days of the NRA. The American Federation of Labor united in a program of cooperation. Now industrial unionism and its natural counterpart, a labor party, give new strength to the rank and file. Weak leadership and obvious inclinations to compromise will be repudiated sooner or later by the masses of the workers. The labor movement is entering on a new phase.

Industrial unionism and political action by labor give a new status to professional workers. The rebuke given by the vote to Hearst and the forces which have tried to curb teachers and other professional workers should set them free for more courageous discussion of issues. In increasing numbers they have been joining the labor movement. Here is a new element which will determine the political outlook. Along with the professional workers, the middle class and all the others in the group known as "the people" want security and a higher standard of living, and they begin to see that the organized forces contending for these needs are to be found in a broadened labor movement. At least they voted for a President accused of favoring labor and flirting with communism.

Roosevelt will not go left. He has declared that he is determined to save capitalism. He has probably interpreted the vote as a mandate to lead a united people to the

right, though a right with a social conscience. The decisive moment will come when his Administration deals with the demands of the maritime workers, the steel workers, the miners, the automobile workers. Upon the relative strength of the forces which will then be revealed will depend whether the Social Security Act will be revamped, renewed efforts made to control monopoly, the Constitution broadly interpreted, and foreign affairs handled as a challenge to growing international fascism.

CHARLES A. BEARD

I HAVE no way of knowing whether President Roosevelt will go to the right or the left, or what specific steps he will take in various branches of administration. Nor do I feel competent to forecast the fateful events which may compel him to act in domestic and foreign affairs. What will he do in case of another European war or of another crash in business? Does he know himself? Will he and the country acquiesce in allowing fifteen or twenty million people to stagger along on doles and make-believe work? Answering such questions I leave to others more clairvoyant than I. Even what seem to be the clear trends of history may be reversed. In the election of 1852 the dominance of the slave power in American politics appeared to be firmly established, but ten years later the Proclamation of Emancipation had been announced. By appealing to myth, symbol, force, and fear, Mussolini and Hitler reversed, at least for a time, the long trends toward complete political democracy. To know is one thing; to express hopes, desires, and good-will is another.

DOROTHY DETZER

THE most vital problem facing the country in its next four years is keeping out of war. Our participation in another war would mean military fascism in this country. It would mean complete loss of the slight progress toward social security we have made. The industrial-mobilization plan of the United States War Department shows that this is not an alarmist point of view. This plan would come into operation the day we declared war. It would suspend child-labor laws, protection of women in industry, collective-bargaining rights, and all other safeguards to labor. A government board under the chairmanship of an "industrial leader" would devise "measures to prevent grievances of employees, whether actual or imaginary, from interfering with war production." The risk of having such a fascist system fastened on this country is the gravest risk we run today.

The Roosevelt Administration has not faced this issue squarely, but it has made some advances and many promises toward keeping us out of war. The reciprocal tariff policy, by removing bars to international trade, has done much to build international good-will. The Democratic platform has pledged its continuance. The neutrality law embargoing munitions and credits to belligerents is a step forward, but it does not embargo basic raw materials. An inter-American neutrality treaty will probably be proposed by the United States at the Buenos Aires peace conference.

Such a treaty is highly desirable, but unless it includes embargos on shipments of basic raw materials it cannot be an effective peace instrument. If the President is in earnest in his hatred of war he will throw all his power into support of real neutrality for the Western Hemisphere.

Nationalization of the munitions industry and taking the profits out of war, both urged by the Nye committee, are peace measures which should pass the next Congress. The President has eloquently attacked war profits; consistency will require him to push legislation against them.

A Nye committee resolution providing for a national referendum at the elections of 1938 as a "limitation of the powers of Congress to determine whether ever again there shall be a military draft of men for service outside continental United States" should also have Administration support. The President has proposed that we define an aggressor as he who sends armed forces across his borders. He has implied, therefore, that our army and navy are to defend our own shores. The referendum resolution would enable the American public to express their views.

The Democratic platform of 1932 called for "a navy and army adequate for national defense, based on a survey of all facts affecting the existing establishments that the people in time of peace may not be burdened by an expenditure fast approaching \$1,000,000,000 annually." No such survey has ever been made, and armament appropriations now exceed one billion dollars. The Benson bill "to establish a policy of national defense" provides for study of our defense needs by a civilian commission. This should have Administration backing because it is basic to the determination of our armament expenditures.

ALVIN JOHNSON

NO other American ever received so overwhelming a vote of confidence as President Roosevelt received on November 3. Has he not then a mandate to proceed with whatever program he has in mind? President Roosevelt set no specific program before the voter, except to maintain and consolidate the positions he had already established. The Republicans proposed to dismantle social security, the WPA, the AAA, the tax on undistributed profits, the Hull reciprocity agreements. The voters rejected this proposal. We want to keep what we have, but we are not asking for more. Prosperity is upon us and we hope that we may enjoy it in peace. It is reasonable to infer that this is also Roosevelt's attitude. Not business alone but Roosevelt himself needs a breathing spell.

It is doubtful that the breathing spell will be of long duration. Organized labor, which may rightfully claim a large share of the credit for Roosevelt's huge majorities, does not want a breathing spell. It means to proceed militantly with the organization of the mass-production industries. It recognizes that it will meet fierce resistance from employers who are now beginning to feel their oats—profits. There will be trouble, and labor will expect from Roosevelt and the Democratic Party something better than Spanish neutrality.

What can Roosevelt do for labor engaged in a fierce struggle with the employers, backed by local and state gov-

ernments? Under the Constitution, very little. Will he then be prepared to insist upon the submission by Congress to the people of an amendment permitting effective federal intervention in the industrial struggle? The Democrats have the necessary two-thirds' majority in both Houses. With their labor and farmer-labor allies they could control three-fourths of the state legislatures. If the President demands such an amendment, and his party supports him, it can go through in record time.

But experience shows that a party which commands an overwhelming majority is not easily subjected to discipline. What keeps a party from developing factional differences is a dangerous enemy; and for the next two years the Republicans will not be dangerous. If Roosevelt tries to move forward into the field of the industrial struggle he will necessarily produce a cleavage between the old Southern wing of the party and the new labor wing. If he sidesteps the issue, labor will turn against him.

President Roosevelt's talent for political combination is indeed brilliant. But it is exceedingly doubtful that even he will be able to bring the party intact through the stresses of the next four years.

MARY K. SIMKHOVITCH

THE President has pledged the Administration to a program of slum clearance and rebuilding for the low-income groups. There is no use regretting that this program was not one of the earliest efforts for recovery.

It was doubtless too much to expect that public housing could be secured in this country without a period of education. Business enterprise, and especially the real-estate groups, looked askance at what at first seemed to be a program in competition with and hostile to its own interests. But now that these groups themselves have recognized their inability to build with profit for families unable to pay commercial rents, the problem of public housing ought to have an easier path to follow.

Subsidy is the major necessity for public housing. To what extent and in what forms may still be profitably studied. A low interest rate is a major essential. But this will have to be accompanied by government grants—federal, state, and local. Construction should be of the simplest sort consistent with proper standards. Land values, community planning, and financing present many difficulties to be solved. But by and large the Wagner bill offered a sound base for legislation. It is expected that Senator Wagner will take up this legislation again.

A building shortage is already here. The policy to date has been to allow the low-income dwellers to occupy houses unfit for habitation and abandoned by those who can afford a minimum standard of decency. For workers of a higher economic level limited-dividend housing or cooperative housing is the answer. For workers in the lower-income groups only subsidized public housing can create houses fit for occupancy.

Public housing is the neglected feature in a national health and welfare program, but it is not too much to hope that with the President's support it will become an accomplished national policy within the next four years.

Labor Showdown at Tampa

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

Washington, D. C.

IT IS the fate of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor that the Committee for Industrial Organization will steal all the headlines at the forthcoming convention in Tampa, whether its ten unions be readmitted, continued in suspension, or thrown out.

The plight of the executive council in relation to the C. I. O. is a replica in small of the plight of the craft-union bloc in relation to American labor as a whole; moreover, at Tampa, the industrial-union advocates will work under a difficulty which does not apply to the general situation. Green and his craft-union friends may still command a majority for the simple reason that organized labor comprises only a small percentage of labor; in the country at large Lewis and his colleagues command the allegiance of that overwhelming majority of labor which has never been organized. The Tampa convention, and the maneuvering which is sure to precede and accompany it, must be judged in the light of these larger considerations.

The fight within the federation has been personalized in the figures of John L. Lewis and William L. Hutcheson, who came to blows at the last convention. Their hatred of each other is not entirely unrelated to the fact that at one time their day-by-day ideas and policies were very similar. Both have been dictators in the most extreme sense. But where Hutcheson, the carpenter, has remained as stiff and dry and narrow as a two-by-four, Lewis, the miner, has shown imagination and a great capacity for flexibility and growth. Both like power; but Hutcheson sees power in terms of a tight organization, not so large as to get out of control, business-like, ruthless, regularly collecting dues, impervious to troublesome new ideas. Lewis sees and wants power in terms of national position and control over the minds as well as the dues of a vast labor movement. By espousing industrial unionism so wholeheartedly he has committed himself to a measure of democratic rank-and-file rule which he never risked in building up the United Mine Workers. Lewis was once a Republican. His political shift represents a move which may be described loosely as to the left, but which is more accurately described as a move toward the center of popular will.

It has been disclosed that it was Hutcheson who brought about the actual suspension of the C. I. O. unions by threatening to withdraw the carpenters' union from the federation. Since he heads the largest union in the federation, next to the miners, this threat meant that Lewis would have gained complete control of the A. F. of L. The status quo was safer with Hutcheson. Then arose an issue on which the executive council could not accept the domination of Hutcheson even though he might be able to protect them from the tides of industrial unionism. Hutcheson is a diehard Republican. He was chairman of the labor committee of the Republican Party. Among other

things, he issued pamphlets denouncing "John L. Lewis and his C. I. O. with its radical Brophys, Hillmans, and Dubinskys who are pleading for labor to vote for President Roosevelt so communism can overthrow the American form of government." The executive council, which believes in more rather than less government regulation of economic life, could not be neutral. Hutcheson could not stomach even its mild indorsement of Roosevelt and resigned.

The election of Roosevelt further weakens Hutcheson's position, just as it increases Lewis's prestige. The Democratic strategy by which Labor's Non-Partisan League was made an adjunct of the Democratic National Committee injures the chances of a labor party in 1940. It does not alter the fact that Lewis will be in a stronger position than any other labor leader to influence legislation. That position would be stronger if the Roosevelt landslide had been less sweeping—if the carrying of Pennsylvania, for instance, could be set down without reservation to Labor's Non-Partisan League. It will get stronger only if the C. I. O. completes the job of organizing labor, thereby maintaining pressure in Washington.

These political developments make less desirable or likely the expulsion of the Lewis group from the official labor movement. Aside from the fact that craft unions have no inherent basis for unified action, there are groups in the federation which are dependent for their gains not so much on ordinary trade-union tactics as on legislation. These groups include the railway unions, the metal trades, which are heavily represented in the railroads and also in the navy yards and arsenals, and the civil-service unions. In general it may be said that the members of the executive council are divided in their loyalties by bread-and-butter considerations. At the same time political factors alone should serve to increase unity in the C. I. O.

There are straws in the wind to show that the executive council is finding the voice of Hutcheson far less persuasive. Since his resignation the council has failed to extend the suspension order to two unions which have given their unreserved support to the C. I. O., namely, the International Typographical Union, whose president, Charles P. Howard, is secretary of the C. I. O., and the United Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers, headed by Max Zaritsky, whose name also appears on the C. I. O. roster. The executive council prefers to believe that these two unions are not affiliated with the C. I. O. This means that the C. I. O. will have friends at court in the delegates of these two unions. Likewise the Brewery Workers, the Bakers, and the Pressmen may be counted upon to vote against suspension. They will be joined by delegates from the many central labor bodies and state federations that have either condemned the suspension of the ten C. I. O. unions or remained neutral—which often meant tacit dis-

approval. These bodies have only one delegate each but they will help to destroy the diehard morale. The fact that the dynamic of the executive council is inertia makes any positive dissent all the more telling.

It seems doubtful that the Tampa convention, assuming that the suspension is not lifted, will revoke the charters of the C. I. O. unions. That would require a two-thirds' majority. The convention, more probably, will find a way of putting off the decision for another period, which will, among other things, enable the C. I. O. to strengthen its prestige enormously by a whirlwind drive in steel, rubber, and automobiles. It is possible of course that the A. F. of L. may find a way of lifting the suspension without losing too much face, but in that case it will also have to find a way of turning over the organization of mass-production industries to the industrial unionists. The C. I. O. in Pittsburgh has already made it clear that it will not accept reinstatement only to have industrial unionism beaten again at Tampa—as it could be by a simple majority.

Meanwhile industrial unionism has raised its head in Hutcheson's own bailiwick. In the time-honored A. F. of L. manner, jurisdiction over the Federation of Woodworking Industries, comprising some 72,000 members, was handed to the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, which had contributed not at all to its organization but was willing to accept its dues. Now Hutcheson the carpenter has discovered that one of his juiciest oysters is tainted. At the convention of the woodworkers in September, the delegates presented their chief with a sheaf of resolutions which cursed him up one side and down the other, indorsed industrial unionism and condemned the suspension of the C. I. O. unions, denounced Hutcheson for supporting Landon and came out for Roosevelt, and demanded that the whole question of industrial versus craft unionism be submitted to a referendum of the rank and file of all unions. Unfortunately the woodworkers are as yet "non-beneficial" members of the carpenters' union. They are allowed to pay dues but their delegates have no vote at the union's convention in December. They intend, however, to raise their voices.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

The parlor floor of the American Federation of Labor building in Washington is dedicated to the memory of Samuel Gompers; and his spirit lingers on every other floor. Even the elevator, in its measured ascent, bespeaks his era. The office of William Roberts, legislative counsel for the A. F. of L., is cluttered, but it is not the clutter of a modern busy establishment. It is the accumulation of a small-town lawyer's office which has been gathering inertia and cigar smoke for a generation. And Mr. Roberts? He is the salt of the earth, an average man, a good union man, who worked on newspapers in Chicago and now works for labor on Capitol Hill. He was cordial even after he heard I was from *The Nation*. He lectured me in fatherly fashion for *The Nation's* "lies" about the A. F. of L. What could we possibly know about the trade-union movement, sitting in an office in New York?

I assured him that we were only anxious to see the building of a strong labor movement and bore no ill-will

against the executive council. I went on to suggest that the issue now dividing the labor movement could best be settled by a referendum of the rank and file. Mr. Roberts then introduced his second theme.

"What Communist," he asked, "told you to say that?"

Disavowing Moscow, I admitted that I had come across the suggestion in an account of the proceedings of the convention of the Federation of Woodworking Industries. Mr. Roberts reverted to his first theme. "Those people," he said, "don't know anything about trade unionism."

He went on to elaborate his objection to a referendum. If you did that, he said, you'd have people going around the country getting locals to vote one way or the other. And that, said Mr. Roberts in shocked tones, is politics. The A. F. of L. has nothing to do with politics. "Why it's not even mentioned in the meetings of the executive council." He assured me that Hutcheson's resignation from the executive council had nothing to do with politics. (He also assured me, however, that Communists are not allowed in the A. F. of L.) His grievance against Lewis is that Lewis wants a big strong political party so he can be President in 1940. "And he's willing to destroy the American labor movement to do it," said Mr. Roberts in a flash of indignation and trade-union loyalty.

Mr. Roberts was anxious to disabuse my mind of the idea that industrial unionism is the issue in the present controversy. The issue, he declared, is majority versus minority rule. . . . He chuckled over the New York stories in the *Times* which had been playing up dissension in the ranks of the C. I. O. . . . When I told him that I, like himself, was a member of the A. F. of L., he referred briefly to the Newspaper Guild strike in Seattle. That strike, he said, was ill-advised. It just went to show what happens when a union hasn't had experience. Instead of waiting for the National Labor Relations Board to decide the case, the guild called a strike. He made it clear that he regards strikes with distaste. "That's why," he said in summing up, "a union must be affiliated a year before it can get strike benefits." He did not say, but he meant, that those people don't know anything about trade unionism.

After that Mr. Roberts grew mellow. When I repeated that *The Nation* wanted to see more labor in the labor movement he told me about trade unionism. If you got too many people in the unions, said Mr. Roberts almost confidentially, there'd be a lot of trouble. "Did you ever read 'The Ancient Lowly'?" he asked. I hadn't. He told me about it. He reflected that there had been a wonderful improvement in working conditions since then. Mr. Roberts takes the long view—backwards. Then he got to his real point. "Look at Spartacus," he said, "Spartacus got too strong and they crushed him. That's what happens when labor gets too strong. It gets crushed by its enemies."

Mr. Roberts is right, in a way. The issue is majority against minority rule; the hitch is that the ranks of labor extend far beyond the present limits of the American Federation of Labor. Taking the long view—forward—it is this larger group which will eventually decide how strong labor dares to be. But I wouldn't think of bothering Mr. Roberts, or the memory of Samuel Gompers, with such a "communistic" idea.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Great Extermination

NEVER before was an American election so far-reaching as the one just concluded. Never before were there so many political pests eradicated by one volley and so many others riddled with buckshot. Not only were Landon, Knox, and Hamilton retired to private life, where they belong so obviously, but Curley of Massachusetts, "Big Bill" Thompson of Illinois, Townsend of California, Father Coughlin of Detroit, and Gerald Smith of Louisiana were definitely put out of the running—though doubtless we shall continue to hear from Father Coughlin. The unspeakable William Randolph Hearst received the worst drubbing of his career—only promptly to discover that after all Franklin Roosevelt is perhaps just such a Democrat as Andrew Jackson! Senator Dickinson, one of the most reactionary men in the Senate, was defeated in Iowa—he, the "gallant keynoter" of the Cleveland convention. Senator Hastings of Delaware, who was the darling of the Liberty Leaguers because of his constant attacks on every phase of the New Deal, will remain at home. The Liberty League itself was crushed, and the pitiful figure of Alfred E. Smith is now definitely relegated to the sidelines; his political career is at an end and deservedly so. It was the most magnificent house-cleaning.

It will be a long time before we shall again see such a brazen effort to frighten and dragoon the American workingman to vote against his own interests. It will be a long time before the possessors of great wealth and special privilege will undertake again to besmear a President whose boots they licked at the beginning of his administration when they were imploring him to save them. For they will not soon forget what happened in 1936, when these tactics of theirs helped to roll up what will doubtless long remain the greatest Presidential plurality in our history. It will be a long time before the donors of the huge Republican campaign fund forget just how useless that expenditure was and how utterly mistaken they were in thinking that they could elect a nobody in opposition to Franklin Roosevelt. It will be a long time before we get a clearer demonstration of how completely the American daily press in the North and West has lost touch with its readers and fails to represent their views. Never was the political prestige of daily journalism so low. At least 75, if not 80, per cent of the most powerful newspapers in the North campaigned against the President—and also helped to roll up the greatest plurality in history. We have seen the pitiful spectacle of great Democratic newspapers either withholding their support or going over to the enemy, the saddest of these being the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, only three years ago the foremost liberal daily in

the Middle West, if not in the entire United States. There could not be better proof of the fact that as newspapers or their owners become richer and richer, or require more and more capital, their managers more and more take their places among the reactionaries of the land. The press is not the least of the proper victims of Election Day.

That we shall now see a reorientation in our political life admits of no question. Even if there should not arise in the next four years a strong farmer-labor party to include within its ranks what remains of the Socialists, together with the progressives, the farmer-labor organizations of the West, and the new American Labor Party of the East, the Republican Party, if it is to survive, must either become as liberal as the Democracy of Roosevelt or a completely reactionary nucleus around which the conservatives of both the old parties may group themselves.

If the Republican Party is not dead, it is near dissolution. For it is utterly leaderless as well as without a program. What is left of all that talk last summer that a new group of able and progressive men from the Middle West had seized hold of the Republican Party to give it new life and new vigor and to bring it into step with the progressive elements of the Middle West? The two ex-Bull Moosers, Landon and Knox, proved the willing mouthpieces of the old reactionaries. Mr. Hamilton showed himself not only entirely unscrupulous in his attacks upon his opponents but destitute of vision, of all constructive statesmanship, and even of managerial ability. The successors of these failures are not in sight, and, what is more, there is very little chance of any leadership being developed in the next four years. For there are only seven Republican governors left, and only seventeen Republicans, conservative and progressive, will sit in a humiliatingly small group in the Senate, with Vandenberg of Michigan as the foremost figure among the old-line representatives, now actually numbering only *twelve*, incredible as it seems. The mortality in the House has been equally amazing. Think of Missouri with a solid Democratic delegation, Pennsylvania with only six Republican Congressmen out of thirty-four, New York with only sixteen out of forty-five, Illinois with only six out of twenty-seven, and Wisconsin without one!

Even this only tells half the story. Franklin Roosevelt has more nearly accomplished what Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson set out to do—break the power of "the masters of America, the great capitalists," as Mr. Wilson put it—than anybody could have deemed possible. How will he accept his great victory? That becomes the one great question. Will he sink back and try to establish an "era of good-will," or will he strike boldly toward the reorganization of our economic and social life and the further reorientation of the government to industry and labor?

BROUN'S PAGE

The President Needs a Gadfly

ON numerous occasions during the recent campaign Republican orators asserted that President Roosevelt was being advised by Communists, but when the specific Communist was named he turned out to be Felix Frankfurter, Herbert Bayard Swope, Roy Howard, or Henry Wallace. In the sober judgment of after election I think we can admit that not one of these estimable gentlemen quite fits the definition. And yet it seems to me that now it might be an excellent idea for Mr. Roosevelt to make good that charge. He ought to have somewhere close to him a devil's advocate.

The danger of his huge majority has been mentioned by both friendly and unfriendly critics. It is not a good thing for any American executive to proceed without some severe critic at his elbow. In theory this corrective force should be furnished by the American press. But the newspapers of America took an even greater licking than Governor Landon. Why should the President seek counsel from a source which was so obviously out of touch with public opinion? Somewhere between 80 per cent and 85 per cent of our national press opposed the President in his campaign for reelection. Practically all this criticism came from the right rather than the left. For instance, the *Daily Worker* was far more friendly than the *New York Herald Tribune* or the *Chicago Tribune*.

I am not maintaining for a moment that Roosevelt's mandate is a command to him to introduce immediately either socialism or communism in the United States. On the other hand, I can see no interpretation of the returns which does not suggest that the people of America want the President to proceed along progressive or liberal lines. Unfortunately both of these words are extremely difficult of definition. After all, Governor Landon called himself "a practical progressive," and that great liberal Amos Pinchot was one of the strongest supporters of the candidate from Kansas. In suggesting that Mr. Roosevelt draw into his counsels a true left-winger I am not urging that he necessarily follow the advice of such an associate 100 per cent or even 10 per cent of the time, but I do think that Mr. Roosevelt ought to keep in mind the criticism of those who feel that he does not go far enough or rapidly enough.

I am not denying the rights of the conservative minority. In spite of the landslide the voters were not saying that all conservative ideas should immediately be liquidated. However, the conservatives, in spite of the fearful defeat at the polls, still control many avenues of expression. Colonel McCormick may not have won his point in arguing for a reactionary economic program but he is still articulate. With a few exceptions, such as that of the *New York Sun*, most of the opposition papers took their licking gracefully and suggested that perhaps we were due to move into a Monroe period of complete agreement and

amity. Even William Randolph Hearst, who felt during the campaign that Roosevelt closely resembled Stalin, is now somewhat convinced that perhaps he looks a little more like Andrew Jackson.

By now we should all be convinced that the final decisions of Franklin Delano Roosevelt on any subject are wholly his own. We have lived through the era in which he was supposed to be run completely by Raymond Moley. Mr. Moley seems to have moved away and the President continues to function. Then there was the strange fiction that Rexford Guy Tugwell really wrote the Administration measures and tossed them over to President Roosevelt for the mere conventionality of executive approval. Mr. Tugwell was not at all in the limelight during the campaign and it is rumored that he may resign because, in spite of loyalty, the role of whipping boy has become too onerous. Again while Louis Howe lived many newspaper commentators felt that he was the supreme political strategist and that in all questions of campaign policy the President took his word without question. But Mr. Howe died and Roosevelt moved on to his greatest triumph.

Of the political acumen of Jim Farley there can be no doubt whatsoever, and I assume that a vast amount of detail was left in his hands during the recent campaign. Nevertheless, anybody who saw the President at all during that drive must have realized that the entire major strategy was in the hands of the candidate.

It may seem disloyal on my part but I think that the chief objection to the set-up of Roosevelt's councils is that it includes too great a number of newspapermen. Nobody can serve very long in a journalistic capacity without getting an exaggerated idea of the power of the press. Though I have on numerous occasions expressed the opinion that the influence of the newspapers is waning, I am still held to a hope and the belief that they may presently reach their former stature. If a man's salary check is dependent upon the success of some portion of the daily press, he does not like to admit that maybe radio is a medium which puts his activities into a wholly secondary position. It seems to me that labor has a right to say, in spite of the landslide, that it contributed vastly to the success of Roosevelt. It is a startling thing that Pennsylvania should have gone Democratic by a huge vote even though state after state was running to get on board the band-wagon.

John L. Lewis moves ahead with increased power and prestige. Mr. Lewis has a right to exert pressure upon the President to move for certain measures, but it would be a great mistake at the present time for John L. Lewis to devote all his energies to the political front. His first job is that of organization. And so I come back to my point of a devil's advocate for the President's inner circle. Incidentally I did not mean to suggest that Lewis was red or even slightly pink around the edges. Franklin Delano Roosevelt needs a resident gadfly. HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOGUCHI"

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

FRANKLY, canaries have never interested me. I remember longing passionately for a gilded tenor at the age of six, but with maturity and a maturing preoccupation with native American wild birds, canaries in my thoughts recurred less and less often; I was willing to praise them, but unwilling to learn anything more about them. They assumed at last the position that people's pet begonias occupy in my esteem for flowers.

Dr. Eckstein, professor of physiology in the University of Cincinnati, author of "Noguchi," dissolved my prejudices more rapidly than I had supposed anyone could do. He accomplished his feat in about ten short pages—no, fifty, to be exact; it was at the end of the first ten pages that I became so thoroughly captivated by Dr. Eckstein himself that I would have read on if his pets had been scorpions and centipedes. Dr. Eckstein is the man I have been looking for—the scientist who keeps a Steinway in his chemical laboratory, who knows languages, appreciates alien cultures, like the pre-Occidental period of Japan, can speak the name of God without embarrassment but does not think, with some astronomers and physicists, that God is chiefly an astro-physicist on the grand scale. I had a friend at college, also a German by descent, who was a brilliant chemist and played Chopin by the hour to an astounded Harvard Yard. Since I lost track of this boy I have gone about bewailing the small-business-man mentality of the average American scientist, a sober fellow, conscientious and fundamentally uninteresting, remote from life, or sometimes (in the fields of education and sociology and economics) boisterous, faddy, cocksure.

I don't honestly know the reputation of Dr. Eckstein in physiology, since I know nothing of its recent progress. I assume it is high. Even if it weren't, this man would be a citizen of the world precious to the world. Anyway, I am not reviewing his scientific work but only this book,* offered not upon the tables of animal behavior but to literature, and in particular the literature of nature.

Dr. Eckstein has a style, and a style entirely his own. It may remind you at moments of the style of *Time*, but I really mean to praise it more highly than that comparison would suggest. The style will remind you still more of a man talking—of a literal, shorthand account of an extempore speech. From this it derives its naturalness, its fresh directness. It is as nearly naked of adjectives as a style with any public decency could be. He omits the connectives, leans upon the elided grammar of colloquial utterance, and finds that it holds him up, conveys his meaning. By virtue of this stripped yet loose construction the author

keeps his subject—canaries—before you every instant.

And now for canaries. Dr. Eckstein shows himself the scientist he is in his approach to his hobby of canary raising, into which he stumbled accidentally and more or less unwillingly, for he treats his birds—I really don't know how many he had altogether or at any one time, but it was enough to make his observations have some universality of meaning—as the individuals they undoubtedly are. Presumably every animal in the world, down to a paramoecium, is an individual, but individuality only reaches the horizon of our poor human vision when the animal is high enough in the scale to have intelligence. And by intelligence Dr. Eckstein seems to imply the ability to learn from experience (excluded from definitions of pure and simple instinct, as of reflex and tropism). Intelligence among canaries implies also the capacity to make a choice, educable associative memory, and some forethought.

Individuality among canaries in Dr. Eckstein's laboratory meant more than his ability to tell the birds apart by their appearance, to know their voices in the dark. It meant very different behavior amid identical environments and events. It meant that among themselves the birds had distinct aversions as well as attachments—not all of them sexual. Every animal lover has tales, incredible to his listeners, to tell of the indelible personalities in a litter of pups that to us look all alike. But animal lovers are not scientists, not even unprejudiced reporters. Darwin got into hot water because he uncritically accepted reports from Tom, Dick, and Harry in the matter of animal behavior. I am inclined, however, to trust Dr. Eckstein on his reports of the way that one canary with a vulgar voice corrupted the tone of the community, of the shifting pattern of the sexual liaisons, of the interest taken in injured members of the community by the rest, of the traits of youth, adolescence, maturity, and senescence so similar to, or at any rate parallel with, our own age changes.

How much has the behavior of birds to do with human behavior? This is a question often whipped out by the theorists of human society. Science is not ready with a pat answer. It objects to being quoted, to having its findings transposed into some other terms. Science would remind you first that most people, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the author of the latest book on the Russian experiment, are all too likely to confuse human behavior with human nature. Canary behavior and canary nature are also not identical. Dr. Eckstein, I'm afraid, assumes that everyone knows this. So there is danger that someone will moralize from his beautiful little monograph. I hope that, instead, it will be read as the literature of a very fresh surface of experience with nature.

*"Canary: The History of a Family." By Gustave Eckstein. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Woodpile

By MARK VAN DOREN

The high heap that now and then,
When the wind thumps it, settles—
The breathing space decreases for the grass
Beneath it, and the nettles—
Will lie, when April thrashes,
Compacted ashes.

Not here, not like this mountain, tossed
From the saw's teeth all fall;
Not here, but humbly leeward of the house,
And ghostly small—
Nothing, after this winter,
Of sap or splinter.

There will be nothing of the difference,
When grass grows again—
Nothing between the big and little mountains
Save two unfrozen men:
The blood in them still running,
Lukewarm and cunning.

For such as them this pyramid
Must pass, becoming flame—
All but a little powder on the ground there
That no lit match could tame;
Lest their poor lives be finished,
Bulk is diminished—

Shrinking until a room expands
To summer under the snow;
Melting away though earth is solid iron,
And ice-flakes blow.
Perhaps itself should stay.
Yet who can say?

BOOKS

Playing the Generals

THE WAR IN OUTLINE. 1914-1918. By Liddell Hart.
Random House. \$2.

CAPTAIN HART'S latest volume will add additional luster to his already great reputation as a military critic. If it is a condensation of his "History of the World War," he has created it with a masterly hand. His style is brilliant, and the whole narrative is fascinating even to one familiar with the whole dreadful story. Indeed, the sweep of the presentation may well be the envy of novelists. The "blurb" on the cover is correct in stating that Captain Hart has told the whole story "without the slightest sacrifice to accuracy and clarity." It is really astounding that he has been able to cover the whole panorama of the conflict so completely in so short a space and yet to discuss fully some of the most impor-

tant mysteries of the war, such as the reasons for the loss of the Battle of the Marne and the disaster at Gallipoli, and the German failures to utilize their frequently tremendous successes. His summary of the Battle of Jutland is masterly in its compactness. More than that, he is entirely detached in his judgments, being influenced least of all by the fact that he himself wore the British uniform and is an Englishman. This book ought to become an invaluable reference volume, for it contains all that the average person need know about the struggle. It is impossible to see how it can be improved upon in the years to come—even if we should profit by future confessions of statesmen and military autobiographers.

But what a story it is! Never was the incompetence of military leaders set forth in so devastating a manner. Out of their own mouths he convicts them, reprinting here their own utterly absurd prophecies as well as chronicling their stupidities and their blunders, which often cost in a day from 50,000 to 100,000 lives. If there are those who think that the history of the Army of the Potomac for its first two years is a heart-rending account of the butchery of gallant men because of totally incompetent leadership, this story is a thousand times worse. One after the other Captain Hart strips the generals naked. He shows them no mercy, Joffre, Foch, Nivelle, Haig, Henry Wilson, Sir John French, Kitchener—even Pershing comes in for some raps. Petain and Lettow-Vorbeck alone escape. Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Moltke, Falkenhayn, as well as the Russians, come in for their share of the guilt; on the German side he leans to the school that is giving more and more credit and praise to General Hoffmann as the real brains of the German eastern offensive. Captain Hart never fails to remind the reader that these shortcomings and failures were inevitably paid for by the lives of thousands upon thousands of Englishmen, Australians, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Portuguese, and even Americans.

How anyone can believe in military leaders after reading this soldier's story of the greatest of wars is beyond me. Their lack of vision, their lack of knowledge of anything but the details of a military art which proved to be completely outmoded the minute the "war of position" began, the way they were themselves victims of the military machines they had created, all are clearly set forth here. And Captain Hart, moreover, most effectively shows up the weaknesses of the modern war of masses. He shows how defense triumphed over attack, "the kind of attack on which, before the war, all the general staffs had counted confidently for success." He brings out how the "brass hats" opposed the machine-gun, which became the great weapon of the war, opposed the tank, opposed every new device, and even when they got the new weapons spoiled their effect by failure to use them properly. What could illustrate the military mind more clearly than this quotation from Sir Henry Wilson in mid-September, 1914? "Kitchener's ridiculous and preposterous army is the laughing-stock of every soldier in Europe. . . . Under no circumstances could these mobs take the field for two years. Then what is the use of them?" Could anything have been more terrible than the autumn offensive of 1915 when the British and French lost 240,000 men and the Germans 140,000 in attacks which, as the "Official British History" admits, "had not improved the general situation in any way and had brought nothing but useless slaughter of infantry"? It is no wonder that a number of French divisions finally mutinied against this war of attrition.

The worst of all the blunders, as Lloyd George has recently pointed out, was Haig's Passchendaele offensive, in which 400,000 men were sacrificed, thousands upon thousands being

drowned in mud and water in a flooded and water-logged country. So for years on the Western front, as Captain Hart says, "the formula of victory became merely a formula of futility—and death. The more ranks of attackers, the more swathes of dead: that was all." Is it any wonder that he adds, "But there is over 2,000 years of experience to tell us that the only thing harder than getting a new idea into the military mind is to get an old one out." No pacifist ever wrote such an overwhelming and unanswerable indictment of the whole war system as has Captain Hart.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Behind Spoon River

ACROSS SPOON RIVER. By Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50.

THERE was no actual village of Spoon River, nothing but a muddy creek "winding its way through flatlands, amid hills that only distance lifts into any beauty, through jungles of weeds and thickets and melancholy cottonwoods." The imagined village of the book was made up from memories of Petersburg and Lewistown, where Edgar Lee Masters spent his youth. Some of the characters are close to life. Lucinda and Davis Matlock are Lucinda and Davis Masters, the poet's grandparents. The death at five of a brother, Alec, colors the tragedy of Hamlet Micure. Webster Ford—recalling the Elizabethans—is Masters himself, under the pseudonym which he used when the epitaphs first appeared in Reedy's *Mirror* in St. Louis between May, 1914, and January, 1915. His autobiography identifies many of his characters with their originals, though he named some of them "by combining names I found in lists of the signers of the constitution of Illinois." In 1906 he planned to make his book a novel, he told his father, showing that human beings are the same in villages and in cities. But in May, 1914, after a visit with his mother during which they talked about Petersburg and Lewistown, Masters suddenly wrote *The Hill*, the opening poem of the later volume, and two or three of the epitaphs. "Why not make this the book I had thought about in 1906, in which I should draw the macrocosm by portraying the microcosm?" Overworked by his legal practice, he was so possessed by a continual poetic excitement that he could write in any chance moment of leisure, and he finished and published his book within a year. But the strain wore him out, he nearly died of pneumonia, and he was delirious when his proofs reached him.

"Above everything poetry has been the passion of my life to which philosophy and science and history have been but handmaidens." "'Tis vain, O youth, to fly the call of Apollo," says Webster Ford in his epitaph, and Masters speaks in his own person of "my brother the god" who brought him fortune. Perhaps it is always hard to distinguish between flight and pursuit in the life of a poet. Did Masters hunt after Apollo, or did Apollo follow him like a Hound of Heaven? No matter. Once for a few months, like A. E. Housman in 1895 or Wordsworth in 1797-98, Masters ran side by side with Apollo, alive and aflame. Whatever the rest of Masters's story may be, these months will outlive it all.

The rest of the story also is told down to about 1917 in "Across Spoon River." There was nothing in Petersburg or Lewistown—or at first in Chicago—to direct a young poet, and this particular poet was not sure and simple enough to direct himself. He read greedily, savagely, randomly. He could not quite make up his mind about a profession, he had to turn his hand to odd jobs to earn a living, he was slow in

discovering his true idiom as poet, he held unpopular opinions that handicapped him as lawyer. He was susceptible to women, toward whom he seems to have been sometimes taurine, more often transcendental, like Goethe with his *ewig-weibliche*. The episodes of Masters's little loves, the drama of his infatuation over Deirdre, the history of his cool, dry marriage to the Golden Aura—these would be distractions if they were not so large a part of the story that at times they are the story. It is plain that he has by no means resolved some of his old intellectual conflicts yet. The narrative never steadies itself to a quiet stream but is still turbulent with its old vitality. Lacking grace because it is not serene, it is downright and honest, the blunt, ardent story of a troubled man finding out that he was a poet.

CARL VAN DOREN

Tabasco and Fudge Sauce

THE MELANCHOLY LUTE. By Franklin P. Adams. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR. By Arthur Guiterman. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

VIRTUALLY all the town wits and lords of light verse have given F. P. A.'s "selected songs of thirty years" a send-off that makes the gaudiest blurb-writer sound like a master of understatement. The reviewer, dazed by such goings on—dazed, for example, to find Miss Dorothy Parker abandoning tabasco for fudge sauce—can only drop hastily on one knee. Who shall dissent when doctors don't disagree? he might reasonably ask before insisting, as he reasonably must, that for himself this output of thirty years seems a little bony, not quite so full of verve and gusto as it might have been. It is all according to the best recipe, has been cooked with a clock right on top of the stove, and certainly it never offends the palate; but it recalls somebody's classic comment, "There is no such thing as a pretty good omelette."

There is little point in being doctrinaire about light verse, but in order to be good I think it should show at least one of three qualities: charm, bounce, or bite. It must be more than amiable, and more than correct; and if much of its appeal is to be technical—which is open to some doubt—then it should offer a completely flowing and uncramped technique. Mr. Adams, so far as I am concerned, always makes one conscious of his craftsmanship: first, because it seems fussed over, but second, and more important, because his craftsmanship *is* his light verse. He has not many ideas, and his humor and satire, though pleasant, have not many sources. As for charm, bounce, and bite, he has a little of each and not enough of any.

Nothing could be more evident than F. P. A.'s genuine love and extraordinary knowledge of light verse. But it seems to me that his real role—by analogy with tennis, violin-playing, and the like—is that of a master coach and not that of a performer. His work has all the earmarks of the critic turned creative. It is flawless, but it lacks blood and bouquet; it is essentially academic, and there is something as professorial in Adams the poet as in Adams the man. He is constantly reverting to quotations, literary allusions, literary puns, archaisms, book-knowledge, Latin tags; and it is in vain that he attempts the personality of a fun-loving Tom Rover. This does not mean that he lacks personality; he has it; but possibly he has the wrong kind for light verse. The man who in *The Conning Tower* has compiled, by catching out our mistakes in English, a veritable *Who's Whom* in America; the man who knows that October 12, 1492, was a Friday and not a Wednesday; the man who probably remembers what he had to eat on July 16, 1895, has

CAPRETAX

(CAPITAL-RELIEF-TAX)

BULLETIN

Marxism is Wrong!

That Karl Marx perceived the tremendous economic fact of Ground Monopoly too late in life; and that his tardy recognition of it was embodied in posthumous editions of "Capital" as an appendix having no organic relation with the body of the work; was pointed out in the preceding number of this bulletin.

Claiming that private capital is the original and fundamental force which exploits labor, Marx and his followers have never understood how Labor and Capital are joint victims of Ground Monopoly; that both Labor and Capital together must produce enough to liquidate ground rent and taxation before Labor can receive wages, and before Capital can draw interest or make profit.

Inaccurate Definition of "State"

That the modern "State" represents victory of the "bourgeoisie" (capitalists) over medieval groundlordism, is the false and preposterous doctrine advanced by Marx to explain the phenomena of modern parliamentary government.

As a matter of actual record, and provable from the structure of existing legislative institutions, the modern state (whose pattern originated in Britain) is a compromise between the historic prestige of Land and the economic energy of Capital. The failure of Marx and his followers to grasp this fact is correlated with the faulty Marxian proposition that Labor is oppressed and enslaved by Capital.

"Marxism vs. Fascism"—
a False Issue

On the basis of these economic and political errors, Marx and his followers have precipitated the false claim that civilization is now compelled to choose between Common Ownership of Productive Capital and Private Business Enterprise.

Marxist propaganda has accordingly provoked and raised up the opposing force called "Fascism," which is based upon premises equally false with those of Marxism itself. And in the face of this threatening new form of reaction, the disciples of Marx are now retreating into opportunism in search of allies among liberals and progressives, while temporarily holding in abeyance their platform calling for public ownership of productive capital.

The strategic ideology of this move is that cooperating liberals will be automatically imbued with Marxism and become converts through acting against the common enemy. The subtle intrusion of Marxists into the background of the liberal movement furnishes evidence which helps to justify Fascism and keep it alive.

Today's Real Issue:

Fate of Productive Capital

Since the modern State represents compromise between Capital and Ground Monopoly, the logic slowly taking form in the midst of today's confusion is not class war between employers and employees, but the liberation of Productive Capital (as distinguished from "finance capital") by the transfer of taxation, as far as possible, from industrial and agricultural enterprise to ground values, improved and unimproved, in city and country.

Issue Further Confused by
Henry George and "Singletax"

To dismiss these propositions by saying, "Oh yes! Henry George!" is not only to credit the author of *Progress and Poverty* with more economic and sociological insight than his works reveal, but also to misread the unfolding of today's tragic history.

In a way which alienated men of wider acquaintance with economic thought, George proposed exclusive taxation of ground values on the theory that such values alone are "a social product, due to the presence of society"; whereas he assumed that capital pertains to "the individual," and therefore should not be taxed.

But capital (i.e., "productive instrumentalities") cannot be explained by individual reference. As a fact in today's world, it is the result of exploitation through past epochs. Capital is that portion of material goods which is used for the purpose of producing more goods; and as Dewey and Tufts have emphasized in specific contrast with George, "the wealth of modern society is really a gigantic pool. No individual knows how much he creates; it is a social product. To estimate what anyone should receive by an attempted estimate of what he has individually contributed is absolutely impossible" (*Ethics*, 511).

"Social value," as a measure of the distinction between land and capital, was unwittingly discarded by George himself in saying, "the social organism secretes, as it were, the necessary amount of capital" (*Progress and Poverty*, Bk. 1, ch. 5).

Adam Smith on Monopoly,
Value, Exploitation, Taxation

"As soon as the land of any country has all become private property, the landlords, like all other men, love to reap where they never sowed, and demand a rent even for its natural produce . . . Nothing can be more reasonable than that a fund (i.e., ground rent) which owes its existence to the good government of the state should be taxed peculiarly, or should contribute something

more than the greater part of other funds toward the support of the government" (*Wealth of Nations*, Bk. 1, ch. 6; Bk. 5, ch. 2).

Smith wrote at a time when it was dangerous to speak too plainly; and his real significance has been ignored not only by most professional economists, but also by Henry George.

"Capretax" not "Singletax"

The demand that fiscal burdens be shifted from productive capital to ground values is not based upon impossible distinctions between "social" and "individual" value; it arises out of the urgent, but inarticulate, need of business and agriculture to be liberated from the intolerable pressure of inflationary ground rents and an unscientific revenue system which overburdens actual production while promoting speculation in land. Hence the situation calls for a "capretax" (capital-relief-tax) rather than a "single," or exclusive, levy.

This measure is compatible with the co-operative program and with public ownership of enterprise involving exclusive rights-of-way over land, such as railroads, telegraph, telephone and pipe-line systems, etc.

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not perished in the poet. Moreover, Adams's greatest enthusiasm among light-verse writers is Calverley. I have always felt that Calverley has done the tradition a great deal of harm because, while he uniquely managed to perform miracles with dry form, as Bach did with fugues, he, like Bach, did all that could be done, leaving behind disciples who could not improve on him and were headed in the wrong direction—if not actually up a blind alley. Calverley is superb in his way, but it is a bookish way, and it is largely the bookishness that a man like Adams has inherited. Gilbert, less exquisite but more effervescent, has had more to bequeath even though his bequest has been more rudely handled. Unfortunately the two maestros between them have devoured modern light verse, and the poetic content that the Elizabethan and Caroline wits could squeeze into the form has all but disappeared. Adams, for example, lacks the faintest sense of style, which helps to account for his frequent woodenness. His really great service to light verse has been his admirable appreciation of it. The Conning Tower has printed more good stuff of the kind than all the other newspaper columns rolled into one.

In his new book Mr. Guiterman continues to be skilful. He lacks charm and bite, but his verses usually have bounce and swing, and he has a greater range of matter than F. P. A. He drops now and then into a kind of cuteness I would gladly spare, and his work has in it too little feeling for life and, like Adams's, a rather too unfailing sense of propriety. But it carries one along at a very agreeable pace. If Adams's chief fault lies in being too professorial, Guiterman's lies in being too professional. He is too smooth and slick to give one that unexpected sort of pleasure one seeks above everything else in light verse; and as Dr. Johnson might have said, if Mr. Guiterman seldom disappoints by sinking, he seldom exhilarates by soaring.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Craftsmanship

THE TALLONS. By William March. Random House. \$2.50.

IN "The Tallons" Mr. March deviates from his usual position of gentle irony and Chekhovian despair over life's problems, and attempts a tragedy on the grand scale. Two brothers, living on a farm in a small Alabama community, love the same girl. Andrew Tallon is idealistic, dependable, and physically repulsive (he has a harelip and a defect in his speech); Jim Tallon has all the contrasting qualities of thoughtlessness and physical charm. It is Jim, of course, who marries the girl; and when he brings her home to the Tallon farm, he insists that Andrew continue to live there. Andrew's presence, however, is a constant spur to his jealousy: there are violent quarrels and a general atmosphere of tension and hate. One night, after a particularly brutal scene, Andrew intervenes and kills his brother. With the assistance of Myrtle (Jim's widow), he is able successfully to conceal the crime; but his conscience gives him no peace—and he finally confesses. His love for his brother's wife is taken as the obvious motive for the crime; and he is convicted of murder in the first degree.

"The Tallons" has all the virtues of the realistic tradition: intelligence, honesty, detachment, and skill. It is upon these virtues, indeed, that Mr. March's reputation as a writer is based; and for such themes as have occupied him in the past—compassionate studies of "little men" pitted against some universal fate beyond their control or understanding—they are indispensable. Yet it is to be doubted whether they will suffice for such a study of the passions as the present book

aims to portray. For the tragedy in "The Tallons" is the tragedy of individual wills: the fate which pursues and destroys the leading characters rises out of certain maladies peculiar to each—Myrtle's vanity, her savage desire to possess Jim at all costs, Jim's jealousy, Andrew's love for an inferior woman. And tragedy of this kind demands something more than mere discernment or a talent for narrative—be the author's eye ever so sure or his statements ever so convincing.

There must first of all be full-sized individuals; and while Andrew comes closest to satisfying us in this regard—he is plausible so long as the drama surrounding him remains familiar and unimpressive—as soon as he is posed against an event of startling proportions he stands revealed for the conventional figure that he is. But what is chiefly lacking in this tragedy is the tragic sense—that element of power which can take us beyond the act into the significance of the act: we feel at all times in the presence of craftsmanship rather than of power. There are times, too, when Mr. March's craftsmanship, expert though it generally is, tends rather to betray itself; when certain situations of prime importance to the plot appear to have been unduly forced. Jim's transformation from an easy-going, self-confident wastrel into a neurotically jealous husband—suspicious above all of his unattractive brother Andrew—is too sudden to be thoroughly credible. But neither these defects in composition nor the book's more serious weaknesses prevent it from being an extremely readable and for the most part honest piece of work.

HELEN NEVILLE

Murder with a Moral

DEATH IN THE DEEP SOUTH. By Ward Greene. Stackpole Sons. \$2.

IN this novel about murder in Georgia, Mr. Greene has made an interesting departure from the usual pattern of crime stories. His long experience as a newspaper reporter has left him dissatisfied with the elaborate ingenuities of master-mind detectives who, in fiction, monotonously solve mysteries as remote from reality as a card trick or a cross-word puzzle. Mr. Greene has examined the news behind the distortions of the yellow press and has rewritten it in a swiftly moving narrative. To be sure, he has not been so imprudent as to omit trial scenes and unexpected clues; but he has used these conventional devices to dramatize a serious social problem—the annulment of civil liberties by local politicians who manipulate prejudices for the sake of the election returns.

The rape and murder of fifteen-year-old Mary Clay provides a perfect campaign issue for District Attorney Andy Griffin. Shrewd and ambitious, Griffin blocks the inevitable conspiracy to lynch Tump Redwine, Negro, who is implicated in the murder more by his color than by the flimsy evidence which has been cooked up against him. Lynchings, as Griffin cynically calculates, are too common to keep the headlines for more than a day; as a candidate for higher office he prefers to scoop his fellow-Democrats by making a big and unusual kill. The crime is pinned on Robert Hale, who has the double advantage, from Griffin's point of view, of being a school teacher with ideas and a Northerner. Most unscrupulously a case is manufactured against young Hale, a case which is plausible only to a jury poisoned with rhetorical insinuation. In a last gesture of cynicism the prosecution momentarily abandons the hypocrisy of white superiority and produces the Negro, coached by whippings and lies, as star witness against Hale. In the North the case becomes a *cause célèbre* for progressives; but Griffin's

strong-arm tactics defeat the superior logic of the Civil Liberties lawyers and the eloquent protestations of Heywood Broun. Griffin gets his man, and the nomination for Senator.

Mr. Greene hints in his text, and the publishers expand the hint in the blurb, that there is an analogy between the Hale case and the trials of Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti, and the Scottsboro boys. But this suggestion is altogether misleading, although it does, by contrast, indicate the limited scope of the novel. Hale is not at all a symbol of class conflict; he is, as we are constantly reminded, an average citizen, a fairly characterless innocent bystander. The case against him is motivated not by the pressure of a threatened group in power but by the ambitions of a provincial schemer. The significance of the frame-up is correspondingly less great than the significance of the historic trials of a Mooney or a Vanzetti. The benevolent governor of this novel, who pits himself ineffectually against the district attorney, introduces another note of extenuation which is conspicuously missing in real political trials. But this does not invalidate the unavoidable conclusion of the novel that justice in the courts is still largely an abstraction, that behind the excitement of the headlines lies a frequently untold story of duplicity and terror.

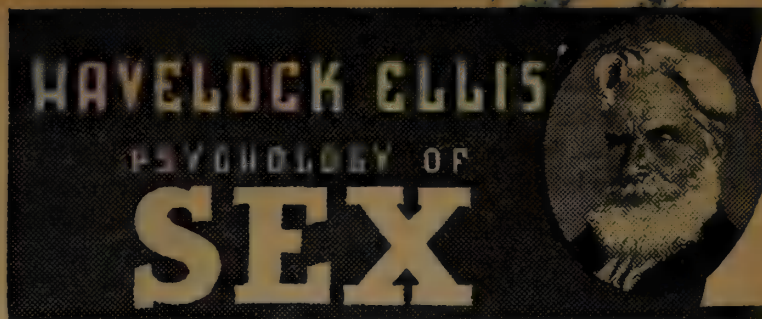
SAMUEL SILLEN

Motor as Metaphor

CLUTCH AND DIFFERENTIAL. By George Weller. Random House. \$2.50.

THE clutch of an automobile (so I am told) is the mechanism which transmits the engine's power to the rear wheels; the differential is the mechanism which permits two wheels on the same axle to revolve at different speeds. Using these two devices as the symbols of two categories of experience, Mr. Weller's "novel" is an arrangement of thirty-five sketches of Americans. Those who are in the "clutch" category receive some impetus of personal vitality, either for good or bad ends; the "differential" sketches show two lives becoming in some way desynchronized. Each "clutch" incident is preceded by a brief prologue called "Change of Gear" in which the character gives a clue to his nature by a monologue about an automobile; each "clutch" is followed and each "differential" preceded by a section called "Universal" (after the coupling in the power-transmission shaft), which contains some bit of lore about cars—advertisements, the traffic cop's spiel, the ethics of the road, how to break in the new job, the truth about men and women drivers—a weighty *summa* of automotive philosophy. Carrying stylization yet farther, Mr. Weller Plutarchianly pairs off his male and female characters and arranges them in ascending order of age (speed? mileage?); so that we begin with Irene, six, and end with Mrs. Julia Rawson, seventy-eight. In short, Mr. Weller has written a book in which pattern takes the place of form and convention substitutes for plot, for each incident is discrete and the characters of one sketch are never involved with those of another. The only integration lies in the relationships of similarity and contrast which the author chooses to show.

The use of pattern as something apart from plot has been one of the important characteristics of modern fiction since the appearance of "Ulysses"; our awareness of social groups and social contrasts makes it pertinent. Mr. Weller is original only in that he relies on pattern to the total exclusion of a continuing narrative. In Dos Passos's novels, for example, or in "Ulysses" itself, the pattern advances and underscores the plot but does not take its place or invalidate the Aristotlean virtues of Beginning, Middle, and End. But Mr. Weller re-



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fuses to recognize these virtues, and consequently he deadens utterly the effect of a book that has elements of significance.

To understand how thoroughly Mr. Weller's experiment has failed we must remember that he is a writer of very considerable talent. Indeed, his first novel, "Not to Eat, Not for Love," was so brimful of talent that it slopped over untidily; it was tricky, extravagant, and clever, but nevertheless it was successful and moving. Mr. Weller's talent has not really diminished, but by comparison with the first novel its effect in "Clutch and Differential" is trifling. The symbolic pattern in itself says nothing, or only something very trite, about the machine age. The author's fine poetic gifts are unorganized and diffuse and, what is more, they serve sentimentality rather than illumination. It is not unfair to turn Mr. Weller's symbol against him and to say that his book is imbued with the sentimentality of the motorist who has been "studying the country" on the road—that fine, false sense of having "learned human nature" which one gets from the chance meeting.

Not all of Mr. Weller's knowledge of what people are like can rescue his characters from the cliché abstraction into which the pattern forces them. Had they appeared in a novel, Monty's wife, the Negro porter, Mr. Hargreave, Randolph Lewis Beebe would have been very real people, but set in the easy and pointless pattern they become static, like figures in a dull mural, the Bride with Eyes to the Future, the Exploited Negro, the Ruthless Industrialist, Intrenched Bureaucracy—all in appropriate attitudes of self-explanation, with a running frieze of carburetors and traffic lights. But Mr. Weller's talent is still there, and if his experiment has failed his promise has not.

LIONEL TRILLING

Japanese War Power

MILITARISM IN JAPAN. By Kenneth W. Colegrove. World Peace Foundation. 75 cents.

THE World Peace Foundation continues its informative series of pamphlets on world affairs with this study of the factors behind the power of the military in Japan. Mr. Colegrove finds the source of the military tradition in the military clans and emperor loyalty, and regards the existence of the "supreme command" as one of the basic reasons for the strength of the military class. The constitution of 1889 made the "supreme direction" of the army and navy "subject solely to commands issued by the Emperor." This provision has put Japan under a dual government, the civil government having no control over the military. While the Emperor's power is supposed to be exercised with the advice of "responsible ministers," the jurists of the old school—they also have their "old men" it seems—and the militarists have held that this term applies only to the ministers of war and the navy. These Cabinet posts, in turn, are open only to high-ranking officers; so that the military can wreck any Cabinet by refusal to serve in it. This, however, requires unanimity among the generals, and it is to the lack of such unanimity in 1930 that the author attributes the ratification of the London Naval Treaty, which he says "marked the culmination of the progress toward parliamentary government."

Dual government has also led to dual diplomacy, and the army has in many instances ignored the decisions of the Foreign Office. In 1931, for instance, "after the 'Mukden incident,' Baron Shidehara's policy of friendship with China, which had the support of the Cabinet and of a majority of the Diet, was completely frustrated by the independent action of the military." While Mr. Colegrove believes that the several

failures of the army to establish a complete military dictatorship give ground for hope that the civil authorities are gaining the upper hand, he recognizes that this would hardly signify an end of Japanese imperialism since the control of the major parties is in the hands of the financial interests which have profited most from the vast military expenditures.

Of interest to American readers will be Mr. Colegrove's account of the effects in Japan of our recent increases in naval expenditures and the Pacific maneuvers. By picturing these moves and the increases in the Russian military forces as a direct threat to Japan, General Araki succeeded in securing vast increases in military and naval appropriations. It is significant that General Araki's further suggestions that the tax burden be shifted from the farmers to capital and industry were turned down. The tie-up between industry and the military machine is obviously closer than this book reveals. And the author confesses as much. In his final paragraph he says, "All too brief is this survey of militarism in Japan. Much more remains to be said regarding the munitions industry, regarding the imperialist program of Japanese capitalism, regarding the corrupt alliance of political parties and financial interests . . ." It is to be hoped that Mr. Colegrove will have the opportunity of discussing this most important phase of the subject in a future pamphlet.

R. J. BISSON.

Shorter Notices

THAT WAS BALZAC. By George Middleton. Random House. \$2.

Honoré De Balzac was a man of exuberant genius; and his other qualities seem to have been dealt out to him in the same extravagant measure. Says Mr. Middleton in his Introduction: "Balzac never conceived a more amazing character than he himself was, nor wrote a more spectacular novel than the life he lived." And then he proceeds to prove it in this play. In recreating this gargantuan character, the author has used biographical material as Rodin, before whose famous statue of Balzac the prologue takes place, used the sculptor's clay—to convey the essence of the man. Indeed, this prologue serves as a not altogether necessary defense of the method, which really needs no defense beyond his success with it. Here is no mere story about Balzac, but the man and artist in all his magnificent, contradictory, and faintly preposterous reality, from the youth of twenty, dreaming and working prodigiously in a Paris attic, to the dying man of fifty, lamenting that he has burned himself out before having finished the stupendous task he had set himself. The eight episodes depend for dramatic continuity and tension upon the novelist's relations with three women: his jealous, self-pitying, and loyal mother; the wise middle-aged woman who was his first love; and the beautiful Polish countess with whom he carried on for eighteen years that strange love affair which led at last to their marriage a few months before his death. Like Balzac himself, these women really come to life in the pages of this book; and so do a host of minor characters who contribute their services to the building up of Mr. Middleton's vivid portrait. The play reads well and should produce well. One longs to see it acted, with someone like Charles Laughton in the title role.

S. L.

SKUTAREVSKY. By Leonid Leonov. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

"Skutarevsky," called "the Russian Arrowsmith," is said to have had an enormous success in the Soviet Union. It is possibly mainly the fault of the translator, Alec Brown, that

in English the novel appears confused and ineffective. Stylistically the book seems to run in clots. There are passages of great force, precision, and clarity; but there are also stretches of dreadful verbal awkwardness and downright unintelligibility. The novel is the story of the adjustment of a great scientist of Czarist days to the planned scientific program of the Soviet regime. Consequently, the imagery is largely scientific; the simplest, everyday human acts are frequently interpreted in the language of physics. Out of the application of the scientist's vocabulary to the material of life come some of the novel's best effects, but this technique is likewise responsible for the grossest faults of the book; overused, it makes for ponderousness and verbosity. The flaws of "Skutarevsky" are, however, not all stylistic. The book is overloaded; too many things are started and dropped. With most of its themes unresolved at the conclusion, the novel, for all its striking qualities, is unsatisfactory.

MARY MCCARTHY

DRAMA

Red, Hot, and Blue

IT seems that Mrs. "Nails" Duquesne—known in private life as Ethel Merman—is desperately in love with a young man who finds it impossible to return her affections because he is fixed upon a girl he has not seen since she was five, and it seems further that "Nails" is heroically determined to help him find her. Now you might suppose the task nearly impossible, but that is because you do not know an important fact, namely, that at the tender age mentioned above the unfortunate girl sat down, while attempting to elude a kiss, upon a waffle iron all prepared to receive something else. Obviously the sensible thing to do is to institute a nation-wide hunt for the missing young lady, and obviously—from a dramatic standpoint—it is a good idea to let the audience participate in the hunt by requiring all the claimants to parade in cellophane skirts through a brightly illuminated doorway. I shall not go so far as to reveal by what surprising accident the long-lost love is actually discovered outside the ranks of the formally qualified pretenders, but I have already gone far enough, I hope, to indicate in a general way the spirit of the book which Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have provided for the music and lyrics of Cole Porter.

"Red, Hot, and Blue" (Alvin Theater) is the name of the piece, and it provides an evening of good, cleaner-than-you-might-expect fun. It is not, to be sure, as good as "Anything Goes." Even the presence of Jimmy Durante cannot conceal the fact, and even Ethel Merman cannot persuade an audience that any of Mr. Porter's new songs is as exasperatingly insouciant as "I Get a Kick Out of You." But probably Mr. Porter will never be able to live up to that again, and if comparisons can be forgotten, "Red, Hot, and Blue" is far above the revue average. Miss Merman remains supreme as the exponent of a style she seems to have invented. No one else that I have ever heard seems to me to have achieved a combination of superficial blatancy with subtle undercurrents of nuance and satire so perfectly the expression of the spirit of jazz.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

[Correction:—George Nash is First Gravedigger in the Gielgud "Hamlet."]

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Foreword by Rafael Ramírez

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In "Forbidden Melody" (New Amsterdam Theater) Hollywood's Mr. Brisson sings, dances, and dimples at unpredictable intervals and devotes the remainder of his energies to a consideration of his librettist's dashing Rumanian Lieutenant Gregor. After eleven more or less complete shifts of scene Mr. Brisson, with the aid of a bassoon-playing comic, sings his way into a tangle of ladies and restores to his throne the banished King Carol. The ingredients are not unfamiliar, and Mr. Romberg, along with his colleague, Otto Harbach, has been to the attic for his tunes. The result is a rehash of the Graustark fable which stupefies the spectator with gipsy fiddling in the opening scenes and puts him to sleep in—of all places—the royal suite of the Hotel Buda.

B. B.

RECORDS

THE interest expressed by readers of this column led me to investigate the subject of needles further; and I can now amplify my recent remarks with factual detail. Bear in mind that we are concerned only with the minute point that travels in the grooves of the record, and that I am beginning with steel. The point must be slender and rounded so as to fit into the groove; its surface must be smooth, otherwise its action on the walls of the groove will be that of a file or a saw, and these are things that cannot be observed by the naked eye. Variations in the shape of the point, by altering the contact of the point with the groove, produce variations in reproduction; and the variations I heard recently in the sound of the

records of Brahms's Second matched the variations I had seen in the shapes of the points of Columbia half-tone needles when I had looked at them through a microscope last August. Also, certain variants—for example, those which are squared instead of rounded—may injure the walls of the grooves; and so will accidental broken, jagged points or rough surfaces. Such imperfections are inevitable, and can be detected only by shadowgraphing each needle separately. This is a laborious process that makes shadowgraphed needles more expensive; but if you want a perfect needle you will have to pay what it costs; and H. W. Acton of 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, has it to sell.

The wearing down of the point results from the presence of abrasive in the record. The effect of the abrasive at first is to cause the needle to fit better in the groove; as it continues it creates a flat surface with sharp edges; and if the needle is worn down to the point where these edges are brought into contact with the walls of the grooves they will cut away what is recorded on the walls. Hence the admonition to use a needle for only one record-side. This is extreme; but what is essential is not to put back a used needle once it has been removed, for the changed position may bring the sharp edges into contact with the walls of the grooves.

It is here that cactus and other non-metallic needles enter the discussion: they cannot injure the record when they are worn down, because their substance is too soft for their edges to cut into the substance of the record. They have this advantage, however, only at this stage of wear in the needle; before this stage—before, that is, the point of wear at which the steel needle begins to damage the grooves—the softness of non-metallic needles is no advantage and is a definite disadvantage: they are not hard enough to bring out the sounds of high frequency that are what is meant by high fidelity. There is no use in getting the finest new orchestral records and a phonograph with pick-up, amplifier, and speaker capable of bringing out what has been put into the records, and then using a needle that keeps this from coming through. And it is silly to do this to avoid scratch: non-metallic needles reduce scratch because they do not bring out the high frequencies; if you want the musical sounds of high frequency you must use steel and accept the noises of high frequency as well.

Chromium is even harder than steel, and therefore brings out even more of the high frequencies, as you can tell by the greater scratch. But the chromium-plated point is dangerous. No process has yet been found of plating the point uniformly; sometimes only one side gets plated; and if you put in the needle so that this side happens to face the wrong way, you have, in effect, two sharp cutting edges traveling through the grooves of your records.

Now chromium and other permanent needles have been introduced for people who don't like the trouble of changing records or needles. Since these needles are all bad, it would seem that one must either take the trouble or ruin the records (and I am informed that certain machines with record-changing mechanisms give faulty reproduction and have heavy and badly placed pick-ups that will ruin records with any needle). But though he does not want to go on record as recommending the practice, Acton thinks his shadowgraphed steel needle can be used safely for a number of sides.

Steel needles, then; and half-tone rather than full-tone, because the shank of a half-tone needle being slenderer there is less rigidity and greater play in the groove. This makes a slight difference in quality of reproduction, but one that I like; and the loss in volume can be made up by amplification.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

"The Pope Needs America"

Dear Sirs: In religion I am a Roman Catholic and in politics I am registered as a Democrat. But neither my Catholicism nor my registered Democracy have had much influence on my political opinions. I make these personal statements for what relevance they may have to my criticism of James T. Farrell's two articles, *The Pope Needs America*.

I am perfectly willing to admit that the Catholic church has meddled in European politics at least since medieval times. Its influence, however, has waned. Spain is the most recent example of this trend. I am also willing to admit that the Catholic church has stepped from religion into politics too often in Mexico and South America. I even admit the all too frequent interest of the Catholic hierarchy in local politics throughout these United States.

There may naturally be the thought that the Catholics, because of their large numbers and because of the wealth the Catholic church has amassed, might if united be a controlling force in national politics. But the Catholics of America are historically disunited. They are Democrats and Republicans and Independents, Progressives and Farmer-Laborites, Prohibitionists, Coughlinites, and Townsendites. They are as widely split as the poles. And they are, thank God, increasingly refusing political suggestions from the church. While no doubt in some localities Catholic organizations will be used and abused politically, the normal Holy Name Society will remain a religious organization; the normal Knights of Columbus branch will continue as a social organization; the normal St. Vincent de Paul Society will go on as a charitable organization. And never will they be welded into a national political group. It is much more foolish to presume the political menace of Catholic Action than to presume a dictatorship by either major political party.

Together with many Americans I am a firm objector to political influence on the part of clerics, no matter what their faith. And I believe this country has no more to fear from Catholic political dominance than from Methodist or Baptist or Presbyterian or, for that matter, Mohammedan political leadership. Certainly that great mass of Catholics who

enjoy the privileges our country gives of thinking and acting for themselves will never surrender these constitutional rights to any dominant political force.

JAMES KERNEY, JR.,
Editor, the *Trenton Times*
Trenton, N. J., October 29

We're for It!

Dear Sirs: Now that the Presidential campaign of 1936 is ended, the time is ripe to begin the agitation for a reform of incalculable value to the country—the shortening of the campaign. Let the nominating conventions be held between the first and the twentieth of September. Between the time of the conventions and Election Day every important issue could be clearly and adequately put before the voters.

At no time within my recollection (I cast my first vote for Grover Cleveland in 1892) has so large a proportion of the campaign discussion been devoted to banalities and shadow-boxing, not to speak of "You're another" personalities, as in this campaign. The effect of all this is to repel and disgust thoughtful people. Many of them, but for a sense of duty to their country, would say, "A plague o' both your houses," and spend Election Day in attending to their own business.

G. S. W.
Westminster, Md., November 2

A Scandal in Chicago

Dear Sirs: Having been a resident of New York City and a reader of the *Times* and the *World-Telegram* until a new position brought me to Chicago six months ago, I was quite unprepared for the yellow journalism and partisan news of Chicago. I set about immediately to find a readable newspaper, one that would fill the gap left by the New York papers. Being able to smell a Hearst a mile away, I steered clear of the *Herald Examiner* and bought the only other morning paper available, the *Tribune*. The layout impressed me as being neat and attractive, but I soon discovered that the *Tribune's* content out-Hearsts Hearst.

In the evening I caught the odors of another Hearst product, the *American*, and hurried on to the *Daily News*, which I had heard of in connection with John Gunther, Howard Vincent O'Brien, and

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, and therefore expected to find somewhat more wholesome than the rest. But again I was disappointed. The *Daily News*, I found, was as reactionary as its editor, Frank Knox. Another Chicago paper, the *Daily Times*, a tabloid in the best tradition, in all seriousness impresses me as being quite on a par with the *Daily News*, which seems to be Chicago's best—or should I say least obnoxious—newspaper.

There must be other residents of this city who are as indignant about the press situation as I am. And it is with this thought in mind that I am writing to you. Perhaps something could be done to encourage the Scripps-Howard syndicate to enter this field, or maybe the New York *Times* could devise a plan for flying early editions into this city. At any rate, organized action on the part of Chicago's citizens might bring about some solution to a problem which is a scandal not only for Chicago but for the nation as well.

D. J. ROLFS
Oak Park, Ill., October 22

Gentlemanly Insecurity

Dear Sirs: Dr. Floyd S. Winslow in an address before the New York State Medical Society on September 17 makes the following very extraordinary statement:

The advocates of socialized medicine lure the profession with the siren song of bureaucratic jobs . . . But we do not want to be secure. We want to remain insecure. We want to continue to be required to give our very best to every patient or lose out in the gentlemanly competition which exists within our ranks. This is an incentive which operates to our insecurity, but to the security of the patient. We prefer the discipline of private practice, which keeps us on our toes, to an assured income under bureaucratic control where our highest ambition is more likely to be to keep ourselves solid with the politicians who have taken over the job of running our profession.

It should no longer be necessary to try to convince intelligent persons that financial insecurity within the medical profession itself increases the insecurity of everyone who must depend on the members of that profession. If insecurity for all doctors meant security for all patients I believe that most persons would say by all means let physicians be financially insecure. But it does not. On the contrary,

Tomorrow's Headlines TODAY— in *The Nation*

Applied to politics, this statement invites trouble. Yet, the accuracy of Paul W. Ward's predictions during the Presidential election campaign seem incredible.

As early as July 11, for example, Mr. Ward stated that despite the extravagant claims of the Union Party leaders, Lemke would prove of little importance in the campaign and would actually run "at the expense of the Republican nominee and not, as Mr. Landon, his aides and mentors so patently believe, at the expense of Mr. Roosevelt."



PAUL W. WARD

On August 3 the polls conducted by the *Literary Digest*, Dr. Gallup, and the *Farm Journal* predicted victory for Landon. Yet, in *The Nation* of that week Mr. Ward stated that "Roosevelt will have a record-breaking total of 510 electoral votes."

During the months preceding the election, the accuracy of Mr. Ward's keen analysis of the factors which eventually caused the Roosevelt landslide and the larger Democratic majority in Congress, added immensely to his reputation as a political prophet.

As the symposium in this issue indicates, the turn our political future may take seems uncertain. On the basis of past performances, however, readers of Paul W. Ward's weekly article in *The Nation* are very likely to know, far in advance of its appearance in the headlines, all the significant news that will come out of Washington during the next few years.

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no physician can possibly take care of his patients properly unless he is assured of a reasonable income.

LOUISE DAVIES

Ventura, Cal., October 9

Correction

Dear Sirs: My attention has just been called to the editorial which appeared in *The Nation* for October 31 on my case. I want to call your attention to the following inaccuracies:

1. I came to Yale in the fall of 1924 and was promoted to the associate professorship in 1927, not in 1930 as stated by you.

2. A letter was written by Mr. Cheney to Dean Brown, not to Dean Weigle.

3. President Angell did not insist on the cancelation of the Senator Nye meeting but did insist on postponement. However, the tickets were on sale, and the result was that Senator Nye did not come to New Haven at all.

I want you to understand that my only reason for writing is to avoid any possible misrepresentation in my case.

JEROME DAVIS

New Haven, November 2

The Cooperative Movement

Dear Sirs: In reporting the Biennial Congress of the Cooperative League at Columbus October 8-10, in your editorial columns you make the very pertinent statement that "there are limits to the advantages to consumers' cooperation." Your criticism is very well taken, but to readers not familiar with the cooperative movement it would imply that the members of the cooperatives look upon consumers' cooperation as a panacea.

The attitude of the cooperative movement toward other movements working toward the same goal is exemplified in the following statement by E. R. Bowen, general secretary, in his address to the Cooperative Congress:

We are happy to have on our program representatives of the three national consumer organizations, namely, consumers' cooperatives, credit unions, and public utilities, and the three national producer organizations, namely farm cooperatives, labor unions, and professional associations, the combination of whose programs into one great whole, I believe, will eventually largely solve our problems of unemployment and poverty as well as the economic causes of crime and war.

WALLACE J. CAMPBELL,
Assistant Secretary

New York, October 15

CONTRIBUTORS

THE CONTRIBUTORS to the symposium are Norman Thomas, Presidential candidate of the Socialist Party; John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America and chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization; Alvin Johnson, president of the American Economic Association and director of the New School for Social Research; Mary Van Kleeck, chairman of the Interprofessional Association for Social Insurance and director of the Department of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation; Charles A. Beard, political theorist and the country's leading constitutional historian; Dorothy Detzer, chairman of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Mary Simkhovitch, dean of social workers and director of Greenwich House.

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE is the author of "Green Laurels," a book about the great naturalists, which on its publication a short time ago was received with enthusiasm by the critics. He has also published "An Almanac for Moderns" and "Singing in the Wilderness," a biography of Audubon.

HELEN NEVILLE is a poet and critic who has contributed reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

SAMUEL SILLEN is a member of the English faculty of Washington Square College, New York University, and a contributing editor of *Science and Society*, the new Marxist quarterly.

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R. J. BISSON is a free-lance reviewer with a special interest in the Far East.

B. H. HAGGIN, *The Nation's* music critic, has just finished "A Book of the Symphony," which will be published shortly. It deals with the history of symphonic composition and includes criticism and analysis of the most important works of the great composers.

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The Shape of Things

*

THE SECOND ROOSEVELT HONEYMOON IS ON.

The New Dealers and the economic royalists may be confidently expected to lie down together in complete harmony—at least for a time. With dividends zooming, tax rises expressly forbidden, relief costs scheduled for a cut, and the budget about to be balanced, big enterprise is discovering merits and perfections in Mr. Roosevelt hitherto undreamed of by the chambers of commerce and the Liberty League. As for the President, he is reported to be sobered by the huge responsibilities put upon him by the landslide election. Arthur Krock, writing from Washington, is convinced that Mr. Roosevelt considers the emergency over, and in his new mood of normalcy will cold-shoulder those of his advisers who have social-reform hobbies to ride. The President, we are informed, knows the country has given him a blank check, but he has no intention of making it payable to Messrs. Tugwell, Ickes, Hopkins, Lilienthal, et al. If true, these reports should dispel any illusions our wishful thinkers may have had that Mr. Roosevelt will some day lead a Labor Party, or any fears our more cynical friends may have had that his reformism would cut the ground from under the labor forces in politics. If Mr. Roosevelt takes the new "era of good feelings" seriously, he is less realistic than we have thought. He should know that the sweetness and light that now suffuse Wall Street are illusory. The bitterness with which big business and its allies among the corporation lawyers are still fighting the New Deal in the courts is a sign of the gathering storm that is just around the corner.

*

A MORNING-AFTER MOOD HAS ALREADY assailed some of our pre-election optimists. Headaches are general, indicating that the brew of campaign promises and high hopes may have been spiked with at least a splash of political wood alcohol. In the field of relief the symptoms are particularly acute. Mr. Hopkins has already "predicted" that by the end of the year 1,000,000 fewer families and individuals will be on the relief rolls of the country. Such remarks must be taken as storm warnings rather than as statistical estimates. And to gauge their real significance it is useful to examine the situation as it emerges in individual localities and projects. In New York City, for example, the WPA has undertaken a hospitals project designed to modernize and enlarge, to clean and paint and repair, a dozen public hospitals which for years

have been a disgrace to the city and a source of danger and misery to their unfortunate patients and employees. The work has been carried on by a staff of about 5,000 workers. Before the election an unexpected raise was given to all the white-collar employees on the project. After the election 850 workers were ordered dismissed. Neither the needs of the men nor the needs of the project were examined. The workers were simply laid off against their protests and those of the technicians in charge. What has happened on a single project in New York is undoubtedly happening in much more drastic form in other parts of the country. We have no doubt that private industry is absorbing many employable workers; a legitimate drop in the relief rolls is inevitable. But we want to issue a storm warning of our own against wholesale dismissal of workers whose condition since November 3 is unchanged except in one respect—that their votes have been cast and counted.

*

WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT TAMPA? TWO WEEKS ago it seemed as if the executive council was trying to find a way of letting the C. I. O. unions back into the fold. At the moment of writing, the two camps seem farther apart than ever, several incidents having occurred to shorten tempers on both sides. A proposal by the C. I. O. that Green and Lewis meet to talk things over dissolved in bitterness when Green said he had no power to lift suspensions and Lewis replied that a conference would therefore be futile. The C. I. O. admitted to its ranks two unions that had been refused industrial charters by the A. F. of L. President Green was summoned by the executive board of the United Mine Workers to appear before it and answer charges of conspiring against the union by aiding in its suspension. In Tampa the pre-convention meetings of the executive council and of various departments of the A. F. of L. have been filled with denunciations of the C. I. O., although it is clear that there is division in the ranks of the A. F. of L. Meanwhile none of the unions in the C. I. O. have sent delegates. The question is whether the diehards at the convention can muster a two-thirds' majority for expulsion. At first glance this would appear to be a simple task. But the C. I. O., with its political and economic implications, has set up a criss-cross of loyalties among the rank and file in all unions which will be reflected in Tampa and which makes the outcome anything but certain.

*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S STATEMENT THAT wage rates should not be tied to the cost of living is interesting for two reasons. It indicates a friendly post-landslide attitude toward the mass-production labor that contributed so much to his victory; at the same time it sets this friendliness in its proper context, namely, the President's general theory that capitalism must be preserved by increasing mass purchasing power. Labor can take much more comfort from the informal opinion of Miss Perkins questioning the right of company-union representatives to sign a contract binding their fellow-workers to accept a wage increase attached to a cost-of-living string with which the

employer can snatch it back if living costs fall. In any case the two Administration comments have taken much of the effect out of the gesture of a wage increase with which the steel employers and their spokesmen have attempted to prove that outside unions are superfluous and that John L. Lewis is trying to snare the workers only for his own aggrandizement. Two simple facts, which steel workers as well as steel barons know, have further pricked the bright-colored balloon. While steel wages have been raised 10 per cent, the profits of the steel industry for the first six months of 1936 increased 139 per cent over the same period last year. Steel prices will shortly be raised \$2 or \$3 a ton, which means that the wage rise will be passed on to the consumer. Big business has signally failed in the attempt to ward off strikes and create anti-union propaganda by insignificant wage increases that could scarcely have been avoided in view of the rising tide of recovery. Unionization, like business, is booming.

*

JOSEPH EASTMAN, OF THE INTERSTATE Commerce Commission, and Thomas Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, discussed railroads at a grand dinner of the Academy of Political Science at the Hotel Astor in New York. Civilities were of course exchanged, but the atmosphere was none the less tense. Mr. Eastman strikes us as being the consummate public servant. He knows more about the railroad industry than the railway magnates themselves. As he stood there telling the assembled grandees of industry that it was possible the system of private ownership of railroads would break down, and that "we would not be embarking on communism" if our government took over the railroad control directly, one felt confidence both in his courage and his objectivity. Mr. Eastman is himself a living proof of his statement that the government could run the railroads "under men of excellent character and capacity and without political corruption." Mr. Lamont resorted to a parade of imaginary horrors, arguing that if the government took over the railroads it could not stop short of taking over the entire transportation system of the country. Private enterprise is torn between concern for its current investments and fear that public operation of railroads would be an entering wedge for further socialization of industry. Meanwhile the automobile industry, as shown by automobile shows reminiscent of the halcyon days, is preparing for a boom year—and thereby furthering the competitive forces that have been cutting under railroad revenue. Even the court decisions upholding the new railroad pick-up and delivery service, which the trucking industry has been fighting, seem but an incident in a continuing struggle.

*

THE ATTACK ON SUIYUAN, INNER MONGOLIA, supported by Japan, represents the culmination of years of intrigue in this highly strategic area. The famous Captain Nakamura, whose disappearance in the summer of 1931 was one of the immediate causes of the Japanese coup of September 18 of that year, was believed to be a secret emissary to the Mongols. Since that date at least

half the territory of Inner Mongolia has been occupied by the Japanese or their allies. Jehol was invaded and incorporated into Manchoukuo in 1933; the Mongols of Chahar appear to have been either intimidated or bought over by Japan. Japanese military missions have been established at the capitals of each of the four Inner Mongolian provinces, and airdromes have been constructed throughout the entire region for the use of Japanese military planes. Despite these evidences of overwhelming force, Fu Tso-yi, Chinese governor of Suiyuan, has vigorously opposed Japanese penetration and is reported to have created a well-equipped army of 60,000 men to resist the threatened invasion of the Japanese-supported troops from Chahar and Manchoukuo. Had the attack occurred a few months ago, the chances are that Nanking would have taken little official notice of it. Today, however, the Suiyuan situation has attracted nation-wide attention, and Chiang Kai-shek, swept along by the rising tide of patriotism, has declared that he is willing to go the limit in defending "China's gateway to the Northwest."

*

THE IRON-BOUND CASTE SYSTEM OF INDIA was breached on November 13 when the Maharajah of Travancore announced that hereafter the untouchables in his own state would suffer no restrictions in entering or worshiping in temples controlled by him. Travancore is itself a small and not very important state in southwestern India, but the movement may well spread to other and larger states. There is no reason to believe that the Maharajah's "emancipation proclamation" was inspired by or even will have the approval of the British government in India. Britain has pursued the policy of dividing and ruling in India as in other parts of the Empire, and the caste system, like the favoritism shown the Indian princes at London conferences, has served to emphasize disunity among the Indians rather than to further unity. Gandhi, however, although his activities are no longer a frequent news item—probably because of the rigid censorship imposed by Britain—continues to agitate for his program of unification, of which the abolition of the caste system is a major feature. It is altogether likely that the removal of the restrictions on the untouchables in Travancore is the result of his efforts. If other states follow suit, Britain may yet see not only a casteless India but one united in opposition to imperialist rule.

*

THE HONOR PAID TO EUGENE O'NEILL IN the award of the Nobel Prize indicates the passing of a stage in the long struggle of American literature for European recognition. The 1930 award to Sinclair Lewis, portrayer of *Babbitt*, might have been construed as a back-handed compliment to America—as an official confirmation of the European estimate of our character. England, especially, has always been relatively well disposed toward those writers who were critical of American culture, or who were quaint or uncouth in the way Americans were supposed to be. But both England and France have usually been scornful of any attempt on the part of Americans to

bid for a place in the obviously civilized tradition. Mr. O'Neill, on the other hand, is interesting at all only if he is interesting apart from any local peculiarities. His scenes are naturally American, but there is nothing clearer in either his own comments or in the plays themselves than the fact that their real subject is not America but Man. If the Nobel committee has chosen to honor him, it can only be as a writer who has successfully attempted the highest and most difficult of literary tasks. Perhaps it is unfortunate that in this case, as so often in the past, the substantial monetary award amounting this year to some \$45,000 should go to a man who is no longer in need of financial assistance. It is too bad that two awards cannot be made instead: one, largely honorary, to established success and another, largely monetary, to struggling merit.

Judge Thacher's Trial and Error

THE utilities have launched their final and crucial judicial bombardment against the Public Utility Act of 1935 and other pertinent legislation. The warriors for the industry include ■ former Secretary of War, a former Democratic nominee for the Presidency, and a former Solicitor General of the United States. What induced Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, and Thomas D. Thacher to lend their wits and conscience to the anti-Administration forces before the courts of the country is not included in the voluminous records now accumulating. Suffice it to say, that probably few major issues of the last four years have produced spectacles like those of the Supreme Court in its last October term throwing out a case brought by Mr. Davis, and now of former Judge Thacher apologizing to government attorneys after having charged them with misrepresentations which, if made, could have led to disbarment.

On November 9, the Monday preceding the Thacher incident, the government before the Supreme Court and through Solicitor General Stanley Reed contended that the District Court in the District of Columbia had properly exercised its powers in staying trial of all cases arising out of the holding-company regulatory law except that of the Electric Bond and Share Company. If the stay were set aside, Mr. Reed said, the Department of Justice would be swamped with an intolerable number of cases. This could be avoided, the Solicitor General argued, by allowing the Bond and Share case, which covered the main points at issue thus far, to be settled first.

The following is extracted from ■ transcript of the proceedings:

MR. REED: We do not contend that they [the Bond and Share case and other holding-company suits] are identical; but in all these cases you find many questions which are similar. . . .

JUSTICE SUTHERLAND: Then is it your contention, in that situation of affairs, that if the act be held valid it puts an end to these cases; there is nothing left to litigate?

MR. REED: No, I cannot go so far. I wish it were possible to say that one case would put an end to all the litigation. The government does not take that position. It takes the position that *many of the most important questions will be decided by cases such as the Electric Bond and Share* or any case that goes to the Supreme Court. But certainly there will be further litigation in regard to some features of the act. . . .

Robert H. Jackson, Assistant Attorney General, supplemented Mr. Reed's argument as follows:

MR. JACKSON: Where counsel and ourselves differ about the merits of the Bond and Share case is that we contend that neither his company [North American Company] nor the Bond and Share Company and other companies which are defendants with it, as unregistered companies, can question the provision of the act which relates only to registered companies. . . . We contend that it is premature in his case or any other case now to question the applicability of the death sentence because they are not registered, and the death sentence can apply only to registered companies; *that the validity of the registration provision must first be determined.*

These statements are plain and unequivocal; yet the following is what Judge Thatcher, a former head of the American Bar Association, said when he appeared two days later before Federal Judge Julian W. Mack in New York as counsel for the Bond and Share Company:

MR. THACHER: Now, if the court please, it does seem strange that this great government of ours in the administration of this statute should have represented in other courts and the Supreme Court of the United States only yesterday or the day before that Your Honor, in this case, would finally settle and determine all of the questions affecting all of the companies in this industry, and that then these very same counsel should come into this court and say to Your Honor that nothing can be settled here except the validity of registration.

It will be observed that Judge Thatcher here enlarged Mr. Reed's "many of the most important questions will be decided by cases such as the Electric Bond and Share" to "all of the questions affecting all of the companies in this industry." Furthermore, Mr. Jackson specifically stated to the Supreme Court that "the validity of the registration provision must first be determined," while Judge Thatcher tried to give the impression that Mr. Jackson was singing this tune only when he appeared before Judge Mack.

To charge men of the official standing of Mr. Reed and Mr. Jackson with deliberately misleading the Supreme Court on the one hand and the Circuit Court of Appeals on the other is something even the most hard-mouthed corporation lawyer would be careful to avoid unless the stakes were high and the weapons few. When confronted with the record by the government, Judge Thatcher apologized on the following morning in court and withdrew his statements. No New York paper except the *World-Telegram* noted the incident, although Judge Thatcher blamed the newspapers for his erroneous impressions.

What led so experienced a counsel to rely on sketchy news stories in making charges as serious as this? Viewed as part of the tactics of the industry, exemplified by the

Burco suit last year, which was preceded by the telegraphic deluge of Congress, it serves to discredit further the character of the industry's pleading. The Burco case will be remembered as the case which John W. Davis prepared without ever meeting his client till court convened. When the industry was unsuccessful in destroying the act by this suit, a succession of actions approximating fifty in number were brought by individual utilities in an effort to swamp the government's legal machinery. It is no wonder therefore that Judge Thatcher's "error" looks suspiciously like an unsuccessful attempt to give an impression of a government double-cross in the hope that such an impression might lead to dissolution of the stay against the other fifty cases. And this would have prevented the government from concentrating its attention on the Bond and Share case and would have diverted it in fifty different directions.

False Hopes for Europe

DESPITE the European turmoil over Spain, a number of seasoned observers have recently found reasons for hope that the Continent is farther from war than is ordinarily supposed. The mere fact that nearly four months of passionate controversy over the Spanish crisis have passed without an outbreak of hostilities may indicate that no one, not even the fascist countries, really wants war at the present time. Hitler's rather unexpected agreement not to interfere in the dispute between Poland and the Nazi-controlled Danzig senate may be further evidence that Germany is not desirous of an immediate conflict. Anthony Eden's forthright statement that Britain opposed Germany's desire to exclude the Soviet Union from a European settlement heads off, for the moment at least, a very alarming anti-Soviet trend among all European states. Some observers also see substantial grounds for optimism in the elimination of the Heimwehr from political influence in Austria and in the more democratic tendencies of the new government in Hungary. The currency-stabilization pact contributes to the economic strength of the democratic countries at a time when the fascist powers are being progressively weakened by vain efforts to establish greater self-sufficiency.

Some of these developments do furnish grounds for hope. But it is the hope of a condemned prisoner clutching at each reprieve. For what fragmentary gains have been achieved would appear to be counterbalanced by unfavorable factors far more fundamental in nature. The ink is as yet scarcely dry on the Ciano-Hitler agreement, in which the two fascist powers finally buried their differences over Austria in order to devote their energies to the larger task of ridding the world of communism. In the past week the extension of fascist influence in Central Europe has been confirmed by Mussolini's action in permitting Austria and Hungary to seek new trade relations with countries other than Italy. Yugoslavia and Rumania have lately moved toward Hitler. Belgium's neutrality gesture, while qualified, was likewise a symptom of the growth of Nazi influence.

More than all this, the Spanish crisis has accentuated the basic class conflict which underlies more superficial national rivalries. Fascism has gained prestige even in the democratic countries as a defense against social revolution. As a result the traditional division of Europe into "have" and "have-not" countries has been replaced by a new conflict which cuts bewilderingly across national lines. The British and French governments have virtually cooperated with the fascist powers in enforcing an embargo against the Popular Front government at Madrid. But the French Communists, and to a certain extent the Socialists, together with a strong section of the British Labor Party, have sided with the Soviet Union in urging support of the Spanish government. While the conflict has thus far been kept within bounds, no one can say what would happen if a struggle broke out between the French Popular Front government and growing fascist groups under De la Rocque and Doriot.

In general, the development of class consciousness has reacted almost entirely to the benefit of the fascists. Paradoxical though it may seem, the doctrine of class solidarity is put into practice by the dominant economic groups long before it is accepted by the working class. It was the Tories in England and the extreme right in France that prevented the British and French governments from thwarting German and Italian aspirations in Spain. The growing fear of communism in the British upper classes has made Britain far more sympathetic toward German rearmament than would normally be expected. As long as Hitler and Mussolini continue to get their way without war, Europe is in no immediate danger of conflict. But this is merely another way of saying that when the war comes it will be at the time and under the conditions most favorable to the fascist cause. Peace on these terms can offer no security.

What the Seamen Want

THE seamen's strike in the East has aroused less public interest than it deserves. One reason is that it was called primarily as a sympathetic walk-out to support the Pacific Coast unions, although the strikers are also making wage and hour demands, the issues have been further confused because the officials of the International Seamen's Union, whose rank-and-file members are involved in the strike, have denounced it as an "outlaw" strike and have used every method known to employers for breaking it. As a result, the employers have had to do little except issue statements abusing the strikers and standing by the I. S. U., leaving it to David Grange and his fellow-officials to provide the strike-breakers, the red-baiting, and the public confusion.

The ultimate objective of the strikers led by Joseph Curran and the Seamen's Defense Committee in New York City is the improvement of working conditions through collective bargaining. But the only established agency through which they can bargain collectively, their union, is at present autocratically controlled by a group of officials who first wiped out democratic procedure and

then signed agreements with the shipowners in open defiance of the wishes of the membership. It should be said that the homelessness and mobility of sailors make it peculiarly easy for landlubber officials to seize power.

The same general conditions prevailed in the West until the rank and file, through the Maritime Federation, obtained control of the various marine unions on the Pacific Coast. The East Coast and Gulf seamen cannot hope to better their conditions until they too obtain control of their unions. They will eventually succeed. The present strike is a continuation of a campaign begun last spring, not an isolated battle. The obstacles the rank and file must overcome are vividly illustrated in an incident that occurred in New York last week. The strikers' Defense Committee succeeded in making a tentative separate agreement with the American Range Lines which would have given them parity of conditions and wages with the Pacific Coast workers. The agreement went by default when Ivan Hunter, official of the I. S. U., refused to attend the negotiations and denounced his fellow-unionists.

If, then, the strike is primarily a sympathy strike, it is not because the East Coast seamen have no grievances. It is pretty well agreed that workers in the American merchant marine, which has absorbed millions of American tax dollars, live under much worse conditions than the skilled or even the unskilled workers on land. The President's National Committee on Safety at Sea pointed out in its findings that "under present conditions the sea as a career has little to offer the type of man who is so greatly needed if ships are to be safely and efficiently operated." A report based on a first-hand investigation of several hundred ships made by the Department of Labor with the assistance of officials of the Commerce Department is reliably said to condemn very severely the living and working conditions on American ships. This report, unfortunately, has not been published, although it would do more than anything else to clarify the issues behind the ship strike. The report describes in detail the eighteen-hour day of skilled and always courteous service for which the East Coast steward gets \$45 a month. He also gets tips, but tips have sharply declined, and if the steward does draw a section of profitable first-class quarters he has probably paid a good round sum for the privilege.

While the East Coast seamen fight for a maritime federation of their own, the Bridges organization on the West Coast stands firm. It has much more money and is much more solidly organized than in 1934. The owners are making concerted attempts to force arbitration and have reproached the unions for not agreeing to a device which has always worked to the advantage of employers. In negotiations the question of hiring halls has consistently stopped the show. The award of 1934 gave control of these halls to the unions. Formerly they had been controlled by the employers and had justly earned the name of "fink" halls, since they provided an excellent method for keeping the black list effective. The control of hiring halls is an issue on which the unions cannot and will not compromise. Let the public keep this in mind as the wails of the subsidized shipowners mount.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Think Pieces

Washington, November 16

THIS is thumb-sucking season in Washington journalism. It is the time when the men who report to the nation the doings and misdoings of its federal government find the springs of factual news all but dried up and are reduced to turning out, in the guise of news, dispatches that in major part are the product of the reporters' communion with their own imaginative souls. The production of such dispatches is known to the craft as "thumb-sucking," and the products themselves as "think pieces." These pieces are only mildly dishonest and would not be dishonest at all if the reporter were allowed by his editors to write, "This is what I think is going to happen and here are my reasons," instead of disguising his views with a mesh of such phrases as "according to insiders," "it is reliably reported," "it is said," "it is understood," and "authoritative sources report." If the practice of thumb-sucking has any evil consequences they arise from the fact that the cogitations of the individual reporters do not always lead to the same conclusions, and that confusion results among their unwarned readers, who, for example, read in one piece that "officials here say" a new NRA is in the making and in another, maybe on the same day, that "officials here say" there is no chance of the NRA's revival.

Although there is always likely to be some of this sort of "reporting" going on in Washington and elsewhere, the present thumb-sucking season is without parallel in intensity, for it comes at the close of an election campaign which produced no concrete issues or pledges, obliterated the opposition party, and returned Roosevelt to power in a fashion that left him without a precise debt to any specific section of the electorate. Worse still from the newswriters' standpoint, the election results have caught the various federal department heads unprepared to quit the defensive positions they have occupied for more than a year and resume the offensive with definite programs; and, to make matters worse, the President himself is taking pains to keep both activity and public discourse at low ebb while he decides what disposition to make of his unexpected electoral riches.

A major theme in the current output of think pieces is speculation on prospective changes in the Roosevelt Cabinet. There is very little factual basis for these forecasts. The firmest of them derive their authority from a member of the Cabinet who shortly before election confided to a select group of reporters that three high federal officials would be tossed out on the scrap heap if Roosevelt were reelected. He named Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce, as one of the doomed and Frances Perkins,

Secretary of Labor, as another, and this much of his forecast was at least credible. But he destroyed the credibility of the whole when he named J. Edgar Hoover as the third party in his triumvirate of the damned. It will take more than a Roosevelt to get the chief of the G-men's job; it will take dynamite and tractors to eject him. There are a number of New Dealers and more than a few Congressmen who regard Hoover as a menace, but there is no visible sign as yet that the President shares their aversion for J. Edgar, and there is no reason as yet to believe that Roosevelt would be willing to brave the public outcry that the ousting of the heavily publicized Chief G-Man would arouse. If Hoover's foot should slip, his decapitation might follow quickly, but there is little likelihood of that; Hoover, a wily fellow, even sleeps with his ground-grippers on.

Apart from the Cabinet officer's prediction, the chief ingredient of these think pieces forecasting changes in the Cabinet is gossip of either the playful or the malicious kind. Much of the speculation is the inspired product of jobless politicians seeking to garner kudos from having their names appear in the public prints as persons of Cabinet caliber. But in even greater part it is compounded of a *mélange* of old newspaper stories turned out by certain journalists who conceive it to be their duty not merely to report the doings of government but to try to shape those doings. They work on the theory that if the projected ousting of a certain official is printed often enough, the person in question eventually will begin to believe the reports and file a precautionary resignation. It is also the theory of this school that such reports of impending ousters or resignations often awaken the President or department heads to the need for scuttling the underlings in question. There is even a word for the practice; the reporter about to write such a story tells his colleagues he is "resigning" so-and-so, and frequently he persuades them to dispatch similar stories to their own papers so that widespread and simultaneous publication will lend weight to the yarn. Secretaries Roper and Perkins being held in high disesteem by a large section of the capital's press corps, they have been the chief victims of this type of thumb-sucking.

The emergence of speculation on Cabinet revisions as a favorite theme for think pieces is in itself a reflection of the present lack of the stuff out of which news is made, for it is a poor theme. A brief review of American history will show that Cabinet changes between the first and second terms of an Administration are relatively rare. They are not even numerous when the Administration itself changes without a change in party control, as is shown by Coolidge's retention of Harding's Cabinet and Hoover's retention of most of Coolidge's Cabinet. Nor is there any

practical reason why there should be important changes at this time. Cabinet changes are due, in the main, to one of three causes: a wish to punish the ousted one for disloyalty or recalcitrance; the need of rewarding some individual or group of individuals who contributed in substantial degree to the President's election; or natural causes, including death, illness, or the discovery by a Cabinet member of a better job elsewhere.

Consider the prospective changes in the Roosevelt Cabinet in the light of those three possible reasons for change. No member is subject to a charge of disloyalty unless the charge be stretched to include Secretary of War Woodring, whose bumbleheadness—to use the politest possible term—has repeatedly embarrassed the Administration. The charge of disloyalty cannot even be leveled at the bellicose Ickes, who repeatedly has quarreled with the Administration's public-works muddling, and his very bellicosity may be expected to save him from any gesture toward elbowing him out of the Cabinet. The election results preclude the sort of pressure for Cabinet changes to which Roosevelt might otherwise have been subject. Since he owes his reelection to no one group or machine, he is under no compulsion to scatter Cabinet or other posts among his political creditors. Had the race been close and had such states as Indiana and Pennsylvania decided it, then it might have been necessary at this time to give serious consideration to the reports that Curtis Bok of Philadelphia would be made Ambassador to the U. S. S. R. and that the Hoosier Hitler, Governor McNutt of Indiana, would be made either Secretary of War or an Appellate Court judge. There remains for consideration the factor of "natural causes." Some of the Cabinet members—notably Cummings, Roper, and Swanson—are aging and in poor health. None at the moment seems to face a prospect of equally honorable and more secure employment elsewhere. And one or two are what a distinguished British journalist calls "human problems," meaning that

they would be in financial straits if they lost their Cabinet berths; it is one of the oddities of politics that their dependence on their jobs makes them more secure in them than are other Cabinet officers who fill their posts independently and well.

The only Cabinet change we have reason definitely to expect is in the Secretaryship of War, and there the reason is that Roosevelt in appointing Woodring a few months ago emphasized that the appointment was good only until January. A change in the Attorney Generalship might be expected, but for less definite reasons: Cummings on several occasions has indicated his desire to spend his last days in the Philippines as High Commissioner, and there is a vacancy there now resulting from Frank Murphy's election as Governor of Michigan. Roper's handling of the Commerce Department might seem to make him eligible to walk the plank, but he has been equally eligible from the beginning of the New Deal and it has made no difference, even though Roper was not in a position substantially to help Roosevelt achieve reelection. It is certain that attempts will be made by various labor groups, ably abetted by Miss Perkins's journalistic enemies, to have the Labor portfolio snatched from her hands; but they will be working against heavy odds, including especially the inability of her foes to agree among themselves on a successor to her, her own prideful tenacity, and the difficulty of contriving a satisfactory substitute method of honoring the woman voter. It is being suggested that at least some of these difficulties will be surmounted by the creation of a Department of Welfare with Miss Perkins as the Secretary in charge, but any such attempt is sure to stir up bitter warfare among the various departments, bureaus, and agencies that might be involved. Even the threat of slight interdepartmental changes involved in Ickes's attempt to change the Interior Department's name to "Department of Conservation and Public Works" has nearly produced bloodshed.

Madrid Fights Off Franco

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, November 16, by Cable

BOMBARDED from the air, shelled from the ground, with a hostile semicircle drawn tightly around the suburbs, Madrid still holds out. Republican Spain regards every additional day of successful defense as victory. How many more such days there will be nobody can say. Ever since November 6 the pressure has been terrific. Moors and legionnaires may enter the city at any moment, although the enemy is showing signs of fatigue. In the last week the fascists have been harassed by loyal aviators and an effective tank attack. An expert has estimated, on the basis of certainly insufficient information, that Franco's 12,000 men who hoped to occupy Madrid have lost 10 per cent of their effectives in the last

seven days. Observation airplanes are unable to discover that any reinforcements have been brought up to replenish the insurgent columns.

It is admitted that Franco's soldiers are fine fighters who stand up to tank attacks and do not flee from airplane bombing. Most of the legionnaires who have fallen into Loyalist hands are illiterate. The theory is that with smaller culture goes less fear of death. But despite these considerations, the adventurers, desperados, and legionnaires of Franco's army seem to value their lives more dearly than the Republicans. The rebels are superbly equipped with modern arms. Franco evidently thought he could take Madrid with the forces at his disposal, but the strategy he has employed, which showed his contempt for his an-

tagonists, now exposes him to the danger of being cut off from his bases in western and northern Spain. Franco's army, spoiled by the ease with which it has advanced on the capital, may become demoralized by Madrid's firm resistance.

Between November 6 and 10 Madrid, shaken out of its lethargy, went fearlessly to work at the task of defending itself. In innumerable streets sandbag barricades have been erected and houses converted into fortresses. The fascists within the gates have been reduced by execution and imprisonment. Madrid will be a very hot and uncomfortable place for the enemy if he enters. He may come in and go out again. As a general said to me today, "The city cannot be captured, it can only be surrendered." The great question is whether the Loyalists, by mistaken tactics or faulty organization, by panic or overconfidence, will make a present of the capital to the rebels. For four days, while Madrid found itself menaced, it shed its earlier frivolity and carefree attitude. Now its customary self-assurance has returned. The people have become accustomed to a state of semi-siege and feel the city can hold out for months. Herein lies its danger, for one result is that the government troops outside Madrid, whose function is to strike the enemy in the rear, show a disinclination to fight. This may quickly change.

The Loyalists have received assistance of incomparable importance from the international column of foreign Socialists and Communists, whose two units, now in the hottest part of the front line, have acquitted themselves with unprecedented valor. These reserves, originally in-

tended for other purposes—for an offensive into hostile territory—had to be thrown into the battle to defend Madrid. The international force, however, is growing steadily through the influx of enthusiastic volunteers. If the enemy is compelled to retire even a short distance from Madrid, the government will be able to muster enough strength to strike a blow at Franco's lines of communication. In any case, the Republican Foreign Legion has tremendously improved the morale and combative qualities of the Spanish Republican army, as has the presence of newly equipped airplanes and tanks. The government cavalry came on the field three days ago with good morale and military effect. The Loyalists suffer from an insufficiency of machine-guns, which Franco has in abundance. If this deficiency can be remedied, fear of the foe's superior armaments will disappear.

The many bombings have failed to affect the morale of the population. This morning my hotel windows were shaken by exploding bombs. From the balcony I saw three giant enemy planes fleeing before Loyalist machines. The rebels' aim was to bomb the chief railway station, but they missed. Some bombs fell in the streets not far away. One made a hole through which the underground railway tracks could be seen, another brought down two huge marble columns on a public building, overthrew another column nearby, burst a water main, and shattered innumerable windows. Other bombs made deep craters in busy streets in the heart of the city, but business went on as usual. The food queues are as long as ever, but the cafes do not lack patrons.

Soviet Russia's New Deal

BY SIDNEY WEBB

THE All-Union Congress of Soviets will meet on November 25 to ratify the new Soviet Constitution, a document which has astonished the Western World. The embassies and foreign offices throughout the world were impressed by the gesture of its publication. It sounded the note of achievement. Those in authority at the Kremlin are today able to announce, in effect, that the immense difficulties of so gigantic a social and economic reconstruction have been overcome. Not stability only, but also success, has been substantially secured. A second impression is that of maturity. The child born in 1917 has come of age and takes an adult place in the world. Development is still proceeding, but it is now the development of an adult, rising toward its prime of power.

Nearly all the press comments have failed to emphasize the most important of the innovations of the published draft. Thus the method of direct election of representatives by the largest electorate ever known already prevails in city and village alike, no fewer than 77,000,000 votes having been actually cast for the Soviets at the last elections, out of a total electorate of just over 91,000,000.

This method of election was actually included in the published program of the Bolshevik Party in 1903 and has been in operation since 1918. It is true that the members of the four or five thousand district and provincial councils, like those of the supreme assembly, the All-Union Congress of Soviets, have hitherto been indirectly elected, just as members of the Senate of the United States used to be. It is not clear to the outsider how much difference has been made in the character and composition of the United States Senate by the substitution of direct for indirect election. No one can predict with any confidence that any greater difference will be made by the analogous change in the U. S. S. R.

Similarly with regard to the proposed enlargement of the electorate and the equalization of representation of citizen and villager. Certainly the abandonment of all exclusions and inequalities from the electoral franchise is an impressive gesture. Neither ill-gotten wealth nor former anti-social occupation, not even family relationship to the late Czar or membership in a religious order, will henceforth deprive a Soviet citizen of his vote. It has

scarcely been noticed that most of these exclusions had already lapsed in practice. It is true that, without any change of official policy toward theology, nearly 50,000 practicing priests of the Greek Orthodox Church, together with some hundreds of Roman Catholic, Evangelical, Mohammedan, and Buddhist ministers, will for the first time next year receive votes. But what are 50,000 in an electorate that has already reached a total of more than 90,000,000? Moreover, the vote of each of the 60,000,000 rural electors will henceforth count for as much as that of each of the 30,000,000 urban electors, instead of only about half (usually misstated as one-fifth) as much. This is Stalin's effective answer to the constantly repeated slanders as to the oppression of the peasants.

But to the student of political science the most important innovation will not be any reshaping of the electoral machine but the enshrinement in the constitution of a new set of "rights of man." The Declaration of Independence of the American rebels of 1776 and the United States Constitution of 1787 were both founded on an almost unfettered individual ownership of private property for the purpose of profit-making. The French Declaration of the Rights of Man in 1789 (and as rewritten in 1793) had a similar basis. These were alike sanctifications of the motive of profit-making, then believed to be the necessary foundation of economic progress. Even in the "Principles of a Civil Code" Bentham allowed only one encroachment—that of taxation—upon private property, and recognized only four "ends" of civil government without specifying how they could be attained, namely, individual subsistence, security, equality, and abundance. In 1848 Louis Blanc asked in vain for the addition of the "right to work," meaning the right *to be found employment by the state*. In 1936 the Soviet constitution insures to every citizen not only protection against aggression but also the right to have remunerative work; the right to specified hours of rest and paid weeks of holiday; the right to education of every kind and grade free of all charges; and, most far-reaching of all, the right to full economic provision, according to need, in all the vicissitudes of life. What is even more important is the fact that the inclusion in the constitution of these enormously extended "rights of man" is but the explicit recital of what is already in practice. The right to "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" promised to every American citizen in 1776 is nowadays seen to have been but an empty phrase, to which no substance was given. Louis Blanc's "right to work" of 1848 equally remained a dead letter. But in the U. S. S. R. the right to have and to enjoy remunerative work—not necessarily employment at wages or salary, because it includes the self-chosen alternative of "self-employment," either individually or in cooperative partnerships as associations of producers—has for years been a fact. Similarly, in the Soviet Union "woman's right to economic security" is already much more than mere equality of opportunity with men. The fulfilment of woman's peculiar social function of maternity carries with it the right to be indemnified against all the pecuniary charges or sacrifices that childbirth involves, on the same principle as that by which the official is repaid all the traveling or

other expenses that are incident to his official duties. All these new and unprecedented rights of man are to be guaranteed by the proposed constitution, not merely to a ruling class, a dominant race, a favored sex, or even a specially insured minority, but universally, according to need, without exclusion of sex or color or social past, and without insurance premium, to all persons over eighteen in city or village, including the backward peoples of nearly two hundred different tribes throughout the vast continent. This is in startling contrast to the constitution and practice of every other state in the world. It is notably for these stupendous innovations, unparalleled in any previous constitution, that the new draft of the Soviet Union, which embodies an effective socialism, will be regarded by the future historian as even more momentous than the American Constitution of 1787 or that of the French Republic of 1793.

Not less original in conception and unprecedented in history is the method by which the draft constitution has been launched. It was not called for by any popular agitation. The proposal, including all its striking novelties, emanated spontaneously from the chief governmental authority. But it was not then put into law or even given the seal of approval. It was referred to a hierarchy of committees composed of the most expert administrators and the most authoritative writers on government. The draft thus elaborated was next laid before the whole people of the U. S. S. R., not only by publication in all the hundreds of newspapers in the five score principal languages, but also by the issue of 15,000,000 copies—one to every three families from Leningrad to Vladivostok—in all these languages, either in cheap pamphlet form or in larger type in the form of posters which are to be seen in every public place. Meanwhile it has been broadcast from all the radio stations to tens of thousands of public loud speakers and to millions of domestic wireless sets. In every center of population, often at meetings in the village street, it has been popularly discussed, not merely in order to voice the very general public approval, but particularly with a view to responding to the official request for criticisms, suggestions, and amendments. The number of these received at Moscow, within two months of publication, is reported to have run into tens of thousands. All these were sorted and classified and laid before the expert committees by whom the draft is being corrected and amplified before being considered by the specially elected All-Union Congress of Soviets. This elaborate procedure, it may be noted, is merely in accord with the principle of participation which—though the West finds it difficult to believe—actually runs through so much of Soviet administration.

Almost as unexpected to the Western world is the inclusion, on the lines of the most civilized democratic states of continental Europe, of provisions safeguarding the liberty of the person against unauthorized arrest and imprisonment by the police or by arbitrary action of the executive government unsanctioned by the judiciary. As in other Continental countries, there will not be what is so much cherished in England, the special protection of that British peculiarity the Habeas Corpus Act. But by

Article 127 "the citizens of the U. S. S. R. are guaranteed inviolability of person. No person may be placed under arrest except by decision of a court or with the sanction of a state attorney" (meaning the judicial department of the Procurator, which is independent of the executive). Equally remarkable is Article 125, by which "the citizens of the U. S. S. R. are guaranteed freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and of holding mass-meetings, and freedom of street processions and demonstrations." These "rights of the citizens," the article goes on to say, "are insured by placing at the disposal of the toilers and their organizations printing presses, supplies of paper, public buildings, the streets, means of communication, and other material requisites for the exercise of these rights." Truly a unique and unprecedented conception of public freedom!

Considered as a political gesture alike to the millions at home and to other nations, the diplomatic world allows it to be magnificent. Even the most skeptical of gentlemanly attachés cannot avoid being shaken in his faith that Bolshevism cannot possibly endure. The student of political science tabulates a brand-new specimen in the way of constitutions. But of course constitutions are judged in the long run not by what they say but according to how they work—or are worked. All the friends of freedom throughout the world are welcoming the document that is shortly to go into effect for nearly one-sixth of the entire land surface of the globe. The new constitution of the Soviet Union, to go into effect in January, 1937, will be judged by the world according to the way in which it is found to be actually working, say, in January, 1942, after five years' experience without war.

Elegy for the Elite

BY STUART CHASE

I HEARD the election returns from a radio in a Pullman club car going from New York to Chicago. There were perhaps twenty of us listening desperately to flurries of figures momentarily drowned in static. My companions were obviously in the higher-income groups. With one or two exceptions their faces were long and sour as the pluralities mounted. When the incredible Mr. Hamilton told us at 11 p.m. that we would go to bed as Democrats to wake Republicans, the anguish abated. Then: "Connecticut—Roosevelt 97,386; Landon 70,241," and the glassy expressions returned.

By 11:30 even the most hopeful knew it was all over. About midnight came Jim Farley's generous, unvindictive message. "Yeah, you bought 'em, you ought to know," said the man on my left. The Sunflower contingent drifted off to their sleepers leaving just four of us around the radio—an exceedingly prosperous-looking older woman, a Jewish traveling man, a manufacturer of porcelain ware, and myself, to drink a nightcap to victory. Presently the porter politely joined us in mutual congratulations. A Jew, a Negro, a scribbler, a manufacturer, and an up-stage matron—class angle this if you can.

In the washroom of my car two men were holding a postmortem. One was beefy, bald, pink-faced, in a loud pepper-and-salt suit. The other was young, lean, long-nosed, with hexagonal glasses. It developed that their line was women's garments.

LEAN FACE: "Well, that's that. Jesus Christ, two to one! And Pennsylvania. The more you stick to your own business and forget about the government, the better you're off. We've always had politicians and we always will."

FAT FACE: "You said it, brother. Do you think he'll pull this dictator stuff?"

LEAN FACE: "No. That's a lotta hooey. What gripes me is all this spending. Jesus! Maybe 15, 20 per cent of the

people on relief really deserved it. All the rest are bums. Well, the thing to do now is to get down to business."

FAT FACE: "Yeah, you're right. Funny thing; my business is better than it ever was. People are buying. These new models are a wow."

LEAN FACE: "We've always had depressions and we always will. Politics' got nothing to do with it. Business ought to be good now for three or four years. We got to make the most of it. I'm going to get all I can while the going's good."

FAT FACE: "What do you suppose the market'll do?"

LEAN FACE: "I think she'll go up—all but utilities. You know for a while there I thought Landon had it in the bag—that bloody *Digest* poll—and I was going to buy utilities. If he'd been elected you could have made a killing in utilities. Guy was telling me there's a chance to clean up in Western railroads, with those new streamlined trains."

FAT FACE: "Well, maybe. What do you think Princeton's going to do to those birds Saturday?"

LEAN FACE: "I'll tell you, brother. The backfield's okay, but the line has some sour spots. . . ." And class angle this, if you please.

Twenty-eight million votes. What did it? Certainly not an acute comprehension of technical economics—say, the savings-spending formula, which the two drummers noted above so charmingly mangled ("What gets me is this spending." . . . "You're right, it's terrible. My business is better than I've ever seen it"). Certainly not a comprehension of the raw facts which indicate that America has matured and must adjust its institutions to a new series of growth curves. Certainly not votes bought by relief money, for there are not that many on relief. Certainly not blind hero-worship. Save for the historic Hundred Days, Mr. Roosevelt has never had that.

What did it? There are undoubtedly many reasons. One

to my mind outranks all others. I have traveled a good bit first and last, up and down, to and fro, across this slice of continent. The mass of the American people, especially west of the Appalachians, are *decent* folks. They are not very intellectual, or very critical, or very discriminating, but they are somehow immensely decent. They do not ride much in Pullman smokers.

The minds of the electorate were probably more influenced by Republican propaganda than by Democratic. The notions of squandering, of vast misty debts for the future to pay, the attacks on the Constitution, undoubtedly alarmed them. But something stronger than the mind was operating. In their hearts they felt that the New Deal was decent; that the man who had launched it and fought for it was decent. Deep answered deep. For the first time in their experience government had tried to help them in their agony. Always before government had promised all things and delivered nothing. The New Deal had actually and tangibly remembered the forgotten man. It had raised his wages and shortened his hours before the Supreme Court intervened. It had pulled the farmers out of bottomless despair. It had saved millions of small home-owners from foreclosure. It had stopped the losses to small depositors in floundering banks. It had reached out to broken, wandering, jobless souls and said, "You shall not starve." It had put four million of the unemployed to work on public tasks. It had taken the wild boys from the freight cars and the street corners and made hardy men of them in forest camps. It had given the people of a great river basin in the South a new pattern and a new hope. It had made Wall Street writhe, even as stock prices began to climb.

Here were no campaign promises, no tub-thumping about the tariff and the pauper labor of Europe, no spread-eagle appeals to the unapproachable American standard of being, no verbalisms at all, but hard, tangible, decent facts. Something was actually being done. It might cost more than it should, it might be bad for the budget as Mr. Landon said, it might make a lot of debts and taxes—but things were happening, the depression was lifting.

This deep feeling, as the election returns show, went far beyond the immediate beneficiaries of relief, up into the ranks of employed skilled labor, into the middleclasses, and even scarred the professions and the intellectuals. Only the coastal tribes of Bar Harbor, Back Bay, Newport, Long Island, Park Avenue, and Chestnut Hill—they and their bobbing junior executives—were impervious to it. (Still, there was that woman on the train.) Twenty-eight million Americans voted for a man who had demonstrated in a thousand concrete ways his fundamental decency.

Where do we go now? Where do the economic royalists go? Where does the organized radical movement go?

It appears that any political group which by tangible performance can demonstrate an increase in social security, hope for the future, a break for the mass of the people, need not fear the antics of Park Avenue dowagers with their "ten days more to save America," the yelps of the press, the stuffed pay envelopes of the tycoons, the bogies of the Constitution, the brain trust, states' rights, the pipeline to Moscow, or the house-broken statistical experts.

This tends to put the economic royalists back on their haunches. If their old charms will not operate, they are in a sorry predicament, for their actual votes are few. Meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt is commander-in-chief of the army, navy, and air force—quite a considerable air force. Nor has the military arm any grave cause for complaint. The tycoons cannot vote such a leader out; nor can they throw him out by force. For the moment, at least, they will have to grin and bear it. A look at their profit-and-loss accounts in the past year should provide consolation.

Big business has been on the defensive now for five years, and the election blackens the other eye. It is far from out of the ring of course, but when the elite, or ruling caste, turns from easy arrogance to the defensive, when it begins seriously to justify itself, the slide to the salt sea has begun. Big business is now buying full-page space, with the slickest of publicity assistance, to broadcast the news that finance, industry, business are really quite presentable institutions, not nearly so black as pictured. This is an ominous sign, the beginning of the end. Says Lasswell:

By the use of sanctioned words and gestures the elite elicits blood, work, taxes, applause from the masses. When the political order works smoothly, the masses venerate the symbols; the elite, self-righteous and unafraid, suffer from no withering sense of immorality . . . a well-established ideology perpetuates itself with little planned propaganda by those whom it benefits most. When thought is taken about ways and means of sowing conviction, conviction has already languished, the basic outlook of society has decayed.

This, I think, is the long-swing interpretation of the election. The old order is breaking up. People are ready for change, and will follow a leader committed to change if he registers humanity and decency.

If capitalism were in one of its regular nineteenth-century cycles, this conclusion would hardly be warranted. A brisk recovery based on the prompt investment of private savings in expanding plant would soon reestablish the elite and its ideology. Fortunately or unfortunately the present recovery, while reasonably brisk, is predicated on public works and social spending rather than on Empire State buildings and private capital goods. On the momentum of public spending private investment might take up the slack for a short period, and the elite come crawling out of their defensive trenches. But unless I am very gravely mistaken, the emergence would be brief. One more down swing would finish the elite altogether.

This question of a slipping ideology and wavering public support for the religion of business is profoundly important. It explains the hysterical tone of the whole Republican press. The terror is eminently justified. The "American way of life" is indeed in jeopardy. The old gods are tumbling, the horse and buggy headed for the tomb. Private enterprise has demonstrated its inability to support the population. In the depression to date it has cost the American people one hundred billion man-hours of idleness through unemployment, and refused to produce two hundred billion dollars' worth of goods and services which the plant and the labor force were ready and eager to produce. This is failure on a cosmic scale. The people have

turned to a new god—the government—led by Mr. Roosevelt. The new god works.

The economic royalists are losing their function. Let this sink in. Instead of assisting the American economy, as they certainly did in the days of rapid expansion, they have been a drag and a weight upon it since 1929. Conceivably the whole group of finance capitalists and financially minded industrialists could be exported to a sunny island in the South Seas with no net damage to the American economy at all. Rather the reverse. In 1900 the damage would have been serious. Today the government is in a position to operate the credit system far more effectively than Wall Street—and is in fact doing so. The salaried administrators and technicians of the two hundred great corporations are in a position to produce goods and services without help from boards of directors who know nothing of technical operation and whose attention is riveted on the stock market. An elite whose only function is sabotage can hardly be guaranteed a long and happy life.

Mr. Roosevelt now commands the symbols and dominates the American economy. The only considerable barrier to any reasonable program on behalf of economic reform is the Supreme Court. This barrier will not be permanent; it cannot be, when a people speak so emphatically. What will he do with his mandate and his power? Nobody knows, but one may hazard a guess, based on the trend.

Mr. Roosevelt is without dogma or fixed economic principles. He is not a Socialist, a single-taxer, a devotee of Adam Smith, a proponent of consumers' cooperation, a rigorous social planner, or any other "ist." He just wants to make people more comfortable, and he passionately wants to save the land and resources of America so that oncoming generations may be comfortable. He does not like Wall Street very well; he does not like the power boys very well—a natural reaction in a country squire. He has nothing against the profit system as such, but only asks, Will it work? In those areas where it will not work he is ready to change it. Broadly speaking, then, I think his leadership in the next four years will be pragmatic, and follow in a general way the course of Sweden or Denmark. There will be no onslaught on capitalism as such, but a steady growth in collective enterprises in these sectors where private enterprise has proved its inability to make folks comfortable. Specifically I think we may look for:

National controls for minimum wages and maximum hours; the abolition of child labor.

A long-term collective plan for agriculture, including curbs on the surplus, crop insurance, an increase in cooperative marketing.

Strengthening of federal control over banking, credit, stock markets.

Further restrictions upon holding companies of the milking-machine variety.

More and more electric energy at less and less cost, as the yardsticks swing into action.

The TVA may hatch out a few brothers and sisters.

A real program for housing the lower-income groups.

A real attempt to limit the pain-and-beauty boys through adequate food-and-drug legislation.

Redoubled efforts to conserve the land, water, and wild

life of the American continent and the absorption of the unemployed in conservation and other public works.

An amended and improved Social Security Act.

A shake-up in the organization of the federal government in the interest of greater operating efficiency.

Continuation of the drive for lower interest rates.

The budget will probably be balanced by 1933 or 1939, but this is a detail.

No wars to save democracy; Mr. Morgan, Mr. du Pont, the Constitution, the flag, Mrs. Dilling, the Socialist Soviet Republic, the Open Door, or anything else down to Mr. Smith's brown derby. But any power which tries to invade us will step into one beautiful hornet's nest.

There is nothing in the above to cause an honest business man to blanch, and nothing to encourage the extreme left that the revolution is at hand. Union Leaguers will of course grow apoplectic over their toddies, and the ancient ladies of the D. A. R. swoon amid their cup cakes and iced tea. This is the middle road on the Scandinavian, or even British, model, and certainly the limit of what the mass of the American people will stand for at this particular point in history. One hopes that they will stand for no less.

Finally, what does the election signify to the radical and progressive movement—apart from the Communists? The major question for the progressive movement to answer is whether Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party are to continue to do a job far more effectively than the progressives have ever been able to do it themselves. Short of revolution, he has brought about reforms and breaches in the old order so colossal as to stagger the imagination. If he continues on this road, there is no place for the radical movement except on the left flank urging him along. A separate political movement might have many devoted leaders but no popular following—head without body—or votes. Mr. Roosevelt has blanketed the radical movement, except the simon-pure revolutionaries, since 1932, and it is about time the boys woke up to the fact. They are impotent while the New Deal proceeds on its massive, popular path. Often as rigid in their dogmatism on the left as is Wall Street on the right, they join with Wall Street in bewailing any increase in mass well-being because it has not been brought about on the correct principles. Both wings prefer bottomless depression to recovery on the wrong principles. The principles of neither Marx nor Adam Smith interest the American electorate. What it looks for is results.

If Roosevelt succeeds in making a genuine liberal party out of the Democratic Party, there is nothing for the progressives to do but get aboard—of course, on the extreme left flank. If he tires of the New Deal, or if the Democratic Party reverts to its normal barrenness, it is manifestly up to the radicals and progressives to form a new farmer-labor party, pick up the torch, and appeal to that great mass who, in the election, showed their hunger for security, their willingness to accept change. The American Labor Party, it seems to me, had the right idea—Roosevelt and Lehman while they steer straight, but a massed, fighting organization ready to lead on if they falter.

[Mr. Chase's discussion of Mr. Roosevelt's program will be followed next week by the second instalment of the symposium "What I Expect of Roosevelt."]

Faking Car Accidents

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

AUTOMOBILE owners in this country are being victimized daily by racketeers who bring fraudulent accident suits against them. These men and women prey mainly on car owners who carry personal-liability insurance; but the effect of their work is felt by everyone.

Rates for automobile-casualty insurance are calculated on the amount of money paid out by insurance companies on claims against car owners insured in that area. Insurance rates in one city will be double those in another if twice as many successful claims are made against insured car owners in the first city as in the second, providing of course, that the average settlements are about equal. This will be true even though the death and accident rates in the second city are far greater than in the first. For this reason, New York City, which has the lowest death rate from automobile accidents, has the highest liability-insurance rate. Wherever you live the rates you pay have been doubled or more because of the fraudulent claims paid by insurance companies. Rates are fixed annually, based on the record of the five previous years.

There were 22,565,347 private automobiles licensed in the United States at the beginning of this year. Outside of Massachusetts, where a compulsory insurance law is in effect, just 25 per cent of those cars carried liability insurance. That means that of every twenty persons who were injured or killed in automobile accidents, only five were injured by automobiles whose owners were definitely in a position to help compensate for the accident. Out of 3,655,705 commercial vehicles licensed at the beginning of the year, little more than 50 per cent carried liability insurance. Now there were almost 900,000 persons injured in automobile accidents last year and about 37,000 killed. The dead are dead and cash won't restore life, but a large number of persons today possess permanent injuries because of inability to pay for proper medical treatment when the injuries were first sustained.

The injury faker works hand in hand with the shyster lawyer and the unprincipled doctor. The activities of the ambulance chasers will be dealt with in a second article. Let us consider here the methods of the "flopers." This is how it generally works out.

You probably know Joe Doakes. He's a nice, quiet family man with a wife and children and a small automobile and a smaller job. It's a rainy night and he is driving slowly and carefully, watching traffic lights and looking out for unwary pedestrians. He's stopped by a light on a dismal corner and he sits at the wheel and wonders how he's going to be able to swing the next instalment of his automobile insurance. It is New York City, say, and he has the ordinary "5 and 10" policy—a maximum of \$5,000 protection for injuries to one person, and \$10,000 for in-

juries to two or more persons. That costs him \$95 a year; collision insurance, property-damage insurance, and fire-and-theft insurance about double the figure.

The traffic light changes. He starts his car, hears a scream, and jams on his brakes. He gets out of his car and finds a woman against the front wheel. She is moaning. Her clothing is torn. Her shoulder and neck are bruised. A cop comes. He calls an ambulance. The interne examines the woman.

Her eyes are dilated. A thin stream of blood seeps from her left ear. "Possible skull fracture, contusions and abrasions of the face, arms, and shoulder. Possible internal injuries. Shock," the interne diagnoses. The cop reports those injuries on his card. The woman moans. The cop takes Joe Doakes's name and address, makes a nasty remark about learning how to drive, and smells Doakes's breath to see if he has been drinking. A few weeks later Doakes is the defendant in a damage suit.

Whatever the claimant is awarded above \$5,000, Joe Doakes has to pay himself. Probably the case will be settled out of court. The insurance company adds the bill to future premiums, and the woman and her lawyer and the doctor who took her out of the hospital to "treat" her privately split up the money and plan another accident.

This is not an imaginary case. One woman faked this type of accident in twenty cities before she was caught. She once underwent a mastoid operation and one of her eyes became slightly dilated. She could make a convincing representation of nausea, double vision, convulsions, intense pain. She would bite her lip and draw blood and rub it in her ear. And if you think all this sounds fantastic it may interest you to know that she fooled doctors in more than fifty hospitals throughout the country.

In Pittsburgh recently the police uncovered a "house of pain." In this unique establishment the manufacture of injuries later to be attributed to automobile accidents was carried on wholesale. The place was ruled by a likable middle-aged man, who occasionally posed as a lawyer. The house was equipped with graters, made by puncturing tin cans. These were rubbed on the intended "victims," creating long, ugly scratches. A half-dozen good rubs on the neck and shoulders and the "victim" would look as though he had just passed through a meat grinder.

Before the "accidents" were scheduled to take place the participants reported to the house. They beat each other with their bare fists and with sacks filled with apples, potatoes, and oranges. Then they went to work on each other with the graters. In a few minutes they were hideous sights—covered with black-and-blue marks, welts, and bruises. Sandpaper was also used, and occasionally, to make injuries look especially bad, knives and razors. Clothing was ripped and covered with dirt.

Then the "victims" went out and had "accidents." These accidents occurred simultaneously in various parts of the city. After the accidents other methods were used to keep up appearances. The victims always insisted on being treated at "private hospitals." There mineral oil was inserted into the flesh to cause inflammation and thickening of tissues. Hot paraffin was spread over the scabs to keep them soft and prevent them from healing until the case was settled, or at least well on its way in court.

This outfit collected more than \$1,000,000 in its four years of operation. It ultimately was rounded up and all the devices described above became part of the court record. The proprietor received a five-year jail sentence, and prison terms of varying lengths were meted out to his confederates. It was brought out that some of the participants in the systematic frauds originally were honest persons who actually had suffered an injury in an automobile accident; they had been prevailed upon by shyster lawyers to permit exaggeration of their hurts, and then blackmailed into continuing the practice, with the lawyer taking a share of the profits.

Various other astonishing frauds have been uncovered. A favorite device is to take advantage of an earlier injury which left permanent effects. For instance, one man, now safely incarcerated, broke his wrist when he fell from a horse a number of years ago. The bone never set properly. His technique was to bind his wrist until it swelled, pull a "flop," and then rise with an enlarged, apparently injured member. He would threaten suit, allow himself to be "persuaded" into taking a quick cash settlement, and disappear, to turn up in another city and repeat his trick. He got seven years in state's prison when the police finally caught him.

Probably the ace of the racketeers was an Italian who formerly was a field-hospital attendant in the Italian army. While there he learned the use of a subtle drug which, when introduced into the base of the spine, paralyzed the subject from the waist down for some time afterward. The drug was used as a merciful anaesthetic for wounded soldiers. This man stole the formula for the drug and came to this country. He would inject the drug and then, just before it took effect, step in front of a moving automobile. At the hospital the routine tests would show him to be totally paralyzed from the waist down. He would moan and whimper and cry piteously in Italian. He was able to win quick damage settlements from insurance companies, whose agents thought they were lucky to escape heavy suits. He maintained his paralytic pose until he was released from the hospital, apparently to spend the rest of his life as an invalid confined to a wheel chair.

As soon as he got home, of course, he packed up and disappeared, to turn up in another city and pull his gag over again. He was captured in an amusing fashion, worth recording. An Italian detective, employed by a suspicious insurance agent, went to the hospital where the man was seemingly bedridden. Suddenly the detective shouted an Italian oath and then yelled out, still in Italian: "Get out of that bed, you're caught!" The panic-stricken "patient" leaped from the bed and the detective downed

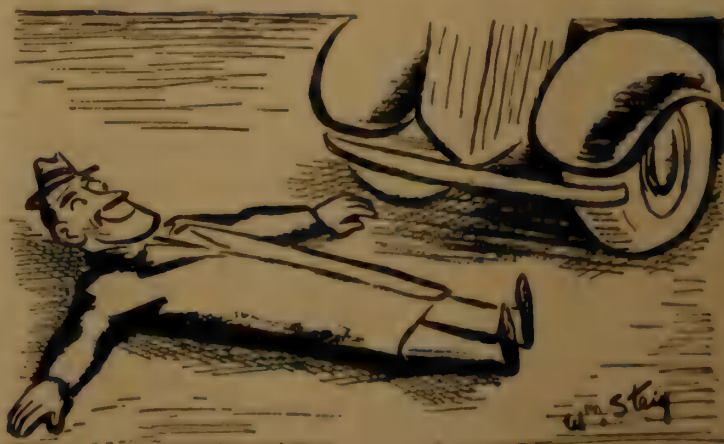
him with a flying tackle. The man was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

It was estimated by the Massachusetts Claim Investigations Committee that one out of three claims for automobile damages was entirely fraudulent or grossly exaggerated. Before 1930 only one insured car in ten was involved in an automobile accident. In 1932 one in five was the rule. It is doubtful that the number of honest accidents could have doubled in two years.

The National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, a voluntary organization representing thirty-nine stock companies which transact the bulk of casualty and surety-insurance business in the country, has for the last few years waged, by means of an effective cross-index system, a relentless war on these traders in fake injuries. Its work has been remarkably effective, but it is apparent, nevertheless, that the surface of the trouble has just been scratched. In 1935 the casualty and surety companies licensed in New York State (the majority extend their operations all over the country) paid out more than \$121,662,660 to claimants on personal-injury and property-damage claims—an increase of \$2,319,148 in a year.

Whenever a claim is made against a casualty company which is a member of the bureau, the details of the case are passed on to the bureau. The claimant, his past history, the type of injury he claims are thoroughly investigated. Thousands of records are kept on file. The claims are cross-indexed by injuries, names, addresses, characteristics, size, physical deformities, and so on. When a man files suit in Kansas City, for instance, the information is forwarded to headquarters. There the items are checked in every one of the cross-files. It may be found that a man answering his description—the name will be changed of course—filed similar suits in one or more other cities. The pictures and descriptions of the previous claimant will be sent to the member company in Kansas City, and often it is possible to confront a claimant with proof of his fraud and either end his latest suit or, sometimes, even institute criminal proceedings against him.

During the past several years scores of lawyers, claimants, doctors, and "witnesses" have been arrested in connection with accident frauds. The number of arrests is constantly on the increase, as the index system of the bureau gradually becomes more complete and effective, and as local law-enforcement agencies take more and more interest in the subject.



Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AN OUT-OF-TOWN reader writes me that he looks for a "war to the death" between the radio and the newspapers as a consequence of the election. He puts at 85 per cent the number of newspapers which were "given a sound trouncing" by the voters, and says that as an institution the newspapers of the country are "thoroughly discredited." "Since the advent of the radio," he continues, "they have been losing ground rapidly as a molder of public opinion and they are well on their way to a well-deserved death. Look at their editorial-page format and content, their drab sameness. Who writes their shallow and biased articles?" Then he declares that the broadcasting companies are aware of their superior advantage. He knows that many newspapers are buying up radio stations or establishing their own, and he thinks that they would like to take over the broadcasting companies.

Now there is a good deal of exaggeration in this—the newspapers are not well on their way to death—but it is undeniable that they have had a terrible licking and that they are rapidly losing their editorial influence. Take the city of Chicago. The three dailies with a large circulation are the *Chicago American*, a Hearst paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, as despicable editorially and in its biased news columns as the Hearst press, and the conservative *Chicago Daily News* of Colonel Knox. All of them were for Landon, and so Chicago went for Roosevelt by an enormous majority. The *Chicago Tribune* used to print maps of Chicago and the adjoining states which it labeled the *Chicago Tribune* belt, claiming that it dominated that field. It could not print those maps today, for everybody would laugh. It is a newspaper with a great circulation and no influence. Similarly Mr. Hearst faces the fact that wherever his papers are published they have no influence whatsoever on the popular voting.

The October 1 circulation statistics of the New York City newspapers do not bear out my correspondent's allegation that they are fast going down hill. The *Hearst American* has dropped only from 322,099, as reported on September 30, 1935, to 316,914, a small loss when one considers the anti-Hearst boycott; his *Mirror* has shown a gain of 40,000 copies, while the other tabloid, the *Daily News*, has increased its sales from a daily average of 1,616,111 to 1,629,178. During the same period the *Herald Tribune's* week-day issues registered a substantial drop of nearly 10,000 copies a day. Both the *Times* and the *Post*, like the *Daily News*, supported Roosevelt. The *Times* shows a healthy increase from 428,429 to 460,054 a day, while the *Post* has gone up from 120,836 to 177,277. My correspondent is also unaware that advertising has come back to these newspapers with a rush during 1936; so that most of them are doing

quite well financially. The newspapers with the largest circulation are the tabloids, whose readers buy them not for any editorial comment but to get the news through pictures.

The lack of influence of the American press as a whole which this election has brought out is not novel; it has long been apparent and has a number of causes; but I am afraid that Captain J. M. Patterson, the owner of the *Daily News*, is about correct in saying that most of the newspapers opposed Roosevelt "with much strength and sincerity" because "Roosevelt's reelection would be a bad thing for their pockets," which made them think that "Roosevelt's reelection would be a bad thing for everybody." There were many honorable exceptions, of course, like the *Baltimore Suns* and some of the Gannett newspapers, which were not influenced by business-office considerations. None the less, what happened thoroughly justified Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, in saying that the election was an "uprising against big business and the newspapers."

The fight between the radio and the newspapers will now go on with fresh impetus. But what is more important is the future orientation of the press itself. Will it continue to get farther and farther away from the bulk of the plain people and their aspirations and become more and more the servant of the big business men with whom its owners and managers now associate, or will it undertake to serve the wishes of the multitude, interpret honestly their aspirations, and accept the election as proof that the American people are with Franklin Roosevelt in his desire to use government as an agency for human progress and welfare? On that rather than on the radio competition will depend, in my judgment, the further waning or waxing of the influence of the press.

A personal word: forty years ago this month I joined the *Philadelphia Press* to see, in that newspaper office, whether or not I had the makings of a journalist. I felt that on my mother's newspaper, the *New York Evening Post*, I could hardly get a judgment on my merits. After six months' service in Philadelphia, which convinced me that I had found there the way of life which I most wished to follow, I was called to the *Evening Post* by a sudden staff emergency. One is prone after so long a service to look back and insist that conditions are not so good in one's profession as they were when one started. There were grave defects in the press of 1897, yet I think I am right in saying that, beginning with the disappearance of great and unfettered personalities in the editorial rooms, the power and prestige of the press have steadily and alarmingly waned during the entire period. It is a purely commercial business now and not a profession.

BROUN'S PAGE

WITHOUT pointing too markedly in the direction of any individual, I think that some radical leaders have erred in leaping at the conclusion that all those who espoused Labor's Non-Partisan League did so with the naive notion that the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt would solve all the problems of the worker. I do not know a single leader in the C. I. O. group who is animated by any such notion. Labor's chief job at the moment is to organize as rapidly as possible along the economic front. Politics will have to be shoved aside for the time being.

Quite obviously the drive in steel did take on the aspect of getting out votes for Roosevelt and proving to the workers that even though they lived in company towns some rights remained to them. The response was magnificent, and in cities like Weirton, Aliquippa, and Homestead big majorities were rolled up for Roosevelt. Does that solve the problem of the unorganized worker? It does not, but it is the beginning of wisdom. The worker who finds that he can go against the orders of the boss in the polling booth gets a sense of confidence and proceeds to vote his company union into alliance with the C. I. O.

It does not seem very likely that the forces at Tampa desire peace, and it seems to me that if the A. F. of L. wants peace it must agree to end all interference and potential interference with the drive for industrial unionism in steel and motors and rubber. As a matter of fact, the A. F. of L. has no savory reputation among the workers in these industries. The rank and file are not at all eager for any kind of compromise with Green and his lieutenants. They are looking for a new day and a new dispensation.

Nor is the tendency of the A. F. of L. to sabotage its own strikes limited to its activities, or lack of them, in mass-production industries. The American Newspaper Guild is new in the federation, but it has already experienced that sharp pang between the shoulder blades which comes when you are stabbed by one of your own crowd. In the hearing before the executive council of the A. F. of L. concerning the Seattle strike the guild representatives were made to feel that they were on trial, with Harvey Kelly of the Hearst management acting as special prosecutor.

Of course the Newspaper Guild is well aware that a recommendation from the executive council is a suggestion and nothing more. We know that we have the right to take it in whole or in part or to toss the whole thing out the window. But unfortunately the executive council hopes that here and there its niggling little plan may be construed as binding. It seeks to arrogate to itself new powers which it never dreamed of before, and delusions of grandeur dance happily in the minds of Messrs. Frey and Green.

One constitutional point may be solved by the time

this article appears, but it seems to have been put in the path of William Green by some deity interested in ironical retribution. Mr. Green has two pressing engagements. Tampa is calling but so is the executive committee of the United Mine Workers of America, and it can hardly be questioned that this body has a right to discipline members if they are found guilty of working against the interests of the union to which they belong. Green is, of course, a member of the Miners' Union as well as president of the A. F. of L. But how can he sit as presiding officer at a convention of the A. F. of L. when his own union is under suspension and when in addition it has refused to pay its current per capita dues? William Green tried to cross these bridges by saying that he might go to Tampa as a delegate from the American Newspaper Guild since he is an editor of the *Federationist*. Experts on the guild constitution told President Green tersely that he could not use membership in the guild as a Tampa passport because the guild does not take in editors.

One thing about the present ruction does disturb me. Newspapers are just beginning to wake up to the fact that labor is news, and now Tampa will offer them no such rich mine of material as did Atlantic City. After all, Hutcheson is not going to get punched in the jaw and knocked down every year, more's the pity, and Lewis will not be on hand to attend to that part of the entertainment furnished the visiting reporters. A reporter who stood close at hand when the blow was struck tells me that the right hand of Lewis toppled not only mighty Hutcheson but also six other carpenters who were sitting nearby at a table on the convention floor.

Perhaps I am in error in the belief that the press of America has just begun to wake up to the importance of labor news in the general scheme of things. Immediately after the election Captain Patterson of the *New York Daily News* and J. David Stern of the *Philadelphia Record* arraigned their fellow-publishers for having alienated the public by unfair use of the news columns in the campaign. But *Editor and Publisher*, which speaks unofficially as an organ for the publishers, minimizes this sort of self-criticism. In speaking of the newspaper campaign against the President it says, "It is undeniable that some of them far overstepped the elastic limits of partisanship in their fight against him." What does *Editor and Publisher* purpose to do about it? Its advice is contained in a much later paragraph and runs, "The wars are over, and it is not good for any or all newspapers to break down public confidence by emphatic charges that the backers of the loser were conscious and willing servants of interests hostile to the public good."

In other words, freedom of the press means that you can assail the President of the United States to your heart's content but you may not speak ill of a newspaper editor. That's not liberty. That's license.

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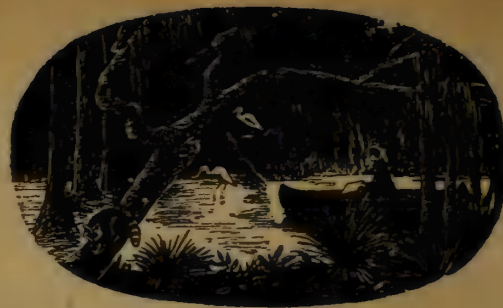


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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

GOOD JOKES AND BAD

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

SOME years ago Anthony Ludovici looked at animals and concluded in one of the best-known books on the subject that the essence of humor is a veiled aggression. Max Eastman starts out by looking at babies instead, and reaches the nearly opposite conclusion that the ultimate source of humor is not enmity but playfulness.* We show our teeth when we hear what Pat said to Mike not because we are snarling our sense of superiority but because, like the infant to whom something is offered and then playfully snatched away, we adapt ourselves playfully to the trick which has been played when we are led to expect one meaning and get another instead. Of the famous story of the porter who announced himself with the words "I am the Kuhn of Kuhn, Loeb and Company," he says: "People with a violent prejudice against 'coons' will, I suppose, imagine that their comic pleasure lies in scorning the Negro in this picture. People whose prejudices, abetted by their financial experiences, lie rather against the Kuhns, will be equally sure they are deriding the banker. People who possess the gift of humorous laughter will know that what they are doing is enjoying a joke."

Any attempt to summarize in brief form a theory as well elaborated as the one Mr. Eastman proposes is bound to do it a good deal less than justice, but perhaps the joke just cited will offer as good an opportunity for analysis as any other of the hundreds upon which he comments. He does not, if I understand him aright, deny that the joke is complicated and enriched by the aggressive element which may exist in the reaction of specific individuals to it. Neither does he deny that other humorous anecdotes are similarly complicated and enriched by those sly eludings of the inward censorship against obscenity which Freud tries to make the essence of humor. What he is insisting upon is that the *sine qua non* of a joke is the playfulness, that though one may be shown to exist without aggressiveness or impropriety, neither aggressiveness nor impropriety can be funny unless the playfulness is there. However frequently they may recur, the humor never consists in either in itself but always in the fact that we accept one or both playfully.

Most of the specimen jokes which Mr. Eastman analyzes are good and therefore complicated. Since nearly all provide several sources of pleasure, the vast majority might be cited to support one of the theories he is arguing against almost as well as they support the one he is arguing for—just as, incidentally, most of the great masterpieces of literature can be used to illustrate almost any

theory of aesthetics for the simple reason that most literary masterpieces are so rich that, to some degree, they exhibit nearly every quality which has at any time been singled out as the indispensable one. To say this is to indicate not only that the problem of humor is a problem in aesthetics but also that the value of a good book on humor, like the value of a good book of literary criticism, does not depend so much upon the absolute, demonstrable, and exclusive truth of the theory underlying it as upon the extent to which the author is led to illumine his subject in the course of his argument.

By that test Mr. Eastman's book is certainly one of the best ever written. Somewhere he remarks that none of the works which discuss the essence of humor ever provide any means of distinguishing good jokes from bad, and one is again reminded of treatises on aesthetics, which so commonly demonstrate that the essence of literary worth is social passion on the one hand or wish-fulfilment on the other without giving any indication that the author is even aware that Tolstoy is better than Charles G. Norris or Stendhal better than any hack with an Oedipus complex. Mr. Eastman has the indispensable thing called taste. He knows a good joke from a bad one, and the important thing is not that he also has a theory to explain this knowledge but that he leads one on to the enjoyment of good jokes as a good critic of poetry leads one on to the enjoyment of good poetry. To read him is to be made hungry for humor; and to that extent he is surely incomparably superior to Ludovici and Bergson, as well as to Freud—whether he is more nearly right or not.

Having said that—and it is so much the most important thing that nothing else really matters very much—I should like to add that Mr. Eastman does not quite do justice to either the indecency theory or the superiority theory, which ultimately come down to the same thing. Whatever the essential, primitive, or infantile basis of humor may be, and however fundamentally the *technique* of humor may depend upon the playful surprise, the fact remains that in an overwhelming proportion of modern instances that technique is employed for the purpose of achieving a sense of inward superiority to a person or an idea. To laugh at an indecent word or at the physical or even intellectual discomfiture of another is a very crude form of humor. To rise superior to a prejudice, a stupidity, or a taboo is probably the very highest; and though Mr. Eastman is right in denying that the best jokes are even usually jokes at the expense of somebody, they are usually at the expense of our common human nature, which submits to the commands of tradition or sentiment or morality but is filled with a glorious sense of the free

*"The Enjoyment of Laughter." By Max Eastman. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

man's superiority when a witticism flies in the face of an untruth in which we have felt compelled to acquiesce.

It is true that Mr. Eastman has on his side Aristotle, with his definition of the comic as "some defect or ugliness which is not painful or destructive"; Kant's "the sudden transformation of a strained expectation into nothing"; and Lincoln, who, as I did not know before, either adopted or reinvented Figaro's motto in the form, "I laugh because I must not cry—that's all, that's all." On the other side is Hobbes with his definition of laughter as "a sudden glory [that is, "glorying" or "exultation"] in the soul." Mr. Eastman resists it in part because it suggests a certain brutality, because he is sure that in himself the humorous is the antithesis of the cruel. But humor may be what cruelty turned into, and for that very reason the most humorous people may be the ones least given to cruelty.

I still believe that "sudden glory" is the best description of the humorous experience, and that leads me to suggest that I should like to read a book on humor which took its point of departure not from the things which cause us to laugh but from the inward character of the laughing process. We should then have something analogous to the aesthetic studies which begin not with works of art but with the aesthetic experience, and it might be discovered that the unity of the subject lies rather in the nature of what we feel when we are amused than in the various ways in which the feeling of amusement can be provoked.

BOOKS

Russian Style

BITTER VICTORY. By Louis Guilloux. Translated by Samuel Putnam. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

APPARENTLY this novel began with the notion of tracing on a grand scale, by means of the *unanimiste* technique, the moral and psychological degradation of a whole community in provincial France in the third year of the World War. Such a scheme is promised in the opening chapters, in which we are introduced in rapid order to a fair assortment of local worthies gathered to do honor to a deputy's wife on her receipt of the Legion of Honor. There is a dull-witted general surrounded by appreciative female Boche-haters; there is a pompous little schoolmaster who has composed a poem for the occasion without realizing that his son has just been reported dead; and there is the extraordinary character known as Cripure. Everything points to the sort of exhaustive penetration into all the currents and cross-currents of a given social microcosm that we have been led to expect from the publisher's description and from the information that the author is a member of the revolutionary wing of recent French letters. A little later on, in a scene describing a mutiny of troops leaving for the front, we are given further reason for such an expectation. But we do not reckon sufficiently with the character known as Cripure. From the first it is evident that he is to be important, either as a contrast or as a sardonic commentator on events, but it is hardly to be guessed that he is to overshadow and finally destroy the whole pattern of the book. This shift from

the city to a single one of its inhabitants, from the social phenomenon to the personal trauma, occurs gradually through the central chapters; but when it is accomplished it is complete. And what we get from this point onward is less like a product of the red front than something by Pushkin or Dostoevski with a French setting. "Dead Souls," murmurs Cripure concerning his fellow-citizens, and the same resemblance seems to overwhelm his creator. Like the group of decadent roisterers in one of his most effective scenes, M. Guilloux throws himself very hard into the game called "playing the Russian novel."

For the truth is that it must be argued whether Cripure, who runs away with this book, has anything directly to do with what was evidently its original intention. He will undoubtedly be interpreted as an example of the modern intellectual rendered futile and absurd through his scorn of a society with which he has nothing in common. But turning from such a formula to the reality, we cannot but be struck by the fact that the source of all Cripure's troubles is extremely personal: it is reducible to something as unforeseen and irremediable as the enormous size of his feet. Presumably it was for this and similar reasons that his wife abandoned him—a tragedy in turn responsible for the uncompromisingly anti-social behavior which incurred for him his almost obscene nickname. It is not so much society as life itself that is the object of his resentment. At no moment are his scorn and hatred condensed into a definite criticism against the world around him. Like the gloomier Dostoevskian heroes, he accepts its conditions as part of the general bad deal of existence. Taken in this light, he is of course a strange irrelevance in a work whose obvious implications are that society is responsible for most human ills and sufferings, including those connected with war. To account for him, one can only conclude that in the final test M. Guilloux was more absorbed by the idiosyncrasies of character than by the logic of a thesis. He would therefore offer us a remarkable instance of life triumphing over theory in the mind of a writer within the pages of his own book.

Cripure, with his spectacles and his acromegalic feet, with his devotion to Kant and the slatternly earth goddess with whom he has cast his lot, is one of the richest creations in recent French literature. If it is not quite Dostoevski, it is at least an excellent French imitation. But there is too much of him before the end, and the novel is perhaps a hundred or more pages too long. It never recovers from the central dislocation of its structure. It suffers throughout from a repetitiousness of situation and a general poverty of invention. Guilloux will write a more satisfying book when he learns how to subordinate his considerable gift for individual portraiture to some of the other demands of the novel form.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Putnam has marred an otherwise able translation by American slang words and colloquialisms which have the effect of setting up associations which are either jarring or quite inappropriate for the background.

WILLIAM TROY

The Perfect Dilettante

MOVERS AND SHAKERS. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

THE third volume of Mrs. Luhan's "Intimate Memories" is no less intimate and no less "infuriatingly readable" than the other two. This book covers the years 1913 to 1917, from the day when the then Mabel Dodge sent her husband packing—as eventually she sent all her gentlemen packing—to the day four years later when she dispatched Maurice Sterne

to Santa Fé and began to have visions of a dark Indian face "with wide-apart eyes that stared at me with a strong look, intense and calm" (mysterious glimpse out of the future of Mr. Luhan). In those days of the "salon" at 23 Fifth Avenue Mrs. Luhan counted among her friends and acquaintances persons whose names are now familiar words among the literati. The list, indeed, reads like a Who's Who of the liberal and radical movement and the more liberal world of art, not only of twenty years ago but of today. It includes among many others Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, John Collier, all the Duncans, Walter Lippmann, Eugene O'Neill, Boardman Robinson, Alfred Stieglitz, Leo and Gertrude Stein, Lincoln Steffens, Frank Tannenbaum, George Sylvester Viereck, Carl Van Vechten, Helen Westley, William Haywood, Max Eastman, and of course John Reed and Maurice Sterne.

In the midst of these diverse groups Mabel Dodge moved like an irresponsible fairy godmother, dispensing cold turkey and conversation, engaging in deep, sophomoric discussions about art and the soul and a distressed world, making love, doing over houses, in short, looking for diversion. Her various houses were always full of guests, for an evening or for a month; her larder was evidently inexhaustible; her excitements, whether of ecstasy or despair, were constant. And if she ever had a conviction or an idea, she has neglected to mention it in her copious recollections. "I just switched on one viewpoint and switched off another; I have often thought that hardly anyone I knew would recognize me if I were overheard talking to any of the others!"

It is impossible to believe that Mrs. Luhan would have functioned as a patron of art and ideas in any age but our own, which accepts the fact of wealth and therefore power without duty. She was unattached—by law, by temperament, and by an independent fortune. Tolerance was the mode; therefore her husbands and lovers made no complaint—or almost none—when she tired of them. Although she was the mother of a son, she felt, and was asked to feel, no responsibility to anyone. Although she accepted men when she wished and kept them if she liked, she maintained her amateur standing and suffered no social censure thereby. She was a free agent, and by the standards of any time—except perhaps this one—completely immoral, not because her sexual relations were irregular but because her nature admitted of no obligation except the temporary satisfaction of her own extraordinary ego. Her friends often found her generous and sympathetic; but fundamentally her generosity and sympathy were less for their sake than for hers.

If this is a harsh picture, Mrs. Luhan paints it with her own hands. Perhaps she even realizes its harshness, for of her relationship with Maurice Sterne at one point she says: "Alas, poor Maurice! How sorry I am when I remember it all! . . . I was always afraid he was not *noble* enough for me! Heavens!" Yet in spite of all this, her book is interesting. It may be the perennial entertainment of gossip, particularly about familiar persons. It is at least partly the quotations—there are poems, innumerable letters, articles—notably a magnificent piece by John Reed printed in the old *Masses* about the Pater-son silk strike. There is a picture of the radical movement of twenty-five years ago—in this case the activities of the I. W. W.—comparable in its triumphs and its defeats with the Communist movement today. There is the always moving spectacle of a powerful and energetic personality. There were, in short, plenty of reasons why Mrs. Luhan should not have been allowed to live as she did; but there are just as many reasons why she will be read.

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Philosopher and Statesman

GENERAL SMUTS. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

WITH this second volume Mrs. Millin completes her biography of one of the most influential figures in a major crisis of human history. Biographies fall into two main categories. In the first one finds the biographical essay whose author, brilliantly exemplified by Strachey, sums up and paraphrases those known facts of his subject's life which fit into his own interpretation, arrived at after supposedly exhaustive reading. In the second are those works which endeavor to assemble all essential available information. Laboring in this more difficult of the two vineyards Mrs. Millin has produced a book of permanent value to the student of world affairs and the student of personality. She believes Smuts is a very great man, yet she preserves an admirably impartial attitude toward him. "His character," she says, "is difficult, complex, and contradictory. His platitudes jostle his profundities. His cynicism laughs at his idealism. He is dependable and also incalculable."

This miscalled "handyman of empire," who fought the English in the Boer War, came tremendously to their aid in the World War, and, refusing a brilliant career in post-war England, returned home to face a half-hostile South Africa, has been as extravagantly vilified as praised. The idealists who applauded his plan for a League of Nations and his stand against the cruel terms of the peace, his belief voiced in a vengeance-mad world that harshness to the vanquished enemy might drag Europe to ruin, were subsequently alienated from him by various of his actions in South Africa. Negrophiles have denounced him for failing to give equal suffrage to the Kaffirs, and the Nationalists have denounced him for championing the Kaffirs. Labor has denounced his suppression of the Rand revolution. Mrs. Millin lays before us the facts which confronted Smuts. She posits him, very convincingly, as an idealist forced to arrive at decisions in a world of actualities against which he was often in violent revolt, but which nevertheless conditioned the steps he could take.

In the welter of opposing aims, rapacities, vengeance, and idealisms that accompanied the peacemaking, he displayed unusual insight and sometimes, like Wilson, was able to phrase his intuitions so eloquently as to sway the world. It is true that his definition of the British Empire as a Commonwealth of Nations partook of the resonant airiness of Wilson's "war to save democracy," yet a real change in dominion status grew out of his phrase. He observed, "Europe is being liquidated and the League of Nations must be the heir to the great estate," but he was unable to see that the economic as well as the political system of Europe was being liquidated. This failure defeated much of his splendid work, but it no more detracts from his stature than it detracts from Lincoln's to observe that he hadn't grasped the importance of the Communist Manifesto, issued years before he came to power. Within the world as he knew it and as the world knew itself, Smuts was one of the few men in high positions who acted with statesman-like insight and with the magnanimity of the truly great. He could even so far step out of the world as he knew it as to warn the Allies against intervention in Russia. The comments he made on Russia and Germany during the war are interesting to read today. "If I were a German statesman I would bear carefully in mind the wise old Bismarckian policy, and avoid making the Slav the future historic enemy of the Teuton."

The philosophy he calls "Holism" has brought him a num-

ber of notable adherents, including Dr. Alfred Adler and Arnold Toynbee; Robert Bridges declared that his "Testament of Beauty" was an adumbration of the same thesis. Smuts believes the coordinating principle of the universe to be "an impulse toward wholeness that manifests itself in each individual by a power of development or evolution from within. . . . The summit of this new created and creative whole is human personality."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Democracy in Confusion

INTELLIGENCE IN POLITICS. By Max Ascoli. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

INTELLIGENCE is most easily defined as that quality which is supposed to be measured by intelligence tests. Politics is not easily defined at all. While definitions are often devices of escape from reality, they are indispensable to clarity of thought. A book named "Intelligence in Politics" from the pen of a distinguished social scientist entitles readers to anticipate some definition of terms and some critical analysis of the difficult problem of the role of rational thinking in the struggle for influence between power holders and power seekers. But Max Ascoli, professor of political philosophy at the New School for Social Research, has not addressed himself to this topic. He has instead written of the position of "intellectuals" in American "democracy," with both of these concepts left ambiguous. His book is brilliant and suggestive but also exasperating and disappointing.

Professor Ascoli is an Italian who still believes in liberalism. He writes with Continental grace and subtlety. But he feels little need to confine his flow of words within some framework of assumptions. What he has to say he says vividly and beautifully, but after the perfume of phrases and figures is gone, there remains doubt as to what has been said. His first chapter on the current bewilderment of intellectuals sparkles and glows with shrewd insights and pithy aphorisms. But the two hundred pages on American democracy which follow are cloudy, diffuse, almost Wagnerian. They wander about the ideological and sociological periphery of their subject, and seldom come to grips with it.

Democracy's "apparent meaninglessness may be the greatest element of its strength. . . . It is good for the greatest number that the intellectuals be lost in technical details or in the foggy of generalizations. This deformation must be cleverly cultivated. . . . But in a democracy the final responsibility lies nowhere and with nobody. . . . There are no reasons why intellectuals as such should feel any particular loyalty toward any kind of political regime. . . . Intellectuals cannot direct politics in place of politicians. . . . Intelligence here has been prevented from falling into arrogance, and politics has not yet passed beyond the grasp of human control. In the country where all the promises and all the dangers of democracy seem to be impending, intelligence is still the force which may dispel the haziness of democratic politics by the awareness of its function and the responsibility of its freedom."

Therefore—? But a volume without a thesis and almost without a theme leads to no conclusions. Life today is turgid and confused. Belles-lettres are permitted to mirror these mists and shadows. But the intellectual who is also a social scientist should perhaps have a different goal. Professor Ascoli has enjoyed writing down his rambling thoughts in charming prose. Many persons will enjoy reading them. But of new wisdom there is little in these pages.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN



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What I Expect of the New Administration

Statements by Senator Gerald Nye, Earl Browder, Arthur Krock, Ernest K. Lindley, Thurman Arnold, Roger Baldwin, Upton Sinclair and others.

DRAMA

Leslie Howard's Hamlet

IT WOULD be difficult to find two productions of "Hamlet" less alike than that with Mr. Gielgud at the Empire Theater and the new one with Leslie Howard just opened at the Imperial. I belong to the minority—by no means insignificant—which found the former a bitter disappointment, and I must say at once that whatever the defects of Mr. Howard's performance may be, his conception of the part is infinitely more satisfactory to me, and the whole play as he has directed it much closer to what I believe Shakespeare himself intended. That his supporting company is much better and the setting of his production less perversely eccentric, few I think will deny. In the end, therefore, any difference of opinion must come down to a difference concerning the merits of the two actors themselves and, even more importantly, concerning the dominant traits of Hamlet's own character.

To begin with, Mr. Howard is brooding and calm where Mr. Gielgud was frenetic. The worst that can be said of him is that he is somewhat deficient in power, and if one feels—as I do not—that Mr. Gielgud's almost feminine fits of hysteria are evidence of power, then he scores where Mr. Howard fails, for Hamlet is certainly, among other things, a powerful man. But Mr. Howard, on the other hand, is strong precisely where Mr. Gielgud is weak, and he brings to vivid life exactly those aspects of Hamlet's character which, in his rival's performance, simply do not exist. He is above all else the intellectual and the ironist, the tender and ingenious thinker, the man who exclaims, "Oh cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right," because he knows so clearly that it is his business not to do things but to consider them curiously. And one result is that those very scenes which in the Gielgud performance become almost meaningless—the mocking of Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with the recorders, Hamlet at the grave of Ophelia, and the rest—become the very center of the play.

I am not unaware that there has been in recent years a tendency to minimize the importance of "Hamlet's delay," to argue that his melancholy is merely a temporary cloud through which the resolution of a hero breaks through. That is essentially the contention of Dover Wilson, probably the most interesting of contemporary Shakespearean critics, and Mr. Howard has evidently read Wilson, since he says "too, too sullied" instead of the conventional "too, too solid flesh." But in the emphases on the character he has followed what seems to me the sounder tradition, which makes Hamlet's scruples and hesitations not the result of weakness but—however inappropriate they may be to the situation in which by "cursed spite" he now finds himself—the inevitable consequences of the virtues for which we love him. Looked at in any other way Hamlet becomes merely a lesser hero, an imperfect example of a type Shakespeare had portrayed in all its vigor in other plays, and it is impossible for me to believe that Shakespeare would have chosen a near-failure as the central character of his most lovingly elaborated play, or, for that matter, that such a man could have become the most-discussed and most-cherished of his creations. Hamlet's "weakness" consists only in the fact that he is too good and too subtle for the situation in which he finds himself, and if the intention was not to make that subtlety the essence of the character, then there is no point to

the most fascinating and most often analyzed scenes in the play.

Has anyone, I wonder, ever pointed out that the comic characters contribute to the complex harmony of the whole because they are comic variations on, almost parodies of, Hamlet's own tendencies? Polonius's absurd verbal ingenuities parallel Hamlet's poetic ones, and his scrupulously empty parentheses correspond to things like the hero's "at least I'm sure 'tis so in Denmark." In the same way the gravedigger's mortuary humor is a burlesque analogue not only to Hamlet's "imperial Caesar" but also to the whole of his grim humor as expressed in such speeches as that about nosing "him as you go up the stairs." If it were not so, these comic characters would be dissonances; since it is so, the fact indicates that Shakespeare, seeing Hamlet's intellectual subtlety as the theme of the play, chose it also for variations in his scherzos.

I said in the beginning that Mr. Howard's chief defect was probably a lack of sufficient power. That does not mean that he is weak, for he is not. It means only that the best of him is seen in the more ironical passages, and much the same may be said of the fact that his speech, though clear and musical, does not soar as it might; as a result one gets more of Hamlet's subtlety and charm than one does of his elevation. There are I fear, no perfect Hamlets, but Mr. Howard is an extremely interesting one set down in the midst of a very beautifully staged production and surrounded by a very competent company. Pamela Stanley's tense and yet graceful Ophelia is especially noteworthy.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

The Infected World

IT SEEMS to be settled that we shall hear no more than half the text of any play by Shakespeare which wanders into the movies. Doubtless I exaggerate; the fraction may be two-thirds, or even three-fourths. But in the case of "As You Like It" (Twentieth Century-Fox) it does appear that about half of the effective words are missing, and at any rate it has become clear by now that we must accustom ourselves as best we can to an all-but-mortal surgery; noting as we pass that even when the heart has been cut out and thrown away a remarkable amount of life remains in the other members. The question, of course, is not whether the text as such is sacred. For movie purposes it certainly is not. The question is whether the whole of Shakespeare's effect in a given play can somehow be preserved on the screen; and whether, when his own verbal means to this end are perhaps not practicable, any other means are available, or so far have shown themselves to be available. If half of "As You Like It" is missing, as I think it is, the specific question then is whether anything takes its place; and if nothing does, whether it is conceivable that in some future production something should.

What is missing? Merely the heart, I think. Rosalind is here in the person of Elisabeth Bergner, and very charmingly so; but Rosalind is not the heart of "As You Like It." Neither is any other individual man or woman—Touchstone or Jaques or Audrey or Oliver or Orlando. All of them are necessary, and the ruthlessness with which these others have been trimmed away is a reminder of their value as individuals. But at the

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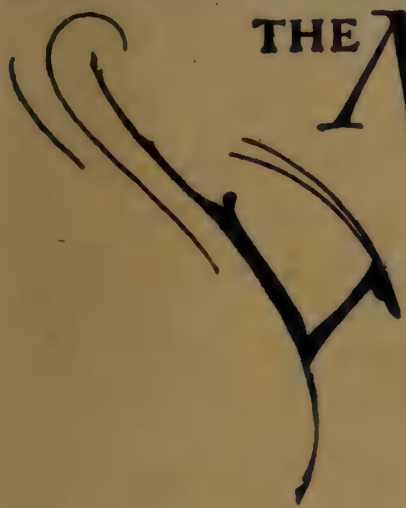
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heart of the comedy, as indeed befits all comedy, there is an operation of the intellect, and it is this that beats so faintly in the film if it beats at all. The play is a complete expression of a sentiment; with emphasis upon the word complete. The rarity of such a thing indicates that it must be difficult. One would say, except for the fact that Shakespeare did it, that it was impossible. He did it, as a matter of fact, with an ease so delightful and deceptive that many of his admirers, including I should say Paul Czinner, the producer and director of this film, have never been conscious of its having been done at all.

The sentiment in question is the pastoral sentiment. Shakespeare has understood and stated it completely. This can mean either that he is never serious or that he is always serious; and it certainly means that no single speech exists for its own sake, or should be spoken as if it alone contained the "meaning" of the play. Leon Quartermaine as Jaques speaks the famous lines about man's seven ages so clearly and well that the audience breaks into applause, as if *now* they had it. But it isn't there, any more than it is in Jaques's boast (missing) that, given leave to speak his mind, he will "through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world"; or in his remark (missing), when at the end of the play he sees all the marriages about to take place, that "there is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark"; or in his proud sighs (all missing) as he contemplates the richness and uniqueness of his melancholy. I am not trying to show that Jaques is the heart of "As You Like It." His exquisite humbuggery is merely one of the means by which Shakespeare attained his end—one of the best means, of course, since Jaques almost understands himself. But only one; and most of him has been thrown away. Another one is Touchstone, most of whom also is missing, so that we do not see him as the dry mind which he is: rationally critical of the country into which he has strayed and yet ridiculously out of place in it, and almost, though not quite, recognizing his irrelevance, just as Jaques never quite confesses his sentimentalism.

Through these and the other persons of the play, including the witty Rosalind and the sluttish Audrey, Shakespeare has achieved an analysis of the pastoral sentiment so searching that in the end we have both no illusions about it whatever and all the illusions which it is possible to have. The Forest of Arden emerges as the perfect and permanent symbol of that simple existence which if we could live it would purge the world of its infections; and at the same time we know that we shall never be able so to live, or even to desire that anyone should. In other words, the Forest of Arden is left where it belongs, in the mind—where, in fact, Charles the wrestler puts it at the beginning of the play when he is asked where the old duke lives. "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." The point about this speech is not merely that it is very pretty; it is witty, too, as Shakespeare hinted by putting it smilingly into the unregenerate mouth of this great bruiser.

The heart of the play being gone, and its brain, we do have left, as I have said, a very nice Rosalind in Elisabeth Bergner. She is worth going a long way to see, and indeed the fragment of the play which has been photographed is in itself delightful. As for the questions I began with, I confess now that I cannot guess their answers. They must wait until we have a genius of the films who understands his medium as well as Shakespeare did his. And what he will do no one at present, naturally, is genius enough to predict.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

The Case of Jerome Davis

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of October 31 on the reappointment of Professor Jerome Davis achieves so vicious a distortion of the truth that immediate protest is called for. I will not dwell on your detailed misstatements of fact, though there are enough of them to make one wonder how carefully you checked your information.

For example, President Angell was not "questioned on the Davis case" at the time the first news stories appeared, as you asserted; and he did not say it was "purely a financial matter." His only word to the press was a written statement, which was garbled by the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times* but which was published in full by the *New Haven Journal-Courier*, October 22, 1936, and by the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, October 30, 1936. It is worth reading. . . .

But the main fault of your comment is not inaccurate reporting. It is reckless disregard for both fairness and plain decency. You deliberately convey the impression that President Angell is primarily responsible for the termination of Mr. Davis's appointment. The fact is that responsibility rests primarily with Mr. Davis's colleagues, the professors of the Divinity School, a majority of whom have repeatedly judged his work not to justify promotion to professorial rank; and with the majority of the corporation, who last February declined to reappoint him for three years, as recommended by the Divinity School, but instead reappointed him only until June 30, 1937. Those acquainted with the situation at close range will recognize that your last two sentences convey an unqualified falsehood. That falsehood you have tried to sustain by quoted bits from "a conversation reported by Mr. Davis," of which you know nothing except what he has told you; and from letters which cannot be interpreted fairly except in the light of information which you do not have. In particular, the letter which you quote as a climax is one which no fair-minded and well-informed person would have used as you have used it, to the confusion of innocent readers who trust *The Nation* in this as in other matters.

What your editorial has done, in short, is not to further the cause of truth and

justice but to show in this case a deplorable lack of concern for both.

ROBERT L. CALHOUN

Professor of Historical Theology,
Yale Divinity School

New Haven, Conn., October 31

[Professor Calhoun's letter was forwarded to the Committee on Academic Freedom in the Colleges of the American Federation of Teachers, which is handling Professor Davis's case. Professor S. Ralph Harlow of Smith College replied for the committee.]

Dear Sirs: Professor Calhoun's letter renders a real service by making clear to *Nation* readers that the Divinity School faculty and the Yale Corporation should share with President Angell the public censure incident upon the discharge of Dr. Jerome Davis. That President Angell was by no means guiltless, in fact, that he assumed a leading role in the case, is suggested by the recital of incidents in *The Nation* and by the record of the case in the *New Republic*. *The Nation* was well advised in stressing the letter in which President Angell terms Jerome Davis "an increasing nuisance," since this letter was read to faculty members of the Yale Divinity School just before they voted on the question of a permanent appointment for Davis. The errors of fact which marred *The Nation's* account were corrected by Mr. Davis in last week's issue.

A memorial signed by Professor Calhoun and ten of his colleagues on May 6, 1936, terms the action of the president and fellows of the Yale Corporation "an injustice to Professor Davis and an action which will prove very injurious to the Divinity School." The memorial asks reversal of the corporation's action "before irreparable damage has been done." This protest was followed by a second appeal of the Board of Permanent Officers of the Divinity School to continue Davis's contract at Yale. An overwhelming majority of the faculty and students of the Divinity School have urged Davis's retention. Their requests have gone unheeded by the President and the corporation.

The execution of Jerome Davis was not a simple act. Dr. Calhoun has stated the superficial facts: The full professors of the Divinity School failed to recommend promotion, and the Yale Corporation in

the interest of economy decided to eliminate the "marginal person" who had not met the test of his peers. What he omits is the active hostility of trustees and major executive officers of the university, brought on by Davis's lectures and writings, which upset the complacency of the Divinity School campus and made almost inevitable the final decision. It was not accidental that the President was moved from time to time to write that "our friend [Jerome Davis] seems to have broken out in a new direction" or that "Jerome is becoming an increasing nuisance." In 1933 Professor Douglas Macintosh of the Divinity School asserted that "when the promotion of Professor Jerome Davis was being considered . . . Dean Weigle stated that the Yale Corporation was opposed to his promotion to the full professorship, that it was also reported that no one in Yale was going to be promoted to the full professorship that year, and that if the Divinity School faculty voted for his promotion, the Provost would take the floor of the corporation against him. This vitally affected the action which was taken at that time." Or note the circumstances in 1936 as reported by Professor Macintosh: "The Dean . . . urged us not to ask for promotion, giving as his reason that the President and the Provost would not support such a recommendation and that the President had said the corporation would not promote Mr. Davis. . . . I . . . protested that we were being confronted with what amounted to a *fait accompli* and that it was unfair to keep us in this way from considering the case freely and on its merits from our own point of view."

Once the Dean of the Divinity School had obtained votes against permanent appointment for Davis, the rest was easy. The President and Fellows of the Corporation, in the interest of economy, failed to renew the appointment for the usual three-year period and instead terminated it at the close of one year. Yale is now seeking to obtain a successor for the endowed chair which Davis has occupied.

No telescoped statement of the Davis case can be adequate. We shall undoubtedly have in due course careful reports on the case from responsible agencies.

S. RALPH HARLOW,

Smith College

Northampton, Mass., November 5

Answering Mr. Broun

Dear Sirs: Heywood Broun in his Thomas-baiting column in this week's *Nation* calls on the Socialist candidate to curb the powerful "red-baiting" elements in his party and to speak out for industrial unionism more strongly than he has so far spoken.

I find it puzzling that Mr. Broun should single out Thomas, of the three candidates he discusses, to receive such advice, since he is the only one of the three for whom it is gratuitous. Thomas has spoken out unequivocally for industrial unionism. He did so in his speech at the Manhattan Opera House on September 8, to mention only one instance. He has been also the outspoken enemy of red-baiting both in the Socialist Party and elsewhere. It was in fact his stand against the red-baiting of right-wing members of the party, his insistence on debating with Browder, and his willingness to consider cooperation on certain issues with the Communists that led to the present split in the party. A large number of the right-wing Socialists who insisted on disciplining Mr. Thomas for this stand are now in the ranks of the American Labor Party. Moreover, Thomas is the only one of the three candidates facetiously discussed by Mr. Broun who raised his voice against red-baiting and in defense of civil liberties in connection with the outrageous attacks on Earl Browder at Terre Haute and Tampa. If Mr. Roosevelt or any prominent members of the American Labor Party did as much and if they were any more backward in repudiating Communist support and Communist sympathies than the Milwaukee Socialist Mr. Broun mentions, these news items have escaped me. Nor was it Mr. Roosevelt or the members of the American Labor Party who dared anti-red terrorism in Arkansas in the fight for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.

The powerful red-baiting forces in Mr. Thomas's party seem to be mightily disturbing to Mr. Broun. He might more profitably worry about some of the powerful reactionary elements that helped swell Roosevelt's plurality, particularly in the anti-red, anti-Negro, and anti-labor South. He might also more reasonably worry a little about those red-baiting elements that left the Socialist Party to join the American Labor Party.

MARTHA GRUENING

New York, November 6

Dear Sirs: I congratulate Mr. Broun upon his generous concession that Norman Thomas as President would do more for

labor than Alf Landon. I also applaud his attack—in his Socialist-baiting article in *The Nation* of November 7—upon Communist-baiters.

Broun sure is on his toes. Now that F. D. R., Working Class Leader No. 1, has lost his title of Labor's Enemy No. 1, Broun will any day now nominate either Norman Thomas or Dan Hoan for the honor.

Whatever you do, Heywood, we Socialists will never shoot you as the Communists once promised to do. Your great contribution to the labor movement makes you a friend of the Socialist Party no matter what your personal pique may be. No, we won't shoot you. We'll merely sentence you to read some of Thomas's nation-wide speeches on industrial unionism which you overlooked during the campaign in your enthusiasm for Roosevelt.

ISADORE FRIED

New York, November 7

Mr. Broun's Reply

Dear Sirs: My critics inform *The Nation* that Norman Thomas has made several speeches in favor of industrial unionism. So has William Green. No man can effectively support the drive for industrial unionism without coming out wholeheartedly for the C. I. O. and against the present position of the A. F. of L. Possibly Mr. Thomas has done so. His speeches are not adequately reported in the American press. All I can say is that the name of Mr. Thomas was never mentioned at the recent C. I. O. meeting in Pittsburgh. If Mr. Thomas is lending support, I think he ought to notify John L. Lewis, the chairman of the committee.

When Governor Landon got himself on a hook by his labor attitude in his acceptance speech, Mr. Thomas sent him some mild questions which enabled him to wriggle off. When the Republicans started a red drive by asserting that the Communists were supporting Roosevelt under orders from Moscow, Mr. Thomas chimed in and said that the charge was true. When even the principle of social security was endangered by the dog-tag attack, Mr. Thomas's name appeared in the newspapers just across the page from the speech by John D. M. Hamilton. I am aware that Mr. Thomas was attacking a highly imperfect measure from the left. But I still maintain that even radicals should admit the existence of a thing called timing.

The record of Norman Thomas in the election of 1936 is one of ineptitude.

HEYWOOD BROUN

New York, November 10

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER'S cable from Madrid gives proof that, with bombs bursting in air, our correspondent is still there. He will continue as long as possible to send weekly reports of the siege.

SIDNEY WEBB, one of the founders of the Fabian movement in England and the outstanding historian of trade unionism, published last spring, in collaboration with his wife, Beatrice Webb, "Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?" The result of many years of study and personal observation, this book is the definitive work on the economic, social, and political structure of the Soviet Union.

STUART CHASE, author of "Government in Business" and of the recently published study of our natural resources, "Rich Land, Poor Land," is an economist who has kept closely in touch with the activities of the New Deal. He last appeared in *The Nation* with a series of articles on the TVA.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD, whose second novel, "Personal Combat," has just been published, is a feature writer for the *World-Telegram*. He has been gathering material on rackets of various kinds, some of which he used as the basis for an article on the used-car dealers published recently by *The Nation*.

WILLIAM TROY, formerly film critic for *The Nation*, is now a member of the English Department of Bennington College.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, author of "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917" and "The Nazi Dictatorship," is on the political-science faculty of the University of Chicago. He is spending this year, on leave from Chicago, as visiting lecturer on political science at Williams College.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS, author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life" and other novels, has appeared frequently as literary critic in *The Nation*.

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The Shape of Things

*

A DECISION OF GREAT MOMENT HAS BEEN handed down by the United States Supreme Court on the New York unemployment-insurance act. The court divided equally, four to four, Justice Stone being too ill to take part in the decision. In the case of an equal split, the judgment of the previous court is allowed to stand. Since the New York Court of Appeals had upheld the New York law, the decision is tantamount to a declaration of constitutionality. No written opinion was rendered, but it would be a safe guess that the line-up was Justices McReynolds, Butler, Van Devanter, and Sutherland against Justices Brandeis, Cardozo, Hughes, and Roberts. This is the first review by the Supreme Court of state unemployment-insurance laws now being passed to supplement the federal social-insurance program. The decision therefore, while not directly on the federal program, means nevertheless that the first crisis in the judicial review of the Social Security Act has been weathered. New York has the "pooled-fund plan," whereby payments to the unemployed are made out of a single pool, regardless of the amount paid into the fund by the particular employer. This is in contrast with the Wisconsin "reserve plan," whereby each employer's contributions are kept intact for his own employees. It was this feature of the New York act that was principally under attack, and a victory on that score is all the greater. The decision is also interesting because, as the first important utterance of the court after the election, it serves as a test of Mr. Dooley's remark that the Supreme Court follows the election returns. It would not be surprising if Justice Hughes should veer somewhat with the winds of public opinion. But the change in Justice Roberts's attitude is more surprising, and seems too good to be true.

*

WE ARE SKEPTICAL ABOUT THE CHOICE OF Joseph E. Davies as the new Ambassador to Soviet Russia. At any time it would be curious to select for such a post a corporation lawyer, an old Democratic Party stalwart, the husband of the heiress of the Post breakfast-food millions. The Davies-Hutton wedding last year set a new high in America for ostentatious and conspicuous consumption. Surely there is an irony and a gratuitous mockery in setting up such an ambassadorial establishment in the one country in the world where private fortunes have been abolished. What makes the appointment not only

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bad taste but doubtful statesmanship is that the coming years will be years of world crisis centering in the relentless encirclement of Soviet Russia by the fascist powers. An American ambassador at Moscow will need not only wisdom and tact but sympathy for the institutions of the country to which he is accredited. Mr. Davies is a hard worker and a man of great tact and resource, but it is hard to find the roots of such sympathy in his career. What may have recommended him to President Roosevelt was his experience in business affairs. Perhaps the President believes that the task of the Moscow post for the next few years will be one of fostering trade relations, and that an ambassador not suspected of any untoward liberalism by American business interests will be strategically suited for such a task. But we cannot escape a simpler explanation. Mr. Davies, for party services rendered, was in line for an embassy. The only important vacancy was Moscow.

*

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR convention in Tampa is putting on a parade of spite, reaction, and plain self-seeking which will not be lost on the general public. The convention has joined its voice with that of John M. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine in branding the rank-and-file seamen's strike as "communistic." Mr. Green warded off a possible speech by the Spanish Ambassador by saying that the situation in Spain was "muddled." The fight of the Spanish workers, like the seamen's battle against self-appointed authorities, probably seems likewise "communistic" to the embattled craft-union brotherhood. The convention, however, descended to its lowest level in voting to boycott the label of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The A. F. of L. could scarcely have found a more despicable weapon in its fight against the C. I. O. Neither could it have found one more certain to prove a boomerang. Meanwhile the convention is not to be allowed, after all, to stew in its own spite. C. P. Howard of the Typographers has stated that his union may pull out of the federation unless the illegal suspensions are lifted. If Mr. Howard's lead is followed by other unions sympathetic to the C. I. O., the American Federation of Labor may come to realize that in fighting off industrial unionism, which means mass organization, it is writing its own death warrant. The C. I. O. might well picket the convention with the slogan: The A. F. of L. Is Unfair to Unorganized Labor.

*

EVEN THE NAZIS HAVE ENOUGH SENSE NOT to allow a winner of the Nobel peace prize to die in a concentration camp or a prison hospital. They anticipated the formal announcement of the award due in December, and released "unconditionally" the man who has come to symbolize the best that still survives of pre-Hitler Germany, Carl von Ossietzky. Our gratitude for his release must go first to the Nobel committee and the Norwegian Labor government, second to liberals and pacifists all over the world who have urged his name for the prize. The decision to honor Ossietzky took courage. Months ago the German government announced that it would consider it

an unfriendly act to award the prize to "a man imprisoned for his traitorous behavior." The Reich deserves no credit for a deed forced on it by world opinion and performed in a last-minute effort to save its face.

*

HOUNDED BY A CAMPAIGN OF CALUMNY IN the French rightist press, Roger Salengro, Minister of the Interior in the Blum government, committed suicide on November 17. There is no need here to go into the details of the charge against him of desertion in the war. His innocence was established by a government investigation and the proof substantiated by a special tribunal under General Gamelin, commander-in-chief of the French army. The charges were worth nothing in themselves except as a means of discrediting Salengro and through him the government. But even after his official exoneration, the press, led by the weekly *Guingoire* and echoed by a flood of leaflets and broadsides, continued its accusations. Salengro was the object of the right's especial hatred because, next to Blum, he was chiefly responsible for forcing industry to make concessions to labor after the stay-in strikes, and for disarming the Croix de Feu and drafting the legal curbs on the opponents of the Front Populaire. Three weeks ago we commented on the measures Blum will take to end personal defamation in journalism. Though too late to save a valuable life they will probably now be hurried to enactment. Whether the affair will grow into another Dreyfus or Stavisky case, splitting France from top to bottom, it is too early to say.

*

THE TUGWELL RESIGNATION ENDS ONE PHASE of New Deal history—the heroic days when a group of heaven-stormers (once called the Brain Trust) thought they could capture the Olympus where the money gods sat. It also subtracts another progressive from the rapidly dwindling number at Washington, and at a time when we can ill afford to lose him. While *The Nation* has in the past criticized the work of the Resettlement Administration, and while there is a solid base of fact for Paul Ward's acid comment elsewhere in this issue, we none the less deplore Mr. Tugwell's passing from public life. The ferocity of the tory attacks on him indicated, not that he was the monstrous radical he was depicted as being, but that he stood for an approach to the problem of government which the Liberty Leaguers recognized as a threat to their dominance. That approach was the rational planning of our economic life, whether on a capitalist base or any other. Mr. Tugwell did not always act consistently with such a view, nor was he in a position within the Administration to get much accomplished. It looked for a while as if he might eventually align himself with a farmer-labor party, and he has a following in the Middle West which would have brought strength to such a party. But his acceptance of a lucrative post as a business executive puts an end to such hopes. Molasses is a sticky substance, and any prospect of Mr. Tugwell's being able to detach himself from it to become a leader of the progressive forces seems very distant.

CAN A LAWYER IN CALIFORNIA DEFEND radicals with impunity? The president of the California Bar, in an article in the *American Bar Association Journal* of May, 1936, affirms the right of attorneys to represent persons accused of "communistic practices." But in the face of this statement the California bar association has ordered Leo Gallagher to appear on November 24 to show cause why he should not be disbarred. Although Mr. Gallagher was refused a copy of the charge as well as the name of the person making the complaint, he was accused of making improper statements about his opponent in the primary campaign for the office of Judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles. The complaint was made on July 15; nothing was done about it, however, until the election was over and the judge he had attacked for his anti-labor record was safely reelected. More than that, Mr. Gallagher was summoned to the hearing just after he had consented to defend the maritime strikers arrested in Los Angeles. Bar-association hearings are private; the standing committee which hears complaints against lawyers has lately been reconstituted and its new personnel has not been made public. Mr. Gallagher is well known as counsel for Tom Mooney and for the Sacramento criminal-syndicalism defendants, and as an American representative at the Reichstag-fire trial. One may suspect that for the California State Bar he is too well known. But disbarment of Mr. Gallagher will reflect discredit on his attackers rather than on himself.

*

WE PRINT IN THIS ISSUE A DEFENSE BY Representative Patman of the Robinson-Patman Act, for which he is largely responsible. The act has created a furor among manufacturers, retailers, advertisers, farmers, and cooperatives. Some of it arises from uncertainty on the part of these groups as to how an act seeking primarily to protect the independent merchant as against the chain store and the mail-order house, but framed in general terms, will affect them. Some proceeds from doubts as to its constitutionality and the details of its administration. Some has undoubtedly been stirred up by groups which stand to lose from the legislation. Mr. Patman's article will provoke wide discussion, and we are printing it to help clear up the controversy. We do not mean thereby to commit ourselves in support of the act. The issues it raises are profound ones. They involve the question of the best way to proceed against monopoly and price discriminations, the question of bigness in our economic life, the question whether the trend toward the integration of industry should be checked at the expense of the consumer and of efficiency in distribution. *The Nation* has in the past been skeptical of the anti-trust approach which personified economic bigness as the devil and turned its face backward to the simpler economic entities preceding finance capitalism. It has always seemed more important to us that the processes moving toward large-scale industry should not be arrested but controlled, and the whole eventually socialized. It is from this point of view that we shall publish next week a critical appraisal of the Robinson-Patman Act.

THAT LOVER OF DEMOCRACY, MR. HEARST, still occupies himself with his old alien-baiting activities. As soon as the deportation cases of Dominic Sallitto and Vincenzo Ferrero arrived at the office of Carol King, their counsel, a Hearst reporter appeared and asked why the men had not been deported and whether it was even then legal for them to remain in the United States. The answer, for the benefit of Mr. Hearst and our readers, is that it is still legal. Ferrero has appealed to the Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari; his case is therefore in the courts. Sallitto's deportation was affirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and has been taken back to the Department of Labor for reconsideration. Both men are accused of being anarchists. One of their misdeeds seems to have been the operation of a restaurant in Oakland, California, in a building which was also the mailing address of the anarchist newspaper *Man*, which discontinued publication in 1929. Ferrero is also accused of helping to distribute the paper; the charge against Sallitto rests on the allegation that at a meeting to discuss Marinus Van der Lubbe, victim of the Reichstag-fire trial, he acted as chairman and used these words: "We, members of the International Group [a so-called anarchist group] . . ." Four American citizens present at the meeting testified that Sallitto had not used those words; two months after the meeting an immigration inspector testified that he "recalled" hearing the words used. Both Ferrero and Sallitto are deportable to Italy, where it may be assumed that Mussolini's government will not make their reception pleasant.

*

SHORTLY BEFORE THE BELGIAN REXIST demonstration last month in which the leader, Leon Degrelle, was arrested, he excused himself from a meeting of his party on the ground that he was going to be absent for a few days "in pious meditation." It now appears that those few days were spent in pious conversation with Dr. Goebbels in Berlin. From the Berlin correspondent of the *Matin* the Manchester *Guardian* quotes in these terms the advice given by the expert to the promising beginner:

Work exclusively by parliamentary methods. Fascinate and terrify the crowds by painting the Communist peril in the darkest colors. Keep the ball rolling by resounding polemics. Send back every reproach like a boomerang at the head of your opponent. . . . Above all, know how to amuse and delight the crowd. Be more lively than the others; everything depends on that.

This is of course the stock in trade of every fascist barker, and our interview with Degrelle on another page shows that he has listened attentively to his teacher. But while the system worked with Hitler, it presents difficulties for Degrelle in Belgium and Mosley in England. In these countries there is no defeat in war to avenge, no Communist peril, no deep depression—all factors which helped German fascism. The Rexist demonstration ended in fiasco; the Black Shirt parade staged in London after Mosley, too, had been in communication with Goebbels

created a wave of public disapproval. Though by no means scotched, both movements have had setbacks which show that it takes more than oratorical juggling to establish dictatorship.

*

THE DEATH OF ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-Heink, contralto, grand opera diva, pet of the radio and motion pictures, must have staggered many who read of it. Not that the great lady had not attained a fulness of years to match her many other full achievements. From a debut nearly sixty years ago in "Il Trovatore" she went on to fame as Carmen and then to the climax of her art in Wagnerian roles. For many years in Berlin, Bayreuth, London, and New York an opera season was unthinkable without Schumann-Heink. But she had become almost legendary. Her deep, indefatigably strong and moving voice had come to be expected as the official Amen-maker of each Christmas tide, every Armistice Day, all occasions when air waves of dignified good-nature must descend upon all households of the land. She will be missed widely, periodically. Hollywood fought hard over her. It must have pleased her enormously, this sudden battle to perpetuate her, to bring her—from the top of her kindly old head to the soles of her mannish shoes—before the many millions of yet another public. German-American, she came with courage and eloquence to the American side in the war, and there remained, singing the Star Spangled Banner, somewhat to the peril of anyone who happened to be sitting comfortably inattentive within the radius of her devotion. Hers was no disembodied voice. Along with her art and her instrument, you had to take Schumann-Heink's personality. She was that nobly expansive Erda whom she loved best to sing in her last years in opera. She was Erda on all scales, including the vocal.

The Little World War Begins to Grow

ONLY confusion can result from an attempt to analyze the situation in Europe in its separate parts or from day to day. To understand any single event at any given moment it is necessary to understand the whole intricate mess. Perhaps the central fact to keep in mind is that a world war is even now in progress. In the streets of Madrid, in the sky above the city, at the port of Barcelona, on the seas that surround Spain, a war is being fought in which every important nation of Europe is engaged. They are calling it the "Little World War" in Paris. But its size should not be judged by the territory over which its legions fight; it should be measured by the magnitude of the powers engaged and the interests involved.

Had it been a genuine civil war the struggle between the fascist troops of Franco and the Spanish republican army would probably have ended early with the defeat of the

fascists. But it never was that. From the beginning, arms and planes and technicians flowed across the borders from Italy and then from Germany, to augment the inadequate rebel supplies. After the neutrality agreement came into being, the fascist flood continued, and finally, belatedly, Soviet Russia began to ship equipment to Madrid. Officially, of course, it is still a civil war. Germany and Italy have consistently denied their shipments to the rebels. Russia has denied similar charges, though it showed enough diplomatic honesty to announce that it would feel free to aid the Spanish government if the fascist powers continued to help Franco. And the Non-Intervention Committee has saved its face by deciding that none of the accusations has been proved—though all are known to be true. So that, behind a diplomatic false-face, a situation has developed in which Italy and Germany are waging undeclared war against Soviet Russia, both actively with guns and men on the soil of Spain and through charges and counter-charges and diplomatic maneuvers in capitals a thousand miles from Madrid. France is not yet physically engaged, although its sympathies are with the Spanish government and its interests are there, too. But diplomatically it is tied to Great Britain and emotionally it is torn between sympathy for Spain and horror of war, a conflict that divides and confuses the government itself and the masses that support it. As for Britain, it is following its traditional policy, the policy that always works so well until the fatal day when it fails to work altogether and complete catastrophe results. The government temporizes, pretends the war is a local affair, pretends the neutrality agreement is still effective; and meanwhile speeds up its armament program and is said to be negotiating secretly with the Spanish fascists in an effort to secure its interests in the Mediterranean in case of Franco's victory.

But the principal belligerents are going to make it difficult for any nation to continue to hide behind a policy of concession and compromise. During the past week Germany and Italy have recognized the "government" of Franco, though his mercenaries are still camped in the suburbs of Madrid; and the fascist general has utilized the prestige thus conferred upon him to announce a blockade of the port of Barcelona and even to demand from France the funds the Spanish government has invested there for safe keeping. Italy has followed its recognition of Franco by an announcement that under no circumstances will it permit a "Communist state" to exist on the Mediterranean. A loyalist cruiser has been struck by a torpedo which the government more than hints came from a German submarine. The British have decided to convoy merchant ships on the high seas.

Behind these minor maneuvers looms the anti-Communist alliance made or in the making between Germany, Japan, and Italy. An agreement between Germany and Japan has been ratified this past week in Tokyo; an understanding between the Reich and Italy was reached during Count Ciano's recent visit to Hitler; and the existence of a bloc pledged to fight communism is freely admitted on all hands. This cannot please Great Britain, whatever its sentiments toward the Soviet Union and the Spanish left. But it may easily frighten both Britain and

France into continued delay and hesitation. The militarist-nationalist powers have satisfied themselves that Great Britain can be cowed by threats and will accept accomplished facts. The weakness of the democratic states has become an axiom among dictatorships; and even Soviet Russia shares this reputation in so far as it has preferred peace to the defeat of fascism. Thus the Little World War grows bigger, and responsibility for its growth must be laid upon the nations that have refused to act at a time when action might still have saved Europe's peace.

The curious aspect of this tragedy is that every nation knows that the fascist states were determined to do what they are now doing. Yet each step in their progress toward the domination of Europe is greeted with mild surprise and treated as a detached incident, when political realism would demand that it be understood for what it is—a single maneuver in a general war.

Dismantling the WPA

HARRY HOPKINS and Rexford Guy Tugwell have generally been regarded as the Administration's left wing. Mr. Tugwell has yielded to pressure, and his program for rehabilitating the low-income farmer, inadequate though it was, is to be further curtailed. Now the enlightened relief policies of Mr. Hopkins are being subjected to the withering, if indirect, fire of old-line politicians. If this means that Hopkins is to be forced out, the President may look forward to a serious loss of confidence from his liberal supporters.

Today it is work relief, not crops, that is being plowed under in the name of the balanced budget. Once it was every third row of cotton. Now it is every fourth job in the WPA. A hint of the sweeping cuts that have already begun to be made came in the very first post-election speech of President Roosevelt, whose victory was swollen with the votes of relief workers. It was a speech calling on private charity to resume a responsible role in caring for the unemployed. Since then we have had James Farley's statement to the press in London on November 16 that the WPA is to be abandoned and relief shifted back to the local communities. At home, orders have been received by the directors of local projects to cut their staffs 25 per cent by December 15, and plans have been worked out by the government to eliminate 500,000 of the WPA's total of 2,400,000 by January 1. To pay the cost of relief until June 31, the end of the fiscal year, the Administration, it is reported, will ask Congress for \$500,000,000, which will keep the WPA going only if its program is reduced by 25 per cent.

Where the ax will fall in the general process of curtailment is indicated by cuts now under way. Reductions are not likely to be uniformly distributed over the entire country. Though the schedule calls for large cuts in the cities, it is more probable that in order to avoid organized protest the Administration will accomplish its objective by drastically reducing or completely liquidating projects in the rural areas, where WPA workers are

unorganized and lack the mass support necessary to exert pressure on Congress. We may also expect disproportionate reductions in white-collar projects, particularly in the cultural ones. This is unfortunate not only because the four arts projects have made a remarkable showing in proportion to their cost but also because actors, musicians, artists, writers, and white-collar workers in general will be the last to be absorbed by private industry just as they were the last to be taken care of by the government. Already in New York City 1,000 each have been let out from the theater and music projects; 800 have been dropped from the art project; the writers' project has been reduced by 16 per cent and is scheduled for a further cut of 26 per cent. We commented last week upon one of the most blatant examples of slashing without regard to need, which occurred when 850 white-collar workers were dismissed from the New York City hospital project despite the fact that their work of modernizing a dozen city hospitals is essential to the public health. When the city administrator, Colonel Somervell, received protests from all sides he offered to reinstate the workers in jobs at Fort Hamilton. Forts must be modernized though hospitals fall apart.

From other cities come similar reports. In San Francisco as many as 50 artists are said to have been laid off in a week, and California newspapers have announced that 20,000 WPA workers will be dropped. The writers' project in Oklahoma City has been asked to report on the "minimum number of workers needed to complete our 'American Guide' "—not the minimum number of workers who must be kept on relief. The Artists' Union of Boston reports that 100 art workers are to be dropped by December 15.

Now the groundwork is being prepared for the general dismissals. The process must be devious because of the resistance which a direct attack would provoke. Instead of direct dismissal, investigation of all New York's 214,000 WPA workers has begun. True, 90 per cent of them have already established their claim to relief either by being transferred from home relief or by submitting to some prior investigation, but the present survey is to establish their "current need," and it is significant that the "interview sheet" asks no questions about the debts of the relief worker who, it is hoped, will be found ineligible for relief. Presumably next month's survey will establish their next month's "current need." And the surveys will go on until the rolls have been pared to the bone.

What will happen then? Several procedures are open to the workers who are being dismissed because the election is over and a dividend recovery is sweeping the newspapers. They can go back to home relief, if they can get it. They can be reabsorbed by private industry, when, where, and if they find private industry offering jobs. Some of them, in their extremity, may do what Victor Brown and Goldie Larner did in New York last spring when they received the fatal pink slips—they may commit suicide. In the big cities the workers can and will put up a fight to be retained on the WPA. For the white-collar workers this is the only alternative; and in New

York at least they are so strongly organized in the City Projects Council that their protest may well be effective. Last spring when the WPA quota was cut 42,000, the white-collar men escaped with no dismissals largely because of their intelligent and courageous resistance. Workers in other cities have also found that organization is the most effective weapon. They must not hesitate to use it to its full strength. To that pressure must be added the voice of organized labor, which can ignore this new attack on the unemployed only at its own peril.

Tampa and the Future

THE Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Tampa has continued the suspension of the unions affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization in a resolution which makes a frantic attempt to put the blame on the C. I. O. for all that has happened. It recounts, in whining and hypocritical sentences, the aid the A. F. of L. has given to the estranged unions, which have now turned against their parent body. It says nothing of the long record of sabotage and actual betrayal which American workers, organized and unorganized, have suffered at the hands of the craft-union bloc. Its very tone reveals a desperate and authentic anxiety. This anxiety springs from the certain knowledge that the future of American labor lies with industrial unionism. It haunted the opening speech of President Green. The strength of the idea of industrial unionism is to be measured, in one sense, by the ferocity with which the C. I. O. has been attacked at Tampa, for this ferocity reflects the inroads it had made and is making in the minds of the rank and file even in craft unions.

The "unity" and "peace" which everybody would like to see brought about have been dramatized for the newspaper reader in terms of the personal ambitions of the leaders who find themselves at swords' points in this controversy. While this has made the issue vivid, it has also limited the perspective in which it must be seen to be understood. What are the larger considerations?

Industrial unionism is a technique of mass organization growing directly out of the system of mass production which characterizes our highly industrialized modern state. To the concentrated power of modern monopolistic industry labor must oppose an equal concentration and solidarity, which it can achieve only by organizing all the workers of an industry into one big union. Industrial unionism is the great natural weapon with which the human element in that system, the workers, can bring about in this country a political society that will correspond to our system of production. Through a combination of developments, political and economic, industrial unionism some three years ago burst out of its relative obscurity as a sound theory and emerged as a practical functioning technique for organizing the great bulk of American workers, hitherto unorganized but ripe for unionization. That section of the A. F. of L. represented by the C. I. O.—which includes spe-

cific unions already organized industrially and leaders committed to the principle—welcomed this development and seized upon the new prestige of industrial unionism as an opportunity to build a genuine national labor movement in contradistinction to a select club comprising 5 per cent of American workers. It was, naturally enough, rejected by those craft unions whose workers are best organized horizontally—and there are a few such. It was much more violently rejected by those craft unions whose memberships, if they were recruited on an industrial-union basis, would be enormously increased, to the peril of the ruling group.

William Green has often insisted that the A. F. of L. provides for industrial as well as craft organization. And certainly the intelligent and logical solution, granting that the A. F. of L. is sincerely devoted to the interests of labor, organized and unorganized, would be to allocate to the craft unionists those sections of labor which are best organized on that basis, and to the industrial unionists the workers in the mass-production industries. The trouble is that on any democratic basis the industrial unionists would command the great majority of workers, and the machinery of the American labor movement would pass into their hands. The craft unionists who now control the machinery will defend and are defending it with every weapon available: they deny that the issue is industrial unionism; they charge the C. I. O. with being communistic; and certain reactionary trade-union elements have even raised the race issue in the attempt to pry predominantly Jewish unions away from the C. I. O., arguing that Jewish unions cannot afford in the light of the anti-Semitic danger to be connected with a "communistic," un-American movement.

In view of the larger considerations here adduced and the day-by-day bitterness that has emerged from the political conflict involved, is there any reason to hope for genuine unity or peace?

Historically and practically, the only basis for peace is that the industrial unionists be given a free hand to organize the mass-production industries. Since the executive council insists that the constitution permits both types of organizing, it should be able to make this concession. At the moment, however, too many bridges have been burned. It seems very unlikely that the A. F. of L. would make such a concession openly, and the issue is so crucial and has been so well advertised that it would be difficult to find a face-saving disguise. It was equally unlikely, however, considering the essential lack of energy in the decadent and dwindling craft-union bloc, that the convention in Tampa should have taken positive action against the C. I. O. It has, to be sure, sustained the suspensions. This looked like action; is really inaction. To expel, on the other hand, would have obligated the executive council to the violent action involved in giving charters to rival unions and to the actual knifing of the industrial-union drive in every basic industry.

Industrial unionism must eventually win out, since it is stronger than its advocates. The A. F. of L. must permit the mass-production industries to be organized industrially if only because they *are* being so organized.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD



The End of Tugwell

Washington, November 23

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL has just decided to stop making America over, roll down his sleeves, and dip his hands in the molasses barrel. Tugwell was cast by fate for the role of the young and somewhat precious professor to be found on every campus, perching on a desk corner and delightfully impressing sophomore boys and girls with things that neither Marx nor Winchell knew till now. It is completely untrue to say, as has been said innumerable times in writing since his resignation was announced, that Tugwell was never one to quit under fire. On the contrary, he belonged to the tradition of Anatole France's necromancer. According to Sir Willmott Lewis, the London *Times's* incomparable Washington correspondent, France used to tell his friends of a certain necromancer who had power to change himself into a dragon and terrify the countryside. He exercised that power until one day, while in dragon's guise, he encountered St. George. Whereupon he changed himself into a rabbit and fled.

Tugwell has emulated the necromancer on various occasions. He always did so when the share-cropper situation in Arkansas was pushed up under his nose and the shadow of Senator Joe "Terror" Robinson loomed before him as an avenging St. George. He also did so when he was summoned before a Congressional committee and challenged as a deep-dyed radical on his right to appointment as Under Secretary of Agriculture. "I am a conservative," he replied. He several times offered to resign when the fire of his enemies inside the Administration

and out got particularly hot. Each time he yielded to Roosevelt's blandishments and remained, and he kept on yielding even after he had become convinced that Roosevelt no longer took him seriously and regarded him instead as an amusing bit of excess baggage that the Administration could afford to carry to keep the attention of liberals engaged. Tugwell began to tire rapidly of government service after he had been elevated from the post of an idea man to that of administrator of the resettlement project and was told to start putting into practice his ideas of proper land use and rural rehabilitation. As a man of action he proved to be a fumbler, and for more than a year the RA was a scene of administrative turmoil that defied the descriptive powers of pen, brush, or camera. Only the drought saved it from complete disintegration and gave it something about which to rally its forces, and here it followed a course carefully mapped out for it in advance by the FERA and the AAA. Tugwell's chief value to the RA—as to the Department of Agriculture—was that of a court favorite who was able to keep his pet agencies in funds and through his real or imagined pull at the White House protect them from raids by rival agencies. There is reason to believe that behind his decision to quit the New Deal were the waning of his influence at the White House and his weariness at the prospect of having to fight to keep the Resettlement Administration from being gobbled up by the Department of Agriculture or dismembered and parceled out among several departments. But the chief reason was that he had been offered a better-paying job with what looked like a more secure future; he could have stayed here if he had wanted to.

Don't be upset by the current reports that the Roosevelt Administration is about to make peace with the power companies and sell the TVA down the river. They are without foundation, and that statement stands despite the little speech that the TVA's chairman, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, made to White House reporters a few days ago after a conference with the President. It is altogether possible that Mr. Roosevelt's new-found satisfaction with the status quo—a satisfaction expressed in his note to the A. F. of L. convention and between the lines of all his other recent utterances—may in the end make him an easy mark for the power boys' seductive plea that if he will take the TVA off their backs they will loose a billion dollars in new capital expenditures and provide jobs for several hundred thousand men now clinging to PWA and WPA rolls and clogging the budget-balancing efforts. But up to the present moment this wooing has not elicited from him even so much as

a coy glance in the direction of the wooers, as they, privately, are quick to admit. More important still is the fact that most of them have lost faith in the ability of their own charms to turn his head and are waiting for the Supreme Court to do it for them.

It is unlikely that there will be any concrete developments in the situation until the Supreme Court says which side it is on. When the power magnates were summoned to the White House some two months ago to talk about "pooling" private and public power resources in the Tennessee Valley, Roosevelt cleverly choked off all discussion of the one thing the corporation representatives wanted to talk about—TVA competition in the distribution field. In all the negotiations that have taken place since that time, Commonwealth and Southern—one of the two big holding companies directly affected by TVA, the other being Electric Bond and Share—has not once been given an opportunity even to put forward the various proposals it has for peace. And of all the power companies involved, it is the only one ready to sue for peace. The others—Electric Bond and Share in particular—still are trusting to the courts to break the New Deal to their harness. Meanwhile they are making things as unpleasant as possible for Commonwealth and Southern for being the first to indicate a readiness to break and run before the flood tide of public ownership. They are even suspected of responsibility for the failure of Commonwealth and Southern's deal to sell its Springfield, Illinois, property to the municipal power system; and in their present state of mind they might also be expected to try to sabotage Commonwealth and Southern's peace proposals, since these involve the sale of some or all of the corporation's Southeastern properties to the TVA.

Tied to those proposals are some strings that the TVA is unable and unwilling to accept, but they represent the

first approach to a business-like statement of alternatives in what, barring Supreme Court intervention, is an inevitable clash between public and private utility interests in the TVA area. Various factors are responsible for the attitude taken by Commonwealth and Southern, and all of them are financial factors. Its Southeastern properties need new capital to meet maturing obligations and to construct new facilities. While the TVA conflict remains unresolved, these properties cannot get that new capital and they cannot take advantage of the present cheap money market to save themselves millions by scaling down their interest charges. In consequence, the holding company has had to advance them approximately \$20,000,000, and prudence dictates that it tighten its purse strings from now on. When the strictly business attitude that these factors have generated in the Commonwealth and Southern management removes the strings from the management's proposals and spreads to the other companies at war with the TVA, the Roosevelt Administration will be ready to dicker in earnest with them on a program aimed at the ultimate conversion of the Tennessee Valley into an area of exclusive public ownership and operation, the change to be achieved without loss to those who actually have put money into the development of the private companies now in the field. That at least is still the position of the TVA and the White House, and the strength of that position is not to be found so much at the White House as in the person of David E. Lilienthal, TVA director in charge of its power program. Lilienthal is a hard-bitten, hard-working empire builder with a crusading zeal different in direction but as cold as that the elder Rockefeller used to have. It is probably true of him, as some of the power tycoons say, that had destiny faced him in the right direction, he would have made an excellent Wall Street raider and bear-market operator.

Curbing the Chain Store

BY WRIGHT PATMAN

THE Robinson-Patman Act has been the subject of widespread discussion. But out of it all several questions have emerged that may still profitably be examined. What does this new law, which became effective June 19, 1936, really mean? What effects are already apparent? Will it really prevent price discrimination? Is it constitutional? Can it be enforced? How does it affect the consumer? What was the background of the law, and why and how did Congress pass it? Does it affect intrastate commerce, or only interstate transactions? How does it affect manufacturers, chain stores, independent dealers, "voluntaries," and consumer cooperatives? Does it help the farmer or hurt him? Will follow-up legislation be necessary, either in the states or in Congress?

As the member of Congress who introduced this bill in

the House, after conducting an investigation of chain stores versus independents, I am in a position to give what I believe to be accurate information bearing upon these questions. Let us go to Washington and look in on the drama that preceded the passage of the act.

ACT I

The scene: A conference room of the House of Representatives, occupied by the Committee on the Judiciary.

The time: 10 a.m., July 10, 1935.

Cast of characters: The committee, Hatton W. Sumners of Texas, chairman; Wright Patman, a Representative in Congress from the state of Texas; many other witnesses who desired to be heard either for or against the bill. (The dialogue has been abbreviated.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen, I assume you are advised with regard to the object of this hearing. Mr. Patman is here and I assume, Mr. Patman, you are ready to proceed.

MR. PATMAN: Yes.

THE CHAIRMAN: If you would like to make a statement now, we shall be glad to hear from you.

MR. PATMAN: We recognize, in the introduction of this bill, the rights of the chain stores and mail-order houses to do business. This bill proposes to give independent merchants of this country the same rights, privileges, benefits, and opportunities as the larger chain concerns receive.

I feel there is an evil existing in this country in our economic system. I speak specifically of the consolidation of food and grocery chain stores. Before a committee of which I am chairman, investigating lobbying activities of certain large concerns, it was disclosed that only 18 per cent of the cash business of the food and grocery business in 1933 was done by independent stores, including volunteers.

Therefore, the cash business is done by corporate chains, and that has caused this situation to result: You have a chain store on one side of the street that is getting special benefits, special discounts, special commissions and bonuses, and they are able to put the same goods on their shelves as the independent across the street puts on his shelves at about 20 per cent less.

The day of the independent merchant is gone unless something is done quickly. We have reached the crossroads; we must either turn the food and grocery business of this country—and that is just one division—over to a few corporate chains, or we must pass laws that will give the people an opportunity to exist. We want individual units, independent business; we want to encourage independent business.

MR. MICHENER (Congressman Earl C. Michener, Michigan, a member of the committee): You mean all along the line?

MR. PATMAN: Absolutely—all along the line. We know when a few people get control of the food business, or any other business, what they are going to do—tell the producer what he can get for his products, and tell the consumer what he must pay for what they sell. Right now is a critical time. This Congress should determine whether they are going to give the independent merchants a chance to live, or whether they are going to let them be frozen and squeezed out of existence by unfair methods of competition.

ACT II

Scene: The same.

Time: February 7, 1936.

Additional characters: Hubert Utterback, Iowa, chairman of the Subcommittee on Bills to Amend the Clayton Act; O. M. Kile, representing the Mail Order Association of America; Congressman U. S. Guyer, of Kansas, a member of the committee.

MR. KILE: . . . so it looks to me as though you are headed straight into a maze from which there is no exit...

MR. UTTERBACK: Mr. Kile, by that statement do you

mean that we might just as well throw up our hands and quit, not try to do anything to stop the present trends? Is that what you mean, not make any effort at all? No matter what we do, you are going to lick us?

MR. KILE: I would not say that; no, sir.

MR. UTTERBACK: We have the anti-trust laws, we have the Federal Trade Commission Act, and we have our Clayton Act. What have we accomplished by them?

MR. KILE: Naturally, the Federal Trade Commission has considerable powers . . .

MR. UTTERBACK: You say we are getting into a maze and that we cannot do anything.

MR. KILE: The Federal Trade Commission has certain powers, but I think, coming right down to it, that there is no need for any act; that it will solve itself. You were shown a few days ago how a retailer, who is really a retailer and not a man who will sit off and wait for the trade to come to him, can take care of himself. You were shown how 20,000 retailers were consolidated through cooperative agencies into buying concerns that got the very same discounts on nearly all of their goods, and they did not . . .

MR. GUYER: In order to get the benefits, they are forced into those organizations, or similar ones?

MR. KILE: Yes. Is there any reason why, in this day of cooperative efforts of all kinds, the local retailer should not have that responsibility?

MR. GUYER: The question is, must we all go into a chain—some kind of a chain?

MR. KILE: Do you feel that Congress has a responsibility to the man who will not recognize that things have changed from the days of his own father and will not cooperate and go along with modern methods of doing things? Do you feel that you have much responsibility for that individual? He has it in his own hands to get the same discounts as these other groups.

MR. UTTERBACK: We are not trying to take the place of inefficiency and ignorance and extravagance and bad credits. All we are trying to do is put all business on a basis of equality. It seems that no matter how efficient some manufacturers are, or some merchants are, no matter how hard they try, they are gradually being put out of business; not because of ignorance or inefficiency or bad business methods, but are absolutely being put out of business . . .

MR. KILE: Well, I certainly do not see that we have arrived at the point in this country where we ought to legislate a man into a permanent business.

ACT III

The third act of this political drama is well known. Congress did decide to give the independent merchant a right to live, and President Roosevelt signed the bill on June 19, 1936.

As finally passed, the act is a consolidation of the provisions of the various bills introduced in Congress by Senator Robinson, myself, Senators Borah, Van Nuys, and others. H. B. Teegarden, attorney for the United States Wholesale Grocers' Association, drafted the original bill. Before and after its introduction many changes

were made. Mr. Teegarden, I consider, is the best informed attorney in America on anti-trust legislation. For many years he was Assistant Attorney General of the United States, handling anti-trust matters, and represented the government before the Supreme Court of the United States when the Packers' Consent Decree cases were satisfactorily settled by a consent decree in favor of the government. The Robinson-Patman bill amended Section 2 of the 1914 Clayton Act, defining unlawful price discriminations, and supplemented the act by eliminating brokerage allowances, except for services actually performed, and advertising and other service allowances, unless made available to all purchasers on proportionately equal terms. The bill was designed to prevent arbitrary discrimination in the course of interstate commerce as a result of which sellers conferred substantial competitive advantage upon some customers and not upon others; in other words, to restore equality of opportunity in business without penalizing service and efficiency. The law allows different prices to competitive purchasers from one manufacturer when such differences are based upon "differences in the cost of manufacture, sale, or delivery resulting from different methods or quantities in which such commodities are sold or delivered." So the law does not specifically prevent all price discrimination and is not a price-fixing bill in any sense.

Our probe of chain stores during the summer of 1935 disclosed that over half of the net profits of one chain-store concern in 1934 were realized from secret and confidential rebates, amounting to \$8,000,000. The law was intended to correct such practices, and it is already doing so.

A letter from an independent dealer in New Jersey is typical of hundreds that I have received since the Robinson-Patman law was passed. He wrote: "I have noted that the differentials between chain stores and myself as a retailer have been drawn closer together than ever before," and added that the wholesale prices he was paying on coffee, flour, sugar, and lard had been reduced and that he was passing on these savings to the consumer.

After the bill was signed, one big tire-manufacturing concern canceled a huge contract with a mail-order and chain retail concern, ending a price discrimination which the Federal Trade Commission had been unable successfully to control. Other manufacturers are also terminating contracts which had been damaging them, their employees, and the consumer. As a direct result, small business is expanding, new buildings are being built and vacant ones occupied, men and women are being employed, the farmer is being aided by getting a fair return for his crops, the buying power of consumers is being protected, and they are getting lower prices because monopoly has been checked and competition increased.

There is little question about the act's constitutionality. It is backed up by the Interstate Commerce Act and the Clayton Act, both of which have been accepted for more than two decades.

Three complaints charging violations of the Robinson-Patman Act have already been filed by the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice, and five re-

spondents have been named. An automatic enforcement clause in the act provides that any person or firm discriminated against may sue for threefold damages—costs, interest, and attorney's fees. The criminal penalties provided by the law include a fine up to \$5,000 and imprisonment for not more than one year.

A jobber or manufacturer who sells to customers within the state, none of whom buys for shipment into other states, is unaffected by the act, which attempts only to regulate interstate commerce in accordance with the Constitution. However, if a jobber or manufacturer buys from a manufacturer in another state, or from one in the same state who sells also to customers in another, he becomes potentially subject to the provisions of the act in case that manufacturer discriminates in favor of him or against him.

No doubt many of the states will adopt measures similar to the Robinson-Patman Act. The associations of retail druggists and retail grocers are at this moment preparing a model bill for introduction in the various state legislatures. I am also testing out sentiment in regard to a bill which would prevent a manufacturer from operating a retail business and a retailer from engaging in manufacturing. This bill has been prepared, and I may introduce it early in the next session of Congress.

The belief has become widespread that consumer cooperatives are exempt from all provisions of the Robinson-Patman Act, but this is not so. The final section of the act protects the distribution of cooperative earnings or surplus among the members. In the dealings of cooperatives with others they share the protection provided by the act as to equal treatment. There is nothing which distinguishes cooperatives either favorably or unfavorably from other agencies, as far as their dealings with others are concerned.

Owing to an effective campaign, which received practically all of its backing from retailers, the small press, and trade journals, the people of the nation demanded that Congress save the small business man from oppression. I spoke before hundreds of trade groups, telling them how to exert influence for the bill. We were supported in our stand by druggists, grocers, wholesalers, and others, including many individual consumers. Independent merchants from all over the country, 3,000 or more, came to Washington on March 4, 1936, held a mass-meeting, and interviewed their representatives in Congress, urging them to work for the Robinson-Patman bill. On April 30 the Senate, without a record vote, approved the Robinson bill, which had been amended several times; and on May 28, the House, by a standing vote, approved the measure 290 to 16. After both houses had adopted their measures, the legislation was sent to final conference, where a dangerous provision in the Senate bill, which would have allowed "discrimination . . . made in good faith to meet competition," was eliminated. A Senate provision exempting raw materials was also taken out, thus preserving a means of protecting the farmer and other producers from pressure by the chain stores exerted through the factories. Congress approved the conference report shortly before the President signed the bill.

What I Expect of Roosevelt

GERALD P. NYE

I AM quite at sea when undertaking to guess what will be the probable course of the Roosevelt Administration during the next four years. There are so many reasons why it ought to continue energetically progressive, and at the same time so many evidences that frightful pressure will be brought to move it rightward. That the progressive gains already won will be held I have no doubt. Federal relief will of course be greatly restricted, but it must continue indefinitely. Restriction of a harmless nature can come through the weeding out of undeserving cases, and experience should make possible the elimination of a good deal of waste through consolidation of administrative agencies. Since acquaintance with local problems is essential in successful administration, a way must be found to increase local assistance. I expect to see larger requirements levied upon the states for meeting their relief obligations.

Farm gains won during recent years must be supplemented through greater aid to cooperative effort, crop-insurance plans, and easier agricultural credits. Keeping in mind the utilization of available water resources now being wasted, the conservation and flood and drought emergencies must be fully met through large federal aid. The restoration of marginal lands to their original forest purposes must continue.

Social security must be carried forward to a point where the aged can count on having enough to maintain themselves in comfort and decency. That seems to me a prime necessity.

Labor must share more largely in the earnings of industry. Reduced hours with a resultant spread of employment seem now the only adequate approach. If there is an attempt to revive the NIRA, it must be with the strictest provisions against the possibility of monopoly enlarging its control and with provisions insuring greater precautions against the adoption of trick codes by industry.

Reciprocal trade agreements must be watched lest the American farmer become the goat through an endeavor to aid the foreign trade of American manufacturers. Rigid control over exchange markets should prevail, but here I fear reverses. Further banking reform with larger governmental control over the Federal Reserve system is essential, but I do not expect to see this accomplished.

The ensuing years are going to see the Philippine problem in our lap again. The islands cannot possibly carry the load which in the name of national defense is being wished on them by our American military minds, who don't like the idea of our getting out of the islands. As a result of this burden the Philippines will want to come back on the old basis. When that desire is expressed we should be prepared to counter with the strict stipulation

that the islands provide every penny of the American military budget alleged to be for their defense.

The largest field for progressive action is offered by the prevention of war. America must not be drawn into other peoples' wars, to the destruction of whatever economic balance may have been restored after the last war. A strict neutrality policy of a mandatory rather than discretionary type must be resorted to if we would avoid seeing our appetite for trade outweigh our appetite for neutrality and peace. While the maintenance of an adequate national defense is essential, Americans must now recognize it as the cloak of interests profiting from mad armament races. Strong legislation against the influence of profit both in war and in preparation for it is very necessary, but I fear that in these fields the Administration will be found painfully compromising.

An Administration never had a finer opportunity to go forward in an intelligently progressive way. Let us hope that the opportunity will not be dodged.

EARL BROWDER

IT is clear that in the elections the American people voted for something more than the middle-of-the-road policy of President Roosevelt. He has himself stated that they gave "a mandate in unmistakable terms." It is the opinion of the Communist Party that it was a mandate against reaction and fascism, for democracy and peace, and for a general improvement in living standards.

The reactionaries are well aware of the implications of this mandate. They realize that they must use very clever maneuvers to recover from the serious blow they suffered in the elections. The sweeping character of their defeat smashed their plans for challenging the validity of Roosevelt's election. Hence the spectacle of Hearst crawling on all fours, the sudden magnanimity with which the employers give pay increases, the amorous bout between Rockefeller and Farley, and the many offers of peace to Roosevelt by big bankers and industrialists.

The Liberty Leaguers are obviously changing their clothes and their tune in a new effort to curb the forward movement of labor and the people. They are worried over the growing consciousness on the part of labor that now is the time to march forward to greater independence and achievements in the economic and political fields.

The people voted for very definite things, things which Roosevelt promised both directly and by implication in his speeches. It is an encouraging sign to all progressives that the American workers indicate they are determined to take advantage of the favorable oppor-

tunities created by the election results to augment their power economically and politically. This is shown by the big marine strike, by the organizing activity in steel, automobiles, textiles, clothing, and other industries, by the increasing demands for higher wages and shorter hours, by the formulation of labor and social legislation, by the rising demand for an active peace policy, and by the strengthening of the farmer-labor movement all through the country.

The present push on the part of labor shows that the election results in large part were due to the sharpening of the class struggle, and that this now accelerates the regrouping of the people along class lines. The seeds of the future American People's Front and the Farmer-Labor Party were sown in the election campaign; their fruits are becoming visible and should play an important part in the 1938 elections. We have not yet a people's front, but we have the conditions for its formation.

If the forward movement of the people is to succeed, then labor, farmers, and middle-class people must make demands upon the Administration and back up these demands with independent action on the economic and political fronts. While the reactionaries have received a setback, they have by no means been routed. They still occupy important posts within the Administration and the Democratic Party. The reactionaries will increasingly use the tory wing of the Democratic Party and the Supreme Court; they will exert pressure on the Roosevelt Administration to realize those objectives which they were trying to achieve by electing Landon.

The danger that reaction will reconsolidate its positions makes it imperative that all progressives support labor in the organizing and wage drives, support the unemployed in their efforts to win adequate relief and jobs, support the struggle of the Negroes to win full equality in every field. Now is the time to go full steam ahead, to strengthen every progressive force and build the Farmer-Labor Party.

In the elections labor was united as never before in its determination to defeat Wall Street. Independent and semi-independent movements of workers and farmers registered great progress and were largely responsible for the sweeping nature of Roosevelt's victory. On the basis of these advances, with the increased confidence and class-awareness of the workers, and with the present favorable situation, it is the duty of every liberal, progressive, and radical to pitch in and help labor in the organizing drives and to help build a party of the people—the Farmer-Labor Party.

THURMAN ARNOLD

STATEMENTS of the future course which the Administration should take without regard to the political factors involved are of no use to anyone. Successful action depends upon an accurate appraisal of the political support which the Administration can expect. With respect to that support one thing is clear. The people demand national leadership and national policy with regard to social problems which four years ago were regarded as beyond

the proper scope of government. They will support an Administration which attempts, through organizations which it creates or controls, to step into areas where private enterprise is unable to operate effectively. On the other hand, there is little indication of a desire to change the theory of government. The Constitution is still an important unifying ideal and the Supreme Court its most important symbol. Private industrial corporations are still the backbone of our system of distribution. The voters are asking for new activities but not for new theories. With respect to these new activities there is little agreement on anything definite. The general demand that something be done about credit, labor, agriculture, investments, housing, and public utilities becomes a clash of conflicting interests when specific plans are mentioned.

In such a situation a broad announcement of plans would be suicidal. Such announcements are needed when public morale is at a low ebb and when faith and slogans are required as they were in 1933. In such times the price in terms of confusion and disillusionment which must always be paid is not too high. Today there is no need to pay that price.

Therefore the next four years can be devoted to building efficient organizations which can take advantage of a changed conception of the function of government. We have enough new ideals. We need to build organizations which can carry them out. For example, the Social Security Act will take care of itself so far as amendments are concerned as soon as a nation-wide organization is able to instill confidence and respect. The same is true in other new fields of government activity. Private industry should be conciliated. This is important, because although men may die for principles they live through organizations. Organizations never become efficient and disciplined in times of heated debate.

ROGER N. BALDWIN

IF ONE accepts the New Deal as a collection of devices for making capitalism work better, it is evident at once that the framework within which change can take place is narrowly limited. The New Deal, after its tremendous indorsement, will undoubtedly keep moving in the direction of a more workable capitalism. Such a capitalism means increased purchasing power, more stable labor relations, increased social security, and the maintenance of unemployment relief. It may mean extended government ownership or regulation.

In all these fields the United States is still behind the most progressive capitalist countries. Even the New Deal measures which embody these reforms lack the thoroughgoing character of, let us say, the British and French precedents, to say nothing of the Scandinavian.

I have no fear that the Administration will capitulate further to the tories. They have been buried. The field is clear for further experiment. How far left—that is, toward the interests of producers and consumers as against property owners—the Administration will go depends upon how much pressure is exerted. The new movement for organization of labor in industrial unions is in

my judgment the most promising basis for this pressure, as well as for the building up of a political party expressing the class interests of organized producers. Without such economic and political pressure New Deal reforms will continue to be compromises or shams. Such pressure, too, is essential if one of the great obstacles to reform under capitalism is to be overcome, namely, the veto power of the Supreme Court. One of the outstanding needs of the moment is a powerful movement for curbing the power of the court by a method based on maximum agreement.

In the field of civil liberties I expect no more interference by the New Deal than in the last four years, and that is slight. But resistance by employers and Tories and drives against Reds are to be expected in a world beset by insecurity and fear. Yet with democracy still flourishing vigorously, as it does in the United States, the road is open to the building up of popular forces.

ERNEST K. LINDLEY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S course will depend on circumstances and pressures. Any forecast must be made subject to two questions: Shall we remain at peace? How much farther will the present surge of recovery extend? In the event of a general European war I expect Roosevelt to resist the economic and emotional suction that would be applied to us. I believe that we could remain neutral, but I am not confident that we shall. At best, a general war abroad would set in motion currents at home which might drastically alter the present political and economic scene.

Roosevelt's major problem now is to maintain or accelerate the present upward trend of production, thus reducing unemployment and balancing the budget. He probably will be conciliatory toward business and industry, without sacrificing his explicit and implied pledges to labor and other special groups. An "era of good feeling" is dependent on the acceptance by employers of collective bargaining where employees want it and of maximum hours, minimum wage, and anti-child-labor legislation where it is needed. So long as the recovery curve is upward, Roosevelt probably will concentrate on rounding out definite reforms which he already has begun or has publicly projected. If the curve turns downward, he will put forward or accept further reforms. I believe he will move ahead steadily with such long-range programs as conservation, reduction of land tenantry, cheap electricity, and possibly housing.

Unless Chief Justice Hughes and Associate Justice Roberts heed the election returns and vote consistently with the liberals, or unless some of the conservative justices retire within the next few months, Roosevelt will deal with the problem of the Supreme Court. I doubt that he has decided what to do. But apart from keeping us at peace and filling out the present program, the clearing of judicial or constitutional obstructions to the continuing process of readjustment by democratic means is probably the most important contribution Roosevelt can be expected to make during his second term.

UPTON SINCLAIR

IN THINKING about President Roosevelt, and what he is likely to do during the next four years, I always recall a statement he made to me: "Mr. Sinclair, I cannot go any faster than the people will let me." Several friends tell me that he has made the same statement to them; so evidently it is a formula of his. Such a formula may be either an evasion or an elementary truth of political procedure under a democracy. In either case it is permission to those who believe in a planned economy to go ahead and educate the public and build up a demand for the change.

I take it that our present business prosperity is a product of government borrowing and spending, and that it would collapse immediately if the borrowing and spending were stopped. I take it that our ten million unemployed are still with us, and will be with us for the remainder of the profit system's life. I take it that Roosevelt, or any other President elected by the people in their present mood, with such a large part of the sources of public opinion in the hands of the capitalist class will go on borrowing and spending to make prosperity as long as that course is possible. That is the easiest way, and not until the last dollar has been borrowed, and the last deflation of the debt has taken place, will anything basic be attempted.

Our great danger in the meantime is war. I take it that Hitler and Mussolini cannot starve their people indefinitely, and that they will not permit themselves to be overthrown without having a fling at using the glorious machinery of destruction which they have built up. When war starts, all our manufacturers will have an opportunity to make money again, and they will clamor for the right to do this. There will be no way to prevent it, except by declaring embargos, and that will mean such collapse of business that no patriotic President will find it possible to take this step.

Whether our democratic system can stand these strains is a grave problem, and I do not profess to know. All that I can do, with what little power I have to reach the public, is to try to educate the people to a program of production for use by and for the unemployed as the simplest and most obvious way to begin the change. That seems so plain to me that I cannot but believe that it will finally become plain to the masses. Our experiment in California proves that the people will understand this program if it is explained to them. But, of course, it may be that the profiteers have too tight a grip upon the thinking of America and that they will drive ahead under the impulse of their own blind greed and plunge us into world war, which can have no possible final outcome save revolution—perhaps preceded by civil war and fascist counter-revolution.

These are the issues which will be decided during the next four years; and how Franklin Roosevelt acts in relation to them depends upon how many citizens there are in our country who are willing to take the trouble to study these questions and understand them, and spread the understanding among the victims of capitalist newspapers, radio, and moving pictures.

The Ambulance-Chasing Game

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

DURING the past five years ambulance-chasing in this country has increased to an almost unbelievable degree. The depression caused many lawyers who otherwise might have confined themselves to honest legal practice to turn to this method of making money. In considerations of the subject attention has been centered on the lawyers themselves, their betrayal of a noble profession, their bribing of doctors, juries, witnesses, and even judges, their mulcting of the insurance companies. But this is only one side of the story.

The real victim of the practice, in most cases, is the poor claimant—the man, woman, or child who after suffering an injury intrusts his case to an unscrupulous lawyer. It is commonly believed that the claimant in any action conducted by a shyster lawyer is part of the fraud, possibly its inspiration, and that exaggerating an injury in order to obtain greater compensation is the natural reaction of an injured person. Investigation into the methods of ambulance chasers has disproved this.

New York's first criminal investigation of ambulance chasing and shyster lawyers is now in process. The investigation is being handled by the District Attorney's office, through a new department, called the Accident Fraud Bureau, created for that purpose, headed by Assistant District Attorney Bernard Botein. Since the formation of the bureau four months ago more than 5,000 cases have been investigated; and virtually the whole blame, the evidence thus far has shown, may be placed on the shyster lawyers and their paid "runners."

"As long as there are crooked lawyers and runners they will breed crooked claimants who ordinarily would shrink from committing larceny," Mr. Botein informed this writer. "Most victims of accidents are from the underprivileged classes. They are ignorant, credulous, and often hungry. Unscrupulous lawyers or runners fan the spark of avarice latent in most human beings. They persuade the claimants—often only by means of prolonged argument—to change the details of the accident so as to pin negligence fraudulently on to the defendant. They overcome his moral scruples by telling him that it really isn't wrong, as the only one hurt will be a wealthy insurance company. He is informed that 'everyone does it.' The fraudulent doctor joins the shyster lawyer in urging these tactics. This dissipates the remaining qualms of the poor, ignorant claimant, in whom an abiding reverence for professional men has long existed."

The thesis has often been advanced that ambulance-chasing lawyers fill a need, that if it were not for them poor claimants would be robbed pitilessly by the cold-blooded insurance companies. This also is a fallacious theory, for every investigation into ambulance-chasing conducted in this country has disclosed that shyster

lawyers, far from allowing the claimant to have even a moderate share of the spoils, first rob the defendants in negligence cases and then turn around and as heartlessly rob their own clients.

The shyster's client is the foreigner, the illiterate person, the frightened denizen of the slums, who probably never has had contact with the law, who fears pathetically all things connected with it. He would no more try to fight his lawyer or dispute his actions or advice than an African savage would rise against his local witch doctor. If he should try to protest against the actions of the shyster, he would find himself pitted against an efficient, wealthy, close-knit professional class that wouldn't bother even to laugh at his efforts.

The unscrupulous attorneys who practice negligence law may be divided into two classes. In one is the large firm that employs several so-called investigators on a salary-plus-commission basis. The investigators, who are really only chief runners, employ as sub-runners a number of persons in a position to note accidents—hospital internes, generally penniless, hospital orderlies and switchboard operators, policemen, ambulance drivers, taxi drivers, and the like. In the other is the small practitioner who buys his cases from independent runners. These men peddle cases about among lawyers, selling to the one who can give them the best price and is best fitted, racially or by religion, to handle the case. A fracture case in which the runner has obtained the signature of the injured party to a retainer agreement with the attorney's name left blank can be sold for from \$150 to \$500, depending on the severity of the injury, the degree of negligence of the prospective defendant, and the latter's financial means.

It works this way: Within half an hour after an automobile accident the information is relayed by one of the sub-runners mentioned above to the runner. In most cases the runner, through a system of petty bribery, has access to hospital wards when even members of families are forbidden to enter. The injured person may be only semi-conscious. Possibly he is delirious. The runner talks fast. He has seen the accident; he mentions the street corner, the details. If members of the family are present he includes them in his confidence. It certainly was a shame! How much longer will reckless drivers be allowed to go around hitting people? It certainly was a fortunate thing that he happened to see the accident. Has the injured person a lawyer? He hasn't? Well, he knows just the man, a man with a humane outlook who has devoted his legal career to aiding the unfortunate, underprivileged victims of automobile drivers' carelessness. (If more than one runner is interviewing the injured man, they will pause to argue among themselves about

who got there first. One runner will finally win out. He may be the better arguer or he is of the same nationality as the patient and can speak his language. Perhaps he is of the same religion.) All the victim has to do is to sign this piece of paper. He will receive enough money to make him comfortable for life.

Once the injured person's name is on the retainer, he's licked. In the first place, he has associated himself with a shyster lawyer, and most shyster lawyers are known to the insurance companies. Thus he has already stamped his claim as a fraudulent one. Secondly, the average shyster insists on 50 per cent of the final settlement, and this is stated in the retainer.

The shyster now gets to work. He communicates with the insurance company or the private defendant and instructs his medical accomplice to appear on the scene. This doctor immediately orders the removal of the patient to a "private hospital," where his injuries can be altered to taste. The suit is filed, usually for some fantastic amount. The victim is told not to worry, that everything is being arranged.

In the great majority of cases, with the great majority of shyster lawyers, the suit is never tried in court. The ordinary shyster is interested in effecting a quick settlement. In this phase of the job he often works hand in hand with the insurance adjuster, who, fearful of the result if the case should actually get before a jury, is himself anxious for an out-of-court settlement. Many legitimate claims, which might net the claimant a substantial award if presented honestly in court, are sold down the alley for quick settlement by the shyster lawyer.

After the settlement is effected, the shyster determines the division of the spoils. His own 50 per cent cut is taken immediately. Of the remaining half he allocates large parts for doctors' fees—always padded—witnesses, investigations, examinations, and other expenses. If the poor claimant, who probably is still suffering from the effects of his injuries, gets one-fifth of the settlement for himself he may consider himself extremely lucky. Under this system, everyone is made to pay for the work of the shyster. The claimant gets a negligible amount. The insurance company is mulcted. The future premiums to be paid by other automobile owners are increased. And the aroma of fraud created by the whole process poisons the attitude of insurance companies and judges toward claimants who come into court represented by honest attorneys.

In reporting on the more than 5,000 cases which have been investigated by his bureau, Mr. Botein said, "We found conclusive evidence of fraud in the initiation or development of *over two-thirds* of these cases." In one law office, the head of which has been indicted, more than \$200,000 a year was collected from insurance companies. In New York insurance companies must pay money to 174 persons for every 1,000 automobiles insured in the city annually. The average settlement is \$297. Ordinary liability insurance (\$5,000 protection for injuries to one person, \$10,000 for two or more) costs \$95 a year in greater New York. In Philadelphia the companies pay annually 178 persons for every 1,000

automobiles insured. The average settlement there is \$202. Philadelphians get the "5-and-10" policy for \$50 a year. The automobile death-rate in San Francisco is almost twice that of New York City, but insurance companies have to pay only 37 persons for every 1,000 persons injured. The average settlement is \$626, and the same policy sells for \$40.

Fifty per cent of the negligence cases in New York courts are handled by 2 per cent of the lawyers of the city. The work of these shysters, it must be obvious by now, knows no bounds of truth or fact. One of the most glaring cases uncovered by the New York investigation was brought into court by a lawyer who profited to the extent of \$50,000 annually from his ambulance-chasing practice. In this case a man lost control of his car, raced across the white dividing line of the street, and crashed into a man who was driving properly on his side. The man who lost control of his car and caused the collision—on the wrong side of the street for him—was severely injured.

Two policemen appeared on the scene, made a report on the accident, and specifically stated that the accident was caused by the injured man's hurtling across the street and crashing into the other car. This report was duly recorded on the police blotter. It would seem that the driver of the second car was pretty safe. But the injured man, who had caused the accident, decided during his stay in the hospital that it might be a smart thing to sue the other man. He offered the case to several lawyers. They all investigated and then laughed at him, pointing out that he had caused the accident and would be lucky to escape suit himself.

An ambulance-chasing lawyer took the case. First he paid the two policemen \$100 each to testify that in the excitement of the accident, unnerved by the groans of the injured man, the crowds, and so on, they had made a mistake. What really happened, they were told to testify, was that the injured man was driving along on his own side of the street when the *other car crossed the white line and struck him*. One of the policemen offered to have a friend also appear as a witness, and she too was paid \$100 to tell that tale. Fantastic? The case went to court and the injured man collected a substantial amount. The fraud was not discovered until the lawyer's whole practice was investigated.

One too clever runner, now also under indictment, probably ranks as the cream of the lot. By paying a not inconsiderable weekly sum he was permitted to wear an interne's uniform in a hospital and walk around the halls with a stethoscope in his hands. He attended a number of recent victims of automobile accidents, sat by their bedsides—he was a fine-looking man—and gently conversed with them about their mishaps. It was all very unfortunate, he agreed. It was worse, he said, when he found out that the injured person was not legally represented. No lawyer? Well, it wasn't his general practice to recommend lawyers, but here was such a flagrant case of driver recklessness that he just couldn't bear to see it go unpunished. Now he happened to know just the man, a lawyer who . . .

The Belgian Hitler

BY HANS HABE

Brussels, November 12

A STAY of only a few hours in Brussels is sufficient to make one acquainted with Léon Degrelle, the Belgian Hitler, for whom more than 300,000 votes were cast at the last election. His portrait is offered to the foreigner at every bookstall; the great boulevard paper *Pays Reel* reproduces three times a day his youthful head, that of a boy rather than a man.

Degrelle's party is called the Rexist Party; the leader himself is generally referred to as Rex. When I went to interview him, Degrelle was at the top of a ladder, hammering nails into the wall of the new building the Rexist are putting up near their old house in the narrow Rue des Chartreux, behind the market where fish, stockings, flowers, and neckties are sold at bargain prices.

"Rex" was not alone. There was movement to and fro, many men were busily occupied. He gave orders frequently in a tone of command. Most of the men wore the ribbons of the World War, and each had an arm band with the word REX on it in red letters, under the design of a dragon. On the unfinished walls hung posters announcing meetings; on each was depicted the face of the young man before me on the ladder, always with a light shining around him. I saw an amiable young man of about thirty, with frank blue eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and a mouth turned up at the corners. His lips gave him at once a youthful look and a look of defiance.

"You must talk to me here," he told me. "I have no office. I have not a room yet, and we must build very quickly. That is why I am helping my comrades."

He did descend from the ladder, but he walked ceaselessly up and down during the interview. I accompanied him to the mason's; I waited while he finished with the painters and the joiners. The surroundings gave the impression of a theater just before the rise of the curtain.

"We Rexist," declared Degrelle, "consider that the greatest political error of our time, the one which permitted the development of communism, was opposing to the rising bolshevism a capitalism that was mortally stricken. My party is as much the enemy of one as of the other. We also want a new society. But instead of lowering the general standard of living, we wish to raise it; instead of making all men proletarians, we wish to raise all proletarians to a position of human dignity. Only the narrowest conservative could believe that a period such as ours, with its formidable technical progress, can be held within its former social and political limitations."

"Then, M. Degrelle," I said, "you preach a revolution of the lower middle class?"

"I do not deny it. The middle classes have been sacrificed all over the world. I do indeed preach the revolution of the middle class. I preach it in the strictest sense of the word, for I am opposed to all violence."

"Yet you are thought to be a fascist."

"What is a fascist? Mussolini is called one and so is

Hitler. Yet I cannot find any resemblance between them. Or is everyone who enters the lists for order and peace a fascist? I am a fascist, though actually I do not believe that fascism is an article susceptible of transference from one country to another. The desire for internal order and a desperate resistance to bolshevism take different forms in every country. I agree with the Italians and Austrians as to the necessity for the corporative state. But, to cite one difference among many, our Belgian state will give first importance to the family, which in other fascist countries plays a secondary role. We hold that the father of a family ought to have as many votes as he has children under voting age. We desire to give every preference to large families. The father must guard his children and work for their future. It is therefore just that he should have the right to vote for them. The family is the first, and the corporation the second article of our charter. The state takes third place. After that you can call us fascists if you wish."

"In your opinion, M. Degrelle, who are the greatest European statesmen?"

"Mussolini, Hitler, and myself. Doubtless you will consider me a megalomaniac. But believe me, only the living, persuasive force of a man can create a movement that will sweep away obstacles, that will conquer with the speed of a thunderbolt. . . . I prefer Mussolini to Hitler. Moreover, our program more closely resembles the Italian than the German."

"The idea of race does not enter into our program. Our movement was from the beginning Catholic. It is generally believed that our name 'Rex' connotes a faith in the monarchy. That is not exact. We Rexist are wholehearted partisans of the monarchy and expect to strengthen it by our accession to office, but our motto comes from 'Christus Rex.' We began our crusade under the emblem of the cross. This fact alone distinguishes us from the German National Socialists. We make no distinction of class, religion, or language."

"You obtained a phenomenal vote at the last election. Can you tell me the secret of your success?"

"I do not know this secret. Ask the great leaders of history what was their secret. From all of them, as from myself, emanated a fluid subjugating the masses. As soon as Mussolini or Hitler begins to speak, a spark springs from him which lights the flame in the hearts of his audience. I was born in the south of Belgium; I admit that I am descended from a lower-middle-class family. I have studied the humanities, law and philosophy, and certain literary movements. Even when I was a student I commanded the attention of my comrades. I worked then as I work today. At present I direct my party and at least once a day I write the leading article in our paper, the *Pays Reel*. I can mount the platform three times a day and deliver each time a great speech. It may be that work is my secret."

"What are your plans for the future? Can you overthrow the left parties at present in power in Belgium?"

"I give you my hand on it—in six months I shall control all the principal instruments of power."

With this conclusion, Degrelle took up his hammer and began again on the nails.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ARTISTIC New York has lately enjoyed an art exhibition of extraordinary interest. Paintings, drawings, and sculpture by the women of five generations of the Emmet family were brought together at the Arden Gallery for the benefit of the Art Workers' Club for Women. No such showing has, I am sure, ever been made by a single family anywhere else, and it is impossible to recall another family which in any line has displayed talent for five successive generations, except perhaps the Adams family in our public life. But the talent in that tribe has been vested in the men—with all respect to the extraordinary character and force of Abigail Adams. In the Emmet family the talent has almost invariably continued on the female side. The Emmet men have been solid and worthy but undistinguished, save for one of the younger generation of today, Robert Emmet Sherwood, the playwright, who is the son of Rosina Emmet Sherwood, one of the five painters of the third generation. The works of no less than thirteen artists were on show, with Lydia Emmet and Ellen Emmet Rand the most brilliant of the portraitists—they have all run to portraiture. The sculptures were those of Julia Townsend, the granddaughter of Rosina Emmet, of the fifth generation from the Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet who came to this country with her family from Ireland in 1804.

Ten of these gifted women are now living; two of them are members of the group not by descent but by marriage. Frank Crowninshield writes that the masculine quality is strong in the painting of all of them, particularly in Lydia Emmet and Ellen Emmet Rand, "whose portraits . . . are characterized by strength, dignity, and traditional good-breeding." He also adds correctly that another of their family traits "is the rare gift of honesty, of sincerity; taste, too, is an essential characteristic of their work—an unerring instinct for what is balanced." They have beauty and sensitiveness, too, and a remarkable power to create a living portrait. I have never anywhere seen so extraordinary a likeness as that of Richard Aldrich by Mrs. Rand; and one could not desire to own a lovelier picture than hers of Mrs. Gardner Stout.

But I was not merely compelled to admiration while at the exhibition. I could not help thinking again of all the talent among the women of mankind that was bottled up and undeveloped through the centuries when woman's place was considered to be the kitchen alone, when those women who dared to break the bonds and to find vent for the inner urge for self-expression often did so at the price of becoming social outcasts, the "unsexed females" that agitated the world three or four generations ago. What affects me even more is the thought that if the prevailing political tendency on the Continent con-

tinues unchecked we shall again see humanity deliberately turning back to the dark ages and restricting the activities of women to the rearing of children for cannon fodder and the keeping of the home for the warriors. That is the objective of the National Socialists in Germany, headed by Hitler. They have already severely restricted the attendance of women at the universities, and by enlisting girls from twelve years up in the ranks of the Nazi youth organization, they begin early to impress upon them their ideals for womanhood. If they have not as yet deprived German women of the ballot, that is only because Hitler has done away with real elections and everybody is compelled to vote one way. If it becomes necessary for the dictator in the future to permit a certain amount of democracy, we may be absolutely certain that the ballot will be taken away from the women of Germany. Only those who bear arms will be permitted that privilege.

I do not need to stress the folly of this procedure. I do not believe that in the modern world it will be possible to reduce women to the level of brood mares. The very fact that all the dictators propose more and more to make use of women as auxiliary members of the war machine makes me believe that those women will some day, when the pendulum has swung back, demand the right to be active in other fields. For us Americans the objective should remain not less freedom but more—freedom for women to live their own lives and to engage in any enterprise to which they are drawn, to set up their own standards, to support themselves, even when married, on equal terms with men, without any discrimination against them by private employers or by the state on the ground that their husbands also have the privilege of earning their living. It is to me incredible that there are actually American women who think that we ought to have a Mussolini or a Hitler in order that we may be properly disciplined and coordinated. The very first victims of fascism are the women, not only because they are at once written down as inferior persons save for the function of child-bearing, but because their men folks must either become the automatons of the state or run the risk of being torn from those they love and thrown into the nearest prison or concentration camp.

If I have wandered from that exhibition which I began to talk about, it is perhaps because I was so impressed by its worth and what it signified. It was not a showing of amateurs or dilettantes but of artists of recognized standing, commanding and deserving high prices, asking no favors because of their sex, and gladly challenging comparison with anyone. It was as heartening as it was unique.

BROUN'S PAGE

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green

THE *Herald Tribune's* Walter grows less interested in straight news and pays increasing attention to gossip. One of his best columns in the closing weeks of the Presidential campaign was about the King and Wally. But I like Mr. Lippmann better when he really sticks to the facts and does not rely wholly on persiflage. For instance, I did not think that the humor of his piece entitled "Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green" was heightened by its lack of factualness.

Mr. Lippmann seems to be under the impression that the problem of industrial unionism is as recent as the beginning of the NRA. He overlooks the ancient roots of the question and pretends to see the struggle as a personal quarrel between Lewis and Green. The commentator chimes in neatly with the smear campaign which is intended to convince the public that the head of the United Mine Workers of America is actuated wholly by selfish ambition. John L. Lewis is an ambitious man, but it so happens that the objectives which inspire him concern the welfare of millions of workers in America.

Mr. Lippmann writes, "This is not a fight therefore for the control of the existing unions. It is a fight for the control of unions that are at present scarcely more than paper organizations."

Now as a matter of fact, the C. I. O. has already enrolled something like a hundred thousand steel workers. This is rather more than paper. But Mr. Lippmann's error is even more fundamental. He speaks of Lewis and Green fighting for the right to organize the mass-production industries. It is true that William Green has made some recent statements as to the intentions of the A. F. of L. in this direction, but past history proves that the federation under the leadership of Green either will not or cannot carry on the campaign. It is therefore not a fight to see who is to organize these industries but a struggle over whether they are going to be organized at all.

Such feeble gestures as Green has made of late are wholly the result of pressure from the C. I. O. It is a dog-in-the-manger attitude which the federation has taken. In effect the A. F. of L. has been saying, "We won't, and we defy you to try." It is no secret that Mr. Green and most of his associates have no desire to increase the membership of the federation. They want a small static organization. By maintaining the status quo they assure themselves of their jobs. Holding a majority in the convention largely by the support of the carpenters, Green will not welcome a batch of new delegates.

Again it seems to me that Walter Lippmann is either ill informed or desperately unfair in promoting the fallacy that the C. I. O. drive is a one-man movement conceived solely in the mind of John L. Lewis. Even within the ranks of the United Mine Workers the drive has

drawn very much from Brophy and Murray. And in the associated unions Hillman, Howard, Gorman, and Dubinsky have contributed to the primary idea and to the strategy. It is quite true that John L. Lewis is the Babe Ruth of the labor movement, and it is easy for the lazy reporter to make a showing by covering the whole complicated situation in terms of the personality of one man.

I thought Walter Lippmann was made of sterner stuff. Am I wrong in assuming that once upon a time he pretended to write in terms of fundamental tides and deep-seated economic currents? I have said that Lewis is not a solitary leader but that he draws aid and inspiration from his associates. Naturally I should go a good deal farther than this. The drive for industrial unionism is not founded on any man's whim or notion. It has arisen out of a mass necessity. To me Lewis seems a brilliant leader, but he could hardly start for first base if the time were not ripe for the new development.

Mr. Lippmann says, "The main uncertainty in the whole situation is whether the Administration is really backing Mr. Lewis or whether Mr. Lewis thinks he has the backing of the President because he has backed the President. As long as that uncertainty exists, the internal struggle in the labor movement will continue, and union labor will go through the ironical experience of becoming deeply divided because the government tried to help it too much."

John L. Lewis is not as naive as all that, and in all fairness to William Green neither is he. Mr. Lippmann suggests that the whole plan of action by the C. I. O. rests on the assumption of Presidential support. I say flatly that this is untrue. During the campaign Franklin D. Roosevelt made no public statement of his attitude in regard to the labor split, and there are no secret treaties. Lewis has been around too long to put all his trust in princes or Presidents. Of course, he feels that the triumph of Roosevelt was a victory for labor, but he does not regard it as the final conflict. Of course—adopting a familiar formula—John L. Lewis feels that Roosevelt more than any recent Executive understands and sympathizes with the objectives of labor. But John L. Lewis would be a fool if he had any notion that Roosevelt was about to hand him a blank check, and Lewis is not a fool.

I'm not dealing in theory; I can point out what the United Mine Workers did when the NRA first came along. Some unions were harmed by this set-up because they got the idea that like the Indians they had become wards of the government and could sit back and let federal agents solve all their difficulties. Not so the United Mine Workers. Lewis and his associates realized that the promise of Section 7-a would be decidedly useful in promoting a membership drive. But they certainly did not leave that to government officials. They went out and worked harder than ever before. HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Song of the Little Death

BY FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

(Translated by Rolfe Humphries)

Mortal lunar meadow
And blood under the ground.
Ancient bloody meadow.

Yesterday, tomorrow.
Mortal grassy heaven.
Light and sandy darkness.

There I met with Death.
Mortal earthy meadow.
Tiny little Death.

The dog on the roof top.
And my lonely left hand
Crossing endless forests
Where the flowers wither.

Cathedral of the ashes.
Light and sandy darkness.
Tiny little Death.

Death and I, a man.
A man alone with her,
Tiny little Death.

Mortal lunar meadow.
The snow heaped high and sifted
Across the very doorway.

A man, and what? I told you,
A man alone with her.
Love, light, and sand, and meadow.

blood of prejudice—with the unreasonable love for every individual, whatever his persuasion, whom Chesterton knew well, and with an equally unreasonable hatred for those who never found individual places in his heart; the theosophists, for instance, he continued to dislike "because they had shiny pebbly eyes and patient smiles." It is the most intimate record we have of the man in our time who has been most like Dr. Johnson; Chesterton himself thinks that Belloc is the man, but his own impromptu remarks to George Wyndham on the subject of Japan are irrefutable evidence: "I distrust Japan because it is imitating us at our worst. If it had imitated the Middle Ages or the French Revolution, I could understand; but it is imitating factories and materialism. It is like looking in the mirror and seeing a monkey." It is enormously good-natured and intelligent, and so of course it is amusing.

But like any other book of Chesterton's it is organized about an idea which to him is serious and important. If the idea in the present case arises from an image, and seems never to be separable from it, that is only saying that Chesterton is after all a literary man, perhaps even a poet. The idea is that he never ceased being a child; that the author of every one of his books was a child; and that the reason for his having always been right in a lifetime of argument was that he saw the world as a child sees it. Chesterton knows that this must be explained, for there is nothing about which we are hazier; and indeed he devotes the whole of his book to explaining it, beginning with a very early experience and reviewing all subsequent experience in its light. The early experience was with a peep-show his father had made for him, and in particular with the vision one day of a young man about six inches high crossing a bridge over a chasm in order to reach a young lady who looked out of a window in a castle. What he fell in love with here was the definiteness of the image—the clear distinctions between mountain, castle, bridge, and chasm; and if the image remained with him to his death it was because, as he says, "all my life I have loved edges; and the boundary-line that brings one thing sharply against another." A child for him is not what it was for Robert Louis Stevenson, a creature with a cloud about its head, a creature dreaming and pretending. Grown men pretend and dream, and obscure distinctions; children, on the other hand, see things in "a white light" that "cuts things out very sharply" and "emphasizes their solidity." It is only a child who can see an apple tree as an apple tree, just as it is only a man with a child's brain who can see England as England. Most men, or at any rate most Englishmen, see it as the Heart of the British Empire. Chesterton, who always kept things limited in his mind, and little, was therefore not an imperialist. "I had no use for an empire that had no sunsets."

Socialism was obnoxious to him for the same reason that imperialism was; "both believed in unification and centralization on a large scale," whereas he believed in multiplicity and smallness, and had preserved in himself that childish love of limits which makes us all more or less enjoy reading "Robinson Crusoe" and which moves most of us to invent prohibitions where there are none—the prohibition, for instance, against stepping on every other paving-stone. The book is little more than a list of the things which Chesterton loved, because, to quote a phrase of Donne's, they had been reduced or could be reduced "to a brave clearness." "I like

Chesterton as Child

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G. K. CHESTERTON.
Sheed and Ward. \$3.

CHESTERTON'S last book is being advertised as amusing, and among other things it is that. It can be read without effort. It contains dozens of first-rate epigrams. "The principal objection to a quarrel is that it interrupts an argument." "Religious liberty might be supposed to mean that everybody is free to discuss religion. In practice it means that hardly anybody is allowed to mention it." "Bernard Shaw . . . is seen at his best when he is wrong. Or rather, everything is wrong about him except himself." "All [boys] tend to three things: to going about in threes; to having no apparent object in going about at all; and, almost invariably speaking, to suddenly attacking each other and equally suddenly desisting from the attack." It is warm with the life

practically all kinds of English weather," he says somewhere, "except that particular sort of weather that is called 'a glorious day.'" This would be because clear skies are boundless. And so on into more important matters, the chief of which for Chesterton was of course his religion.

The story of his conversion is best understood against the background he furnishes here of the search he made, as every Englishman of his age did, for Truth. The search consisted for most of them of getting together in lecture halls and drawing-rooms and arguing. For Chesterton at last it was a wilderness of words, a jungle of incompletes and ill-defined ideas; freedom of thought in the modern world finally presenting itself to him as the freedom to think badly. Wearying of freedom, his own no less than anybody else's, he looked about for a garden instead of a wilderness; and found it in the Catholic church. Here, utterly surrounded by limits, he felt utterly alive. He could understand, for instance, why a priest had once said to him: "The Fall is the only cheerful view of human life." And he could be especially thankful for the child's mind in his vast body which had always, even before he knew he was a Catholic, taken things "with gratitude" and not "for granted."

He liked to think that he had always been a Catholic because he had always been clear. It is surely not necessary to believe this; or to suppose that praise of the one thing has anything to do with praise of the other. However that may be, the mind behind this book must be praised. It is one of the most attractive minds let loose in our time, and this book is one of its completest expressions.

MARK VAN DOREN

Savage Messiah

REASONS FOR ANGER. By Robert Briffault. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

THOUGH many of Robert Briffault's premises derive from the Marxian critique of society, he is hardly a representative of classic Marxism. In his zeal to condemn our political institutions for their basic inhumanity, he fails to distinguish between necessary historical advance and its attendant evils, between truly progressive forces and downright corruptions. With such strident simplifications of history, all of civilization is soon reduced to a huge blot on the escutcheon of man which can be erased only in a new social order created by the proletariat. Thus it is the destruction rather than the transformation of the past which Briffault is advocating, and he is committed to a pigeonholing of history into a dark past which has witnessed the triumph of stupidity over the natural intelligence of man, and a bright future reversing this formula. Undoubtedly this division has certain conveniences, especially for drowning the past in a sea of vituperation, but it obscures the process of social change, which requires the long and gradual accumulation of the forces of revolt.

Given his absolute rejection of the bourgeois world, it was inevitable that Briffault should ride roughshod over all fields of culture, proving with invective, when analysis failed, that the arts and the sciences are tied to the purse strings of capitalism. "With uncanny æsthetic sense," writes Briffault in one of the essays, "the whole of literature, art, science accord in their least modulation with the interests of good business." Apart from the palpable absurdity of such a remark—how would Briffault explain the very real achievements of science and literature?—it amounts to a denial of tradition, with each "bourgeois" writer inventing a new system of apologetics, and

each "proletarian" writer fumbling childlike at the foundations of a new world. In fact, Briffault would deny the bourgeoisie any constructive role whatever in history, to the point of insisting that any reference to the French Revolution as a "bourgeois revolution" is a misnomer, since the fighting was done by the "people," who are somehow distinguished from the "bourgeoisie." And it is but one step farther to denying, as Briffault does in the essay *Is Man Improving?*, that there has been any social progress. Has history been marking time all these years, awaiting the signal for emancipation?

What is especially distressing in these essays is that, in the name of human intelligence and of a more civilized world, Briffault invokes a critical method which can only nurture and sanction dogmatism. One can certainly agree with him that not all opinions are equally tenable without jumping to the conclusion that "differences of opinion are now known to be not a matter of private judgment but of private property." For surely there can and must be differences of opinion among "propertyless" intellectuals, whose numbers are legion, and even among avowed Marxists, unless we believe that there are truths which can be accepted prior to thought and experience. Similarly, Briffault's jibes at a "judicial attitude" and at liberalism—he refers to it in one place as "the residuary legatee of the Christian church"—go beyond mere disagreement with the social premises of liberalism to an impatience with any processes of thought which do not arrive at conclusions which Briffault can indorse. This zeal to abolish stages of belief leads one to suspect that his intransigence is but the mask of his dogmatism.

It is a tribute to the philosophy which has influenced Briffault that, despite the inflexibility which constantly warps his analysis, many of his ideas carry as much conviction as they do. Sometimes the sheer energy of statement, when it is not turned into a shrill rhetoric, gives credulity to his arguments, but in the end the force of his doctrines is dissipated in his riotous assaults on our cultural heritage. What a proud but futile isolation is implied in this statement of credo: "I believe that any form of compromise is today a waste of time and energy!"

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Success Story

FREMONT OLDER. By Evelyn Wells. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$3.

AMONG the dozens of writing men and women throughout the country who have known and worked with Fremont Older, it would be difficult to find one who could write of him with that combination of personal appreciation, critical objectivity, and social insight needed to give significance to his story in relation to his time. The disarming quality of his personality and the glamor of heroic personal journalism which remained about him to the end defeated critical examination. It was a unique tribute both to his personality and his reputation that the last phase of his career evoked only a legend of personal frustration in liberal circles; that even among the most intransigent radicals his uncritical alliance with the Lord of San Simeon aroused no epithet more bitter than "sentimentalist." Officially, at least, that alliance had its beginnings in the Mooney case.

The biography of Older by Evelyn Wells is an official biography in more ways than one. While Miss Wells is too good a reporter ever to become fulsome, her book is a labor of love by one who knew Older intimately during the last sixteen years of his life and who shared both his editorial point of

view and his personal standard of values—including his admiration for their common employer. Coming under Older's influence as a very young "cub," Miss Wells is the last of that long line of women feature and serial writers—including the author of "the immortal 'Chickie'"—developed under his tutelage. If parts of the story come as a shock to those who knew Older only by reputation as an "embattled liberal," that is the fault not of the biographer but of those who have endowed the Western editor with a social philosophy which he never—at any time in his career—possessed.

The career of Older—devoid of those deeper and more impersonal implications which could make of his biography a significant sidelight on the history of American journalism—is an Alger tale of a poor boy who came out of a clearing in the Wisconsin wilderness and rose to the position of editor-in-chief and president of the Fiction Board of the entire Hearst newspaper chain. With the omission or even the proper "treatment" of the Mooney episode, it could—and possibly will—make excellent screen material. There is nothing unorthodox now in those dramatic graft exposés and anti-railroad fights which made Older's reputation on the old *Bulletin*; or even in his preoccupation with prison reform, his friendships with publicans and sinners, his contempt for stuffed shirts, and his flouting of journalistic precedents.

Miss Wells writes freely and excitingly of all those melodramatic episodes with which his fighting years were crowded; of his crusading fervor (before his "victory" in the San Francisco graft prosecutions taught him the futility of such crusades); his profound sympathy with the individual under-dog, particularly if he or she were a convict or a prostitute; his horror of war and of man's cruelty to man and animals; that almost professional pessimism which he shared with his friend Clarence Darrow. She barely mentions Older's vice-chairmanship of the American Civil Liberties Union and omits altogether—as might be expected—his pre-war friendships among the Western wobblies and labor-anarchists. It was one of these who once called Older a "Jesus-thinker," and like those other "Jesus-thinkers" of the time—Darrow, Steffens, and Hutchins Hapgood—Older was as fascinated by the hard-boiled, direct-action, instinctive labor militants as he was impatient of any social or economic philosophy. But all these attitudes and activities added together did not—in Older's case—constitute a point of view. They were merely the many facets of a unique, honest, and courageous individual and a great popular editor.

Older's withdrawal from the *Bulletin* in 1918 and his acceptance of Hearst's offer to "come to the *Call* and bring the Mooney case with you," was a national sensation in both newspaper and labor circles. Older—and his biographer—are unquestionably correct in believing that in accepting this offer he was maintaining his own integrity. The *Bulletin's* ultimatum to abandon the Mooney case gave him no other choice. For all the rest of his life he never doubted the disinterestedness of the Hearst offer or faltered in his admiration for the man who made it. Both Hearst and Lord Northcliffe—who cabled the *Call* his congratulations—knew that the man in the street cared little—one way or another—about the Mooney case; and Older, who had already fathered most of the features of present-day journalism, including the "confession story," was a circulation-builder *par excellence*. He was something more. With his reputation and prestige as a fighting liberal and a friend of labor he was exactly the decorative note which the Hearst press needed. They could afford to let him have the Mooney case. Granted this, he was "as free as any editor can be" because he had no further fight to make.

Probably because she does not recognize the phenomenon,

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING

This collection of Lincoln Steffens's writings from 1927 to 1936, completed just before his death, provides valuable addenda to his great AUTOBIOGRAPHY. For here is a record of his rediscoveries of the America in which he lived for the last decade, his reflections upon the current scene, his penetrating, alert, humorous commentary on happenings around him. Dedicated to "perplexed students, teachers, statesmen, businessmen, crooks, and artists," it is a trenchant and unorthodox book which is typical Lincoln Steffens and therefore necessary to large groups of readers.

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Illustrated, \$5.00

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Miss Wells does not attempt to rationalize the irony of Older's position during his last few years while the *Call-Bulletin* (Hearst had bought the declining *Bulletin* years before) was becoming the embodiment of red-baiting reaction. Older had long since ceased to be more than a name on the editorial page, and the paper was run by hard-boiled young executives under the direction of John Francis Neylan. But the editor commuted each day from his beautiful 200-acre ranch in the Santa Cruz foothills, wrote an occasional reminiscent column, read fiction for national publication, and visited regularly at San Simeon. In 1934, when the San Francisco press under Neylan was being whipped into a fury of vigilantism, I went to an interview with Older, sickened with pity and embarrassment for his position. It was quite gratuitous. He talked of Dennis Kearney and early California history, of his garden, of the beauties of San Simeon. The clamor outside apparently did not touch him. He had done his job; he had earned a rest. It was foolish to ask more of him.

Miss Wells has told her story with reportorial accuracy and complete sympathy. It would also be foolish to ask more of her.

LILLIAN SYMES

Clown or Hero?

SALAVIN. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by Gladys Billings. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75.

FOR all the excellence of its characterization, the clarity and finish of its style, M. Duhamel's novel—or, to be precise, collection of novelettes—leaves one a little confused. This is not due to the peculiar form in which it is cast; loose and episodic as that undeniably is, the novel nevertheless adheres strictly to a single theme. Each of the four novelettes emphasizes the hero's sense of maladjustment to the world he lives in; two of them are concerned with his efforts to compensate for this by achieving a heroic identity. But what makes M. Duhamel's story appear to split in half is the obvious and inexplicable change that takes place, somewhere in the middle of the book, in the author's own attitude toward his subject.

Clearly it was M. Duhamel's original intention to depict a "sad clown"—one of those unfortunate souls eternally lost between the grandeur of his aspirations and the ineptitude of his performances. With such tragi-comic material M. Duhamel would seem especially fitted to deal. He has all the precision, irony, and penetration characteristic of French authors; he knows how to preserve the right balance between pathos and comedy—and in his comedy there is that mixture of truth and extravagance, of the repetitious and the unexpected, that belongs to comedy at its best. The novelette entitled *Salavin's Journal*, in which *Salavin* decides to become a saint, and in which his efforts toward sainthood end in the most ludicrous blunders, is a masterpiece of wry humor. With the conclusion of this episode, however, M. Duhamel devotes himself to the tragic implications in his tale; and the effect he thereby produces is not only out of line with the impression we have already formed of his hero; it is in itself unconvincing. Perhaps the most tragic thing about heroes of the *Salavin* order is that we can believe in them only so long as we are not required to take them seriously.

In *The Lonnais Club*, we are required to take *Salavin* very seriously indeed. Yet tragic as this section ought to be, it fails to rouse us to anything like the pitch of compassion we felt after reading the most ridiculous escapades of the early *Salavin*. End of Illusion tends to alienate us even farther from *Salavin*—who appears, in this concluding section, to have developed

into something of a prig. In any case, we cannot forgive M. Duhamel for allowing this creature of papier-mâché perfection to triumph over the real *Salavin*, the erring little clerk whose appeal to our sense of humor was not more valid than his claim on our sympathies.

HELEN NEVILLE

Hindenburg and the Kaiser

THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS. By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

WOODEN TITAN, HINDENBURG IN TWENTY YEARS OF GERMAN HISTORY, 1914-1934. By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. William Morrow and Company. \$5.

IT IS hard to see the reason for this new volume on the Kaiser. That it is well written goes without saying, since Mr. Benson is the author; but it is not based on any newly discovered evidence. The citations are from the letters of Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick, from familiar biographies and other well-known sources. Nor is there anything fresh in the point of view. Mr. Benson portrays the Kaiser in the worst possible light and adds one more to the many indictments drawn against him. The book's merit is simply that of a compact statement of the Kaiser's relations with England, and especially with his English cousins. Here and there he corrects an author like Emil Ludwig, Prince von Bülow, or Baron Eckhardstein, but in the main the narrative proceeds along orthodox lines with many passages of extreme bitterness. Not that one could write about this extraordinarily unhappy and direful man without intense feeling, so dreadful is his record of inefficiency, weakness, egotism, inconsistency, selfishness, cowardice, and total failure to live up to the opportunities of his high position.

Mr. Benson stresses the fatal effect upon the Kaiser of the accident at his birth, when the bungling surgeons maimed his left arm, thus creating a disability out of which grew his inferiority complex and his delusions of grandeur and greatness. He also correctly interprets the relationship of the Kaiser to his tragic mother. He points out repeatedly that the Kaiser could not act honestly at any time. Indeed, Mr. Benson feels that the Kaiser's attitude toward England, especially during the South African War, was that of a treacherous and crafty enemy. Masking his real purpose under the guise of friendliness, "he adopted," says Mr. Benson, "the crookedest of methods, he appeared to devise hostile combinations of other powers, he reared bogies to terrify England, he used tricks to which no straightforward man would condescend, but these were in accordance with his diplomatic methods, and in every case they were devices to further the accomplishment of his sincere desire to be allied with England." He knew how to dissemble his love—with a vengeance! The strange contradictions in the Kaiser's "most exasperating character" are all set forth—for example, that "side by side with his intimations of omnipotence and his incurable inferiority complex" there was "a childlike eagerness to be appreciated." He even did not resent being told the most unpalatable truths to his face, provided it was done with tact and friendliness. The narrative stops with the coming of war, but the Kaiser's existence at Doorn is recorded in his own words as that of "an outcast by the vile intrigues of the British statesmen." Mr. Benson concludes thus: "He loved England still—there was the pathos of it—even as he had always loved her. Treacherous and black-hearted though he held her to have been, he had never succeeded in killing that love."

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's biography of Hindenburg, who in

the end will probably turn out to have had an even worse influence on the fate of Germany than the Kaiser had, is an elaborate book of 500 pages, and it leaves little more of Hindenburg's reputation than Mr. Benson's book does of the Kaiser's. It brings out in complete detail the relations of Hindenburg to Ludendorff and to General Hoffmann, the real brains of the Russian campaign. It shows how Hindenburg stepped into a situation at the Masurian Lakes which made it easy for these three to plan victory. Later on this "spiritual marriage with Ludendorff," as Hindenburg himself termed it, became the undoing of Hindenburg and of the German people. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett gives credit to Hindenburg for having stronger nerves than Ludendorff and for keeping his head clear and his courage undiminished in several critical moments when Ludendorff went to pieces. But he shows how these two men finally came to dominate both the war policies and the German people, with the results which always follow when military men take control of a country. It was they who made and unmade chancellors and decreed the fatal submarine warfare. That was where the Kaiser failed? He always crumpled up when Ludendorff and Hindenburg placed the dagger, in the shape of their resignations, at his throat.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett does not conceal that weakness of Hindenburg's character which led him to agree to the surrender and then to place the responsibility for his act upon others. He takes the part of General Groener, the unfortunate scapegoat who, under Hindenburg's instructions, had to ask the Kaiser to abdicate and leave the country when the Field Marshal himself did not have the honesty and straightforwardness to tell the truth. He thinks that Hindenburg was essentially treacherous and untrustworthy, and he sets forth clearly how the President was responsible for the undoing of the republic and the rise of Hitler. Naturally a good deal of his account of the final years is based upon rumor and hearsay. He uses, for example, the story that Hindenburg in his latter years thought that a marching column of Brown Shirts was composed of Russian prisoners, though there can be no verification of this and much more. But he is very clear that Hindenburg violated his oath of office and betrayed his country.

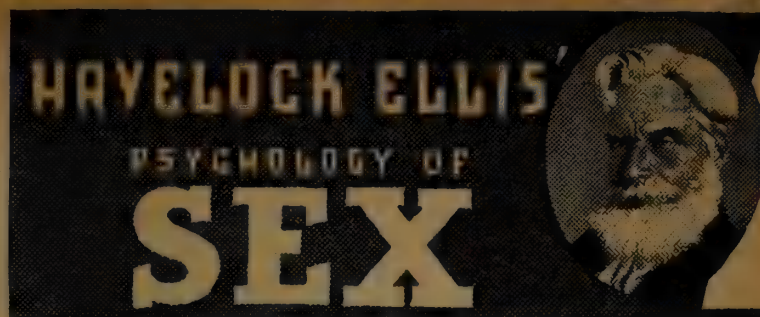
Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has done a great deal of research and examined a mass of literature and documents, and as he has had the advantage of being in Germany frequently during the post-war period he is able to record facts of his own knowledge and observation. However much his book may be corrected by future revelations, I cannot but believe that his opinion of Hindenburg is in the main that which will be held by unprejudiced historians in the years to come.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Proper Study

THE STUDY OF MAN. AN INTRODUCTION. By Ralph Linton. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$4.

ONE need not be an anthropologist to see that in this introduction Mr. Linton offers a new and broader conception of his science than is generally encountered. An "introduction" the book is, but in the sense that it leads one into new fields. And the value of the venture may be judged objectively even though externally if it be remembered that one of the important criteria of the success of scientific research is the number of new problems it discovers. In his discussion of cultural dynamics Mr. Linton frequently runs up against important questions so far unsuspected, and field research does not yet supply the data necessary to answer them.



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It is not, however, Mr. Linton's technical contributions to anthropology that the reviewer wishes to emphasize. He would rather call attention to the seminal efficacy, the power of suggestion, which the non-specialist will find the book to have. Take as an instance the light it throws on problems of value. It is not the discovery, as old as the Greeks, that moral codes are relative to social factors which gives these suggestions their stimulating quality. What does so is rather the nice and detailed study of the mechanisms through which society determines attitudes in its members by opening to them certain possibilities through induction into objectively recognized statuses, while closing quite effectively other possibilities. Or take as another instance the suggestions for a methodology of the social sciences. With the atomistic approach to social studies thoroughly bankrupt, there is danger that as a reaction a mystical, organismic approach may attempt to take its place. Such a tendency, instinct with anti-rationalistic obscurantism and giving comfort to political totalitarians, is quite discernible in certain quarters. For this reason Mr. Linton's conception of the nature of society is not only refreshing but of methodological and material importance. What Mr. Linton offers, as a result of empirical study, is not a compromise between naive atomism, giving an utterly unrelated picture of social phenomena, and the unrealistic conception of a mystical social *Gestalt*, the defining quality of which is intuited by transcendental means. What he proposes is a real third alternative, which seeks to do justice to the discrete as well as the organically integrated aspects of society, to the disruptive as well as to the cohesive forces, which are, respectively, left out of account by one or the other alternative methods of approach. Such instances of the manifold suggestiveness of this book could readily be multiplied.

Because it is so thoroughly well thought out, it is a pity that the book is marred by a conception incompatible with its main intention. Difficulties are gratuitously thrown in the author's way by his own implicit assumption that the mind is a purely internal affair which is possessed privately by men and is therefore definable in isolation from the outward material world. A less idealistic notion would go a long way toward dissipating the pseudo-difficulties which Mr. Linton, whenever he bumps up against them, generously passes on to philosophers to resolve. And yet the book is an important contribution, and men weary of the unscientific wrangling of contemporary social and political dogmatists will find it a liberating experience.

ELISEO VIVAS

Shorter Notices

LABOR UNIONS AND THE PUBLIC. By Walter Chambers. Coward, McCann. \$2.

Mr. Chambers takes as his thesis the well-worn story of racketeering in labor unions and the subsequent damage to the American labor movement. It is true that in certain unions, notably the building-trades unions in Chicago and the poultry and fish unions in New York City, notorious cases of racketeering have come to light and a few labor leaders have gone to prison. But in the large majority of unions no such charges have ever been made. When it is remembered that unions are administered by the same human race as are our often corrupt city governments, it is surprising, not that there is so much racketeering and maladministration, but that there is so little. Mr. Chambers's earlier chapters are concerned with a brief history of the American labor movement, intended presumably for the elementary student of the subject. A number of

inaccuracies mar its usefulness, however. For example, when he is discussing the opposition of American employers to trade-union organization, Mr. Chambers makes the extraordinary statement that "English industrialists accepted without hesitation the principle of their workmen being organized." When it is recalled that a little more than a century ago a group of British workmen went to prison for the crime of trying to form a union, a warning will be given to take Mr. Chambers's labor history as well as his indictment of American unions with a grain of salt.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

ALL BRIDES ARE BEAUTIFUL. By Thomas Bell. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Essentially a simple love story, with the newer hard-boiled overtones, this novel takes on scope only through its background—the upper reaches of the New York Bronx in the black years of the depression. Although capable of being related to the growing literature of the proletariat, it is never aggressively earnest in its revelation of working conditions in shops and factories, of families living on \$22 a week, and of sleeping and bathroom facilities in Pullman flats. It owes its quality to an unemphatic honesty that extends from the description of places and things to the recording of the vacillations of personal relationships. Unfortunately, this lack of emphasis is at the same time the book's most pervasive defect, and unless its author can bring a little more conviction to his theme his future writing is likely to suffer from general anemia.

WILLIAM TROY

COURTHOUSE SQUARE. By Hamilton Basso. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

The South of Hamilton Basso's new novel is neither the degenerate culture of Caldwell and Faulkner nor the sentimental paradise of Stark Young. It is a drowsy land under whose sleepiness run the same currents of intolerance, pettiness, and bitterness which have disgusted David Baroness, a successful Southern writer, in the intellectual life of New York. When his wife leaves him, he seeks serenity in his Carolina birthplace, but soon finds himself fighting the same forces that had driven him from the city. He carries on his family tradition of following his sense of duty rather than expedience, and becomes seriously involved in an outburst of racial hatred. Mr. Basso's somewhat autobiographical book is an eloquent account of the American intellectual's battle against the corrupting forces of our civilization in both rural and urban districts.

MASON WADE

HILL GARDEN: NEW POEMS. By Margaret Widdemer. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

These new poems express sentiment neatly; they are in turn pleasantly ironic, plaintive, and lyrical in the familiar manner, but they never manage to achieve anything like emotional intensity. The aspects of modern life which bother Miss Widdemer—drugstore cures for the ills of the soul, for example—have been written about so many times before that they no longer seem contemporary at all. For contrast she offers the simple virtues, unconvincingly, because they turn out to be popular superficialities. And her lyrics recognize all the conventions; they speak wistfully of love that fades too soon, of death bringing freedom, and of God. These matters are handled with deference but without inspiration. Miss Widdemer possesses a facile technique which conceals some of the weakness of her verse. She is content with any cloudy "poetic" image, producing a succession of vague gen-

eralities without any attempt at precision or concreteness. As a result, these poems are easy, pat, and spineless stuff; they display the same mechanical skill supporting commonplace ideas and writing which is characteristic of the general run of magazine verse.

BURROUGHS MITCHELL

CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING. By Hillel Bernstein, Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.

This little anti-fascist satire by the author of "L'Affaire Jones" is a comedy of disillusionment. An absentee American capitalist, Keets Wilber, arrives in Bidlo, a mythical totalitarian state, with the intention of pursuing the heroic life there. The propaganda ground out by the Bidlo government has persuaded the simple-minded millionaire that in Bidlo he will find all the legendary adventurousness, the nobility, the devotion to higher things that are lacking in the routine of American business. Soon, however, a series of disappointments, two stays in a concentration camp, some enlightening conversation with an American publicity man convince Keets Wilber that the real heroes are not those who govern in the name of brutality but those who, in prison, in the underground movement, oppose such a government. Regenerated, he returns to America, there to discover that through his Wall Street representative he has become a principal stockholder in the state of Bidlo and in the munitions industries which are arming it and its neighbor state for a new holy war. The first quarter of the book is dull: the naivete of Keets Wilber is smeared on a little thick, and the result is fifty pages of routine, oafish, deadpan humor. But as the disenchantment of the American proceeds, Mr. Bernstein's hand is lighter, his absurdities more delicately balanced on each other. In total effect the book is gay and deft and, at the same time, bitterly accurate.

MARY MCCARTHY

CORRECTION

The price of "The Works of Beddoes," published by the Oxford University Press, is not \$5, as stated in the issue of October 31, but \$8.75.

DRAMA

Fancy That, Hedda!

ALLA NAZIMOVA'S performance in "Hedda Gabler" (Longacre Theater) is something of a triumph for both actress and playwright. It is nearly thirty years since she first essayed the role, and it is no small thing that both the character itself and her interpretation of it should remain as vital as they do.

Probably no other play by Ibsen has lasted so well, partly, no doubt, for the very reason that none of the others has a significance at once so indubitably solid and so difficult to reduce to simple statement. Those dramas where he was most explicit, "The Doll's House" for example, have tended to become almost painfully obvious. Others in which the once fascinating "symbolism" is more prominent have either dissolved into thin air like "The Master Builder" or undergone, like "The Lady from the Sea," a sort of precipitation, with the result that a certain amount of rather dreary "new thought" has separated out and sunk to the bottom. Time has, on the other hand, affected only the most superficial features of "Hedda Gabler." Here and there the dramaturgy may seem a bit old-

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fashioned, but the problems of Hedda's character are explored in terms which have remained perfectly contemporary.

Since Ibsen conceived her, a whole library full of relevant literature has accumulated. Frustration has been "discovered," and the term "compensation" has been invented to account for exactly such lusts for power as dominate her soul. Yet I doubt if one could find in the whole of the psychological literature produced during that time an insight not exhibited in Ibsen's play. I will not say that she is not clearer to us, that we cannot follow the pattern of her emotional processes more easily than his contemporaries could. But we know no more than Ibsen did and can see no deeper. There is no point at which our understanding seems to part company with his, and if the play were written today its author would assuredly be accused of having taken his material from a textbook instead of from life.

Dostoevski is usually cited as the most striking example of the writer whose insights anticipated those of modern psychology, but nowhere in Dostoevski, so it seems to me, is there any extended study so clear and complete. Moreover, to say this is of course to say only the less important half of what is true of "Hedda Gabler," for the play is no mere cold case history and no mere thesis. It is continuously and unescapably fascinating. To watch it is to be filled with loathing, pity, and something like fear. As a study in evil Hedda is as much more impressive than Iago, let us say, as Othello is nobler than any modern hero.

As for Madame Nazimova, I saw her first some fifteen years ago in "The Wild Duck." Even then she was, as she shook the black hair from about her eyes, less a little Norwegian girl than some almost unearthly creature who would have seemed exotic in any environment. All that might have been urged against her then might be urged with at least equal force today. If one stops to think, it is obviously impossible to assume that she could have been accepted by the people among whom she moved as a passably ordinary person, not an extraordinary phenomenon. I might even go so far as to add that, in the abstract, I prefer the conception of those who play the character with more emphasis upon a certain contrast between an outward conventionality of manner and the inner diabolism of her character. But Madame Nazimova makes one forget all this. She is both technically superb and capable of projecting a personality too strong to permit a question. I have seen Heddas who seemed more credible in retrospect; I have never seen one who imposed herself so inescapably.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Few importations since the Statue of Liberty have displayed their French postmark as prominently as Louis Verneuil's "Matrimony, Pfd." (The Playhouse) or been more expressive of that nation's unregenerate great-heartedness. From the opening curtain, which discloses an elderly *maman* intent upon wedlock for the first time in a career checkered with four loves and one offspring (now aged twenty-nine), to the final curtain, which returns the bridegroom to the altar after an interloping baroness (Rosemary Ames) has been diverted by the bride's son, it is a farce designed to entertain, and entertain without stint. Grace George as the *maman* and A. E. Matthews as the groom-at-large acquit themselves irreproachably, and are given understanding support by Sylvia Field, Rex O'Malley, and José Ruben, who is likewise responsible for the adroit staging of the whole. The largest task of thrusting out-of-sight the trifling machinery of the play and ministering to the good spirits of the spectator devolves upon Miss George; and her resultant performance should prove among the most piquant and disingenuous we are likely to view this season. B. B.

RECORDS

VICTOR has released a new set of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony made by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitsky (three records, \$6.50). The recording reproduces the tonal characteristics of the orchestra's playing with remarkable fidelity, and Koussevitsky's treatment of the first movement is flawless, but in the second his emotions escape control and produce an unsteadiness of pace that is disturbing. I hope Victor will not discard Stokowski's early set of the work, for in it a beautiful performance, such as Stokowski is no longer capable of producing, is recorded with astonishing clarity and fidelity.

The set should be preserved because today we know Stokowski only—to borrow Lawrence Gilman's inimitable words—as "that exhaustless dynamo of vital energy and creative innovation, in whose neighborhood the currents of thought and experimentation are always stirring." We know him, that is to say in plain English, as a meddler with other people's music, usually to its disadvantage—though in the present instance Vivaldi's Concerto Grosso in D minor for strings as Stokowski has re-scored it for the entire Philadelphia Orchestra has less than the usual sensationalism in the scoring and less than the usual tension and excitement in the performance (two records, \$4). We know him as a co-inventor of that nuisance, the fade-out-and-in between records. We know him as a vista-opener—in a recording of Eicheim's "Bali," which might be good music for a Flaherty film. It takes three sides of two Victor singles (\$4); on the fourth side is "Etenraku," an eighth-century Japanese ceremonial prelude which at least has an authenticity that is impressive, but which might be less wearying after the first minute if it accompanied the ceremony. If only that dynamo would tire!

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin play Enesco's Sonata No. 3 in A minor out of friendship for Enesco; it was recorded only because of the sales-value of the Menuhin name; and the sole value of the set is in the performance, which reveals again the astonishing superiority of Hephzibah over her brother. Their feeling and playing together is miraculous, and she defers to him always; but there is not a note from the piano that does not proclaim her the more vital and authoritative player and musician (Victor: three records, \$6.50).

Victor also has re-pressed a second volume of Brahms's music for piano—this time the Waltzes Op. 39, with a group of Intermezzi from Op. 116, 117, and 119, most of which are, to my ears, arid formula dipped in treacle, and as such unendurable. To readers who like them I can report that they will enjoy Bachaus's playing and marvel at the recording (four records, \$8). So with Bartók's Quartet No. 2 in A minor: my mind finds no path in the regions of musical thought in which his operates; but to persons who have found a path I can report that the playing of the Budapest String Quartet and the recording are excellent (Victor: four records, \$8).

Elisabeth Schumann's voice is wearing thin, but her art in Lieder-singing is still exquisite; and on a single Victor record (\$1.50) are Schumann's "Lorelei" and "Ständchen," and Schubert's "An die Nachtigall" and "Liebhaber in allen Gestalten."

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Murder Is Murder

[Mr. Fernsworth, foreign correspondent of the New York Times at present in Spain, sent the letter which appears below to the editor of America. At the same time he sent a copy to The Nation for publication in case America decided not to use it. We are informed by the editor of America that he does not plan to publish it in the correspondence columns although later it may be referred to editorially.]

To the Editor of America: These remarks are prompted by the fact that I have just found the time to look through an accumulation of three months' copies of America. As a Catholic boy I was taught "Thou shalt not kill." In my subsequent reading of history I have frequently been appalled to find the church has not hesitated to ally itself with those who have waded in butchery and blood and to profit by their victories. This has frequently caused me to ask myself the question whether Christianity as represented by the church—my church—does not have a double standard in the matter of the Fifth Commandment—whether killing is no longer murder when done by the champions of a holy cause.

Or can it be that when the children of God—for so from the teachings of Christ I understand all mankind to be—are put beyond the pale by being classified as heretics, infidels, forces of evil, or, as you have so elegantly stated it in the case of Spain, "sewer rats," they no longer come within the purview of the Lord's commandment, and it becomes a holy thing to put them to the sword?

This land of Spain runs literally red with blood. I need not express through your columns my horror for the crimes committed by those whom you term the "sewer rats," since you have already done so most amply, and I verily believe with exaggeration when you refer to the crucifixion of nuns and the slaying of them on the altars. My mind is open, but I want the evidence of that; from what I have seen I do not consider it probable. The situation is bloody enough without still bloodier adornments to the tale of it.

But what about those persons, the rebels or insurgents or defenders of the faith or whatever you might wish to call them, who likewise have killed their thousands upon thousands in cold blood

and, may I add, in treachery? Who have systematically killed the Republican and loyal officials wherever they have gone; have packed them in a bull ring to the number of more than a thousand and mowed them down with machine-guns; have staged executions to music in the public plazas; have set up in some of the places they hold regularly established human slaughter houses where men are killed like beasts? Is that not also murder? Does the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" not apply?

Murder on the one side and murder on the other. That is the picture. Who is the guiltier? Who is the better instructed? This is no moment for the church to cry persecution, to raise an arrogant voice, to condemn. I tell you its hands are not clean in this matter of Spain. And itself stands at the judgment bar.

LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

Barcelona, October 20

P.S.—You are misinformed when you state that nuns are no longer tolerated

within government lines. I have just returned from Madrid where, in the Calle Zurbarán, I lived for several days opposite a great orphanage of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who, now in civilian garb, carried on as usual.

Ambulances for Spain

Dear Sirs: Of the thousands who have sacrificed their lives this year in the defense of Spanish democracy, a high percentage have not been killed by fascist bombs or bullets but by lack of essential medical equipment and care. The Spanish government and its official Red Cross have appealed to the American people for blood-transfusion equipment, tetanus, gangrene, and diphtheria antitoxin, disinfecting ovens, surgical instruments, and, above all, ambulances.

The Medical Bureau of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, with offices at 20 Vesey Street, New York City, is raising funds for an American ambu-



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lance corps in Spain. Thirty-five nurses and surgeons have already volunteered. The campaign is led by Bishop Robert L. Paddock, our chairman, and John Dewey, our vice-chairman, together with such eminent medical men as Dr. Bela Schick, Dr. Walter B. Cannon, and Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, the world's foremost medical historian. The plan is to begin buying ambulances promptly so that, preparatory to shipment, they can be placed on the streets as graphic testimony to what Americans are doing for the victims of the Spanish uprising.

Any contribution your readers feel able to make, either by individual gifts or by benefits and collections, will be gratefully received by us as by the sufferers in Spain.

ROGER CHASE

Executive Secretary

New York, November 16

We All Thank You

Dear Sirs: Whatever and wherever that well of knowledge can be which floods the paragraphs of Paul W. Ward so richly, they are unreservedly the most interesting, most valuable, most entertaining, and—above all—the most reliable behind-the-news coverage in this nation.

It seemed apparent that President Roosevelt and the more liberal forces would win the 1936 elections, but it was hard to believe that Ward could be right in reserving only Maine and Vermont for Landon. The *Literary Digest* poll fiasco was the greatest defeat of the 1936 voting classic. The Gallup poll, while registering at least a victory for the President, failed to record even a faint tremor of the terrific indorsement that was agitating political America. Only Ward saw what was coming, and he nailed it with near precision.

There is only one thing wrong—it always takes a week for *The Nation* to get here.

BOYD VON SEGGERN

West Point, Neb., November 5

More Bouquets—for Mr. Ward

Dear Sirs: I am writing to say that the best article in the November 14 issue of *The Nation* is that by Paul W. Ward, *It Has Happened Before*. His campaign catechism is a masterpiece and deserves far greater publicity than you can give it.

To be blunt about it, your editorial, as well as the article on What I Expect of Roosevelt, needed something like the article from Ward to make the magazine worth publishing.

N. ANDREW N. CLEVEN

Pittsburgh, November 14

We're Glad to Be Corrected

Dear Sirs: I see that you said in your estimable weekly that I came through in a "remarkably close race." Please note that I won three to one.* Also, that the Republicans bought their votes on credit and settled for 25 cents on the dollar.

They spent about \$25,000 or \$30,000 and had a redistribution of wealth. The only trouble was that it was not spread among the people, and the distribution was *upward* instead of downward. This was following the usual Republican theory of economics.

MAURY MAVERICK

San Antonio, Tex., November 10

[*The final returns were: *Maverick*, 34,478, *Clemens*, 12,056.]

Freedom for Von Ossietzky

Dear Sirs: In the light of the announcement of the granting of the Nobel Peace Prize to Carl von Ossietzky, the International Relief Association, official representative of the Ossietzky Committee in the United States, feels it necessary to point out the implications of this victory.

Carl von Ossietzky, a world-renowned pacifist and idealist, has been suffering the hell of a Nazi concentration camp for nearly four years. He has been critically ill for a good part of that time, and yet the Nazis consistently refused to remove him to a hospital until very recently—and then they did so only because of the pressure of world indignation. Last week Ossietzky was released "unconditionally." But this was done only because the Nazi government had advance news of his receiving the Nobel prize. In other words, any concessions gained were gained because of outside pressure.

By granting the peace prize to Ossietzky the Nobel committee proclaims the caliber of the men and women who are held as political prisoners in the concentration camps of Germany. The fight for Ossietzky is partially won, but there are thousands of other political prisoners whose only crime, like his, was an effort to resist organized barbarism. The case of Carl von Ossietzky proves that this barbarism can be resisted; it should spur all liberals to join in a concentrated effort for the release of other prisoners.

Funds are urgently needed to keep Ossietzky in a private sanitarium until he is well. Funds are urgently needed to win similar victories for other political prisoners.

INTERNATIONAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
20 Vesey Street,

Charles A. Beard, Chairman.
New York, November 20

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTRIBUTORS to the symposium are Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, chairman of the Senate Committee on the Investigation of the Munitions Industry and chief exponent in Congress of the neutrality legislation program; Earl Browder, secretary and Presidential candidate of the Communist Party; Thurman Arnold, professor of law at the Yale Law School; Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union; Ernest K. Lindley, chief Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*; Upton Sinclair, author and, as candidate for Governor of California, founder of the EPIC Party.

WRIGHT PATMAN, Representative from Texas, will return to Congress for his fifth term this January. He is chairman of the House Committee to Investigate American Retail Federations and author, with Senator Robinson, of the Chain Store Act.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD'S article is a sequel to one he contributed last week on the faked-accident racket. As a feature writer for the *World-Telegram* he has been collecting material on rackets of various kinds and in his spare time writing a novel, *Personal Combat*, which has just been published.

HANS HABE is a European journalist.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA is a Spanish poet, playwright, artist, and musician whose death at the hands of the rebels was commented on editorially in *The Nation* two weeks go. His translator, Rolfe Humphries, is a left-wing poet and member of the American League of Writers.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS is an editor of the *Partisan Review*.

LILLIAN SYMES contributed an article on California politics to *The Nation* last spring, and shortly afterward appeared in the *Modern Monthly* with a none-too-complimentary article on ourselves and our contemporary, the *New Republic*. Her reappearance in *The Nation* this week suggests that she doesn't mind if we don't.

ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the Department of Philosophy of the University of Wisconsin. He frequently contributes to *The Nation* reviews of new books dealing with philosophy and related subjects.

THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

★

IT HAS BEEN A FIRE-BREATHING WEEK ALL over Europe and the Far East, with Göring shouting threats at Russia, Litvinov hurling defiance back at Germany, Japan and China exchanging insulting civilities over Suiyuan, and even Eden and Blum caught up in the contagion and putting steel into their usually diplomatic language. In every country the Foreign Office has taken on a martial air and the War Department has swollen until it occupies the entire government. Boasts about the size of the air forces sound like stock-market quotations before the 1929 crash, and man-power is measured in astronomical figures. The world is sliding down the runway to war.

★

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS DOING HIS BEST TO peddle peace in this war-beset world. At the height of his triumph and prestige, Mr. Roosevelt has been given a popular reception at Buenos Aires that recalls the pathetic eagerness with which the European peasants and workers acclaimed President Wilson after the Armistice. We trust that the sequel in this case will not be equally unhappy. We go to press several hours before Mr. Roosevelt's speech. The President has a chance to call for a consultative pact, by which the United States and the Latin American countries would get together on their attitude toward a threatened war in the Americas or Europe. He has a chance to get common agreement on neutrality pacts by which war credits would not be extended to European nations at war and war materials would be embargoed. Since the Americas contain much of the oil, tin, copper, and manganese that the war-makers will need, and the meat, wheat, and coffee on which their populations will have to exist, they are in a strategic position to check the war madness in Europe. What makes us rather skeptical is the fact that the American countries have their full share of the tendencies toward fascist barbarism which are sending Europe to destruction. In the short run, however, the pan-American conference may do something to postpone the conflict or temper it when it comes.

★

THE WAR MAP OF SPAIN CHANGES EVEN AS the correspondents put their dispatches on the wires. Towns move from rebel to loyal hands; the lines of the front waver. The headlines of the past week tell a staccato story of the slow improvement in the government's position. From November 27 to December 1 the heads in the

New York *Times*, somewhat abbreviated, have run as follows: Rebels Attack Foes on Madrid Flank; Insurgents Appear to Realize Capital Must Be Taken Street by Street if at All. New Army Driving on Rear of Rebels; Reinforced Spanish Leftists Claim Two Villages Taken Southwest of Toledo. Loyalists Aim at Oviedo; Rebel Losses Declared Huge as Miners Drive on Northern City; Defeat of Foe in South Announced, but Rightists Clear Talavera Region. Drive on Capital of Rebels Made by Leftists; Loyalists Extend Gains; Reported 45 Miles from Burgos; New Advance Made Near Oviedo; Other Successes Noted. New Battle Outside Madrid; Rebel Thrust Checked. Meanwhile, to the embarrassment and annoyance of Great Britain and France, the Spanish government has demanded that the Council of the League of Nations meet "to examine the situation" created by the recognition of Franco by Germany and Italy and by their armed intervention. There is no denying that this demand forces an issue that the powers—fascist and otherwise—have sought to avoid. They will probably still manage to do so. But the so-called democratic states will not exorcise the acts or the intentions of the fascist bloc merely by averting their eyes.

*

IT IS NO ACCIDENT THAT THE AMERICAN Federation of Labor convention in Tampa pinned up a record of reaction that will stand for some time. The effective progressive forces had been suspended for insisting on organizing the unorganized, and though the delegates from state federations and federal and national unions put up an honorable fight, they were hopelessly outnumbered. The convention indorsed legislation for a thirty-hour week but shelved proposals in favor of a constitutional amendment; it rejected proposals for the formation of a labor party; it refused to allow a duly accredited representative of the Spanish trade-union movement to address the delegates; it refused to consider boycotting Hearst, but voted to boycott a union label. With respect to intra-federation questions, it did everything possible to antagonize the rank and file. It continued the C. I. O. suspensions, outlawed the East Coast seamen's strike, and moved to set up a maritime department designed to be a rival to Bridges's Maritime Federation. It moved to restrict the freedom of federal unions, state federations, and central labor unions. These bodies are sensitive to rank-and-file sentiment and therefore tend to be "radical." Apparently the "radicalism" of the Seattle Central Labor Council in backing the strike on the *P. I.* was the immediate cause of the proposal to restrict freedom of resolution in local labor bodies. Another reason is that they tend to be sympathetic to the C. I. O. In general the A. F. of L. at Tampa gave the impression of crawling into a hole and pulling the hole in after it.

*

DEVELOPMENTS IN LABOR PARTY POLITICS IN this country are none too reassuring. The decision of the Socialist executive committee to join a national farmer-labor party was an excellent first step. But the approaches

made by the Socialist Party of New York to the American Labor Party of the same state have unfortunately been repulsed. The press reports that the executive committee of the American Labor Party has decided not to admit Socialists or Communists either as parties or as individuals except on condition of the dissolution of their parties. If that decision is maintained it may spell disaster for the whole American labor-political movement. Party organizations built up through years of effort cannot be expected to scrap themselves overnight. The executive committee of the American Labor Party will soon have to make definite decisions as to the party structure and organization. Since what happens in New York may have a formative influence upon the labor-political movement in the rest of the country, the committee is faced with a heavy responsibility. It must discharge that responsibility without rancor to former opponents and with a clear eye for building a broad labor-party base throughout the country. This is a problem of immense difficulty and will be discussed more fully in an editorial in next week's *Nation*. Meanwhile we must say that if the trade unions show themselves incapable of statesmanship, they will not only have missed a chance at political power but will have signed their own death warrants as trade unions.

*

THE NATION HAS BEEN MANEUVERED INTO A position somewhat like that of the Light Brigade. Cannon to left of us, of short range but great explosive capacity, have trained a barrage on our recent editorial on the methods used in the Moscow trial. This editorial, detonates the *New Masses*, proved that *The Nation* is either plain dumb or a tool of the Trotskyites, "an organ of a band of counter-revolutionary conspirators and assassins." The volleys and thunders on the right—showering grape-shot over our editorial on Joseph Shaplen's reporting of the C. I. O.—A. F. of L. fight in the *New York Times*—emanate from the *New Leader*, organ of the Socialist Old Guard. Not only were we unfair to Mr. Shaplen, according to the *New Leader*, but our editorial was scarcely distinguishable from those appearing in the Communist *Daily Worker*, which wants a split in the labor movement. Either the *New Masses* or the *New Leader* must be wrong about us; we can't possibly be Trotskyite assassins, enemies of the Soviet Union, and Communists all at once. The cross-fire from left and right, however, fails to daunt or confuse us. We shall proceed as usual through the Valley of Death, firm in the knowledge that although our adversaries cannot both be right, both can be—and are—wrong.

*

CHINA IS THE BEST NEWS OF THE WEEK. After four years of turning aside wrath with soft answers, it has suddenly turned and stood its ground. The capture of Pailingmiao, headquarters of Prince Teh, the Japanese-supported ruler of Inner Mongolia, is its first victory since the Nineteenth Route Army's heroic stand at Shanghai in 1932. The invasion of Suiyuan province by Mongolian and Manchoukuoan troops acting as a stalking horse for the Kwantung army was a further step in the march of

Japanese expansion. Already in control of eastern Chahar, the Japanese hoped to push westward until their power extended over all of Inner Mongolia. Thus a Japanese wedge would have separated China from Outer Mongolia, that is to say from Soviet Russia, since Outer Mongolia is a Soviet province in all but name. Rudely shocked out of its complacent arrogance by the loss of Pailingmiao, Japan, which had denied that it was concerned in the Suiyuan fighting, threatened to throw the full force of the Kwantung army against the Suiyuanese. In another burst of bravery, China answered that it would permit no interference nor suffer the loss of another inch of territory and even hinted that it might itself take the offensive and push the invaders back into eastern Chahar. Two factors make the Mongolian situation crucial. Chiang Kai-shek has a more unified China behind him, and is master of more arms, territory, and public confidence than at any other time since he came to power. On the other hand, Japan cannot retreat from its policy of expansion. Suiyuan is the focus of issues greater than the fate of Inner Mongolia.

*

SAINT AND STATESMAN, RESPECTIVELY, ARE the recipients of the Nobel peace prizes for 1935 and 1936. Carl Von Ossietzky, convalescing with unbroken spirit from the rigors of a Nazi concentration camp and a Nazi prison, announced that he hoped in his speech of acceptance to testify anew to his pacifist faith. Carlos Saavedra Lamas, Foreign Minister of Argentina, who won the peace prize for 1936, is a quite different figure from the frail, indomitable German. For a number of years Señor Lamas has been active in the unification of the South American countries against war and has sought to establish on a firm basis the friendship of these countries with the United States. He was the author and instigator of the anti-war pact signed by thirteen American nations including the United States, as well as of the inter-American non-aggression pact of 1933; he organized mediation by six neutral nations in the Chaco war. As presiding officer this year of the Assembly of the League of Nations, Señor Lamas made an unsuccessful attempt to strengthen and reform the League's machinery for peace. Encouraged by the Nobel prize, Señor Lamas may be expected to continue his work of fortifying peace in the Americas.

*

THE SECOND OF THE AMAZING VAN Sweringen brothers died on November 23, before he had a chance to rebuild the family fortunes. A legend has been built around the Van Sweringens. They were the classic artists of the holding-company device; starting with about two million dollars they pyramided it into a vast railroad empire with assets of three billion. The picture of their holdings will be found crisscrossing the pages of many a treatise on the new arts of corporation finance. In a functional society their ingenuity and single-purposed drive might have been turned to better uses than to win and lose (on paper) a railroad empire. It is symbolic that Oris P. Van Sweringen should have died in harness—he was riding in his own private car on his own railroad; and even

more that he should have died in the thick of a Congressional investigation—just as Senator Wheeler's committee was to penetrate the labyrinth of his business structure. The Van Sweringen properties, the key to which lay in the options to purchase the common stock of the Mid-America Corporation, which holds the railroad securities, are now left without any personal tie. And since it was the determination of the brothers that held their roads together, the Van Sweringen railroads are no longer likely to figure as a unit in the four-system consolidation plans that have been proposed for the Eastern territory. Thus ends the short-lived Van Sweringen dynasty—from shoestring to shoestring in a generation.

*

PEONAGE IN ARKANSAS RECEIVED A SEVERE legal blow on November 25 when Paul D. Peacher, town marshal of Earle, Arkansas, was sentenced in a federal court to two years in prison and a fine of \$3,500 for violating the anti-slavery statute. Peacher was accused and convicted of falsely arresting a group of Negroes on charges of vagrancy, merely because they were "loafing" on the street at the time, and forcing them to work out their sentences on his farm. Peacher's attorney, Mr. Lamb, said in summing up that the charges against his client were the result of politics. "There had to be an investigation," he said, "with the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union sending messages to the President and to Governor Futrell and the election coming on." Mr. Lamb also said, complainingly, that he had thought "when the election was over, this lawsuit would be allowed to die out." The S. T. F. U. will no doubt gladly acknowledge its part in the affair, but there are at least two indications that the investigation was an election demonstration. Mr. Peacher was spared the prison sentence and released on bond; the commission appointed by Governor Futrell in the heat of the campaign, when he promised an investigation of farm tenancy right after the election, announced a date for its first session and then canceled the meeting. Attorney General Cummings made sure that the Peacher trial was competently and fairly handled by sending a special representative to the scene. This blow at backwoods dictatorship is to be followed by further attempts to enforce the Bill of Rights by the Workers' Defense League, if it can raise the necessary funds.

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AS THE DAWN WAS BREAKING ONE MORNING in Albany last May a lone and energetic gentleman was scurrying between Senate and Assembly rousing the gently snoring legislators to awake and save the country. It was Senator McNaboe gathering votes for an appropriation to investigate "communistic and subversive activities in schools and colleges." In the closing minutes of the session the Senator got his appropriation of \$15,000 (cut from \$150,000), and he got his committee of three Democrats and three Republicans all set to hold their collective finger in the hole and save the dike from the roaring waters of communism. Public hearings in the inquiry were scheduled for late in October, but on the very morning

they were to have opened, an indefinite postponement was announced. Now Senator McNaboe says he will dispense with them altogether and open cold at Albany with his report to the legislature on February 15. In the meantime he is conducting a one-sided public hearing by slinging charges at all the nearest targets, as in his fulminations against Cornell University, the Civil Liberties Union, and the Teachers' Union. No doubt taxpayers need some comic relief, but \$15,000 is a lot of money to spend just to allow a Senator to make a spectacle of himself.

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SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF DIED IN MONTE CARLO on November 27. Newspaper obituary notices remind us that he was a man of mystery; that he was born a poor boy; that he had more power than a king. Actually the "mystery" was a convenient cloak, purchasable only by a man of great wealth, for the unscrupulous manipulation of men and governments. Sir Basil's power resided largely in his money, which he left behind him. If he had virtues, we do not know them. His deeds are writ in gunpowder; they have made their little flash and their transient detonation. For a while we shall probably hear the echo, in romantic novels, in the histories of our era. In time even the echo will die away.

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FOR THE SECOND CONSECUTIVE WEEK *THE Nation* appears without a Madrid dispatch from Louis Fischer. In that time no message of any sort has come from Mr. Fischer; and it is probable that he is no longer in Madrid. We earnestly hope that before another issue goes to press we shall have heard from him. Meanwhile we are making every effort, through the Spanish Ministry of War, to find out our correspondent's whereabouts and assure ourselves and our readers of his safety.

Bigness and the Chain Stores

REPRESENTATIVE WRIGHT PATMAN'S article in last week's *Nation*, defending his anti-price-discrimination measure, raised a set of issues that cut deeply at the basic structure of our industrial life. Many business men have regarded the Patman Act as the modern embodiment of the Antichrist, because it interferes with their setting their own prices. But the act must be seen historically not as an isolated measure—whether devil or angel—but as part of the third phase of the American handling of the problem of bigness in business. The first phase, after the supine laissez faire experience of the nineteenth century, was the Sherman anti-trust legislation of 1890, with its attendant trust-busting. The second was the Federal Trade Commission legislation of 1914, intermittently enforced and aiming chiefly at publicity of accounts and the maintenance of ethical business standards. The third phase began with the NRA legisla-

tion of 1933, and established the principle of the self-regulation of industry, the maintenance of price levels within it, and its internal conformity to some established principle of uniformity and discipline. The dissolution of the NRA left this third phase incomplete and left those sections of industry which had relied upon the NRA stranded and anxious for something to replace it. They saw the Patman Act and grasped for it eagerly.

How did it happen to be so handy? The fact was that the inadequacy of the existing Federal Trade Commission and anti-trust machinery for combating price discrimination had for some time been recognized. What made it the more glaring was the enormous growth of chain stores and mail-order houses. This had been going on through the entire decade of the 1920's, and was accentuated after 1929 when the depression made every saved penny loom more important than ever. The chains were obviously crowding the independent merchants out of business—in groceries, meats, dry goods, clothing, variety goods, drugs, confectionery, tobacco, shoes, and furniture—in short, over the entire range of the daily staples of life. And with every step in the growth of the power of the chains, the protest against them grew in volume and intensity. Hostility in the local communities soon was translated into hostile legislation in the state capitals. The most obvious device was the discriminatory tax, exempting the single store and steeply graduated with the size of the chain or the volume of sales. But here the legislatures were reckoning without the Supreme Court, which invalidated the tax measures. Nothing was left but direct regulatory action by Congress.

It was the last Hoover Congress that called for an investigation of chain-store activities by the Federal Trade Commission. The investigation took three years and cost the government a very considerable sum. It produced thirty-three factual reports on every phase of chain-store costs, wages, profits, prices, operation, and financial structure, along with a final report containing the commission's conclusions. While carefully done, cautiously phrased, and hemmed around with qualifications, these reports bolstered on the whole the case against the chain stores. They brought considerable evidence to indicate that the price spread between the chains and the independents was a broad one, that its sources lay in lower costs extracted from manufacturers, lower wages, and unethical and discriminatory practices, as well as in operation economies. On the basis of such a report it was not difficult to get Congressional action. The facts were there; the sentiment from the constituencies was there; a powerful lobby was there in the form of retail merchants' associations, wholesale grocers' and druggists' associations, and trade associations of all sorts; finally, a leader was there—Representative Wright Patman of Texas—with energy and tenacity, equipped with a Bryanesque populist doctrine of unusual persuasiveness, and a veteran of the lobby technique through his successful championing of the veterans' bonus. The combination of fact, sentiment, lobby, and leader was irresistible; the collapse of the NRA made the moment a strategic one; and the Robinson-Patman Act was the result.

With such a history it was inevitable that the act should have stirred up great antagonisms, and should in the end

be ambiguous. In its form it supplants and supplements various sections of the Clayton Act of 1914. In its procedure it works through the Federal Trade Commission and grants that body greater powers than it has thus far exercised. In its intent it aims at chain stores and mail-order houses. In its structure it is cast in such general terms that it affects cooperatives as well, and may even limit severely the day-to-day activities of business. Its general consequence is clear. By prohibiting price discriminations, rebates, and unwarranted discounts it introduces a price rigidity into an economic structure that has on the whole had a good deal of price flexibility. It throws a lifeline to the wholesalers and other middlemen, who were on the way to becoming as extinct a race as the Indians or the bison, and might like them have ended up secure only when embossed on our coins. But above all, it gives the independent storekeeper another chance at survival in a universe that had become increasingly hostile to him.

These results will prove palatable or otherwise depending on one's economic interests and the resulting economic philosophy one has. Our own concern is chiefly on three scores: the interests of the consumer, the interests of the worker, and the revolt against bigness in business. That the chain stores sold at lower prices than the independents is admitted by both sides. Where the quarrel lies is in the explanation of this price margin. The chains claim that it arises from cutting down middlemen costs and from large-scale buying and operating economies. The independents claim that it arises, first, from the whip hand that the chains have over the manufacturers, forcing them to cut their wage payments and profit margins, and, second, from underpaying and sweating their own labor. If action had to be taken, the statistical analyses in the Federal Trade Commission reports were probably as good as any to base that action on. But a critical examination of those figures does not always leave us with clear-cut conclusions, and the later census figures often blur those conclusions further. The consumer will undoubtedly have to pay for the Patman Act in the form of higher prices. Whether he will get all or part of that differential back in higher wages and greater community prosperity is problematic. Ultimately the justification of the Patman Act will have to be found in broad social rather than in specifically economic terms.

This raises the final question of bigness in business. The nineteenth century believed in free competition, unhindered and unaided by government. That faith has vanished before the onslaught of the giant corporation and the machine process. The whole set-up of industry is now hostile to competition: we have to legislate it into existence, and the Patman Act is part of that legislative effort. Here is the paradox that strikes at the heart of our whole system of a controlled capitalism. We depend on the profit motive to organize industry, but we set bounds to it by extra-pecuniary considerations which are of course foreign to business men's minds. We personalize the hostile forces in what is probably the most impersonal economic structure the world has ever seen, and instead of fighting the profit system we fight the chain store, the public-utility magnate, the investment banker, who have learned all too well the lessons of the profit system. There is the school

of thought, led by Justice Brandeis (see his vigorous dissent in the Liggett chain-store tax case), which feels that bigness in business under capitalism is developing a lopsided human race, specialized only to take in money, and that even in such terms it has outgrown our capacities to control it. For the men at the top, it calls for more capacities than they can muster; for the men at the bottom, it provides them with no chance to use the capacities they may have. With this view we tend to agree. But a close examination of the Patman attempt to break up the big chain structures leads us to feel that the remedy does not really reach the disease. The road to control would seem to lie not in seeking to enforce competition but in socializing industry.

The Fascist Front

WITH the report that Italy and Japan have reached an agreement recognizing each other's conquests, the final steps in consolidating a four-power fascist united front have now been taken. In the past fortnight the fascist international program has developed with bewildering rapidity. Before the world could grasp the full implications of the Ciano-Hitler agreement over Austria, the two great fascist powers announced their open support of the Spanish rebels. Scarcely a week later Ambassador von Ribbentrop signed an "anti-Communist" pact with Japan which is generally believed to involve a secret military alliance directed against the Soviet Union. The Italian-Japanese accord closes the last gap in the fascist front.

While these official announcements have only confirmed agreements long known to exist, they are bound to have far-reaching effects. The fascist powers have thrown away the last pretense of legality; they stand brazenly defiant of all the laws and conventions which have hitherto been acknowledged by civilized nations. There can be neither moral nor legal justification for the recognition of the Spanish insurgents. The rebels had risen against a government which had just received an overwhelming popular mandate at the polls. The fascist powers had not even the pretext of recognizing a successful *de facto* regime. But fascists need no justifications; they merely act. Similarly, the Italian-Japanese agreement is a clear defiance of the League of Nations, of which Italy is still a member. In recognizing the illegal seizures of Manchuria and Ethiopia it declares that force is superior to law.

As long as these alliances were secret and the glorification of force camouflaged by a sham legality, the democratic states could find pretexts for refusing to face reality. This is no longer possible. The fascist powers have come out flatly against law and have sanctioned aggression. No country desiring peace can ignore the challenge. Even groups which have been unbending in their hatred of communism have begun to recognize that fascism is the greatest immediate threat to world peace. The apparent unanimity with which this conclusion has been reached by responsible conservatives in both Great Britain and the United States is at least partly accounted for by the bad

timing of the German-Japanese anti-Communist pact. While mildly skeptical, the Anglo-Saxon world has been impressed by the new Soviet constitution. Its bill of rights and its provision for a bi-cameral legislature and direct election of high officials are essential elements in democratic procedure as it is understood in this country and England. Nor can it be said that the new constitution is merely a political gesture calculated to win the sympathy of the democratic countries in the Soviets' hour of peril. Not only has it actually been in the process of drafting for many months; it is the logical outcome of economic and social forces that have been at work for years. Fundamentally, as Stalin pointed out, the new constitution is a recognition of the disappearance of the class antagonisms which have overshadowed Russian life for decades.

Other evidences of bad timing and bad strategy may be found in the fact that the fascist powers offer their new threat to British and French interests just when those countries were seeking to close their eyes to the Nazi menace and accommodate themselves to the *faits accomplis* in Europe. That even the Germans recognize their blunder is evidenced by the fact that their press has broken out in a rash of reassurances to Britain that the German-Japanese pact is a harmless affair. But this has not prevented Britain and France from strengthening their military ties and adopting a more aggressive tone. As for America, the entrance of Japan into the scheme of fascist power must make a vast difference in our foreign policy. However Russia may be feared by the capitalist powers in Europe, it is Japan and not Russia that is feared here, both by our military groups and by certain sections of our population. Germany could not have chosen a more effective way of alienating whatever American sympathy may have existed for its plans.

If the announcement of the new fascist international does not bring the world closer to war, it will be because the dictators have overreached themselves. The solid phalanx of fascist powers is dangerous only as long as it is directed against one or two powers. The fascist dream of empire does not involve a crusade against all benighted countries simultaneously. Both the Tanaka Memorial and Hitler's "Mein Kampf" envisage a gradual program in which the desired regions are picked off one at a time. The new alliances make such tactics increasingly difficult. France, surrounded on three sides, is likely to strengthen rather than abandon its agreement with the Soviet Union. Great Britain has the choice of surrendering all influence in Europe, the Mediterranean, and the Far East or of strengthening its ties with the anti-fascist powers. Even the United States, because of the growing Japanese threat in the Far East, is drawn closer to Great Britain and the Soviet Union. Alliances breed counter-alliances, and the necessity for mutual defense can reconcile, temporarily at least, even the deepest antagonisms.

Although there are disquieting reports from the Soviet-Manchurian border, the first real test of the fascists' new policy will probably come in Spain. Since the rebels have virtually no navy, it is evident that the threatened rebel blockade of Barcelona will be carried out, if at all, by Italian and German vessels, assisted by fascist airplanes.

Such intervention would be a gross infringement of the League Covenant as well as a violation of the Pact of Paris. Inaction in face of such provocation would not only doom the League but seriously impair French, British, and Soviet interests in the Mediterranean. No one can predict with any certainty what would happen in case such a blockade were actually imposed. If irritation could lead to a determined effort to resurrect the League, there might still be hope of establishing a mechanism for keeping the fascist powers in check. But if, as is more likely, it leads only to an intensification of the armament race, we may expect war within a comparatively short period.

Battling for the TVA

WHILE the government and the private interests wrangle and bicker over the vexed problems of power distribution in the Tennessee Valley, the consumers themselves have suddenly emerged as an organized factor in the situation—one that may produce startling results for both sides. A conference of municipalities, called by the Chattanooga Electric Power Board and attended by delegates from some 160 towns and cities in five states, is at this moment meeting in Chattanooga to consider the power problem as it affects the electricity consumers of the Valley, and to form a permanent organization to represent their interests in the future.

The idea of the conference grew out of the power-pool negotiations at the White House in September. The results of that meeting were regarded with skepticism by most of the public-power leaders in the Valley, particularly the decision to extend for three months the "hands-off" agreement between the TVA and the Commonwealth and Southern. That decision hit Chattanooga especially hard. Early in September, just before the White House conference, the TVA and the City of Chattanooga seemed to be on the verge of concluding a power contract after six months of negotiation. The city had, in fact, signed the contract, and the document had been returned to Knoxville for the signature of A. E. Morgan, chairman of the Authority. But he delayed signing, without giving any adequate reason. Then the news of the power-pool proposal broke. The local power board went to Knoxville and agreed, after talking with Dr. Morgan and David E. Lilienthal, power director of the TVA, to wait until early in February for a contract. But they were far from happy about the situation. Although convinced that Lilienthal was in sympathy with them and opposed to the truce with the C. and S., they felt that Morgan was hostile. At a meeting with Lilienthal held immediately after the Knoxville conference the idea of a meeting of municipalities was born.

Whatever may be the effect of the present conference on the TVA, one thing is certain: the public-power leaders in the Valley are backing Lilienthal in his differences with Morgan and will fight any power-pool plan that would sacrifice the TVA rate schedule or suppress municipal distribution systems.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Our Ambassador to Moscow

Washington, November 29

ONCE upon a time there was a Great Man and he was elected President of the United States. His name was Franklin D. Roosevelt, and high among the reasons that many were sure he was a Great Man was belief in him as not only a determined but also an effective peacemaker who would keep this nation out of war and, of necessity, do the same for the rest of the world. It was hard to see why they so regarded him. There was nothing in his public utterances that had not also been said at one time or another by Small Men who had occupied the White House without gaining the people's trust, and he had permitted his chief aides in the military and naval branches of the government frequently to rattle their spurs and sabers in public without reprimand or contradiction.

Nevertheless, the popular belief in his zeal and ability so increased during the first three and a half years he occupied the White House that when he recently sailed for the Buenos Aires conference he carried with him not only the hopes but also the expectations of many liberals and radicals that at the conference he would somehow produce a formula to avert the cataclysm impending in a world plainly headed toward a new barbarism. These hopes and expectations were not dimmed by the character of the delegation he sent ahead of him to Buenos Aires, a delegation including Sumner Welles, a man with a boundless lust but with little talent for Latin American intrigue who, as Assistant Secretary of State, has been largely responsible for this government's manhandling of the Cuban political situation. These hopes and expectations—surviving the fact that the Chaco dispute cannot even be mentioned in the agenda and that, though the conference must deal with forces that are world wide, Europe, Asia, Africa, and even a part of the Americas, Canada, have been excluded—refuse, it seems, even to be dimmed by the appointment of Joseph Edward Davies as Ambassador to the U. S. S. R., an event announced just after Roosevelt sailed.

The connection between the Davies appointment and Roosevelt's impending performance at Buenos Aires may seem a little obscure at first, but the link is easily revealed. The Buenos Aires conference is important only in relation to the peace of the world, and the peace of the world at the moment all too plainly hangs upon the fate of Soviet Russia and the plans of its enemies—German, Japanese, Italian, French, British, and Polish—to destroy it. It is already apparent that the ruling classes of those European nations which thus far have escaped militant fascism and retain some vestiges of democracy prefer even the German

or Italian brand of fascism to communism, and to save their own skins will join Hitler and Mussolini, if necessary, in an assault upon the U. S. S. R. It is not their souls, their intelligence, or their consciences that betray these men but their vested interests and their prejudices. In such a situation it is vitally important, if the United States is to play a potent role as peacemaker and peacekeeper, that this government have at Moscow as ambassador a man profoundly conversant with the complex forces now bearing remorselessly upon that point and, above all, a man of true impartiality. Instead, Roosevelt has chosen in Davies a blood brother to the Edens, Baldwins, and Laval of this world. One might even add Blum to that list, for Davies, though never a Socialist, was at least a La Follette supporter in his youth, and during the Wilson Administration played a role not unlike that of the Landises, Richbergs, and Tugwells in the Roosevelt Administration. Davies is so far from having a profound knowledge of or interest in the Russian situation that there is strong reason to doubt that he wanted the Moscow post. For nearly a year gossip over Washington tea tables has hummed with tales of how Davies, at the behest of his immensely wealthy wife, was angling for an ambassadorship at some gayer capital—Paris, in particular. To be sure, it was gossip, but in such matters gossip has a strange veracity; Washington's society editors scooped the pants off the State Department correspondents in reporting the various steps in Davies's progression toward Moscow, and for at least part of the time their tea-table sources proved more accurate than those the Assistant Secretaries of State were able to tap either at the White House or in their own department.

It was more than a year ago that the society reporters first picked up the story that Davies, a wealthy lawyer-lobbyist, was seeking an ambassadorship. At the same time they picked up the story that he was going to marry Mrs. Marjorie Post Close Hutton, heiress of the \$20,000,000 cornflake and Postum fortune, who was then in Reno divorcing her second husband, E. F. Hutton, a Liberty Leaguer and uncle to Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth princess; that Davies was simultaneously engaged in letting his wife, Emlen Knight Davies, get a Nevada divorce from him; and that his daughter, Mrs. Thomas P. Cheeseborough, Jr., was in Reno getting a divorce in order to marry Senator Tydings, of Maryland. The three divorces and the subsequent marriages came off as scheduled by the gossips, who also, according to the society reporters, listed Davies's impending ambassadorship as a sort of dowry his bride-to-be required. When Davies gave an elaborate dinner for Laboulaye, the French ambassador, the fact was seized upon as evidence that it was the Paris post he sought, and this assumption gained in strength when State Department attachés let it be known that the

dinner had been so interpreted by Cordell Hull and that the Secretary of State had been exceedingly annoyed by it. When at a later stage the society reporters scrambled into their offices crying, "He's got it! He's got it!"—meaning that Davies had cinched an ambassadorship—State Department attachés pooh-poohed the report and recalled Hull's anger over the Laboulaye dinner. That was months ago, and Hull's aides were still belittling the reports up to six weeks before Davies's appointment was announced. In the interim, however, at least one Assistant Secretary of State had lost his early confidence that Davies would never achieve an ambassadorship; what changed his mind, as he said, was that "at Palm Beach they already are calling her [the new Mrs. Davies] 'the ambassadress.'" Now the talk around the tea tables is that Roosevelt expects that Moscow will prove too restricted a field for Mrs. Davies's lavish tastes in entertaining and that the new ambassador, therefore, will give up the post within a year.

Exactly what attitude Davies takes toward the European situation in general and Russia in particular cannot be determined, for the responsibilities of his new office keep his lips sealed. However, since all the important factors in that attitude are bound to have been shaped by his financial interests and past associations, what it is may be deduced from such things as the character of the group that turned out as his intimate friends to witness his oath-taking in Hull's office. The group included, in addition to Mrs. Davies and two ropes of pearls, Dan Roper, Pat Harrison, Jesse Jones, Tydings, Joe Tumulty, Merle Thorpe, mouthpiece of the Hoover era's overlords, and Harry Covington, a rich product of the Alien Property Custodian's office. Davies's attitude may also be deduced from his de-

scription of himself as "a corporation lawyer of liberal outlook" and from the fact that, in addition to being one of the representatives here of the A. T. and T., he also has been among the legal brains behind the creation of the National Dairy Products Corporation. There is something significant, too, in the fact that he has been American counsel and fiscal adviser to Trujillo, the Dominican despot, and that, though he is unquestionably one of the most successful lawyers practicing in Washington, his activities in that respect have gone almost unnoticed through the years and he is known not as a good lawyer but as a clever one. His field marshal is Alfons B. Landa, a son-in-law of one of Washington's most famous big-time lobbyists, Frank Mondel, and one of his favorite golfing companions at the Burning Tree Club is the President's secretary, Marvin McIntyre, bosom pal of nearly all lobbyists. It also is not without meaning that he appears to have clinched his new job by raising \$100,000 offhand for the Roosevelt campaign at a time when Roosevelt and his aides were none too certain of victory; that he let himself be married to Mrs. Hutton in the seventy-room apartment on East Ninety-second Street in New York given her by her second husband; and that the "Angel of Hell's Kitchen"—as he would like to have his wife known for her philanthropies—bedecked the apartment for the occasion with 5,000 chrysanthemums that had been dyed blush pink at a cost of \$2,000 to match the icing on the 300-pound wedding cake which the establishment's twenty-five servants, assisted by three caterers, served the fifty wedding guests. From this it would seem that the liberalism of the American embassy at Moscow henceforth will be describable only in French—not left but *gauche*.

Sitdown

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

IN THE last ten years or so much has been written, here and abroad, about the rapid "robotization" of labor in mass-production industries. Various alleged students of the worker "on the belt" have concluded that he was rapidly ceasing to be a normal human being. He was helpless, docile, machine-like. But this was an exaggeration. All the manhood is not stamped and squeezed out of the industrial worker—certainly not out of the rubber worker in Akron.

The rubber worker in Akron may be a so-called hill-billy from West Virginia, or a mountaineer from Tennessee or North Carolina, or a husky Negro from Georgia or Alabama, or a Pole, a Croatian, a Lithuanian, an Italian, a Hungarian, or a native Ohio or Pennsylvania farm boy, or a young man born right in Akron, with a high-school education. During the boom years, 1910 to 1929, when his productivity increased 300 per cent, he made, besides millions and millions of automobile tires and mountains of other rubber goods, 120 millionaires.

With the 1929 crash thousands of native rubber workers left Akron for the hills of West Virginia and the states further south; some of the foreign-born returned to their old countries or moved elsewhere in the United States; other thousands went into the queues in front of private-relief offices. But tens of thousands stayed. Those who retained their jobs lived in fear of losing them. When the New Deal came along, the accumulated discontent found a healthy expression in unionization, which was obstructed and inhibited by the A. F. of L. fakers in every way possible. During the NRA period, however, a militant and intelligent rank-and-file movement developed which ultimately overcame the A. F. of L. "organizers," forced them out of Akron, and took over the United Rubber Workers of America, now one of the healthiest unions in the country and an important member of the Committee for Industrial Organization.

The rank-and-file movement really got under way in a curious and peculiarly American way. The story goes that

December 5, 1936

one Sunday afternoon a couple of baseball teams composed of workers employed in two big rubber factories suddenly refused to play a scheduled game because they found out that the umpire—to whom some of them objected, incidentally, also as a person and an umpire—was not a union man. The players just *sat down* literally, some on the grass, others on the benches beneath the grandstand, while the crowd, consisting mainly of workingmen—partly “for the hell of it” and partly in seriousness—yelled for an umpire who was a union member, cheered the NIRA, and generally raised a merry din, till the non-union umpire withdrew and a union man called the game. It is said that the expression “sitdown” was first used in the discussions that followed that game.

Not long afterward a petty dispute over a point in working conditions developed between the workers and the superintendent of a department in one of the great rubber factories. The superintendent would not yield and, annoyed, made an indiscreet remark which angered the workers in question; about a dozen in all. They had been on the verge of dropping their demand or complaint, whatever it was; now, remembering the sitdown at the ball game, one of them blurted out, “Aw, to hell with ‘im, let’s sit down!” And they sat down.

In a few minutes several other departments of the extremely complex and delicately organized production process in the factory, which employed 7,000 men, were in a mess. What had happened? The question was asked all over the plant. The answer quickly spread through the place: There was a sitdown in such-and-such a department! A sitdown? Yeah, a sitdown; don’t you know what a sitdown is, you dope? Like what happened at the ball game the other Sunday!

Hundreds of workers who did not know what the sitdown was about but who belonged more or less to the rank-and-file element experienced a thrill. A sitdown in the plant! In no time the most important departments of the factory were at a standstill. Thousands of workers sat down. Some because they wanted to, more because everything stopped anyhow.

And sitting by their machines, caldrons, boilers, and work benches, they talked. Some realized for the first time how important they were in the process of rubber production. Twelve men had practically stopped the works! Almost any dozen or score of them could do it! In some departments six could do it! The active rank-and-filers, scattered through the various sections of the plant, took the initiative in saying, “We’ve got to stick with ‘em!” And they stuck with them, union and non-union men alike. Most of them were non-union. Some probably were vaguely afraid not to stick. Some were bewildered. Others amused. There was much laughter through the works. Oh boy, oh boy! Just like at the ball game, no kiddin’. There the crowd had stuck with the players and they got an umpire who was a member of a labor union. Here everybody stuck with the twelve guys who first sat down, and the factory management was beside itself. Superintendents, foremen, and straw bosses were dashing about. They looked funny, these corporals, sergeants, and shavetails of industry. Telephones were ringing all over the plant. This

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Akron Public Library
sudden suspension of production was costing the company many dollars every minute. . . . In less than an hour the dispute which had led to the sitdown was settled—full victory for the men!

Walking out of the factory gates that evening, the men laughed. They told the night shift about it. The thing got into the Akron newspapers. There was no little talk about the affair, most of it perhaps, to the effect that the sitdown was a good joke on the factory management. The rank-and-file leaders, some of whom were more or less leftist, others mainly inspired by the New Deal and its Section 7-a, did their best to keep the talk going. They reiterated that, as had been demonstrated by the sitdown on the baseball diamond and the sitdown in the factory, workers could get somewhere only collectively, by sticking and working together. The thing to do was to join the unions. Many did join and new federal unions were organized.

Some of the leftist rank-and-filers realized that the sitdown might have revolutionary implications or possibilities—workers stopping production, sitting down, and taking possession of plants! So many of them, free-lance agitators without authority from any union, what the bosses called “trouble-makers,” began to encourage sitdowns. Working in various departments in the several Akron rubber plants, they subtly organized sitdowns when disputes arose. As a result of late there have been scores of sitdowns, some lasting only an hour or even less, others several hours or most of the day, running into the next shift; and a few stretching over two, three, four, or more days, thus becoming “stay-ins.”

Some sitdowns tied up production only in parts of a given factory, others paralyzed the whole plant. When the sitdowns became longer, the men sitting in their working places took to whiling away the time by playing cards or checkers, telling yarns, singing, or reading. Some of them simply stretched on the benches or on the floor and went to sleep. When a sitdown ran into the next shift, the incoming workers relieved the old shift and did the same thing—sat, talked, sang, played cards or checkers, and slept on the floor—till the dispute that had produced the sitdown was settled; or else they gave their dinner pails to the sitters-down and went home—which made the sitdown a stay-in.

Of course, like the original sitdown, several sitdowns—perhaps a majority of them—in the Akron rubber plants have occurred without encouragement from any rank-and-file organizer. They have been sudden, spontaneous affairs, springing out of immediate conditions in a department.

Nearly all the sitdowns have been effective, winning the demands of the men who started them. So far as I know, only one or two have fizzled out. The men in other departments almost invariably back the initiators of the sitdown. Why? Let me give a list of the virtues and advantages of the sitdown as a method of labor aggression from the point of view not so much of the rank-and-file organizer or radical agitator as of the average workingman in a mass-production industry like rubber.

1. The sitdown is the reverse of sabotage, to which many workers are opposed. It destroys nothing. Before shutting down a department in a rubber plant, for instance, the men

take the compounded rubber from the mills, or they finish building or curving the tires then being built or curved, so that nothing is needlessly ruined. Taking the same precautions during the sitdown as they do during production, the men do not smoke in departments where benzine is used. There is no drinking. This discipline—of which more in a moment—is instinctive.

2. To say, as did a New York *Times* reporter, writing from Akron last winter, that the sitdown "resembles the old Oriental practice of passive resistance" is a bit far-fetched, but it probably is a sort of development of the old I. W. W. "folded-arm" strike and of "striking on the job"; only it is better, manlier than the latter, which required men to pretend they were working, and to accomplish as little as possible without being discharged, which was more fatiguing than to work according to one's capacity, as well as contrary to the natural inclinations of the best class of workers.

3. The sitdown is the reverse of the ordinary strike. When a sitdown is called, a man does not walk out; he stays in, implying that he is willing to work if——

4. Workers' wives generally object to regular strikes, which often are long, sometimes violent and dangerous, and as likely as not end in sell-outs and defeat. Sitdowns are quick, short, and free of violence. There are no strike-breakers in the majority of instances; the factory management does not dare to get tough and try to drive the sitting men out and replace them with other workers, for such violence would turn the public against the employers and the police, and might result in damage to costly machinery. In a sitdown there are no picket-lines outside the factories, where police and company gunmen have great advantage when a fight starts. The sitdown action occurs wholly inside the plant, where the workers, who know every detail of the interior, have obvious advantages. The sitters-down organize their own "police squads," arming them—in rubber—with crowbars normally used to pry open molds in which tires are curved. These worker cops patrol the belt, watch for possible scabs, and stand guard near the doors. In a few instances where city police and gunmen have entered a factory, they were bewildered, frightened, and driven out by the "sitting" workers with no difficulty whatever.

5. Most workers distrust—if not consciously, then unconsciously—union officials and strike leaders and committees, even when they themselves have elected them. The beauty of the sitdown or the stay-in is that there are no leaders or officials to distrust. There can be no sell-out. Such standard procedure as strike sanction is hopelessly obsolete when workers drop their tools, stop their machines, and sit down beside them. The initiative, conduct, and control of the sitdown come directly from the men involved.

6. The fact that the sitdown gives the worker in mass-production industries a vital sense of importance cannot be overemphasized. Two sitdowns which completely tied up plants employing close to 10,000 men were started by half a dozen men each. Imagine the feeling of power those men experienced! And the thousands of workers who sat down in their support shared that feeling in varying degrees,

depending on their individual power of imagination. One husky gum-miner said to me, "Now we don't feel like taking the sass of any snot-nose college-boy foreman." Another man said, "Now we know our labor is more important than the money of the stockholders, than the gambling in Wall Street, than the doings of the managers and foremen." The sitdown technique is still in the process of development, but already one man's grievance, if the majority of his fellow-workers in his department agree that it is a just grievance, can tie up the whole plant. He becomes a strike leader; the other members of the working force in his department become members of the strike committee. *They* assume full responsibility in the matter: form their own patrols, keep the machines from being pointlessly destroyed, and meet with the management and dictate their terms. *They* turn their individual self-control and restraint into group self-discipline—which probably is the best aspect of the sitdown. *They* settle the dispute, not some outsider.

7. Work in most of the departments of a rubber factory or any other kind of mass-production factory is drudgery of the worst sort—mechanical and uncreative, insistent and requiring no imagination; and any interruption is welcomed by workers, even if only subconsciously. The conscious part of their mind may worry about the loss of pay; their subconscious, however, doesn't care a whit about that. The sitdown is dramatic, thrilling.

8. All these factors were important in the early sitdowns. They still are important. In addition now there is in Akron the three-year-old tradition that when a sitdown begins anywhere along the line of production everybody else is to sit down, too. And while we are explaining the men's solidarity in sitdowns, we mustn't forget also that the average worker in a mass-production plant is full of grievances and complaints, some of them hardly realized, and he knows or feels instinctively that when he and his fellow-workers get ready to act, they will need the support of all the labor in the place, and they will get it only if they back the men who have initiated the current sitdown.

9. The sitdown is a purely democratic action, as democracy is understood in America within the capitalist system.

10. The sitdown is a social affair. Sitting workers talk. They get acquainted. And they like that. In a regular strike it is impossible to bring together under one roof more than one or two thousand people, and these only for a meeting, where they do not talk with one another but listen to speakers. A rubber sitdown holds under the same roof up to ten or twelve thousand idle men, free to talk among themselves, man to man. "Why, my God, man," one Goodyear gum-miner told me, "during the sitdowns last spring I found out that the guy who works next to me is the same as I am, even if I was born in West Virginia and he is from Poland. His problems are the same. Why shouldn't we stick?"

[*This is the first of two articles on the sitdown. The second, dealing with the current importance and the probable future of sitdown strikes, will appear in the next issue. A letter by Mr. Adamic pertaining to these articles is printed on page 687.*]

Fascist Terror in Majorca

BY A REFUGEE

[The article which appears below was written by a German, formerly resident in the Spanish island of Majorca and now living in Switzerland. Although it describes the events of the first weeks of the Spanish revolution, it is interesting as one of the few news stories that have come out of the island.]

THE rebellion on the island started on the night of July 18. Although the Socialists had, of course, heard radio accounts of General Franco's rebellion and had been advised by a few of the older men to expect trouble at home, they were quite unprepared to defend themselves. Incredibly enough, they made no attempt to conceal party documents or to disguise party activities, much less to prepare for armed resistance. On July 19, therefore, the rebels were able to enter party headquarters without a serious struggle. There was some shooting, particularly in the early morning hours, but the Socialists were so hopelessly outnumbered that their abortive attempt at counter-revolution was quickly checked. Marques de Zayas, leader of the fascists—the so-called National Syndicalist Party of the young Spanish Workers—had been in prison with many of his followers at the fortress of San Carlos after an attack on Socialist headquarters a few weeks before. De Zayas was at once released. Later on San Carlos was used as a place of execution for the "reds." The People's House became the headquarters of the Blue Shirts; the newly established women's section was stationed at the Izquierda Republicana, the house of Azaña's party. At once a Balilla group was formed and small boys with loaded revolvers were seen everywhere. As the lists of members of the Socialist Party had been taken by the fascists, it was a simple matter to clean out the enemy. In the small towns and villages no lists were needed; everybody's political opinion was known to his neighbors. Many hundreds of men were thrown into prison and concentration camps; other hundreds were shot out of hand. Some escaped into the mountains, where they hid for a while, but later they were forced to give themselves up or commit suicide. The fascist searching parties were relentless; supported by the Guardia Civile they watched every pass and port. Fishing boats were not permitted to put out, and motor boats patrolled the island.

A railroad tunnel leads from the port of Palma under the town and up to the railway station at Soller. A number of fleeing workers had hidden in the tunnel. At the risk of their lives relatives brought food to the tunnel's entrance, and the men inside devised a little cart to draw it up by. The hiding place was discovered. The Blue Shirts manned an engine with young men armed with rifles and pistols, and sent it along the tunnel. Those inside who were not killed by bullets were crushed beneath the wheels.

The story of Manuel, the son of my washerwoman, is typical. Manuel was the leader of a small Communist cell in the little village near Palma where I lived. He was known as an industrious, thoughtful man and an idealist. At the beginning of the revolution he fled to the mountains. For weeks the fascists searched for him; for weeks his family was threatened with death if they did not reveal his hiding-place. But they remained silent. In the middle of August the fascists ordered five of Manuel's best friends to bring him in dead or alive. The friends joined Manuel to tell him the bad news and prepared their own escape. But Manuel sent them home again; he wanted to think about the whole matter and assured them that he would give them a sign. He did, the next morning. His body was found shortly after dawn by a friend of mine, a Swedish aviator, hanging from a fig tree. He had not wanted his friends to be sacrificed for him. The body was brought to Palma and buried, although his family was not permitted to know where. The women did not dare to wear mourning, except his mother, who wore black earrings. There was no express prohibition against mourning, but it was thought to be dangerous. General Queipo de Llano declared black garments for mourning to be a sin against the Holy Ghost and inharmonious with the white lily of the Virgin Mary, for whose glorification this holy war was being fought.

The prisons were soon filled to overflowing, and various fortresses and even ships docked in the port were used as concentration camps. At first the fascists guarded the prisoners, but they killed so many with bullets and castor oil that the military governor was forced to order a guard of soldiers. Families learned of the death of relatives only by accident. It was forbidden on pain of death to listen to broadcasts from the government station or from any foreign station. A small radio station founded by Captain Homar, a member of an old aristocratic family and a thorough fascist, had the exclusive right to broadcast. I met the captain in the winter of 1932, and I was surprised to see that even then the fascist salute was used by him and his associates. In the summer of 1933 Homar told me that Majorca must have its own radio station, since he was convinced that it was only a matter of time before General Franco would seize power.

In spite of the prohibition, people persisted in listening to the forbidden stations. Dozens of times I have listened in at the home of an Andalusian workman. Sometimes there would be more than a dozen persons gathered around the radio, which was under the roof in an old barn. The room was lined with blankets, and we all sweltered under a heavy rug. In Palma alone there were seven clandestine broadcasting stations, in direct communication with the Ministry of War in Madrid or with Barcelona. Six of

these broadcasters were discovered and shot within a week. The seventh had not been found when we left the island. Every motor, cart, or other vehicle was searched, for it was suspected that the secret station was on the move.

The Majorcans on the rebel side were constantly stiffened by the promise of German and Italian help. Juan March, the famous Majorcan millionaire, owner of the Banca March, announced he would buy German airplanes and present them to his country. The population was heavily taxed for foreign planes, and since payment had to be in gold, gold articles were exchanged for dubious paper. Every day the papers published lists of donors, with the amount of gold or jewels they had given. The gifts were all holy. The lists read like this: For the immaculately conceived Mother of God and for the continuation of the war—a gold chain; for the Holy Friend of Children and our courageous Blue Shirts—a gold ring; for the Holy Trinity and the downfall of the heathen—and so on. There were always numerous items about the heathen. One day the island newspapers published the news that a shipload of Turks had landed at Formentor, threatening Christians with their curved swords. This opened the purses and the gold poured out.

The first plane bought with this gold flew over Palma in the middle of August, greeted with frenzied shouts by the people. The fascists cried "Arriba España!"; the monarchists cried "Viva España"; and a few of the happier ones saluted the German plane with "Heil Hitler!" Unfortunately two of the first three planes were damaged in an air attack a day or so after they appeared.

From the day of the first delivery of arms, the German and Italian sailors were the pets of the island. They were showered with flowers and presents, and were to be seen everywhere walking arm in arm with Spaniards. The Italian and German colonies relished this appreciation of the "great fascist world powers." Strangely enough, the flag of the Reich was seldom seen. I saw the swastika only three times. Almost everybody in Palma displayed the Italian flag.

On August 16 Captain Bayo, coming from Barcelona, disembarked the first troops of the anti-fascist militia at the small harbor of Porto Cristo on Majorca. The vanguard had landed the night before and the contingent was welcomed with real joy by the people. Sardanas and boleros were danced in the streets and everybody was in good humor. When the news of the "invasion of pirates" reached Palma several hours later, the people were not told that the "pirates" were 6,000 government troops with all necessary accoutrements of war. The inhabitants, therefore, joined with the troops to repulse the attackers, who were described as a few hundred criminals, mostly black-bearded Russians with Marxist literature under their shirts. Although the loyalist troops did not reach Palma the first day, a fight took place at San Severa, a nearby town, and so many rebels were killed that the Palma newspapers were forbidden to mention San Severa. Instead they assured their readers that every last red had been driven from the island—this at a time when the loyalist troops were intrenched in a line fourteen kilometers long between

Porto Christo and Arta. For days the dead lay thick on the battlefields, until the soldiers burned the bodies.

For three weeks the government forces remained on the island. They had brought and stored food and ammunition for 25,000 men. They had their own newspapers, radio station, mail service in daily communication with Barcelona and Madrid, tanks, ambulances, cranes, and so on. Acting on orders from Madrid, they withdrew from the island without the loss of a single man or any material, as eyewitnesses from among the rebels later testified. The retreat was covered by planes and nineteen small cruisers. It was said that Azaña wanted to avoid further Italian intervention in Majorca. But the Italian commander, Conte de Rossi, claimed full credit for having cleaned the anti-fascists out of the island, and he was feted for it in Palma and other towns, and received the blessings of the clergy.

The fascists told me proudly that there were also Germans among them, and they invited me several times to inspect the "wonderful organization" of their Blue House. I politely declined. The German consul indignantly denied that any German citizens had taken part in the "liquidation" of the Socialists. Whether they had or not, the terror went on. Socialists who had escaped arrest told me that in one district in Palma 500 had been killed; in trucks and touring cars, twenty and thirty chained together, they had been driven outside the town and shot at a convenient spot. Another man estimated the number of executions during the first six weeks in Palma at 1,500. The clothing of the victims was heaped up in the churchyards, where the people were allowed to sort out for themselves evidence of the death of relatives or friends.

In the church of a little village near Manacor, fascists destroyed the treasures of the church, which "unfortunately" had been undamaged by the reds. They threw them all in a heap, fetched a dozen workmen out of prison, grouped them around the "robbery," took a photograph of the scene, and killed the workers as soon as the picture was taken. The photograph was published as an example of red terror. This story was told me by the priest himself, who deplored it.

When I left the island at the beginning of October, the underground terror had so affected the people that even followers of the right were afraid. A denunciation from any source meant almost certain death. Persons I knew among the workers, the Catholic bourgeoisie, and the aristocracy told me they longed for the establishment of a military dictatorship which would disarm the extremists of both sides and stop the war. There was no one, of whatever party, who did not envy me the chance of leaving the island. No Spaniard was permitted to leave. Foreigners were offered huge sums to smuggle Spaniards aboard foreign battleships.

This prohibition was especially cruel to persons who had come to Majorca for the summer holiday. They knew nothing of their relatives on the Spanish mainland and could not communicate with them. I was given more than fifty letters to mail when I left and on the cruiser I met a Swiss lady who carried a suitcase full of mail. Fortunately there was no censor at the port the morning we left.

George Peek at Home and Abroad

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

BEFORE the World War George N. Peek was a live, aggressive manufacturer of agricultural implements, a thorn in the flesh of Alexander Legge of the International Harvester. Bernard Baruch, with his uncanny instinct for key men, summoned both Peek and Legge to Washington just when their concerns were in a position to make mountains of money. They came regretfully, rather resentfully, somewhat suspicious of each other; but Baruch was implacable. They signed up for the duration of the war at a dollar a year (which they never got). Promptly they became fast friends, among the tireless hawks engaged in chasing profiteers into their holes.

As a farm-machinery man Peek knew that agriculture was desperately sick. He had been a prominent figure in an Administration that had implored the farmers to break every available acre, buy expensive machinery, overwork the land and themselves, sink deep over their heads in debt, because "food would win the war." When the war was over, the farmer was left prostrate under sacks of wheat and bales of cotton, kegs of butter and lard, fat hams and sides of beef. And so in season and out of season Peek agitated for justice to the farmer. Industry had saved its prices by combinations, open or tacit. Peek was for farmers' combinations. Industry had been safely sheltered behind the tariff. The farmers had been humbugged with tariffs that were inoperative, since farming was an unorganized export industry. Like every great American industrialist Peek knew that there is a way for even export industries to enjoy the benefits of a high tariff. Have a two-price system: high prices at home, low prices abroad.

When the McNary-Haugen scheme was evolved for dumping farm supplies at what they would fetch and working the tariff for what it was worth in domestic consumption, Peek saw a ray of real hope for the farmer. There were defects in the original plan; Peek helped to mend them. He wasted his time and substance running around the country converting politicians, industrial notables, and great merchants who wouldn't have known a lister from a tedder if they had met them face to face. Peek thought that Roosevelt was a convert to the cause. Indeed, at Kansas City Roosevelt made a declaration that seemed to look toward the McNary-Haugen plan. To Peek Roosevelt seemed like bright spring after the moldy winter of Hoover. He foresaw another dollar-a-year episode, bucking the depression as he had helped buck the war—a second generous and patriotic youth, more golden than the first.

Roosevelt was inaugurated, and Peek, as he had hoped, was invited to Washington. But this time there was no skilful and patient poker player like Bernard Baruch to stand between a forthright man like Peek and an idealistic Chief Executive. Instead, he found himself shut up in a

kind of hopper with Wallace, Tugwell, Jerome Frank, and Hull, to mill themselves under their own steam. Here his bruises and his book* begin.

There were two conflicting plans for bringing about the relief that farming absolutely needed. One was Peek's plan of a two-price system, selling abroad at the world price and at home at that price plus the tariff duty. The other was what proved to be Wallace's plan of cutting production in many items to the needs of the domestic market, and in the case of cotton and tobacco, cutting production sufficiently to correct the world price. Both plans involved serious complications. In the first plan, the farmers whose products were dumped abroad had somehow to be put on the same footing as farmers who sold at the favorable domestic price. In the second plan the farmers who cut their production had somehow to be compensated. Since the American government is seldom honest enough to give a subsidy frankly, out of ordinary revenues, both plans included a processing tax, which really had nothing to recommend it over the majority of our more pernicious taxes. It looks preposterous now, but at the outset both parties supposed that they were pulling the same way. For a time there was frightful bewilderment: both teams were pulling to burst their girths and not moving an inch—something very characteristic of Washington.

Finally the whiffle-trees snapped and Peek found himself all snarled up in confusion. As his book shows, he hasn't got the straps and ropes untwisted yet, or the welts and chafings healed. George Peek simply could not work with the Tugwell-Wallace-Howe crowd. It was with the greatest relief that he found himself transferred to a job that was especially to his taste: finding foreign markets for farm surpluses. He interpreted his commission liberally, to cover not only all the foreign trade but also all other foreign transactions of the United States. A nation in its foreign economic relations, he assumed, is a unit, like a business in the circle of competitors and customers. It needs first of all a system of accounts, clearly showing income and outgo, and Peek set out to establish such a system—something we badly need. But every system of accounts must make assumptions. Peek's assumptions seemed to him axioms. If the United States buys goods, that is outgo; if it buys gold, that is also outgo. If it sells securities, that is on the income side temporarily, but ultimately on the debit side. Foreigners menace us when they hold our securities, unload their own securities on us, deposit their money in our banks. Foreigners are striking at our prosperity and independence when they sell us anything we can make ourselves—even at high cost. If with one day's American labor we buy the product of one

*"Why Quit Our Own." By George N. Peek with Samuel Crowther. D. Van Nostrand Company.

day's foreign labor, we deprive an American laborer of a job. If with one day's labor we buy the product of two days of foreign labor, we are depriving two Americans of jobs. Logically, one might remark, the same principle should hold when it is one day's labor against ten. We ought to be raising our raw silk in the Carolinas. But then only Henry Ford and Rockefeller could afford to strut around in silks, and Japan would have nothing with which to pay for our cotton. Not to press the point, Peek is not up to himself when he plunges into general theory.

He negotiated a number of deals on a barter basis, one with Germany, for example, in which we were to exchange 800,000 bales of cotton for 25 per cent cash and the rest in goods which would not have competed with our own production. The deal fell through because in the meantime Secretary Hull had committed himself to a trade reciprocity policy that Peek considers damnable.

We may disregard the theoretical extravagances in which Peek, like many another level-headed practical man, lets himself get mired. His proposed farm and tariff solutions are not to be lightly dismissed. No matter how clearly one sees the injury to agriculture wrought by overproduction, one cannot feel complacent about the "plow-up and kill" which the Wallace party put through. Certainly the possibility of a two-price system, as a temporary expedient, should have been more thoroughly explored. We should all have preferred to see the surplus corn, wheat, meat, cotton disposed of at cut prices to the impoverished masses of Europe and Asia, rather than destroyed. The expedient could, however, have worked only temporarily. The American public would not long be content to subsidize our farmers for the sake of providing foreign populations with food and fiber below cost of production. But it is not unthinkable that we might have a two-price system at home that would develop the consuming power of the poorer strata. A multiple price system is ancient practice in the supply of electrical power. It is beside the point that this system works in favor of the stronger, not the weaker, consumers. We have long had a multiple price system for medical services in favor of the poor, and most of us are hoping to see it extended in favor of the lower-middle-class incomes. In New York we have a two-price system for milk. The farmer is paid one price for milk sold for direct consumption, another price for milk for manufacture. We could carry the multiple price system farther and make a very low price, say, for families with incomes under \$1,200. The British are doing something of the kind. We are doing something of the sort when we subsidize housing for low-income groups. We could do the same thing with bread, meat, fruits, and vegetables. If the plan of multiple prices were carried through, we should see an amazing development of our domestic purchasing power.

To be sure, the system would be cumbersome and subject to many abuses. But the one-price system is compatible with social welfare and economic health only when income is distributed with substantial equality. Taking the world as it is, the one-price system leaves the producer with crushing surpluses on his hands and the consumer in bitter want of the very goods composing those surpluses. It is a matter for great regret that Peek was not permitted

to carry through his experiment in the two-price system, even though the beneficiaries would have been foreign populations. It would have set us thinking about our own population.

Peek's plan for the control of foreign trade and other transactions involving foreign exchange looked to him so logical and so obviously beneficial that only some hidden and injurious principle like "internationalism" could explain the coolness of Hull and Sayre. Peek wanted to put the whole business of foreign economic relations under official control. Let nothing happen in this field except with explicit authorization. Let the government negotiate with foreign governments as to volume and kind of imports and exports, international investments, the payment of debts owing to Americans, tourist traffic, remittances from immigrants to relatives. There is bureaucracy for you, and from a man who is always inveighing against bureaucracy. He calls his plan an American plan, in contrast to Hull's "international" plan. What could be more international than a plan involving continuous negotiations between governments on the whole complex of economic relations? And as for the origin of the plan, it was first developed systematically by Soviet Russia, then taken up by Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Poland, and gradually forced upon the more democratic countries of Europe.

Peek is particularly enraged by Hull's reciprocity arrangements. Why do we stick to the antiquated, unconditional most-favored-nation principle? We give concessions to Belgium on cement in return for concessions on Belgium's part supposed to be equivalent. Then we generalize the concessions, and other countries that have given us nothing enjoy the same rate as Belgium. Well, who is gypped, ourselves or Belgium? If all the world enjoys the reduced duty, it will mean precious little to Belgium.

We do give a special concession to Cuba on sugar, which Peek himself calculates as equivalent to a cash subsidy to Cuba of \$32,000,000. If we generalized this concession to all sugar-producing countries, it would be worth little or nothing to Cuba. Peek seems not to note the meaning of the special concession, in spite of his clear picture of the Cuban situation. Let the goods of a particular country in at half the duty, and we are presenting to that country a bounty equal to half the duty. Let all countries enjoy the same concession and our price drops halfway toward the world price. No country gets any special benefit, though all may gain through the greater volume of trade.

There may be a reason why we should present Cuba with \$32,000,000. There might be a reason for presenting a few million dollars to Belgium through special trade concessions, if we could get special concessions that yielded us net as much or more. Some very shrewd bargaining would be required, and an old-fashioned American like Hull would rather not try it. He prefers to let the individual American business man make his own bargains, under impersonal government regulations. Peek, Stalin, and Hitler are confident of their superiority to the individual business man in making international bargains. I wish Peek had been able to put his barter transactions through. We should all have learned something.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ALL honor to the government of Norway and the Nobel Prize Committee! That government deserves the highest credit for refusing to bring any pressure to bear upon the committee; its representatives resigned so that Hitler could not charge an official governmental action, and the committee then decided in favor of Carl von Ossietzky for the 1935 peace prize without taking counsel of anybody's fears. Curiously enough, it never even asked the advice of Adolf Hitler. That was, of course, a great oversight, as was evidenced by the snarls of anguish from Berlin. It is unheard of, an official Nazi spokesman says, to give the Nobel peace prize to a man who was convicted as a traitor by the highest court in the land even before the Nazis came to power. So the Hitler government has officially protested to the Norwegian government that this is an unprecedented insult; the official statement adds that serious consequences—to be defined later—will follow. That, too, is characteristic of men in office who happen also to be bullies and braggarts. "We aren't going to tell you what we are going to do to you, but, by heck, it is going to be serious, so you look out for yourself."

Now aside from my great joy that justice has been done to Ossietzky and that this recognition of an outrageously ill-treated man has appeared in every newspaper in the world, I get the greatest satisfaction from the stupid and fumbling way in which the Nazi government has received the news. If it had said "ouch" a thousand times it could not have made clearer the deep hurt it sustained. The manner in which it has acknowledged the award confirms me in considerable degree in my belief that sooner or later the stupid, one-sided mentalities in charge of the German people are going to make a blunder as bad as that of Hindenburg and Ludendorff in insisting on the unlimited submarine warfare and thus drawing the United States into the struggle, or the Zimmermann note advising Mexico that it should fight us to take back New Mexico and Arizona. It is obvious again that one of the numerous qualities Hitler lacks is a sense of humor.

Certainly the German government has shown great stupidity in not ignoring the whole thing or laughing it off. It should have jested about the prize itself, about how happy the German government would be to receive the money intended for Ossietzky since no state prisoners could receive financial support from abroad. It should have said it had several other candidates if the Nobel committee couldn't find anybody else to give its prize to another year. But no, it had to be dead serious about it; its sacred honor was impugned; it was a slap at the whole German people, a reflection upon the sacred Nazi government. I am certain that it will yet be proved that it is an insult to the whole Aryan race, and if by this time Nazi

agents are not at work to prove the Jewish ancestry of every member of the Nobel Prize Committee I shall be astonished. It might have been prepared for the announcement—at least to the considering of its policy in advance—as most other people were since its foreshadowing in the press. But it just could not conceive that any committee could hold it in sufficient contempt not to inquire what its feelings in the matter would be. Hence the cries of pain and the effort to besmirch Von Ossietzky.

Von Ossietzky cannot be besmirched in the eyes of anyone who knows the facts about his trial and punishment under Chancellor Brüning—as the latter is reported to be in this country hiding under an assumed name I hope these words will come to his attention. That action of the Brüning government was a disgrace to it; it set the seal upon the treachery and duplicity not of Von Ossietzky but of the government which persecuted him. What was Von Ossietzky's offense? Simply the publication in his honest and truthful weekly, the *Weltbühne*, that Germany was violating the Treaty of Versailles and secretly arming. One article brought out the fact that German fliers were being trained on the flying fields of that very Soviet government against which Hitler is now forming a new Holy Alliance! In other words, Von Ossietzky had a sufficiently honorable character to refuse to share in the deceitfulness of his government, its pretense that it was living up to the Policy of Acceptance. Nothing could illustrate more clearly the fundamental ethical lack in the character of the German people which keeps them suspect of all the world. They have for generations held up to their school children as model patriots the men who similarly tricked Napoleon by evading his limitation of their armaments. It is not merely that in their eyes the end justifies the means, but they hold that your true patriot is the man who lies and cheats on behalf of his government. They cannot see what a stain this leaves upon their honor and how it has made people believe that their solemn word is worth no more than a dicer's oath.

The Nazi spokesman went farther. He warned the world that demonstrations of approval of the Nobel award might mean serious consequences for the prisoner. Of course he was too stupid to see that this again brings into the clearest light the high-mindedness, the generous point of view, and the general nobility of the German government. I got to know Carl von Ossietzky quite well when I was in Berlin in the winter of 1930-31. I believe he would be the last to ask for any soft-pedaling upon the worldwide rejoicing that the stamp of disapproval has been put upon his government by the Nobel committee. An "unfriendly act"? Yes, Mr. Nazi Spokesman, an unfriendly act and by the righteous moral opinion of the world!

BROUN'S PAGE

Newspaper Guild Thanksgiving

IT IS quite true that the American Newspaper Guild was not a major issue in the last political campaign. Perhaps it was not even a minor issue, and yet the result has had very favorable consequences for the union of working newspaper men and women. I hasten to add that none of these advantages would have accrued but for the increasing efficiency of guild organization.

Within the guild and outside, it is frequently said that many mistakes were made in the early days of the union. That is undoubtedly true, but fortunately none of them seems to have been fatal. On at least half a dozen occasions *Editor and Publisher* asserted that some policy or other was the death warrant of the guild. And yet it would be hard for anyone to deny that at the present moment the guild is better off than ever before in its history.

The first and all-important reason for progress has been and still is economic necessity. Nobody could possibly have induced reporters to depart from an ancient tradition and join a union if it had not been for the harsh conditions in the craft. I am not saying that every single man or woman in a city room was put upon or exploited. There were good bosses and bad bosses. Some bosses are always better than others. There was a good deal of romantic benevolence. Certain specialists were paid salaries out of all proportion to their work. These were few in number and I know them all. With one in particular I am intimately acquainted.

A familiar form of attack against the guild was the assertion that it was a one-man movement. Indeed, the enemies of the guild did not even dignify it as a "movement." It was rather the whim or the hobby of some fat exhibitionist who loved to get arrested in order to see his name in the paper. Nothing could be farther from the true facts. In the beginning—and now and eternally I hope—the guild was a mass movement. It began with a little group in Cleveland and spread to New York. For a time its growth was almost wholly spontaneous. No one among the early settlers had any experience in leadership or very much capacity for it. Still less was the baby union equipped with men skilled in the handling of that hard and grinding detail which is necessary for organization.

But the members educated one another. The American Newspaper Guild became a sort of combination of Quaker meeting and labor college. We sat around and spoke, each one as the spirit moved him or her. Fortunately the women were not segregated. The spirit which moved discussion was the spirit of the times in which we lived. Frequently it was said that reporters could never succeed in unionization because their training and their calling were of such a highly individual nature. But in the long run newspaper experience helped.

Even among guild members the charge has been made

that the budding union tried to cover too much territory. I hope the day never comes when it covers too little. A case in point was a resolution for the freeing of Tom Mooney which was passed at the first regular convention in St. Paul. This was an easy handle for enemies to seize upon. It was said that the guild had gone mad and was attempting to dictate editorial policies to the publishers. To be sure the publishers were peculiarly thin-skinned when reporters first began to organize. I still hear that the guild made a tragic error when the then president of the New York chapter addressed a group of editors in Washington and began, "To whom it may concern." I trust that by now the publishers of America know it does concern them.

As one of the early leaders of the guild I saw my job to be that of a kind of ballyhoo man and advance agent. We are now advertised by our loving enemies, and the most important part of the guild's development has come within the last year. I refer of course to the work of organization, and here I should like to put on the record the name of a man familiar to all guildsmen but less known to outsiders. Jonathan Eddy is the person who has born the great brunt of giving form and substance to the early aspirations of the union. And there should be mention at this moment of Morgan Hull, who sat up with the Seattle strike and brought it to a successful conclusion. As an incurable romantic I must mention one man whose name I have forgotten. In those days we had a sentimental notion that a single person was sufficient to start a chapter. We had not developed far enough to avoid the making of martyrs. My assignment was to talk to a group of fifty-five men on the New York *Sun*. I began with insufficient background. It was my impression that they had come over to join. It developed that they had merely assembled to tell me that their boss was the finest man in the world and they wanted nothing to do with any union. Exasperated, I pointed an accusing finger at a man I knew and said, "Frankie, you're telling me that your working conditions are so perfect that there is nothing you desire. Is that so?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well then, your attitude is that your own working conditions are wholly satisfactory and that you don't want so much as to lift a little finger to help any newspaper man or woman who is not so happily situated?"

He hesitated a little longer, then answered, "Yes."

"In that case," I told them, "there's no point in going on with this discussion. The meeting is adjourned."

Up shot the thin arm of the reporter I can't remember. "How many people do you need to start a guild on a paper?" he asked.

"One," I said.

"All right, you've got a guild."

It turned out that he was correct.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE JOYOUS SEASON

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

PROBABLY no other age ever libeled itself as persistently and as enthusiastically as ours has done. If anyone doubts the fact he may begin by examining the list of "important books" published in this issue of *The Nation* and stopping a moment to consider how few of the works there listed, whether they be of imagination or scholarship, have anything favorable to say of human character or human institutions in America or Western Europe. Typical "Christmas books" are Mr. Farrell's "A World I Never Made," that brilliant and meticulous description of human degradation; Mr. Faulkner's rapturous fantasy on the varieties of diabolic experience called "Absalom, Absalom!" or, if one prefers non-fiction and is willing to go beyond our list, Robert Briffault's "Reasons for Anger," which so enthusiastically defends the thesis that not only our civilization but the entire civilization of the past is a damnable mistake. With our "best wishes for a happy New Year" we send books which seem to indicate little hope that those wishes can be gratified, and our favorite toast for the joyous season ought to be the one which Aldous Huxley proposed almost a generation ago. "Come fill the bowl with atrabilious liquor!"

The mention of Mr. Huxley will, moreover, serve to remind us that the habit of detraction was well fixed before the world depression came along to furnish new and solid material to feed the flames of our rage. Way back in the day when America was so prosperous that prosperity itself was regarded as an evil, "Main Street" and "The Spoon River Anthology" were commonly regarded as the quasi-official accounts of the state of the nation. Our happiest writer was Mr. Mencken, whom bile somehow exhilarated, and I think that it would be fair to say that there was a general tendency in England to regard Mr. Huxley and Mr. Lawrence as more representative of the newer spirit in letters than such relatively contented men as Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy. Writers savage on the one hand and melancholy on the other have been common in the world's history, but it is clear enough, I think, that in few if any other epochs has spleen in its various manifestations unmistakably set the dominant tone of a literature as it sets it in the twentieth century. Satire has seldom seemed to take so little pleasure in itself, and tragedy has seldom been so unrelieved by grandeur.

Now I am far from wishing to undertake the impossible task of dismissing all this as merely the result of a persistent attack of the vapors which "could all be set right with calomel." It may be, indeed, that prophets of gloom would be justified in considering just the preva-

lence of this temper itself as an indication stronger than any objective fact or condition that "mankind is at the crossroads" or that some major crisis of the human spirit is at hand. But I do want to insist that one may easily make the mistake of assuming too readily the objectivity of literature itself and of concluding too hastily that human life is as much unhappier, that human beings are oppressed and mistreated as much worse today than ever before, as a mere study of the literature of this age would seem to indicate. Literature, after all, reflects interests, convictions, habitual emphases, and sensitivities quite as much as it reflects prevailing conditions. It is as much a mirror of our habits of thought as it is of our experiences; and we have today, in addition to problems and horrors enough, also the literary tradition of detraction and spleen, the habit of emphasizing the worst. The society of the eighteenth century in London could have supplied material for something like "A World I Never Made" just as readily as it did for "Tom Jones."

One result of that fact is that a writer feels an almost overwhelming pressure upon him to make out the worst case against his fellow-men that he is able to make. In its crudest form that pressure is exerted upon him through his desire for success. A mere best-seller may be cheerful, but cheerful books are almost automatically set down as best-sellers, and there is no doubt that a novelist who chose to describe whatever favorable aspects of the present social scene he might be able to discover would find an immediate tendency in intellectual circles to discount him as a writer. More subtly, even naturally optimistic or detached temperaments feel the pressure of the age. As an example I have in mind one particular talented writer who contributes frequently to *The Nation*. His natural tendency is to anthologize the eighteenth century or to discuss the technique of light verse. At another time he would have felt free to do just that; as it is he takes time off to denounce the social system, which is no worse than it was when La Rochefoucauld wrote. One is reminded of the gentleman in Boswell who complained, "When I was a young man I wanted very much to be a philosopher; but no matter how hard I tried, cheerfulness kept breaking through." That was because he lived in an age of optimism. Had he lived today all literature would have conspired to help him keep it back.

Perhaps we are inclined at the present moment to lay almost too exclusive a stress upon the fact that "literature reflects social conditions." Lenin I believe said that. And so literature does, but in judging any age by its literature one should always remember that even to "reflect social conditions" is not quite the same as merely to give an ac-



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count of facts. We admire realism and we think of literature as a picture of our times. We tend to forget how important in it is the element of *creation* as opposed to the element of *imitation*. Literature does not reflect merely what things are like but also what we think about them. It is a record of what we see, but it is also and at least as importantly an indication of what we want or fear, what we love or hate.

Contemporary fiction is full of social injustice. Man's inhumanity to man is prominent as it has been in few bodies of fiction ever composed before. That does not mean only or necessarily that man is more inhumane to man than in any previous period of the world's history. It means rather that we are more sensitive to such inhumanity and more completely obsessed by it. It is less a proof that this is the cruelest and most unjust age that ever existed than it is that we hate cruelty and injustice more than any age ever did before us.

And what is true of the significance of our social fiction is true of all the splenetic literature which immediately preceded it. Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt" did not prove that we were the most complacently commonplace people in the world. It proved only that we were beginning very actively to hate the complacently commonplace. A hundred years hence literary historians may perhaps conclude that the twentieth century was the worst age in which to live that the world has ever known. They may, on the other hand, conclude merely that it was the most savagely self-critical.

BOOKS

From Stars to Bones

THE OXFORD BOOK OF MODERN VERSE. 1892-1935.

Chosen by W. B. Yeats. Oxford University Press. \$3.

THE "Oxford Book of Modern Verse" is, as Yeats points out in his delightful preface, a collection of poetry from the time—three years before the death of Tennyson—when poets wrote of stars to the present moment, when they write of bones. Editors of the earlier Oxford Books had a long perspective on their materials for selection. Yeats, in making this collection of *modern* verse, must rely on his own judgment. As the greatest living poet writing in English he was chosen editor; and he indicates, humorously, that he realizes the difficulty of his task. He must trace the development of poetry from the nineties, in which his own youthful poetry was born, down to the present, when his mature realistic poetry still to some extent dominates the scene. It is not strange, therefore, that he should allow, as he does, his own preferences their way. Thus, the Irish poets are given more than good measure of room in this book. Lyric poetry with a "lofty eloquence" is preferred; and poets with a tragic sense of life fare better than the poets of disillusionment. Only Eliot and Pound among American-born poets are included—this because of their long career as Englishmen. Realizing that he could not do justice to the storm and stutter of modern American poetry, Yeats leaves it all out.

In the last forty-three years poetry, as Yeats explains, has developed from a romantic rebellion against Victorianism and its moral discursiveness toward a more realistic approach to a concrete subject matter. England, in the nineties full of well-bred bohemianism, sobered when the century turned. The poetry of passion, or of flight from passion (aesthetic or religious), was diverted first into a poetry of naturalism, then a poetry of disillusion, and finally a poetry of social criticism. Mind came to be understood as conditioned behavior or as a flux of submerged imagery, and man, pitted against a mechanistic view of nature, was no longer envisioned as heroic. The tragedy of the human will fighting the gods, nature, society ceased to be the theme of great literature. Pathetic pantomime and the sound of small weepings filled the stage. As Stendhal said, and as Yeats repeats, all literature was for a time but a "mirror dawdling down a lane," a reflection of this or that aspect of man's private soul but no whole or designed picture. More recently man's will-to-believe has again asserted itself. It has been discovered that society is functioning according to certain laws, that human beings, also acting according to certain fundamental laws, must, of necessity, rise against such a society in order to change it. Some have held that man's force will prove greater than the social forces against him. Others hold that these social forces will win the battle and that man will return to barbarism.

It is Yeats's own belief that poets should espouse neither cause nor state. He fears that hatred confuses art. Nevertheless, as he indicates, he sees in the revolutionary poets a new intellectual passion. He rejoices that the tragic sense of life has returned. He is relieved to note again in poets a recognition that in a moment of belief any great action is possible. Therefore he admires the younger English poets who integrate their beliefs and their actions.

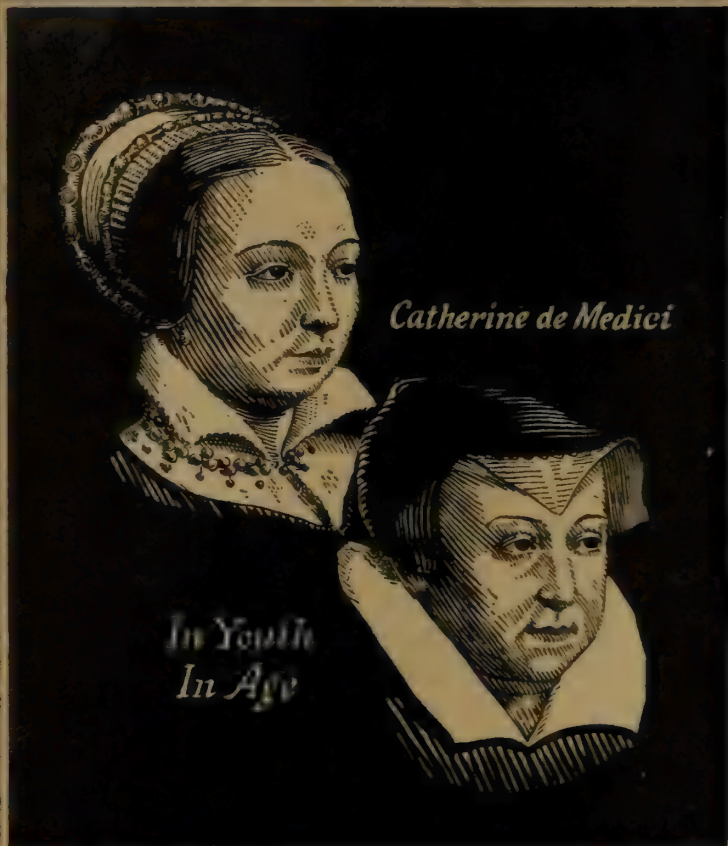
As a lyric poet Yeats prefers lyrics, and most of the poems included in this volume are selected accordingly. The poet-editor remarks that he dislikes the lack of rhythmical animation in Eliot's early poetry, an effect for which Eliot deliberately worked. He includes, therefore, only one or two of the early poems and *The Hollow Men* and *Ash Wednesday*, in which he finds the great manner. Pound, Yeats judges very correctly to be important chiefly as a translator. Hating war, he leaves out the war poets and includes instead Herbert Read's "The End of the War." This rather overwritten poem is certainly better than most war verse. Oscar Wilde comes in for editing at Yeats's hands. All of Wilde's most characteristic flourishes and poses are gone from his *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, which in this new version becomes an excellent straightforward narrative. Michael Field, the *nom-de-plume* for the collaborators, Katherine Bradley and Edith Cooper, is included, and the fine classical lyrics of this composite poet are worth knowing. Arthur Symonds is represented only very briefly. A. E., however, is given far too much space. Oliver Gogarty gets more pages than he deserves. Yeats admires Edith Sitwell—this is a strange affinity—and includes a good deal of her work. He speaks of her "temperament of strangeness so high-pitched that only through artifice could it find expression." Hugh MacDiarmid—by all odds the finest of the truly revolutionary poets, a poet without benefit of Oxford or Cambridge—is not allowed enough pages.

To Walter James Turner and to Dorothy Wellesley, Yeats devotes paragraphs in his preface and many pages of his collection. These two poets are evidently his own discoveries. He believes that Turner, scientifically minded, has gained control again over plastic material. What Yeats really enjoys in this poet's work is rhetoric employed to enrich abstract

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thought. Turner's poems are metaphysical in the seventeenth-century sense of drawing opposites into conjunction by giving thought, but they are, I think, less important than Yeats believes. Dorothy Wellesley, on the other hand, is rather exciting. She writes with a very nervous, strong rhythm and employs an unusual visual imagery. I rather think, however, that she is less important than Auden, from whose work Yeats has chosen only a cheap satirical piece which, taken out of its context, means very little.

One reads and rereads this collection, quarreling here and there with Yeats's judgment, grateful now and then for the included fine selections from little-known minor poets. It is amusing to note in passing that Robert Graves and Laura Riding refused Yeats their poems. Having written a "Pamphlet Against Anthologies" they must, one supposes, be consistent.

EDA LOU WALTON

Tragedy of a Missionary

FIGHTING ANGEL. PORTRAIT OF A SOUL. By Pearl S.

Buck. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50.

MRS. BUCK'S biography of her father stands rather thinly beside "The Exile," her biography of her mother. For the subject himself was thin. His children, Mrs. Buck included, knew relatively little about the tall wraith who spent most of his time in China away from the family, tramping the foul roads and preaching Presbyterianism to swarms of yellow faces. But nobody knew much about him, for the pathetic reason that there was not much to know. He was narrowed almost exactly to his purpose. There was a touch of humor in him from time to time, and in his old age he could move his daughters to pity. But through most of his eighty years he was colorlessly fanatical and drearily industrious, denying himself every pleasure of existence except the pleasure of doing his own work in his own way, decade after dogged decade. Carrie, his wife, the heroine of "The Exile," was so much more interesting as a human creature that a reader may be tempted to decide that Andrew was not interesting at all. Yet it would be an error so to decide. For if he was thin he was intense; and the book which contains all there was of his soul is correspondingly instructive.

Andrew cut a poor figure in "The Exile," being represented there chiefly through his absences from Carrie at critical moments in her life and through the indifference, if not the contempt, which each of his reappearances would express. Nor is it possible for Mrs. Buck now to say that she ever loved him. It is rather that she has settled down to saying how much he amazed her, even appalled her; and that in the course of doing so she has had to do him the justice of praising his strength. "The truth is," she admits, "that the early missionaries were born warriors and very great men, for in those days religion was still a banner under which to fight. . . . The early missionaries believed in their cause as men these days do not know how to believe in anything. . . . It is not a thing to smile at. . . . I have not seen anywhere the like of Andrew and his generation. . . . They were proud and quarrelsome and brave and intolerant and passionate. There was not a meek man among them. . . . The giants are gone." All of which explains how it is that in writing the life of Andrew Mrs. Buck has been able to write a tragedy. For if she had had less respect for her father's power she would not have known how to suggest the irony of his success.

His success was his tragedy. He did succeed in doing what he wanted to do, and for the simple reason that nothing could

have stopped him. But this meant that from every other point of view he was a failure. He was feared rather than loved. His colleagues found him difficult to work with, and saw better than anyone else how badly he adjusted his effort to the actual situation before him. He never knew China, or knew that it was changing, just as he never suspected that many of his converts were converts in name only—were, in fact, more heathen than ever behind his back. He was perhaps as blind as a man with eyes can be; he saw only one thing, his goal, compared with which every other object, even though it might be a Chinese soul, was insubstantial. At seventy, forced to retire from "the field," he may be supposed to have entertained for a moment the thought that much of his work had counted for little. But he could never have entertained the unstated thesis of this book, which is that all of it counted for nothing, the world being for better or worse the same old world, unutterably unredeemed. He went through every danger to get the one thing he wanted, and got it. That is the tragedy of Andrew.

MARK VAN DOREN

Strachey on Socialism

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOCIALISM. By John Strachey. Random House. \$3.

IN HIS first book, "The Coming Struggle for Power," Strachey gave promise of developing into a vigorous and even brilliant commentator on the contemporary social scene. At that time he had no overpowering preconceptions, and his writing displayed a real freshness of style which encouraged many of us to hope for great things from him in the future. But his next substantial work, "The Nature of Capitalist Crisis," gave rise to doubts. Strachey had evidently acquired ambitions to become a social scientist, but he had just as evidently not given the necessary time and effort to his studies in the field. He had bitten off more economics than he could chew, and the result was that his criticism of "bourgeois" economics was as feeble as his attempt to expound Marxian theory. One comes, therefore, to his most recent and most pretentious work, "The Theory and Practice of Socialism," not knowing quite what to expect.

The book justifies the initial skepticism. Mr. Strachey has by now, it seems, assumed the role of systematizer on the grand scale. The present work purports to be nothing less than a general presentation of the Marxian analysis of capitalism and socialism, together with an account of Marxism itself. The result, it must be confessed, is not a very happy one. Except for a few all too brief interludes, the style is heavy and textbookish; and Strachey's attitude toward his readers is frequently smug and patronizing.

His treatment of the various subjects touched upon is, naturally enough, uneven. On the Soviet Union, he draws extensively and almost exclusively from the Webbs. It is certainly desirable that a book on socialism should make use of the experience of the only existing Socialist community; but it is indicative of how little we know about how the Soviet Union really works, particularly in the economic sphere, that nothing more analytically penetrating than the Webbs' (in many ways excellent) two volumes is available. Again, on some subjects, such as dialectical materialism, Strachey merely repeats what have been the commonplaces of popular Marxist literature ever since Engels wrote his "Anti-Dühring." On the other hand, Strachey sometimes achieves a really original and highly stimulating treatment of his subject matter, as, for example, in his Part III, on So-

cialism and the Working Class, where he traces the origins and development of Socialist thought and action in the history of the British working class. This section makes one hope that Strachey will apply himself to the task of producing that full-dress history of Chartism from the Marxist standpoint the lack of which he deplors. It is in fields like this, I think, that Strachey could do full justice to his very considerable talents as historian and interpreter of social events.

Strachey maintains that the trouble with capitalism is not that it does not distribute enough purchasing power, as most currency reformers would have us believe, but rather that it distributes purchasing power so unevenly. The result is that those with big incomes can satisfy all their desires for consumers' goods with a small proportion of their income and must invest the rest, that is, purchase ever more means of production. But since the market for consumers' goods does not expand, and since these means of production must ultimately produce more consumers' goods, a contradiction arises which can only be resolved by the destruction of means of production and/or the conquest of new markets. This leads to the two phenomena of imperialist expansion and periodic crises, with the latter becoming ever more severe as capitalism develops.

Now the objection to this analysis is that a flexible—that is, fully competitive—capitalist system takes care of the problem automatically. The heaping up of the means of production leads to the lowering of the return on capital (the rate of interest), while the competition of capitalists for labor to make these means of production drives up the rate of wages. Everything seems to work beautifully; and if the process eventually goes so far as to wipe out the return on capital altogether, well, so much the worse for the capitalists! It is no answer to this argument to assert that we do not have such a flexible capitalist system; for to explain why we do not is precisely the problem which must be solved. Marx realized this, though he did not state the problem clearly. Nevertheless, he does give an answer. This, he says in effect, is indeed the tendency of capitalism, but it is precisely this tendency on the part of capitalism to wipe out the capitalists which forces them continually to revolutionize the methods of production, and by introducing labor-saving machinery to keep the natural upward tendency of wages within bounds. This elaboration of machinery makes ever larger the scale of production and leads straight out of the realm of competition into that of monopoly. In this stage capitalism ceases to be the sort of thing it used to be; in fact, it enters the stage of imperialism, the importance of which Lenin sensed, but of which he was unable to provide a satisfactory economic analysis.

The truth is that it is impossible to give a static analysis of what is wrong with capitalism, as Strachey essentially tries to do. For the nature of capitalism contradicts the attempt. It seems surprising that a Marxist should not see the point, and especially one who stresses the importance of what he calls the "Law of Motion of Capitalism" (Chapter 29). But the real reason for the failure is not far to seek. It lies in the belief that the essence of Marx's theory of capitalist development is the labor theory of value. The labor theory of value is in fact a purely static theory, and a rather clumsy one at that. So long as Marxists are not able to shake off the preconception that all wisdom flows from the labor theory of value, they will be unable to make use of and develop what were Marx's really fundamental and enduring contributions to the science of economics.

In closing, I should like to add that for those who have not

yet made the acquaintance of the Marxian approach to capitalism and socialism, Strachey's book, despite its shortcomings, provides a very useful starting-point. If, as I suspect, this was one of its main functions, then it may with justice be described as a successful effort.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

The Nationalization of Business

THE NATIONALIZING OF BUSINESS, 1878-1898. (A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LIFE, Vol. IX.) By Ida M. Tarbell. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

THE twenty-year period with which Miss Tarbell deals is peculiarly significant in American history. These two decades, interestingly enough, begin with recovery from the depression inaugurated in 1873 and end with the close of the depression announced by the panic of 1893. Of special importance are the years 1879-93, for they constitute, despite several lean years in the middle eighties, a major period of economic expansion.

The great advance in land occupation, the twenty-five-million increase in population, the growth of the domestic market, the striking technological advances, the tremendous exploitation of natural resources, the utilization of new sources of fuel and power, the changes in transportation and communication, the development of new business forms, the modifications in the system of distribution, and the developments in banking and finance which occurred in these years wrought profound transformations in the American scene. By 1898 an industrial capitalist order was firmly established. A once rural and agricultural land had become essentially urban and industrial.

This period was also an age of protest and revolt in which industrial laborers, farmers, and a handful of intellectuals participated. It witnessed the rapid rise and collapse of the Knights of Labor and the birth of the American Federation of Labor. It produced the pulsating labor movement of the middle eighties and bitter industrial conflicts, among which Homestead and Pullman loom large. Agrarian protest, expressing itself in turn in greenbackism, free silver, and the farmers' alliances, finally culminated in the Populist crusade. From the extreme left there came an energetic attack upon the existing order by Anarchists and Socialists, while a distinctly native radicalism appeared in the philosophy of Henry George.

All this and more falls within the scope of "The Nationalizing of Business," and it is unfortunate that the volume contributes little to an adequate picture of these developments or to an understanding of their significance and consequences. It has no real value as a study in social history, and suffers from distressing shallowness as a work in economic history. An uncritical attitude leads Miss Tarbell to repeat many half-truths and myths, most of which have been long exploded, and to create some new ones. A complete catalogue of the sins of commission and omission with which Miss Tarbell may be fairly charged cannot be undertaken here. But some of her offenses must be indicated.

She depends to an unusual degree, in a work of this kind, upon secondary sources. Recent studies not in agreement with her views are ignored. An obvious instance is her use of the material in McElroy's "Grover Cleveland" for the Pullman strike rather than the account in Allan Nevins's biography of Cleveland. She frequently suppresses essential evidence. In her version of the Homestead strike, for example, there is no

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mention of Carnegie's decision to make Homestead non-union, or of his complete support of Frick's actions. Her regard for the life of personal achievement leads to adulation of the "strong men" of the period—witness the saintly portraits of Carnegie and many of his contemporaries. She partially justifies the huge profits made by the "leaders" of industry in terms of the "benefits" the country "derived" from their activities. She says nothing about the development of banking and finance, and barely touches upon the house of Morgan. Her treatment of railroad and trust legislation and Populism are especially inadequate and superficial. She believes that "the conditions of the wage-earners had . . . greatly improved in the twenty years," but she offers no evidence. "On the whole," she writes, "labor issued from [the industrial] conflicts [of the period] more successfully than capital, primarily because what it sought was so often just."

But enough. The volume is smoothly written. Beyond that it has no major virtue, and it is no distinction for the "A History of American Life" series to have Miss Tarbell's work in it.

HENRY DAVID

Two Kinds of Love

PAUL GAUGUIN'S *INTIMATE JOURNALS*. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. Preface by Emil Gauguin. Crown Publishers. \$2.75.

THE BEST OF ART YOUNG. With an Introduction by Heywood Broun. The Vanguard Press. \$3.

THE antinomy between Gauguin's painting and his writing is startling: the one calm, sweeping, and static, the other tortured, myopic, and ecstatic. Had he received early recognition his life might have been more like his painting and less as it was. Actually, the attempt of his son to debunk the Gauguin myth smacks a little too much of the antics of the French Academy after the death of Anatole France. It is too late to tame the author of such pages as these.

Physiological honesty was his God, "breeches morality" his Antichrist. Perhaps no one ever more vehemently hated the professional good woman who waves her virtue and her baby



The Beginning—Self-Portrait

as a harlot waves her breasts and hips. "Virtue!" he exclaims; "I know all about it but I do not like it." His bravado is often obvious: "I should like to be a pig; man alone can be ridiculous." There was pathos in these Timonisms, which he himself explained: "I wish to love and I cannot. I wish not to love

and I cannot." He belonged to his own category of men who are "misogynists because they love women too much." So he was always an Adam looking for Eve and not finding her even in a South Sea Garden of Eden.

"Gauguin, the savage, who hates a whimpering civilization," Strindberg called him. As a matter of fact he was terribly confused by what Clarence Day called "this simian world." So he wrote. "This is not a book; it is nothing but idle chatter," he insists. He did not really want to write but he had "a



Yours truly

great many things to say, and they must be said." The result is something of a book! His defiance was splendid, too. "Giant, you are mortal," he confesses; but "why fabricate tears in order to shed them?" Better "spend yourself, spend yourself again! Run till you are out of breath and die madly." He did.

Unlike "Noa Noa," which was tidied up and made as respectable as possible by Charles Morice, these journals are undiluted Gauguin. On reading them we are first struck with their utter modernity. They are not only post-Joycean; they are also post-Huxleyan. Gauguin's thought, however, was not colloid but crystalloid—faceted. True, one too often encounters the dangerously penetrating gems in a matrix of naive childishness, but they are gems nevertheless. And gems are always rare. Not only painting but likewise literature comes in for cruelly just comments. An example is his sly reference to "our great academician, Pierre Loti."

Reproductions of his paintings and drawings enrich the book. Though Gauguin himself remarked that we can get along "without mural paintings. One ought always to feel the wall," even his smallest canvasses have a curiously mural quality. This doubtless arises from his constant meticulous regard for every rectangular space he filled with design. "Decoration is not landscape, it is decoration," he insisted. At one time in Brittany he developed a "synthetist" formula which sometimes resulted in what might almost be dubbed emotional wallpaper! In his later paintings the color pattern grew increasingly instinctive and less formulated. His figures usually possess a semi-Egyptian calm and immobility. At his greatest he seems the avatar of some ancient and primitive magician. His compositional rhetoric, however, could easily become monotonous in the hands of one who was not a genius. At first sight his works do not seem original to us because we have

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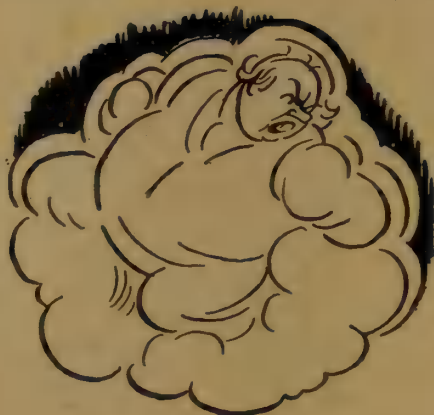
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seen so many pictures by artists influenced by men he influenced.

It is pleasant to record that the feral Gauguin was kind to savages and children. Perhaps he had hope for them! Of children he said: "They are my disciples, those of the second renaissance." "God never rests," he mused in his island home and worked on to the end—as strange; as wistful, as intransigent a creator as our times have seen.

The translation before us is a comfort and a joy. This reviewer has not seen the original MS, but anyone who has stood aghast while his own alchemy transmuted Gallic fire into Anglo-Teutonic smoke will know that Van Wyck Brooks has done here a beautiful job.

Art Young never fled to an exotic clime, though apparently he relishes "civilization" as little as Gauguin did. Good-



Boiling Mad

tempered instead of ill-tempered, he stayed and fought. The present reviewer met him only once, years ago, and promptly evolved from the visit a very bad pun anent loving Art and keeping Young. The man is vividly human, lacking in personal rancor, richly humorous, and actually seems to believe that individuals should be happy as well as hold certain opinions. His sterner colleagues are inclined to look askance, smile with him, and even adore him.

Heywood Broun in his introduction to the present volume fears that there is concealed "in the heart and mind of Art Young something of the Utopian heresy." And, after all, a man who starts out drawing an inhuman hell and after half a lifetime winds up by drawing almost human trees must be conceded to be not only a wit and a philosopher but a poet as well. Plato would probably have found use for him in the New State.

Art Young is a challenge to smugness, whether in reactionary or radical. Whenever the writer of these lines is informed anew that the revolution is about to start he always hopes that there are plenty of Art Youngs in it. He would be a swell reconstructionist of devastated war areas.

In his youth, he writes, his entire interest was in "composition, light and shade, and all that goes with creative work." Later he adopted the current religion—and trouble began. Nevertheless, he has always retained more than a *souçon* of humanism, nearer in spirit to Rabelais than to Swift, to Cervantes than to Gorki.

This is not to say that he is not a doughty soldier of his convictions. He is absolutely fearless. It is not always the bitterest who fight the hardest, and Art Young is the real Happy Warrior. His present volume is fascinating. The drawing is conservative and, though he studied at Paris, in the English tradition of Rowlandson, Leech, and Tenniel. He is the worthy successor of Nast, Keppler, and Gillam in this country. His

wit is Old American in flavor. It's a pity he never illustrated Mark Twain. Why not yet? His best artistic life began at forty. We have no pithier phrase-maker and no funnier satirical draftsman. His drawings of pitiful children are heart-wringing and his challenges to his opponents high clarion.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT

A "New" Rochefoucauld

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: THE MAXIMS. Newly Translated with a Foreword by Louis Kronenberger. Stackpole Sons. \$1.75.

THE aphorisms of La Rochefoucauld are a tempting morsel to the translator, since in them we have a world classic, barely twenty thousand words in length, which enjoys a survival greater even than its fame (for La Rochefoucauld is usually quoted by people who do not even know his name), and which in its original form was pondered in every detail of thought, language, and style. Strangely enough, in spite of the long list of translations, there has been no altogether adequate English version, nor do I think that Mr. Kronenberger alters that situation.

The problem of translating the aphorisms is exquisitely historical. La Rochefoucauld did such thinking as he did—never any very great amount—in the grossly synthetic terms of his day in France. He knew something that he called "passions," which he found at war with another something that he called "virtues," and both passions and virtues operated in the actions involved in living in certain ill-defined relations to a thing that he calls now "wisdom," now "skill," now "judgment." There are those who speak of a "philosophy" of La Rochefoucauld. One can only say that a philosopher who would try to get at the fact of human activity with such theoretical tools would be about as well equipped as a man who expects to chop wood with a sledge hammer. But however vague this type of thinking may be, it confronts the translator as a problem. And it is all but unsolvable. The Cartesian tradition has not contributed to the plain man's English anywhere nearly as rich a vocabulary as it contributed to the salon French of La Rochefoucauld's day. What is one to do with an expression like *amour-propre*? The English tradition of translations has preferred "self-love," which is perhaps as good as anything, since neither "egoism" nor much less "selfishness" will do. Mr. Kronenberger cuts the Gordian knot now with the word "vanity," now with the expression "self-esteem," and those devices yield him a number of exceedingly well-turned apothegms; but not only are they not La Rochefoucauld's—they completely obscure the philosophical theme which, after all, gives the "Maxims" a certain unity. La Rochefoucauld himself draws a consistent distinction between *amour-propre* and "vanity." I will not speak of actual errors, which are not infrequent in Mr. Kronenberger's version, though they do not figure in the versions of his predecessors.

On the side of style I cannot see that La Rochefoucauld made any great effort at terseness or smartness. His style is "quiet," subtle, elegant; not forceful, pointed, sharp. Mr. Kronenberger at one point reduces La Rochefoucauld from sixty-eight to twenty-eight words. That preoccupation too is non-historical and not genuine La Rochefoucauld. In general I believe that Mr. Kronenberger would have done better by following the English tradition more closely and trying to perfect it, rather than by trying to add a "new" Rochefoucauld to the many "new" ones that have been proposed in the past (the Pratt version, for instance, of five years ago, was the version of a man



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who was doing La Rochefoucauld after reading, I imagine, Walter Pater on Giordano Bruno). The English tradition requires plenty of perfecting. Why in Maxim VII has it occurred to no one to render *les politiques* by "statesmen," or to reduce La Rochefoucauld's preciousness, *guerre*, to the exact "struggle" in place of a generic "war"? Mr. Kronenberger's rendering of this maxim is mistaken throughout. In the end the author of the "definitive" version of the Maxims will, I predict, have to borrow to a large extent from an older English.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Outside the Persian Garden

HALF THE WORLD IS ISFAHAN. By Caroline Singer and Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge. The Oxford University Press. \$5.

THERE is a considerable difference between the temper of Mr. Baldridge's drawings for "Half the World Is Isfahan" and Miss Singer's running text. The quotation from Gertrude Lothian Bell introducing the observations—"Every man carries a different pair of eyes with him, and no two people would answer the question in the same fashion"—applies to these fellow-travelers in Iran. The illustrations, graceful in line, mood, and color, might be used to advantage by the advertising department of a travel bureau beckoning customers to a picturesque far-off land. The text, although admittedly "sketchbook" in character and with an eye to the unique, leaves the impression that one may be thankful the proverb is not true, that a world half Isfahan would be just too much—both for the other half of the world and for many Iranian natives as well. The observations would, of course, not deter—they might definitely attract—students of history, anthropologists, seekers of the unusual; but in this volume of travels among the descendants of Great Cyrus one misses the infectious lively pleasure the authors seemed to experience in the Pacific countries commemorated in "Turn to the East."

In the year of time spent in Iran Mr. Baldridge and Miss Singer covered full 4,000 years of history—from the living primitives of 1936 to the buried primitives of Cyrus's reign and beyond, now being excavated layer by layer. They found a country of poverty, hard extremes of climate, and antagonistic races and religious—Moslems, Christians, Sufis, Jews, Zoroastrians, often several quarreling sects of each; slow, almost reluctant to throw off shackles of tradition, in spite of government commands. About one-fourth of the population are nomads, whose search for herbage for their flocks was recorded in the beautiful picture "Grass" some years ago. Manufacture, though primitive, reduces men to machines in an unmechanized economy—the authors watched the printing of cotton fabrics, each man printing in only one color, human Ben-Day processes. Real craftsmanship or originality of design is practically unknown. Great in the background is Anglo-Persian oil. And over all is the yellow dust of Iran, filling noses and mouths. One almost expects to hear of contests among Iranian sages who take a drink of water and see which can spit the straightest mud-pie, in the manner of American country-store champions aiming tobacco juice at the stove. But water is scarce in Iran. As in Egypt and other spots in this part of the world, the water makes Omar's rhapsodies over a jug of wine more sense than poetry. Typhoid and other unsanitary diseases are plentiful.

Neutral in the World War, "protected" by the mutual understanding between England and Russia, citizens of Iran are suspicious of Russia and England alike. At the entrance to every village and city the authors were asked by the ever-

present collector of *cartes d'identité*, "Are you Russian?" "Are you English?" Starting rumors and spreading them is the great national pastime—rumors about the minister of the court, about other countries, about persons of humble station. Only rarely is there mention of a person of dignity or integrity, or saintliness—the Sufi dervish, a Jewish scholar, a very few others.

The volume produced by the collaboration of Miss Singer and Mr. Baldridge is a very handsome volume indeed, although probably of more interest to the collector of beautiful books than to the serious student of world problems. The really charming color pages and the marginal sketches of domed background, streets, hills, and people show pleasantly the varieties of scenes and types. The informative travel material of the text is supplemented by amusing anecdotes—the one about Mohammed and the Armenian who ghost-wrote the Koran will probably be remembered as a warning to ghost writers, "In'sh'Allah." In sum, the book supplies a lively movietone introduction to a country which for many is only a four-letter synonym for Persia in the cross-word puzzles, an introduction attractive enough to tempt abstainers from more ponderous fare.

B. E. BETTINGER

Courage, Right and Wrong

NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY. Edited by James Laughlin IV. New Directions: Norfolk, Conn. \$2.

NEW WRITING II. AUTUMN 1936. Edited by John Lehmann. The Bodley Head. 6 shillings.

THE NEW CARAVAN. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.95.

THE fertile periods of literature are those of philological innovation," James Laughlin says; and in his stating of the purpose of "New Directions" he is informed, modest, open, and orderly. But modesty in the other sense does not mark the story by him, *A Natural History*. There is talent in it, and in his poem *The Cat and Dog at Love's Door*; and prudery in itself is a kind of obscenity. But it is not prudery to regret that this young patriot, helping to lead us out of the wilderness, in company with the editors of the other two books under discussion, should like them have courage of the wrong sort as well as of the right. The conspicuous item in "New Directions" is the self-reflexive essay by Jean Cocteau subtitled *The Painter Chirico*, in which the author, reciting as it were with eyes closed, exhibits a macabre irony and counterfeits cadaverousness with health in a way not short of wonderful. The translation by Olga Rudge is also of interest—showing that gifted intuition transcends small errors. John Wheelwright, critic and poet, contributes four *Elegies* of wirily obdurate rhythm. One sees by the cautiously exerted strength and effect of ulterior brilliance in *The Gentleman of Shalott* and two other poems by her that Elizabeth Bishop is serious and a writer. One suspects that Mary Barnard too, somewhat leanly represented by three poems, has a "future." Woodrow Wilson said we must have peace without victory, and Wallace Stevens writes sternly these days on the subject of peace *with* victory. He contributes to "New Directions" a group of poems distinct as usual in sound and substance, and to "The New Caravan" a poem about a triumphal statue of "gawky plaster," in a world in which covetousness is replacing patriotism, and Minerva's owl, the quaint citizen of Athens, is becoming a murderer. Kay Boyle, represented by three one-page stories, has a suicidal desire to be revenged

on fate for having withheld something that she wishes; but even without it has a weapon which deserves a magnificent edge. Ezra Pound's wry wit and successfully unique use of italics appear in a tiny Canto—useful for comparison with his flock of imitators. We have a straight look from William Carlos Williams as contributor of a prose episode called A Face of Stone; and he has seldom done better than in his poem, Perpetuum Mobile: The City. Miss Stein also is present.

"New Writing," a bi-annual magazine in book form, "aims at providing an outlet" for writers whose work is held in question by "established magazines." Like "New Directions," this book does not threaten to founder through fear of prudery, but there are in it examples of deep insight and superior writing. George Orwell's Shooting an Elephant, which indelibly pictures mob power, is not only penetrating but unforgettable: "They had not shown much interest in the elephant when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now that he was going to be shot." "When the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys." Mulk Raj Anand—contributor to "Life and Letters Today" and author of possibly the best condensed history of Persian painting that we have—has the turn of mind and the wording of a poet; creative inaccuracies of phraseology which are accuracies of meaning, impossible to any native American or Englishman; a mastering of dialect, that is to say, which preserves traces of foreignness, as in the plural for the singular, "she had touched the edges of prosperity." He has high humor and fine content: the converting of handicap into power. Martin Freedgood's Good Nigger and Leslie Halward's Boss are graphic and memorable.

"The New Caravan" set out to be "a collection of recent America's real and organic thoughts," and one hopes that Sheldon Cheney, writing of The Art Theater Twenty Years After, is typically and organically American and may everlastingly be so. "A few of us . . . believe," he says, "that the theater can be so potent . . . that it may be one of the agencies changing social environment," but "what room is there for conviction, for faith, when an author is writing . . . about the petty personal activities of unimportant faithless people?" In the work of certain co-contributors he is confronted by the very thing which he begs us to overcome—a diseased and selfish insufficiency; and when editors muddy the purity of criticism by the demure implication that we further art by presenting refuse to which cold-hearted publishers are inhospitable, the impurity under the guise of purity is doubly a reproach. Mr. Cheney, however, is not the only sound soul which the "Caravan" values. Ruth Lechlitner's group of poems has authority; Song of Starlings especially, in the rhythmic force of gravity which precedes the last stanza; and her biographical note is a model of trustworthy sensibility and firm technique. There are two poems by Anne Porter which reflect character; as, in turn, her biographical note approximates poetry. E. E. Cummings is represented by an expert biographical note rather than by his somewhat self-concealing two pages in the body of the book. To Conrad Aiken, Socrates's Greece and our cathedrals equally are shadows; social goodwill is hypocrisy, home life is lifeless. Stanley Burnshaw, on the other hand, says defeat is not defeat, and in The Driving Song bids you "Trust the dim light that drives The torrents of your blood." Marsden Hartley, chivalrous and shrewd—a painter writing about painters—has in two reminiscences given us what one hopes is part of a book. He speaks of the hands of Charles Demuth, "Chinese in character," that seemed "to be living a life of their own"; of his paintings, "harmoni-

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ous, possibly to excess" but reflecting "a master of the comic insinuation"; and in the other memoir—Albert P. Ryder—says, "A great spirit was among us, finding, despite the thirteen cents a day, that he could live copiously in that world of greater experience in which . . . the only immoral act is not to do one's best work. . . . Be humble before the deep purpose of the universe, Ryder would seem to be always saying." Emjo Bashee in his play about the masses has constructed an apparent monotony which is a rivet-driver of impact at every point. Clarkson Crane and Ernest Brace are close observers. One applauds Paul Corey's description of the tractor-binder needle "flashing over the straw like a snake striking," and Philip Stevenson's ball-game lines: "When a batter slowed his swing for a curve or speeded it for a fast straight one, timed it right, met it square, and cracked it on a line for a hit—well—." The professional balance and ripely humorous humanitarianism of this latter story do a great deal for the "Caravan." In his play, *The Dead Are Free*, Alfred Kreymborg says "gabbling women gobble time"; and Edna Bryner in her story, *Prelude and Fugue*, also coins an aphorism: "Scoop away the scum and the water is still stagnant." This story has energy, verisimilitude, and charm, despite a few touches which if true to life ought not to be, and an aesthetic courage which gives the writing at times a rococo, insisted-upon effect. Eva Goldbeck's soliloquy, *There Was No Time*, is keenly applicable to all of us but in relation to the author's subsequent death seems sociologically both a dagger and a ghost.

Judged by our experimental writing, we are suffering today from unchastity, sadism, blasphemy, and rainsoaked foppishness; and since warnings to editors are not heeded, one would like to ask of one's fellow-writers, Is publication always better for one's talent than temporarily thwarted ambition? And since we can no longer depend upon the chivalry of editors to protect us against appearing at our worst, must we not achieve our own rigor?

MARIANNE MOORE

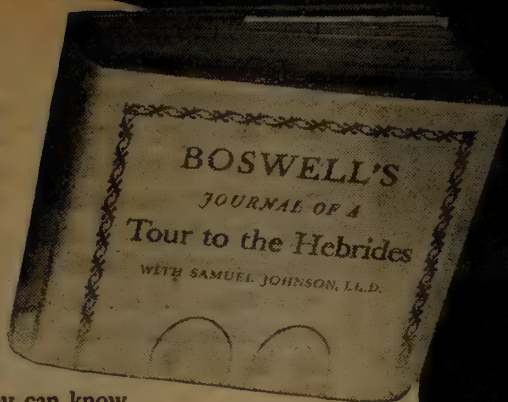
DRAMA

Fool of God

ACCORDING to the Group, which is producing "Johnny Johnson" at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, the piece in question is a "legend." That phrase will serve well enough in its place on the program, but it will hardly do to describe the curious fantasy, half musical and half dramatic, which Paul Green and Kurt Weil have concocted between them. The matter is as serious as possible, the manner often so broad as almost to suggest vaudeville or a revue, and yet the whole is somehow strangely effective. I am, in general, no great partisan of the experimental techniques, but "Johnny Johnson" is both amusing enough and moving enough to justify itself very handsomely indeed.

The hero is a sort of fool of God, an innocent young man who finally gets into the Great War because he believes it to be really a war to end war, and then baffles everyone from the drill sergeant into whose hands he falls first to the high command itself because he is too simple and too good to be understood by any person even normally complex or normally corrupt. Finally, he is sent to a hospital for mental cases, and

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there, in what is perhaps the best scene of all, a psychiatrist diagnoses the case. Johnny is suffering from a rare disorder—the St. Francis complex.

Everyone will, I fancy, agree that the piece is at times ragged and uncertain. Every now and then the mood is broken, every now and then the author of the text seems to lose his sense of style, and to write a speech or a scene too realistic on the one hand or too near burlesque on the other really to harmonize with the dominant manner, which is poised at some definite point between the two. But however far short it may fall of perfection, its success in general is never in doubt, and the thing is held together by Kurt Weil's score, which seems to me not only ideal for the purpose but consistent in a way that the text is not.

Unfortunately, I am not technically competent to describe that score, much less to evaluate it. I can only say that I was fascinated by Weil's music some years ago when I first heard it at the strangely unappreciated production of "The Three Penny Opera," and that even to my untrained ear the new music is original in the same immediately recognizable way. Superficially, Weil seems to employ with almost equal facility any one of the idioms of popular music. He writes things which sound like military marches, popular ballads, or jazz tunes. But what he is really writing is some sort of mordant commentary on each. Whichever manner he seems to have adopted is always somehow subtly perverted; so that instead of lulling with the familiar it stirs one with a strange uneasiness. Sometimes the general effect is merely satiric; more often it is curiously morbid and insidiously disturbing to the nerves, filling one with an indefinable sense that all is not what it seems and not quite what one has comfortably supposed it to be. More than merely suitable to Paul Green's text, it is, I think, more perfectly realized, and serves to give a unity that the text itself is not always able to maintain.

This comic opera—if that is what it is—is very competently acted by members of the regular company of the Group, which evidently decided that a certain amateur quality in the singing was appropriate. On the whole the judgment was right, and most of the time the voices are quite adequate although there are occasional relatively ambitious passages to which the technical skill of the singers is simply inadequate. Perhaps it is worth while to add that "Johnny Johnson"—partly because it is genuinely entertaining despite its serious undertone—is likely to have a larger measure of success than is usually the lot of "experiments." I suspect that it will be genuinely popular.

So far, I have seen only the first of the three programs of short plays which Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence are presenting at the National Theater under the non-committal title, "This Evening at 8:30." Somehow or other Mr. Coward has it established as a fact that any appearance by him is a fashionable event, and I found two of the skits thoroughly amusing—especially the first one about the busy lady in the fast set who gets her engagements mixed and spends a hectic half-hour trying to discover the identity of two people whom she has apparently asked for cocktails. Miss Lawrence seems to get more expert as well as more attractive from year to year; she is superb both as the bewildered lady and as the small-time variety performer in the third piece. The middle one, a rather high-flown tragedy, was supposed to have substance but failed to come off so far as I am concerned, and the audience laughed twice when it wasn't supposed to—a pretty serious matter for a sophisticated playwright. Somehow, the less Mr. Coward has to work with the better he is. When he takes nothing he makes something out of it; but when he takes something he makes nothing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Doubtless our playwrights will have more to say on the subject of the Alaskan resettlement project, for, as "200 Were Chosen" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is the first to point out, it is a lode too rich to go unexplored for long. Meanwhile E. P. Conkle's narrative is so persuasively argued by its thirty-two protagonists that there is some temptation to convert its flaws into virtues by reading "scope" for "diffuseness," "simplicity" for "oversimplification," "lack of pretension" for "lack of resourcefulness," and so on. The facts, however, are plain enough to undermine the play by the middle of the second act: merely, it is insufficient to compile an anthology of types and saddle them to a proposition that pioneers are as easily made into brigands by their own frailties and the bungling of those in command. The theme itself is of importance; but too much of its weight in the present case has been shifted from the context proper to the shoulders of the individual actors. It is the happy accident of its Actors' Repertory sponsorship that those receiving the burden not only are capable of bearing it well and effortlessly but supply an emphasis of their own even when the text is found wanting.

B. B.

FILMS

Oriental Cowboy

"SON OF MONGOLIA" (Amkino) is the only Russian film in a year which I have been able to enjoy without reservation. Even then I was uncertain during the first few minutes, when some business having to do with the introduction of Dulma's three suitors looked very much like the horseplay which has disfigured most recent films from a similar source. The Russians, I started to remind myself, are hopelessly horselike in their laughter and incorrigibly bearlike in their loves—all this, too, in an attempt to be kittenish like Hollywood. But the uncertainty was soon over. It became plain at once that the shepherdess Dulma preferred the shepherd Tseven to either of his rivals, and that the film was settling down to be something other than a wrestling match among the three. The affair of Dulma and Tseven did as a matter of fact turn out to be simple, convincing, and attractive. But this was incidental to something else: to a film packed full of fascinating and informing novelties, and to a story distinguished by the presence everywhere in it of a vast, happy, and primeval good-nature.

Producers of films should never forget the delight we take in mere information, mere novelty, and should never make the mistake of supposing that we can tire of being conducted by the camera into worlds we have not seen before. If "Son of Mongolia" were nothing but a newsreel it would still be one of the finest of current films. The landscape is of course wonderful—limitless in its distances and its dusts, and smoothed by time into the most suggestive shapes. But the people matter more. I do not expect to forget Tseven and his nomad friends; or the bald-headed lama squatting by his American alarm clock; or the other rogue of a lama who is bribed to lure Tseven into Manchuria; or the pot-bellied giant wrestlers; or the old men with wrinkled foreheads who watch them from the side-lines; or the denizens of inns and the singers of unearthly broken songs who appear for a moment in the incomparable interiors. These are obviously a

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great people, even to one who does not know exactly how to measure them. They have been here forever, they are very tough and wise, and there is a strength in their smiling which seems to say that they are rooted too deeply in the sour earth ever to desire the foreign sweetness of change.

"Son of Mongolia," however, is more than a newsreel. With Tseven Rabdan playing the role of Tseven, and with Ilya Trauberg doing an imaginative piece of directing, it grows into something picaresque if not epic. For Tseven travels into Manchuria on his little white horse; learns through many adventures there that his native republic is surrounded by enemies; and trots home a hero no less than a patriot. Rabdan in this role cuts a fine, merry figure; he is a plump Don Quixote who knows how to fill each landscape he crosses with human meaning, and how to sound each situation to its deepest chuckle. He is one of the best actors I have ever watched, just as this is one of the best films—an Oriental "Western" if you do not mind the contradiction in terms.

If "Son of Mongolia" had not been so good I would have spent more time praising "Song of China" (Little Carnegie) and "The Yellow Cruise" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse), both of which convey a great deal of information about the other side of the earth and both of which are heartily recommended. The first is a story dealing with the filial relation in China as it has been affected by the West, and is most interestingly acted by Chinese. The second is a travel picture, following the third Citroen-Haardt expedition from Beirut to Peking—that is to say, over the Himalayas and through some of the most interesting countries in the world.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Joseph Shaplen Versus The Nation

Dear Sirs: I think that the editorial "Peace" and the C. I. O. in *The Nation* of November 7 is a very fine analysis of the whole problem it concerns.

JOHN L. LEWIS

Washington, November 14

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* of November 7 carried a leading editorial on the peace moves in the A. F. of L.-C. I. O. controversy, charging me with unreliable reporting and warning readers that my stories in the *New York Times* on this question are not to be trusted. The argument you set up is founded upon distortions, misrepresentations, and downright suppression of fact. The record and documentary evidence available are against you.

While professing to desire peace in the labor movement, you seek to throw discredit upon the genuineness and sincerity of the peace moves and upon labor leaders involved, as part of your other objective of impugning my reportorial integrity and accuracy. According to your version, I first sighted "the dove of peace" at a luncheon attended by persons who do not seem to meet with your approval. You add that later I reported how Max Zaritsky, at the convention of his organization, "pulled the bird of peace out of a hat," as you put it. The fact that the luncheon in question was attended by an audience of representative labor men on both sides of the C. I. O. controversy and by others of influence and importance in the situation, in addition to Messrs. Woll, Cahan, and Zaritsky, is not recorded by *The Nation*. That would be lending weight to something *The Nation* finds it necessary to belittle, just as you find it advantageous for your purpose to ridicule the hatters' proposal.

Strange, was it not, that a little bird, pulled out of a hat, should have occupied the attention of the Committee for Industrial Organization for two whole days, with the entire press giving it front-page publicity? If only the editors of the country had *The Nation's* conception of news values! And was it not also strange that what *The Nation* refers to contemptuously as "rumors gathered in

vague 'labor circles' of peace, compromise, and dissensions" should have been confirmed at Pittsburgh as hard, incontrovertible facts, by no means "exclusive to the *Times*"? I cite this not because I like dissension, but as an illustration that stories do not remain exclusive when based on fact.

For the benefit of readers who may desire more information and less bias, it should be stated that the peace idea was not born at the aforementioned luncheon. Serious talk of peace and of the necessity of peace had been in progress for months in the important labor circles where *The Nation's* editors are not known to move. Those truly familiar with the situation expected that peace moves would be launched as the A. F. of L. convention in Tampa drew near. Events confirmed the expectation. No one, of course, could be sure that the peace moves would be successful. No one ever said they would be. Weeks before the hatters made their peace proposal, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, David Dubinsky's organization, largest C. I. O. affiliate next to the miners, let it be known that it was anxious that peace in the labor movement be restored. At the convention of the New York State Federation of Labor in Syracuse on August 27, Luigi Antonini, first vice-president of the I. L. G. W. U., made an impassioned plea for peace. Speaking as a delegate of his union Mr. Antonini appealed to the federation to help "put out the fire," to use its good offices in behalf of peace. *The Nation* finds it inconvenient to record that fact. It doesn't fit into its special chronology and disturbs its thesis. It spoils its "peace dove" story.

Coupled with your suggestion that an old, highly respected, and progressive labor organization permitted itself to be used as an instrument for a sleight-of-hand performance, you suggest also that the *Times* permitted itself to be used as "a second-hand machine-shop for grinding Old Guard axes." It is quite clear what axes you are grinding. You underestimate and distort the events of October 4 and subsequent dates. You distort the character and immediate aims of the hatters' peace proposal, and you misrepresent the nature and purpose of the action taken upon it by the executive

council of the A. F. of L. By juggling citations of some of my stories and Washington dispatches, while omitting others, you achieve conclusions directly at variance with the facts.

It is not true, for example, that the executive council of the A. F. of L. "ignored" the first part of the hatters' proposal, the part relating to the lifting of the suspensions against the C. I. O. unions. Nor is it true that this was the "crucial" part. As the authors of the proposal explained it to those willing to report the situation objectively, and in statements for publication, their hope was that once both sides appointed committees, as provided in the proposal, and entered into negotiations, a formula would be found, given good-will and co-operation on both sides, which would make possible the lifting of the suspensions. The record shows that the actions taken by the executive council and the committee appointed by the council to negotiate with the C. I. O. were clearly in the same direction.

It is likewise untrue that the executive council's committee sought to meet with "individuals" in a move to split the C. I. O. The record shows that the committee aimed at a joint conference with a committee of the C. I. O. unions.

The Nation ignores the fact that both the executive council and its committee, while undertaking no commitments, also made no stipulations—an important step forward in view of the council's previous categorical demand for dissolution of the C. I. O. as a condition preliminary to the lifting of suspensions. The "splitting tactic" charged to the council's committee is not born out by the facts. Nor is there evidence in the record that Mr. Zaritsky replied to any "splitting tactic." He merely reaffirmed his desire for collective peace. The situation as presented by *The Nation* on these and other points is therefore not "clear-cut" but rather a distortion of the real picture—"exclusive" to *The Nation*.

You have no proof whatever that I ever stated that "the C. I. O. was crumbling and begging for peace." This is pure invention on your part.

According to *The Nation* I was persecuting Mr. Lewis for "delaying peace by not accepting terms which would mean the end of the C. I. O. and all it stands

for." The stories merely reported truthfully the dissatisfaction in C. I. O. ranks here with Mr. Lewis's delay in naming a negotiations committee after he had already accepted the hatters' peace proposal, characterized by *The Nation* itself as giving "whole-hearted defense and support to the C. I. O." Now that Louis Stark has reported from Pittsburgh that Messrs. Zaritsky and Dubinsky were "visibly disappointed" with the refusal to name a committee, I suppose it would be proper to state, in the language of *The Nation*, that "the 'peacemakers' were still irked." That Mr. Lewis had actually indorsed the hatters' proposal was reported in a dispatch from Washington in the *Times* of October 10. *The Nation* suppresses this fact. It confines itself to saying that in a New York story in the *Times* of October 9 I had misrepresented Mr. Lewis's position.

Two other exhibits you offer ■ introducing "a note of reality" into my allegedly false picture are spurious because you fail to give all the facts. I refer to the two Washington dispatches you cite so gleefully, the first of which was headlined "Labor Peace Move Strikes New Snag," etc., and "Move to Split C. I. O. Begun by A. F. of L.," etc. You fail to make clear that the letter to Mr. Zaritsky figuring in the first dispatch was from the executive council's committee in response to Mr. Lewis's demand for clarification, also reported in the same dispatch. You fail to mention that the letter was intended for transmission to all C. I. O. members, and that it was actually transmitted to all C. I. O. members. These facts do not harmonize with the charge of "splitting tactic," which you take pains to emphasize in your effort to discredit people you don't agree with and my reporting of developments. You also conveniently ignore the offer contained in the letter to reconsider the C. I. O. suspensions. You prefer to tell your readers that the A. F. of L. "ignored" this matter. As part of your effort to mislead on this point you ignore also the statement of William Green, president of the A. F. of L., in the *Times* of October 28 (first edition), in which he stated unequivocally that the A. F. of L. had abandoned its demand that "the C. I. O. be dissolved as a condition previous to peace discussions."

"We now make no stipulations precedent to a conference, because the executive council fully appreciates and understands that if a settlement of differences can be reached, both the dissolution of the C. I. O. and the reinstatement of the unions constituting it will be auto-

matically settled," Mr. Green said. "That would follow logically."

The letter of the executive council's committee to Mr. Zaritsky and Mr. Green's statement just quoted did, indeed, introduce "a note of reality" into the situation, but *The Nation* chooses to suppress these facts.

Additional evidence of your unfair and colored reporting is offered in the suppression of an important detail in connection with the Washington story headlined "Move to Split C. I. O. Begun by A. F. of L.," etc. The story was based upon the letter from the executive council's committee to Mr. Zaritsky, the text of which was not available for publication in Washington when the story was filed. The actual text of the letter flatly contradicted the story, which next day, October 17, provoked a denial from the committee. The *Times* carried the denial, in accordance with proper journalistic practice. You ignore it completely in your one-sided picture. You print the accusation and suppress the defense. You also make much of a story in the *Times* of October 25, in which, according to your article, "the campaign against the C. I. O. reached a climax." The story appears to have been based

upon information from steel circles. It so happens that I did not write this particular story. There never was any "campaign against the C. I. O." on my part or on the part of the authors of the peace proposal.

The story of October 27, in which I am supposed to have continued to "bait" Mr. Lewis, stood up, as have all the other stories you seek to discredit. Your suggestion that Mr. Lewis had come to New York to meet three prominent members of the C. I. O. without having any intention to speak to any of them about the C. I. O. situation is puerile. There is documentary evidence that he did come here with such intention. As a matter of fact, on his own suggestion, I was to call Mr. Dubinsky that evening to get whatever information there was available for publication after he was to have conferred with Mr. Lewis.

There remains, finally, the fuss you make about the Dubinsky speech of October 4. There is nothing in my report of that speech indicating that Mr. Dubinsky had abandoned the ideological position of the C. I. O. Mr. Lewis's views on Mr. Dubinsky's speech are irrelevant. Nor is the disagreement between Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green as to

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what Mr. Dubinsky said of any importance. I conveyed to Mr. Green a brief summary of the speech as it affected the possibilities for peace, and other relevant facts of the situation as it was shaping itself at that time. That was natural. He would have been a poor reporter who would have failed to get the Green angle of the story. What does matter is whether Mr. Dubinsky complained about my story. *He did not.* Had his position been misrepresented he would have been entitled to a correction and he would have got it. He expressed satisfaction with the story when I spoke to him on the morning of October 5. Because he speaks with unusual rapidity, making it difficult for a stenographer to follow him, he undertook—so he informed me—to correct the stenographic record and make such alterations as he deemed necessary.

The suggestion that there was no special practical significance in Mr. Dubinsky's speech is contradicted by the reception he received from the audience, the interpretation of other newspapermen present, and the consequences that followed. To cast doubt upon the validity of my report you forget to mention that three days later Mr. Dubinsky actually conferred with Mr. Green in an effort to facilitate peace. But I have already mentioned so many facts you found it convenient to forget that it is not necessary to add more.

The record shows clearly, to paraphrase your conclusion, that readers of *The Nation* must not take your reporting seriously. It is not reliable.

JOSEPH SHAPLEN

New York, November 10

[Mr. Shaplen fails to controvert the contentions of our editorial of November 7. David Dubinsky at the hatters' convention stated that his organization would like to have peace providing the basis of that peace was *the organization along industrial lines of the mass-production industries*. The *Times* report, which was headed "Peace Overtures Made to A. F. of L. by C. I. O. Leaders," contained Mr. Dubinsky's much milder statement that the C. I. O. would dissolve if the A. F. of L. would help organize the steel industry but omitted the underlined stipulation, thereby completely distorting the position of Mr. Dubinsky. Taken in conjunction with the headline, it clearly carried the implication that "C. I. O. leaders" were ready to recede from a position the C. I. O. has consistently held and continues to hold until the moment of going to press. The

fact that Mr. Dubinsky did not complain is irrelevant. Neither did he complain about Mr. Lewis's correction which was contained in a dispatch from Washington the next day. On this score one of Mr. Shaplen's own defenders proves our case. In a letter to *The Nation*, which we shall not publish because it has already appeared in the Socialist *New Leader*, Richard Rohman, a labor reporter, who was present when Mr. Dubinsky spoke, testifies, *in defense of Mr. Shaplen*, that he [Mr. Rohman] reported Mr. Dubinsky's speech "in virtually the identical words employed by Mr. Shaplen." Then Mr. Rohman continues: "Mr. Dubinsky *did* say that he was prepared to give up the C. I. O. provided the A. F. of L. agreed to undertake a campaign to organize workers in the mass-production industries on an industrial-union basis"—which is exactly *The Nation's* contention.

The fact that Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green disagreed as to what Mr. Dubinsky said was obviously of the utmost importance since the industrial organization of the mass-production industries is the central issue in the controversy between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. We did not criticize Mr. Shaplen for getting the "Green angle" of the story. We criticized him because, from all indications, he gave Mr. Green the impression that Mr. Dubinsky had deserted the position of the C. I. O.

The "peace overture" of the hatters' convention, which was, to speak more accurately, a plea to the executive council that it reverse its position, was carefully quoted in our editorial. After a long introduction giving whole-hearted support to the C. I. O. and rebuking the executive council, the resolution (1) called upon the executive council to permit the organizations affiliated with the C. I. O. to be represented in the next convention; (2) proposed that "pending the rendering of judgment by the convention" the council name a subcommittee to meet with a like subcommittee of the C. I. O. "for the purpose of jointly exploring the possibilities of reconciling the existing differences and finding a formula by which the hopes of all workers for the unity of the labor movement and the organization of the workers in the mass-production industries may be realized." Since the C. I. O. could not be represented in the convention unless the suspensions were lifted, these two recommendations, if they mean anything, mean that the hatters were recommending that the suspensions be lifted and that the question whether or not to

suspend be decided at a convention at which delegates from the C. I. O. unions as well as those from the other unions would be present and voting.

For the C. I. O. to have appointed a subcommittee without first having the suspensions lifted would have been to acknowledge the legality of that action, which the C. I. O. has so far refused to do. When, therefore, the suspensions were not lifted, the C. I. O. did not appoint a committee. We rest upon the text of the resolution, not on what its authors are reported by Mr. Shaplen to have thought they meant by it. The fact that Mr. Zaritsky hotly defended the C. I. O. in Tampa and that the C. I. O. interpreted the proposal as we have indicated must also be noted.

We did not state that the "peace idea was born" at the luncheon for Mr. Cahan. It was at that time that peace began its career in the *Times*.

We based our editorial comment on the text of the hatters' resolution. We maintain that "the part relating to the lifting of the suspensions" was crucial. The executive council ignored this section in that it did not lift the suspensions. If Mr. Shaplen prefers the phrase "refused to accept" we have no objection. The end result is the same.

We did not say that Mr. Shaplen "ever stated 'that the C. I. O. was crumbling and begging for peace.'"

Whereas Mr. Shaplen accused us in an earlier paragraph of distorting the character and immediate aims of the hatters' resolution, he later quotes with evident approval our description of the hatters' resolution as giving "whole-hearted defense and support to the C. I. O." Of course Mr. Lewis indorsed it since it restated his own position, but he accepted the two sections together and in order—(1) the lifting of suspensions, and (2) the appointment of a subcommittee. The executive council accepted only the second part. Large headlines reported Mr. Lewis as "joining" the peace move when he said that if the executive council would lift the suspensions the C. I. O. would be willing to negotiate. Is that "joining"?

The fact that the letter was sent to all C. I. O. members supports our opinion that it was a splitting tactic since it offered conferences with individual unions. Naturally the executive council denied that it was a splitting tactic. The executive council also denies that industrial unionism has anything to do with the present controversy.

We missed the first edition of the *Times*. We are glad to see that Mr.

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Green was willing to relent on the suspensions. The Tampa convention was not.

We in no way suggested that "the authors of the peace proposal," if Mr. Shaplen means Dubinsky and Zaritsky, were making a campaign against the C. I. O. We suggested that reactionary A. F. of L. leaders were trying to split the needle trades away from the C. I. O. through bearing down on the value of an A. F. of L. affiliation. That campaign has now become overt.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Norman Thomas and the C. I. O.

Dear Sirs: Heywood Broun defends his unwarranted statement that Norman Thomas has not dared to indorse the C. I. O. by writing in your columns on November 21 that "if Mr. Thomas is lending support, I think he ought to notify John L. Lewis, the chairman of the committee."

If the C. I. O. leader does not know of Thomas's support, he doesn't read his own official organ, the *United Mine Workers' Journal*, which on September 1, 1936, reported the following: "Backs the C. I. O. Norman Thomas Takes Stand for Industrial Unions." The story begins: "Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, has placed himself behind John L. Lewis and the industrial-union forces ordered suspended by A. F. of L."

Mr. Broun has the inalienable right to be ignorant of the most publicized of facts, but he has no reason to claim that John L. Lewis shares his ignorance.

AARON LEVENSTEIN

New York, November 21

The Sitdowns

Dear Sirs: My two articles on sitdowns—of which the first appears in this issue—are somewhat tentative. I have a strong suspicion that I do not know nearly all about them; and since I intend to have a chapter on the subject in my next book, which will deal with America, I wish to ask *The Nation's* readers who know, or think they know, more than I do to communicate with me. I am particularly eager to get reports on actual sitdowns, or occurrences which may resemble them, in other industries than rubber; and to be corrected on whatever may be wrong with these articles. My address is in care of *The Nation*.

LOUIS ADAMIC

New York, November 25

"The Stones Awake"

Dear Sirs: Permit me to correct the mistakes made by Leigh White in his review of my book, "The Stones Awake," in your issue of October 31.

1. "Black River" was not my first but my second novel.
2. "The Stones Awake" is in no sense an attempt to relate the history of Mexico through the characters in the novel.
3. The lover of the heroine did not go off to join the Zapatista revolution.
4. Except by loose Communist definition, Francisco Madero was not an "aristocrat."
5. The heroine, Esperanza, was not brought into contact with "the decadence of Mexican officialdom and the Gringo influx"—God save us! until she had become literate.
6. Esperanza and her brother did not found a public school but a cooperative school after a public school had been denied to them.
7. Not the bulk or even a small part of the experiences of Esperanza can be found in "Mexican Maze."
8. It is a gross misapprehension of historical fact, as well as doubtful English, to speak of the "venal succession of Huerta, Carranza, Calles, Gil, Rubio, up to the pseudo-socialism under Cárdenas."
9. Mexico had no Presidents named "Gil" or "Rubio." White probably refers to "Portes" and "Ortiz."
10. Only three minor incidents of my own life, which apparently Mr. White knows better than I know his, were utilized in "The Stones Awake," though he categorically states that "scarcely an exploitable incident" of my life was overlooked.
11. Mexico has had no "bourgeois revolt" in this century, except possibly in the fantasy of American Communists.
12. It is technically incorrect to speak of the "Six-Year Plan of President Cárdenas." It is the "Calles Six-Year Plan."

CARLETON BEALS

Branford, Conn., November 5

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CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS ADAMIC contributed to our issue of May 6 an article on Harry Bridges and the San Francisco waterfront which provides excellent background for the present deadlock there. He has just returned from a trip to Akron, Toledo, and other mass-production centers. His account of the sitdown, which was invented in Akron, is particularly interesting in view of parallel developments in other countries.

ALVIN JOHNSON, since his boyhood on a Nebraska farm and through many years as professor of economics at various universities, has been a student of agricultural problems. He is now director of the New School for Social Research and president of the American Economic Association.

EDA LOU WALTON is a poet and critic whose next book will be a study of modern American poetry in relation to social problems.

PAUL SWEEZY is instructor in economics at Harvard University and a writer on economic theory for English and American periodicals.

HENRY DAVID, author of "The Haymarket Affair," and coauthor with Harry Elmer Barnes of "A History of Western Civilization," is an instructor in history at the College of the City of New York. He is now writing a book on the origin of women's rights.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT, formerly dean of the School of Art at the University of Denver and curator of the Denver Art Museum, is now one of the directors of the Federal Art Project in New York.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON, translator of Pareto and of the plays of Pirandello, is associate professor of Romance languages at Columbia University.

B. E. BETTINGER, at one time on the editorial staff of the *New Freeman*, is now with the *New Republic*.

MARIANNE MOORE was one of the editors of the *Dial* when that monthly was the organ for many of the writers represented in the anthologies under review. She is one of the most distinguished of contemporary American poets, and her "Selected Poems" have recently been published with a preface by T. S. Eliot.

THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

★

THE POWER OF A STATE TO ENACT A FAIR-trade act whereby a manufacturer may control the resale price of his branded product by the retailer was upheld on December 7 by the United States Supreme Court, passing on the constitutionality of an Illinois and a California act. Justice Sutherland, who delivered the unanimous opinion of the court, was careful, however, to limit the scope of the opinion to the protection of brands and trade-marks, and to point out that this does not make state price-fixing of unmarked products constitutional. Following upon the validation of the New York social-insurance law, this decision indicates a new strategy on the part of the conservative majority. The Tipaldo minimum-wage decision last year created a no man's land in which both the state and federal governments were powerless to act. Our guess is that the court will now be careful to preserve state power so that it may continue to restrict federal power over our economic life. One fact about the present decision is interesting. It will be recalled that last year the New York Court of Appeals, in the case of Doubleday, Doran *vs.* Macy, invalidated the very same fair-trade act as passed by New York. By a peculiarity of New York procedure the decision could not be appealed to the United States Supreme Court. But with the present decision from Washington on the Illinois law, it is up to the New York Court of Appeals to grant a rehearing in the Macy case.

★

WHAT DOES THE BUENOS AIRES CONFERENCE thus far add up to? There has been good-will galore; a determination to lower trade barriers, at least in quarters where competition is not acute; and a proposal to create peace machinery in the Western Hemisphere through a consultative pact and a common neutrality policy. In addition Mr. Naft, writing elsewhere in this issue, counts President Roosevelt's speech as a direct challenge to the dictators whose representatives applauded his demand for democracy, and as an invitation to action on the part of their oppressed populations. But good words are often spoken for liberty in the worst tyrannies. It's an old Spanish-American custom. We should be less skeptical of the effectiveness of Mr. Roosevelt's words if we did not know that Nazi influence is growing throughout Latin America; that 17,000 political prisoners lie in the jails of Brazil; that the government of Peru has just illegally set aside the election of a Social-

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Democratic President; that in Cuba the military regime of Batista completely dominates the weak civil power of President Gomez. It would be easy to argue that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull cast their words for peace and democracy before men to whom they could carry no echo of reality. But we are glad they made the attempt.

*

WITH THE WITHDRAWAL OF CITIZENSHIP from Thomas Mann, first German man of letters, the Nazi government on December 3 brought to a climax a fortnight of official acts, which, if they were not stern reality, would sound like a burlesque of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. On November 9 a decree was issued compelling the owners of foreign securities in Germany to deposit them in the Reichsbank or its agent banks, which thereby become exclusive brokers for these securities. On November 27 Propaganda Minister Goebbels announced that all criticism of works of art, including drama, films, literature, painting, and sculpture would be prohibited in the Reich except "on the basis of the National Socialist view of culture." On November 30 Minister of the Interior Frick ordered all civil servants to abandon the terms Christian, Protestant, and Catholic in documents designating a citizen's religion. On December 1 the German Cabinet and General Göring jointly delivered themselves of a decree ordering (1) the death penalty for Germans discovered to have smuggled money or other property out of the country, and (2) all boys and girls to join the National Socialist youth organizations. This tightening up of the Nazi traces is more than an exercise in tyrannical ingenuity on the part of Chancellor Hitler. In spite of alliances, actual or promised, with other fascist states, world pressure against the dictators is threatening. And the clouds of war grow steadily thicker. A united front at home, by the mailed fist if need be, and the accumulation of funds and goods, by lawful or unlawful means, are imperative if the war chest is to be ready when needed.

*

A TOTALLY UNEXPECTED SHORT CIRCUIT blew out the Tennessee power consumers' conference whose projected meeting was mentioned in *The Nation* of December 5. It had been called to protect the interests of the Valley consumers in the face of suspicions that the TVA was about to compromise on rates with Commonwealth and Southern, the holding company that controls the Tennessee Electric Power Company. Delegates from all over the Valley seemed to mean business when they cheered Representative Rankin of Mississippi, who came out flatly against any partnership between TVA and the private utilities. Yet the next moment one of them jumped to his feet, declared the conference was an insult to the President because it implied lack of trust in his administration of TVA, and stampeded the delegates into voting an adjournment "forever." Behind this seemingly inexplicable incident is the feud between A. E. Morgan, chairman of the TVA, and David Lilienthal, its power director. Lilienthal is opposed to any

truckling to the private utilities, while Morgan is said to be ready to compromise with them to a considerable extent. Whether actually suggested by Lilienthal or not, the consumers' conference was certainly designed to strengthen his hand. The untimely end of the conference will increase the pressure on the President to make the final choice between the Morgan and Lilienthal policies which he has been sidestepping for the past year.

*

IT IS A PLEASURE TO RECORD THAT AVERY Brundage, who was such an admirer of the *Führer* at the Hitler Olympics last summer, has been replaced in the presidency of the Amateur Athletic Union by former Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney. Mr. Mahoney, it will be recalled, was forthright in his opposition to the Berlin games, and one of his first official acts as incoming president was to appoint Commodore Ernest Lee Jahncke as a delegate at large to the A. A. U. for the coming year. Commodore Jahncke was dropped from the International Olympics Committee because he openly expressed his anti-Nazi sentiments and Mr. Brundage was appointed in his place. The issue of Nazism will not arise in the games to be held in 1940. But it is highly desirable that the American A. A. U. be not controlled by Mr. Brundage or any of his friends who might share his appreciation of Nazi ideals of sport.

*

FOOTNOTE TO THE TUGWELL RESIGNATION: at the forthcoming session of Congress there is likely to be another sharp battle in the long war between the domestic beet-sugar producers and the refiners of imported raw sugar—a battle over tariffs and quotas. The beet-sugar interests look upon Mr. Tugwell's impending departure to join the American Molasses Company as merely one move by the enemy. Their Washington lobbyists busied themselves this week in calling attention to the fact that Tugwell is only one of several officials who have recently been put on the pay roll by the refining interests. John E. Dalton, former chief of the AAA's sugar section, is now working for the National Sugar Refining Corporation. Charles F. Boots, who was the Senate's legislative counsel at the time the Jones-Costigan Act was passed, recently joined the American Sugar Refining Corporation. James A. Dickey, who was an AAA sugar expert, is now attached to the Association of Sugar Producers of Puerto Rico. All these gentlemen may have been hired because of their expertness as technicians or executives. But they have enlisted in an industry without a peer as a seeker of legislative favors.

*

TROTSKY HAS FOUND ASYLUM IN MEXICO after a search for refuge which began when the Norwegian authorities notified him that his permit to remain in Norway would not be renewed. We congratulate President Cárdenas on his adherence to a great principle, the right of political asylum, which has become, even in Democratic countries, little more than a legend.

Mrs. Simpson and the Constitution

MERRIE ENGLAND is, as we write, in gloomy confusion. The sudden emergence of a constitutional crisis as a result of the stalemate between the King and Mr. Baldwin over the proposed royal marriage with Mrs. Simpson has left the world bewildered and fascinated. That the fate of an empire embracing one-fourth of the world's surface and population should hang so perilously on a woman's attraction for a man is an undreamed-of triumph for the romanticists and a vindication of the "Cleopatra's nose" school of history. Amid the array of consequences, however, two must be singled out—the light that has been shed on British mass psychology, and the problems presented to the British Labor Party.

The role of the press has been almost as disconcerting as was its role in the American Presidential campaign. To judge from the almost unanimous support the respectable press gave Mr. Baldwin, one would have thought that the British people would allow a narrow religious and nationalist outlook to dominate their democratic sympathies. Instead they have rallied to the King in what seem like overwhelming numbers. There can be little doubt that if a general election were held now, the party supporting the King would win by a Roosevelt landslide. The British monarchy, in so far as it rests on the attitude of the people to the king, has been democratized—we might almost say Americanized—as thoroughly as have the tabloids and the cinema.

It does credit to the political sagacity of Winston Churchill and Sir Oswald Mosley that they have been quick to back up the King and translate that backing into political advantage, the latter for his fascist party, the former for the new centrist party that he is reported on good authority to be forming. The Labor Party on the other hand is in a cruel dilemma. It confronts at once an opportunity and a danger. Never before has British labor had a chance to come out for so popular an issue as the King's freedom of choice in his private affairs, go to the country, and be overwhelmingly returned to power. Never before has such a tantalizing chance been so fraught with grave danger for the party and the whole nation.

The strength of the British Labor Party is rooted in two traditions. One is the tradition of the democratic way of life, with all that it implies for social equality, religious tolerance, personal freedom. Without tapping these democratic springs of conduct and sources of strength, the Labor Party could never hope to win power. But as Harold Laski pointed out in an article in the *London Daily Herald* and another in the *New York Times*, without the English constitutional tradition of ultimate ministerial responsibility it could never hope to retain what power it won. The Labor Party leaders therefore have deliberately shut their eyes to several facts—that Edward is a popular monarch, that the privilege

he is fighting for is a democratic privilege accorded to all people, that he is a king far more sensitive to the economic plight of the unemployed and the population in the derelict areas than any other monarch is likely to be; and have kept in mind one fact—that once you establish the principle that the king can act without his ministers, you have broken down the chief constitutional protection of a future Labor Cabinet; you have established not only a constitutional but also a psychological precedent whereby a very different sort of king may some day be used by reactionary and fascist groups to overthrow the socialization program of a Labor government.

Whether or not the King abdicates, it is an unenviable dilemma in which British labor is placed. Not only the question of a possible future labor government but the more immediate question of fascism is involved. The hostility with which the King's expressions of sympathy for South Wales were received by Cabinet members shows that, from one point of view, he is far more liberal than they. Nevertheless, a paternalistic king with a reactionary group behind him pulling the strings, both successful in overthrowing the principle of Cabinet responsibility, might provide the exact formula for British fascism. The fact that the Young England Toryism of Winston Churchill and the open fascism of Oswald Mosley are the only organized groups solidly behind the King is extremely disquieting. In such a dilemma it would be ungenerous to say that the leaders of the British Labor Party have erred in giving Mr. Baldwin their support. One can only implore them to keep their eye as much on the psychological realities of politics as on its constitutional forms.

Don't Sell Out Relief

WE are dismayed by the speed and brutality with which the Administration has begun lopping off WPA workers and the relentlessness with which Aubrey Williams, in the significant absence of Harry Hopkins, points to cold figures and insists that he can do nothing about it. On the very day when WPA artists in New York were fighting with the police in a strike against impending dismissals, President Roosevelt was uttering utopian sentiments in Buenos Aires:

Men and women blessed with political freedom, willing to work and able to find work, rich enough to maintain their families and to educate their children, contented with their lot in life and on terms of friendship with their neighbors, will defend themselves to the utmost but will never consent to take up arms for a war of conquest.

The President must also know that men and women willing to work and unable to find work, too poor to maintain their families and to educate their children, will defend their meager relief jobs to the utmost even against an Administration reelected in a landslide greased with promises of adequate relief.

"We will provide useful work for the needy unemployed. We prefer useful work to the pauperism of the dole." So said the President at Madison Square Garden

on October 31. A little while before, Harry Hopkins in his book "Spending to Save" recounted with justifiable pride the record of the WPA; at the same time he admitted its inadequacy. The reader had every reason to look forward to a permanent program which would not only provide the workless with a dry bed and three meals a day, but also use their talents in such a way as to raise their own and the nation's cultural standard of living.

The excuse for the lay-offs, of course, is absorption of the unemployed in private industry. But though the newspapers have blown the horn of plenty so loudly as to drown out dissent, private industry has somehow been able to find all the workers it needs among the unemployed not on relief. And the hollowness of the Administration's excuse is demonstrated by the fact that the ax has fallen with special ferocity on the art projects, whose workers will be the very last to be absorbed by private industry. Eleven mayors, including Mr. LaGuardia, have cabled the President, now en route from his good-will mission to South America, to protest against the drastic cuts.

Meanwhile it is an ironic commentary on the state of our civilization and on the high-sounding words of President Roosevelt that when prosperity comes in at the door, however fleetingly, an important cultural development is thrown out of the window. In cutting down the number of non-relief workers on the art projects, the political executioners are cutting out mainly the supervisors and administrators who have been responsible for the high standards to which these projects have been held. If these non-relief workers were "rich enough to maintain their families and to educate their children," we could have no just complaint. The fact is that the great majority of these people are so close to the edge that within a few weeks or months they will find it necessary to apply once more, as paupers, for relief. By that time, however, the project's administration and morale will have been wrecked and relief will deteriorate into mere made work, while the much-needed cultural outposts that have been established throughout the country will have been laid waste.

A Broad Base for a Labor Party

IT TAKES courage in these days to believe in the success of an American farmer-labor party. Long, long ago, back in the campaign of 1936, an almost solid labor phalanx joined forces with middle-class progressive groups, the Democratic urban machines, and the South to defeat the Republican reactionaries. It was a curious role for the militant worker. With his right hand he pressed the hand of the Democratic Party stalwart and said "Roosevelt." With his left he clasped that of his fellow-worker and whispered "1940." Despite this strangely ambidextrous performance his logic was good. Without Roosevelt in 1936 there could be no chance in 1940. But now after November the fluttering labor-party pennons seem as far away as ever. The trade-union

ranks are deeply split. The Tampa rump convention has left the most reactionary elements in the A. F. of L. saddle. As for leadership in 1940, Olson is dead, Lewis is rapidly gaining enemies, and the La Follettes are still wrapped in their Hamlet-like indecision as to whether they are to be or not to be for a farmer-labor party.

But the unkindest cut of all is that of the American Labor Party. That, it will be remembered, was to be the New York spearpoint of a permanent national labor-party movement. "This campaign is to test our strength," everyone said, "but just wait until after the election." Their 300,000 votes in New York were a pretty fair confirmation of that strength. And now what has happened to the high hopes that burgeoned in November? They are in danger of being crushed in the hot and stuffy air of a committee room. And let it be noted that committee rooms do not gain sanctity by being stuffed with trade-unionists rather than ordinary machine politicians.

During the campaign the American Labor Party was a loose federation of various trade unions and political groups. After the election the executive committee of the American Labor Party appointed a subcommittee of seven to draft a plan of constitutional structure. While this committee was deliberating, a report appeared in the *New York Times* of November 30 saying that the executive committee had "adopted a resolution making ineligible for affiliation with the Labor Party any other political party or any member of any other political party." This would clearly exclude any member of the Socialist, Communist, or Peoples' Party unless the party organizations were first to dissolve. The *New York Sun*, with a somewhat different perspective, ran on December 2 a sensational story of a rift within the Labor Party, saying that the Peoples' Party group under Louis Waldman had outmaneuvered the left and center, "and the fervent young radicals who did most of the organizing of the movement are on the outside looking in." The next day the *Times*—but not the *Sun*—published a vigorous denial of this story. But the original *Times* story was never repudiated.

A bit confused in this maze, *The Nation* patiently made inquiries among various members of the executive committee to determine what had actually happened. It emerged that no meeting of the executive committee had been held for several weeks, nor had any definite action on the question of structure ever been taken by the committee. But at the meeting at which the subcommittee on structure had been appointed, and in order to guide the subcommittee in its deliberations, the executive committee had held an informal discussion to ascertain the general opinion on the question of admitting Socialists and Communists. The general drift had been that the resolution of the Atlantic City conference of New York trade unions, which had declared against such affiliation, should be followed. This consensus was of course not binding on the subcommittee, which had still to deliberate on structure and constitution and report back its findings.

We cannot urge too strongly how crucial the coming decision is. What confronts the American Labor Party is the choice between a narrow trade-union party and a

broad and inclusive party built on a trade-union base but including every other element of strength. The dangers that confront American life are ultimately the dangers that European cultures have had to meet—lowered living standards, the smashing of trade unions and liberal organizations, the extirpation of civil liberties. To grapple with them nothing short of a popular-front organization will be adequate. In America this must take account of four principal sources of strength: the organized trade unions, the masses of unorganized workers, the farmers, the middle-class progressive groups. A plan of organization that excludes any of these must prove tragic for all of them. The Socialists have taken the lead, in the true spirit of a popular front, and have indicated their willingness to join an inclusive labor party. It is our fervent hope that the final action of the committee will be to recommend a broad, democratic base for the party. It must be remembered that while the New York labor situation is in many respects unique, what New York does may prove formative for the rest of the country.

All this would seem to lend point to a letter written to *The Nation* editors by Alfred M. Bingham, editor of *Common Sense*, and published on page 716. Mr. Bingham, who is well known for his advocacy of independent labor action based on the insurgent middle class, chides us for our consistent support of a farmer-labor party. He cites the tragic record of trade-union political action in Europe, and ends by an appeal for middle-class American radicalism. While we have been arguing in this editorial against a narrow trade-union party, we

want to make a sharp distinction between Mr. Bingham's position and our own. The core of a farmer-labor party or of a popular front must be workers—the organized workers and those capable of being organized. Without them so-called independent political action becomes either wishful thinking or potentially fascist. Without their economic strength the party would be helpless in any political crisis. Without their discipline in action it would become chaotic.

We are aware of the number of instances in which labor reformist parties have surrendered to the cruel drift of history. What Mr. Bingham overlooks is that such is not the case today in Spain, where the workers are meeting heroically a situation of unparalleled crisis. Nor is it the case in France, where the Popular Front government, although weak in its international policy, is pushing through a program of important domestic reconstruction. The real point about Spain and France is that both steel and discipline are being injected into national policy by the *combination* of trade-union groups and the radical parties. What distinguishes our labor situation, however dark it is now, from the English is that the A. F. of L. has not yet written the last chapter of our labor history. The vast numbers of those still to be organized in the mass-production industries are potentially the best political material in the country. If a farmer-labor party can be built broad enough to include them, and to include as well the native populist tradition of the middle-class groups which Mr. Bingham rightly stresses, we can look forward to the future with stout heart.

Under Fire in Madrid

BY LOUIS FISCHER

[The following cable was received after an interval of three weeks in which we had no word from Mr. Fischer, and were alarmed for his safety.]

Madrid, December 6, by Cable

A MONTH ago today the siege of Madrid commenced. Judged by territory, the enemy has gained very little during these four weeks. On November 16 the Anarchist column fled in front of a small Moorish force and allowed the rebels to enter the university suburb. Since then government soldiers have fought stubbornly against odds for every bloody meter of Madrid soil, and Franco hasn't much to show for his heavy losses of men and materials.

Until six days ago the rebels attacked vigorously every day. The Loyalists held their line or retreated short distances to straighten it. Recently, however, the fronts around Madrid have been quiet. Quiet is a relative term. Every evening when the noise of the city traffic ceases, I hear from my hotel window the incessant boom of cannon and the sharp firing of machine-guns, which sounds like cavalry galloping over cobblestones. Nevertheless, in gen-

eral enemy pressure has been somewhat relaxed. This may have been due to a regrouping or to waiting for reinforcements. Certainly the brilliant work of the Loyalist aviators has played an important role in checking General Franco's offensive. The government has lately had placed at its disposal a considerable number of so-called tank airplanes, which fly low and bomb troops of the supply-transport airdromes.

It is expected in military circles here that Franco, with the help of two or three or five thousand German soldiers who arrived this week at Cadiz with their arms and officers, will probably resume the offensive at the earliest opportunity. Indeed, it has already been launched. Yesterday afternoon I went for a Saturday stroll, walking from the hotel toward the Gran Via, Madrid's Broadway. A loud noise—"Puncture!" I said to myself. A similar noise, whose solidity and violence set me wondering. I entered a fashionable men's furnishing shop to buy some woollen socks (the stores in Madrid still have heavy stocks of winter underwear, warm blankets, and flannel garments while four kilometers away the men who are defending

the city sleep lightly clothed in frozen trenches). Several customers were discussing the noise. "It's our artillery," a man suggested. But I couldn't imagine why the government would place guns in the center of the city. I returned to the street. People were hurrying, looking around, puzzled. The noises multiplied; smoke rose from above the roofs of the skyscrapers. Franco was bombarding the heart of Madrid. This morning the cannonading recommenced, and as I write I hear projectiles crash into buildings a few blocks away. How does one behave under these conditions? At seven I was awakened by artillery fire. I thought of getting dressed, then I decided I could do nothing anyway, so I turned over and slept until eight-thirty. Then I bathed, shaved, had breakfast, and now I am at the typewriter. Of course, my hotel may soon become a gunner's target. One thinks of traveling to safety, but one is ashamed to run away.

General Franco, the supreme Christian ruler of reactionary Spain, is not inexperienced at this strategy of attacking a defenseless civilian population. He has registered many victories over the women and children of Madrid. Air bombings of the residential quarters have become so regular that one looks at one's wrist watch and says, "Four o'clock, hm. They haven't been here yet." I've heard many raids and seen the machines which were making them. I have visited the spots where bombs had fallen. I have watched the rescue work in the smoking ruins. But on Friday I was in such a raid and I can declare that there is nothing so harrowing and so criminal in all the world. I was riding in an automobile just before two o'clock in the afternoon when I noticed people running. Soon the streets were empty. I could now detect the roar of airplane motors. Suddenly there was a crash, and before one could think a mountain of smoke rose above a five-story building down the street. We turned the corner; there was another deafening bang, and the bricks of the cornices mixed with wood and glass separated from a huge apartment house and fell across our path about three hundred yards ahead. We stopped the car and rushed into an entrance. A bomb whistled as it approached the earth. It made one cold all over. "Where will it hit?" I tried to force the door open to seek better protection, but a column of air struck the door and made me recoil. The bomb had crashed into the third house from the one where we had sought refuge. At the same moment another bomb landed. From the low pitch of the report I guessed it had fallen on the pavement. Half of a granite block blackened by the explosion came vaulting over a roof and fell into a narrow court to which the doorway where I stood led. A woman opened a door and called to us to come in. "Such barbarians!" she exclaimed.

For several minutes there were no bombs. We opened the door. There was no hum of propellers. We returned to the street. A military motor cyclist asked for my car to transport the wounded. He was commandeering all automobiles for this purpose. Presently they began to return with people who had lost limbs or parts of their faces. In such moments one hates violently; the hate remains.

From the lower floors of bombed houses women, old men, and little children started to creep out. All was

white; white hair, white faces, white clothes—powdered by crumbling plaster. A girl of thirteen retrieved a canary bird in its cage. She carried a milk bottle under her arm. A woman with a nursing baby, both howling, the mother's dress black where she held the child. A wrinkled old woman wrapped in a blanket, every feature on her face trembling uncontrollably, stood on the pavement dazed and asked repeatedly, "Where can I go?"

I walked back. Streams of homeless strayed through the streets, carrying now an overcoat, now a bundle of clothes, now a child's mattress. Women stood in groups wringing their hands and swaying from their waists in the rhythm of despair. This has gone on for weeks. I went through streets where not a single window pane was left intact. Whole sections look like an earthquaked city. Yet people go on living there. "Where can they go?" The Spanish government, with every resource absorbed by war, hasn't the trucks or buses, or food or money enough, to evacuate the civilian population of Madrid, and from outside comes no help. Where is the world which answered the call of Belgium? Where is the humanitarian heart of the millions who go to church and pray to God, or of the millions who call themselves idealists yet go about their business signing letters, having manicures, seeing cinemas, while a city of culture and beauty is being ground into dust?

I later learned that the raid had been carried out by twenty-eight Junkers and two Capronis. Those heroic aviators know that they killed innocent women and children and noncombatant men. They've been doing it for weeks; they are well practiced by this time. They take their orders from Berlin and Rome. Their dictator masters have made a cult of frightfulness. When the Abyssinians didn't yield, gas was used. The cultural level of the enemy is immaterial. The people which produced Cervantes, Velasquez, Goya, and El Greco are treated with the same ruthlessness as were Selassie's black warriors. Western Europe must expect no better fate.

In Spain two vast world forces are testing each other out. So far the fascists have displayed more initiative and greater daring. They were the first to send airplanes and equipment. Now they are the first to ship troops. Their submarines and other naval craft spy on and interfere with the operations of the loyal Spanish fleet in eastern harbors. Their impudence is unequalled because England and France showed them in a score of situations—Ethiopia, the Rhineland, and so on—that he who dares wins. Democratic diplomacy is no match for fascist arrogance. If Franco conquers, Europe will be black or Europe will go to war as soon as Mussolini and Hitler are ready. Madrid may or may not fall. That cannot be the end. The government is scoring important military victories in Navarre, the Asturias, and Aragon. A loyal force is threatening Talavera, in the heart of the enemy territory. Franco's rear is eaten away by revolts, peasant sabotage, and workers' resistance. Prisoners taken show that he is employing untrained Moorish tribesmen because his reserves are exhausted and Spaniards won't fight for him.

The die is not yet cast. This affair may last longer than anybody now believes.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Hamstringing Federal Investigations

Washington, December 7

THE opening of the annual season for federal investigations is at hand. In the coming week the long-pending examination of American railroad finance will begin, and the F. C. C.'s investigation of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in recess for several months, will be resumed. The S. E. C. has an important investigation of investment trusts already under way, and a few weeks hence the La Follette committee inquiring into the business of union-busting and strike-breaking will convene for a few more dramatic revelations designed to get from Congress the funds the committee needs for a bona fide investigation.

All these things combine to make pertinent at this time a few generalizations on Congress's power of investigation, which always has been among the most vital of federal powers if not the most vital, and now takes on additional importance in view of the patent waning of moral indignation among the tired New Dealers. Nearly all Roosevelt's young men are anxious to believe that the groups that hated them prior to November 3 now adore them and mean to mend their ways. They are eager to yield to the losers' pleas for no reprisals, for a peace without victory; peace—and rest—is what they want. The danger is that in their resulting languors they will be easy marks for groups seeking to avoid exposure at the hands of investigating committees.

It would not be necessary for their seducers to persuade them to call off or otherwise completely prevent investigations. That is too dangerous a course; there are other and better ways of crippling an investigation, ways that are subtle and conceal the maiming from public view. One of these is to persuade the investigating committee to suppress or soft-pedal certain lines of inquiry, avoid calling certain witnesses, leave untouched or undeveloped certain themes and deals. Attempts toward these ends already have begun in connection with both the railroad and telephone inquiries. For example, certain Senators in the most intimate and friendly fashion are urging members of the railroad investigating committee, headed by Senator Wheeler, to "let these railroads recover; go easy."

Another method of stifling an investigation is by inserting in the investigators' credentials a trick clause which has no apparent significance to laymen. Here, too, we may point to the railroad investigation as an example. In order to get the Wheeler committee's credentials released by the Senate Audit and Control Committee—a tight little group of three reactionaries and one pseudo-liberal—it was necessary for the resolution's backers to

accept a compromise in phraseology restricting the investigation to a sampling list of railroads to be picked by Joseph B. Eastman, then Federal Coordinator of Transportation. The Audit and Control Committee—Tydings, Townsend, Byrnes, and Bachman—took advantage of their sole responsibility, supervision of the Senate's purse, to see to it that there should be no sweeping investigation of American railroad finance as a whole; and its stratagem remains a successful one to this day, although Eastman did the best he could within the resolution's limits and picked eighteen roads for Wheeler's committee to probe. The committee's investigators have found their digging blocked time and again as their subjects smirkingly commanded them to stop and pointed to the Senate resolution for their authority. Wheeler's investigators have found, as they and the Audit and Control Committee's prompters knew they would, that though the Senate may draw lines of demarcation through the fields of railroad finance, Wall Street draws no lines, and that deals they must investigate in the eighteen roads on their list are inextricably interwoven with deals in roads and firms beyond their reach because they are absent from the list. In short, they have found themselves charged with investigating conspiracies in which they dare concern themselves with only one conspirator and therefore cannot touch the conspiracy itself.

Mention of the Audit and Control Committee brings up the third and most effective method of choking off an investigation, and that is to starve it to death for want of funds. The La Follette committee is a case in point. It got only \$15,000 to investigate that most difficult of subjects, an industry whose trade is secrecy, and with its investigation less than well begun, the committee's funds have been virtually exhausted. Given many times less than Congress frequently has voted to bring a W. C. T. U. or Elks' convention to Washington or to aid an Arkansas or Texas centennial celebration, the La Follette committee has had to borrow staff members from other agencies and in the few hearings held to date has had to confine itself to fragmentary presentations of evidence because it could not afford the fees and travel allowances necessary to bring witnesses to Washington for long enough to tell a coherent story. The Wheeler committee is a victim of the same kind of niggardliness, though in lesser degree, for it managed to wheedle \$75,000 out of the Senate at the start and an additional \$25,000 a year later. But contrast that total of \$100,000 with the magnitude of the committee's task. It is embarked upon long, dreary, and painstaking research by highly skilled lawyers and accountants (to whom under a 1933 statute designed to curb investigations it can pay no more than \$3,600 a year), and it is dealing with a \$20,000,000,000 to

\$27,000,000,000 industry that presents one of the most convoluted structures in the national economy. The Federal Trade Commission spent \$1,800,000 just to investigate the relatively new and simple electric-power industry, a \$12,000,000,000 enterprise, and devoted more than six years to the task, which laid the groundwork for the Wheeler-Rayburn bill.

That a similar bill applied to railroad holding companies is in the offing and that the railroad investigation will lay the groundwork for it was foreshadowed in an announcement a few days ago by Senator Wheeler that when the committee opens public hearings on December 7 it will focus at once on holding-company control of railroads. The names of the witnesses subpoenaed for the initial hearings suggest that the committee will lead off by showing how it is possible through the holding-company device to pick up a vast railroad empire with a shinplaster, if one can get the proper Wall Street house or houses to superintend the feat. The list also suggests that the part that corporation lawyers play in these feats of financial legerdemain is at last going to come in for the currycombing it deserves. Leading the list of witnesses summoned were the two septuagenarians, George A. Ball and George A. Tomlinson, who last year helped keep the late Van Sweringen brothers at the top of a \$2,000,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000 railroad empire by putting up a few millions and taking off the hands of J. P. Morgan and Company the controlling stock interest in Alleghany Corporation that the Morgans held as collateral on a \$40,000,000 loan to the Van Sweringens. Before the week is out this deal will have been stripped of most of its mysteries.

You would not be far wrong if you had jumped to the conclusion that the Presidential order giving the Secretary of State regulatory powers over the matrimonial in-

clinations of American diplomats, consuls, and their staffs was inspired by E. Phillips Oppenheim. This venture in what Jack Herling calls nationalization of passion turns out to have been inspired by William C. Bullitt, until recently Ambassador to the U. S. S. R. and now Ambassador to France. Bullitt's imagination is at least on a par with Oppenheim's. He signalized his arrival at the World Economic Conference by insisting that the rooms of the American delegation at Claridge's immediately be searched for concealed dictaphones, peepholes, and cameras. Later he interrupted a luncheon at the American embassy by suddenly jumping to his feet and dashing to a window outside which the end of a wire dangled. The cry of "spy" died on his lips when his dash to the window ended in a discovery that the wire was attached to a humble telephone repair man. The romantic Mr. Bullitt has for some time been lobbying for just such an executive order as the one which was signed by President Roosevelt on November 17 but not made public until a few days ago.

The order, as you know, forbids foreign-service officers to marry aliens without permission from the Secretary of State, and to submit their resignations along with their requests for such permission. There is a story going around Washington that connects the order with our embassy at Rio; according to this tale, the Belgian wife of Ambassador Gibson is a Rexist, and he has grown steadily more reactionary since marriage. It is a yarn that overlooks many things, including the fact that the order is not retroactive. Bullitt, on the other hand, has not concealed his passion for a prohibition such as the order lays down. He used to complain bitterly to friends here that at dinner with his staff at Moscow he could not discuss official business without risk of the whole diplomatic set of Moscow being made aware of that business the following morning through the alien wives of his aides.

Behind the Pan-American Front

BY STEPHEN NAFT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speeches in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires in connection with the opening of the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace have broken with all American diplomatic precedents. He did not offer the customary condescending promises of protection or concessions to the little fellows by the big brother. Instead he made a virtual appeal to solidarity and mutual assistance among equals in view of the forthcoming European cataclysm, which cannot leave America unscathed. His address in Buenos Aires was a challenge against the implantation of European fascism and a warning to non-American nations to keep hands off this continent.

It was not merely a tactful departure from the usual haughty interpretation of the hated Monroe Doctrine,

implying the right to intervene in the affairs of other American countries. Roosevelt's idea of mutual protection is actually foreign to the original idea of Monroe. And a new inter-American multilateral declaration or covenant is expected to result from this conference as a joint warning and affirmation of American solidarity and mutual defense.

The changed attitude must not, however, be ascribed to the enlightenment of President Roosevelt alone. Technically and economically the United States today needs the help of other American countries almost as much as they need the United States. No longer is America protected, as during the last World War, by those two great moats, the Atlantic and the Pacific. Submarines and airplanes now easily negotiate oceans. General Balbo ar-

rived here with two dozen airplanes from fascist Italy in military formation. Japan and Germany have huge airplane carriers from which they can loose their bombers to spread death and destruction over New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, as well as over Buenos Aires and Rio.

The President's reception during his visit to South America leaves no doubt that the former hostile attitude of almost all Latin American countries has undergone a great change in the last few years. The popular demonstrations in the streets, the ovations given him by deputies and senators and by the usually nationalist and anti-imperialist students, cannot be dismissed as just another polite exchange of diplomatic amenities. True, young Liborio Justo, the son of the Argentine President, interrupted Roosevelt's speech in Buenos Aires with the traditional shout, "Down with imperialism!" However, his outburst may be explained by the fact that he is a quite recent convert to the Communist Party. Having probably reached only last year's line in his required reading, this young man appears still to believe that to prefer the lesser evil is counter-revolutionary opportunism, though the present solution adopted by his party lies in the united front with all non-fascist parties to the right of the Communist Party.

It may safely be said that the United States has abandoned the idea of expansionist militarist imperialism in the Western Hemisphere. The abrogation of the Platt Amendment, the withdrawal of the marines from Haiti and Nicaragua, the abandonment of financial control in the Caribbean and in Central America were practical and undeniable demonstrations of this tendency. The United States now has all the territory it needs at the strategic points for the military protection of the Panama Canal. The Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, Guantanamo Bay, the St. Andrews and Providence Islands are outposts in the East, while the naval stations in Fonseca Bay, Hawaii, and Guam play the same part in the West. No Latin American government visualizes at present any invasion or intervention on the part of the United States.

Some pessimists may not be fully convinced that President Roosevelt's statement, made on December 28, 1933, before the Woodrow Wilson Foundation in Washington, to the effect that "the definite policy of the United States from now on is opposed to armed intervention" will be forever binding on all future policies of the United States. But at least they believe in the more realistic assurance of Secretary of State Cordell Hull, made a few days before at the close of the Montevideo conference, that "no government need fear any intervention on the part of the United States under the Roosevelt Administration." That conference ushered in the new Administration's "good neighbor" policy. The United States approved a convention on the rights and duties of states, according to which "no state has the right to intervene in the internal or external affairs of another." This policy marked a complete reversal of the attitude the United States had taken during the previous Pan-American Conference held in Havana in 1928. At that conference all attempts to vote similar conventions or resolutions were

strenuously opposed and prevented by the American delegates and by their Latin American satellites, Cuba, Nicaragua, and Peru, whose dictators remained in power only because of the military or financial assistance of the United States.

Sentiment against the United States ran so high during the Havana conference that Argentina even opposed the plan of building a pan-American road between Washington and Buenos Aires for fear, as the delegate from Argentina put it, such a highway might lead from Washington to Buenos Aires rather than from Buenos Aires to Washington. The hostility was based on very concrete economic reasons—the refusal of the United States to admit Argentine meat products in competition with the American meat industry. The pretext or reason given for this embargo—precaution against transferable plant and animal diseases—did not console the Argentine cattle raisers. Nothing could have gone farther toward reconciling the Argentine than President Roosevelt's virtual promise, during a luncheon with President Justo, that animal diseases in one region would no longer be used as a reason for excluding exports of meat products from the entire country. Sick sheep and ailing cows will no longer stand between the friendship of Argentina and the United States.

The United States no longer faces a hostile and pro-German Mexico in the south, as during the World War. As in former years, Brazil relies on the United States as its best customer for coffee, its main export product. There was never any serious friction between the two countries. Colombia, for many years bitter, has been reconciled by a \$25,000,000 compensation for the loss of Panama, separated from the mother country by the "revolution" so skilfully engineered by Theodore Roosevelt. The present Colombian government under President Lopez has a united-front regime of all leftist elements. At the May 1 celebration this year, both President Lopez and the leader of the Communist Party, standing side by side on the balcony of the presidential palace, addressed the demonstrating crowd.

None of the Central American countries now has any grievance against the United States. Though these countries defaulted all dollar loans, the United States waived all its claims and rights on the revenues of the custom duties which were pledged for the payment of loans made to these governments. During the Chaco war the United States was not accused of siding openly with either of the belligerents. At the time of the Arica affair a sensible solution for the conflict between Peru and Chile was proposed from this country: to cede Arica to Bolivia—against compensation to Chile and Peru—and thus to give this landbound country an access to the sea. Had this proposal been followed, it probably would have prevented the subsequent Chaco war. Thus it may be said that the United States has at present no enemies on the American continent.

Certain points of dispute still remain among the nations below the Rio Grande. There is the rivalry between Brazil and Argentina for South American hegemony, the unsettled frontier problem among Ecuador, Peru,

and Colombia, and the unfulfilled aspiration of Bolivia for an access to the sea. By far the most dangerous and the most immediate threat to the peace of South America is the unsettled dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay over the Chaco Boreal. Yet in the face of the possibility of a renewal of the Chaco war, this item has been expressly excluded from the agenda at the Conference for the Maintenance of Peace.

What was the real purpose behind the calling of the conference? Roosevelt's speech in Buenos Aires provided the clue. He stressed not less than fourteen times his advocacy of the principles of democracy, constitutional regimes, democratic government, individual liberty, personal freedom, and social and political justice. To a large extent his address was an emphatic warning against fascist adventures, and particularly against the danger of foreign—that is, European—fascist intervention or invasion. The South American brand of frankly military dictators and unconstitutional or semi-constitutional presidents who do not enjoy mass support is somewhat less dangerous to peace than the overseas brand of popular fascist dictators. Yet Roosevelt's speech was apparently also a warning to those Latin American countries which flirt with the idea of aligning themselves with the European fascist countries.

Already Salvador and Nicaragua have recognized Italy's conquest of Ethiopia and the Franco regime in Spain. It is reported that Chile's President, Alessandri, originally elected as a liberal, is likewise inclined to recognize Franco. With the exception of Mexico, Colombia, and Costa Rica, almost all Latin American governments have expressed, directly or indirectly, their sympathies with the Moorish, German, and Italian invaders and destroyers of the mother country, by harboring and protecting the fascist refugees in their embassies.

Bolivia and Paraguay have at present totalitarian dictatorships headed by militarists. Bolivia's new dictator, who a few months ago obtained power as a result of a military coup, is the chief of the country's "National Socialist Party." One of the forerunners and founders of this party was Captain Ernst Röhm, who until 1932 was instructor of the Bolivian army in preparation for the war against Paraguay.

The fascist movement is growing in most of the South American countries. The Integralistas in Brazil, the Nacistas in Chile are being organized and instructed by Germans and Italians. Only Colombia and Mexico have leftist governments. Venezuela is still groping to establish political parties and labor unions after the death of the dictator, Gomez. Chile, Ecuador, Peru, Argentina, and Uruguay enjoy constitutions which are innocuous adornments for the semi-dictators who wield all the power.

However, in a number of these countries the fascists are still badly divided. There are no less than eight fascist groups or parties in Argentina, and four in Chile. Not everywhere does the army sympathize with the fascists, as it fears their competition and does not relish the idea of being superseded by civilian upstarts and armed ruffians. Moreover, united fronts, left blocs, and

popular fronts of anti-fascist parties are springing up in every country. The trade-union movement, hitherto divided along ideological lines, shows everywhere a tendency toward unification. Notable electoral successes have been obtained in Argentina, Chile, and Peru, as a result of which some of these governments were forced to yield political rights and reforms. In Argentina the candidates of the united front obtained the majority of all seats in the Chamber of Deputies during the last congressional election, and in Peru the presidential candidate of the left bloc won a few months ago the majority of the votes—whereupon the elections were promptly invalidated.

Strong native radical and leftist movements and parties are being formed in some of the South American countries. These movements have greater mass appeal than do those left parties which receive their inspiration from abroad. Among these new parties which speak the language of the natives and are, as a rule, concerned with the specific interests of their respective countries, are the Uniristas of Colombia, the Apristas of Peru, the Alianza Libertadora Nacional of Brazil. Each of these parties has a greater following than any previous leftist movement in South America.

While at present peace prevails among the various Latin American republics, serious conflicts are brewing within almost every one—the final contest between fascism and democracy. These struggles will hardly be decided at the polls. The danger will come if, following European examples, the fascist countries rally to the assistance of South American fascists or, worse still, if the latter ask or accept assistance from European fascists. It is on this point, perhaps, that the Monroe Doctrine, old or new, will have to be again invoked—but this time for the defense of the liberties of American peoples.

Whatever their platonic and sometimes even practical sympathies for fascism and fascists, several American countries seem to be apprehensive of the possibilities of aggression from Europe. America's apparent intention of obtaining from this conference merely a pan-American declaration of neutrality, and of preventing shipments of arms and munitions to belligerents in case of a world war, seems not to satisfy at least one-third of the countries represented. According to a recent dispatch, the five Central American republics, as well as Panama and Colombia, want the proposal of the United States strengthened by the inclusion of a declaration of solidarity to a point where non-American aggression against any one of the twenty-one republics would be considered aggression against them all. As aggression from abroad could come only from fascist countries, such a declaration would be in effect a promise of mutual assistance against fascism.

Whether actual treaties will be concluded for the prevention of war in the Americas, whether real neutrality will be established and maintained during the coming world war, and whether plans for mutual assistance would work, only time will tell. However, the danger of a world war in which the entire Western Hemisphere might be involved and the warning speeches of Roosevelt and Hull will greatly contribute toward strengthening the anti-fascist parties in Latin America.

Europe's Eleventh Hour

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, November 19

MUSSOLINI'S speech at Milan on November 1 has to some extent modified the European situation; at least that has been the effect of the encouragement he gave to Hungarian "revisionism," that is to say, the aggressive designs of Hungary against the countries of the Little Entente. It has been reported that the passage about Hungary was inserted at the last moment at the request of the German government. I have been unable to verify this report, but it is at least a possible hypothesis. For, coupled as they were with compliments to Yugoslavia, Mussolini's remarks about Hungary looked like an attempt to split the Little Entente. He can have no particular reason at this moment for wishing to do so. On the other hand, the partition of Czecho-Slovakia among Germany, Hungary, and Poland is a permanent aim of German and Hungarian policy. That aim would be facilitated by the disruption of the Little Entente.

In any case Mussolini's declaration about Hungary was a diplomatic blunder. When he made his speech, the countries of the Little Entente had to some extent been drawn into the German-Italian orbit. The influence of France on the European continent had steadily declined since Barthou's death in October, 1934, and five months of the government of the People's Front had reduced it to nil. It had become more and more evident that England would do nothing to prevent Central and Eastern Europe from passing under German control and that in all probability it was the deliberate intention of British policy to give Hitler a free hand in the east in the hope of keeping him off the west until the rearmament of England was complete. The unconditional abandonment of the "sanctions" against Italy terrified the smaller European countries, which realized that they had nothing to hope for from the League of Nations and saw themselves sharing the fate of Abyssinia. It failed, moreover, in its purpose of bringing Italy back to the "Stresa front." So the British and French governments got nothing out of their betrayal of Abyssinia and the League of Nations and were the dupes of their own treachery. The prolonged negotiations with Germany about the "new Locarno" increased the anxiety of the Little Entente, especially since those negotiations were made a pretext for holding up everything else and for preventing the League Assembly from dealing with collective security or any other important matter. But for Litvinov, the British government would have succeeded in postponing all discussion of the "application of the principles of the Covenant," that is, of collective security, until next September. Then came the German-Italian agreement, which was all to the advantage of Germany, for it is evident that Mussolini had to sacrifice much in return for German

recognition of Italian sovereignty over Abyssinia. It may turn out that he has sacrificed Italian influence in Austria and Central Europe generally.

In these circumstances the states of the Little Entente had begun to think that their only hope was to make the best possible terms with Hitler and Mussolini. In Yugoslavia a pro-German government had come into power and Germany had acquired increased influence, both economic and political. The German-Italian agreement, which seemed to put an end to the complete domination of Austria by Italy, made better relations between Yugoslavia and Italy possible. In Rumania Titulescu had been dismissed by King Carol, and his dismissal had been followed by a change in Rumanian policy, which also became pro-German. It was Titulescu more than anybody else who held together the Little Entente and also the Balkan Entente, which was his creation, and nobody else did as much to bring about cooperation with Soviet Russia. For that reason he was hated by the British Foreign Office, and the hatred was intensified by the isolation and consequent capitulation of the British delegation at the Montreux conference, which was due to the diplomatic skill, the loyal cooperation, and, above all, the firmness of Paul-Boncour, Litvinov, and Titulescu. The fall of Titulescu was a triumph for Hitler and a disaster for Europe.

By a sinister irony the French government of the People's Front was unwittingly responsible for it. When Schacht visited the Balkans, King Carol and the majority of the Rumanian government proposed to invite him to Bucharest. Titulescu successfully withstood the proposal, and one of the reasons that he gave for opposing it was that a Rumanian invitation to Schacht might make a bad impression in France. When the news came that Schacht had been received in Paris with extraordinary consideration and that the Prime Minister of France and half a dozen other members of the government had attended a luncheon in his honor, Titulescu's enemies seized the opportunity to get rid of him. They represented to King Carol that whereas, thanks to Titulescu's exaggerated consideration for France, Rumania had lost what might have been a profitable opportunity, the French government was treating Schacht with obsequious respect. King Carol was so angry that he dismissed Titulescu on the spot.

Thus Yugoslavia and Rumania came to some extent under German influence. It remained to win over Czecho-Slovakia, and King Carol went to Prague for that purpose. Not that he cared much one way or the other. He is not interested in politics and is not pro-German or pro-French or anything else. So long as he can amuse himself, he is willing to adopt any policy recommended by those under whose influence he happens to be, of whom Madame Lupescu is one of the most important,



Drawing by Bert Hayden

Il Duce

for her influence is permanent. Carol urged the Czecho-Slovak government to denounce its pact with Soviet Russia, but without success. Indeed, it seems to be thought at Prague that he became convinced of the desirability of maintaining it, but if that is so, there is no guaranty that he will remain of the same opinion. Carol's mission, however, succeeded to a limited extent. At the end of his visit it was officially announced that the Little Entente would cooperate with Germany, Italy, Austria, and Hungary. The drift away from France was manifest.

Mussolini's blunder has, temporarily at any rate, made this cooperation almost impossible. The reaction in Czecho-Slovakia against the Milan speech was immediate. Krofta, the Foreign Minister, made a firm declaration in which he said that Czecho-Slovak policy was unchanged, and that Czecho-Slovakia would remain true to its alliance with France and its pact with Russia and would defend its territory against all attacks. In Rumania the semi-official press tried to explain the Milan speech away, but the rest of the Rumanian newspapers vigorously attacked it, and some of them even said that the new policy inaugurated by King Carol and his present advisers had now been shown to be a failure and that the sooner Titulescu was sent for the better. The Yugoslav press gave the speech a disconcerting welcome, but official declarations have since shown that the Yugoslav government will join with Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania in resisting Hungarian demands.

Thus, thanks to Mussolini, France has another opportunity—perhaps the last—to recover its lost influence. One can but hope that the French government will take advantage of it, but the chances seem against it, for before anything can be done France must be freed from the domination of the British Foreign Office. And that would probably involve the resignation of Delbos and certain other Radical ministers, although it would not mean estrangement from England. On the contrary, as Barthou's short experience showed, an independent France with a policy of its own gets more out of England than a dependent France, because independence is respected and England needs France as much as France needs England. The session of the commission for the

application of the principles of the Covenant, which will meet at Geneva on December 7, will offer France an excellent opportunity of taking the initiative in the organization of collective security on the lines already laid down by the present French government.

Léon Blum made a speech on foreign policy three days ago at Soissons. He said nothing about collective security, he made no reply to the Milan speech in which Mussolini repudiated the whole idea of collective action and expressed the hope that the League of Nations would disappear, but he announced that, on the initiative of the French government, the assembled nations at Geneva would shortly begin a discussion of disarmament! A man as intelligent as Blum must know that in the present condition of Europe such a discussion can be nothing but window-dressing. One asks oneself whether this talk about disarmament is not a diversion intended to cover the helplessness of the French government and its lack of policy on anything that matters.

The situation is heartrending, for there is no time to lose. The enemy is at our gates. While politicians prate about the undesirability of the division of Europe into two hostile blocs, the fascist bloc is being formed, whether we like it or not, and it is not confined to Europe. Germany, Japan, and Italy are perfecting what is in fact an alliance against Russia. This is intended to be the nucleus of a larger combination which other states will be cajoled or bullied to enter. Hitler, encouraged by the impunity he has been given by the poltroonery and the successive capitulations of the British and French governments, has indulged in another repudiation of international engagements. Clearly, he intends to coerce the countries injured by his act, in particular Czecho-Slovakia, by threatening to deprive them of their access to the sea. Yesterday Germany and Italy officially recognized Franco and his gang as the government of Spain. And this is not the end. It is only the beginning. The next step will be repudiation of some territorial provision of the peace treaties, probably that concerning Danzig and Memel.

Never since 1918 has Europe been in such imminent danger of war. Until quite recently I have not thought that war was likely in the near future, but the danger has been brought nearer by the efforts that have been made to avert or postpone it by concessions to the aggressive nations. It has been increased in the last three months by the policy of "non-intervention" in Spain, which has played into the hands of Germany and Italy and encouraged them to risk war to get the control of Spain. And the government that shares the responsibility for all this with the Tory government of England is the government of the People's Front—the coalition of all the forces of the left in France. I have long since ceased to expect much from any political party, but I would never have believed such an abdication, such a betrayal, to be possible. There is no hope for Europe unless at the eleventh hour France can recover itself and take the lead in forming a defensive bloc against the aggressive fascist bloc of the fascist hordes. And it may be that the eleventh hour is already past.

Barcelona: An Anarchist State

BY LOUIS F. GITTLER

Barcelona, November 16

THE manifestations of last week on the occasion of the nineteenth anniversary of the Russian Revolution magnificently demonstrated the solidarity of the People's Front. For more than five hours the procession of workers, peasants, employees, and intellectuals filed by in enthusiastic acclaim of the "Russian example." The demonstrators carried the banners and slogans of every Catalonian organization; the flags of the republic, of Catalonia, of the Anarchists, of the Communists, and of various dissident groups waved endlessly in the brilliant sun. Plasterers and foresters, civil guards and cavalrymen, marines, clerks, artists, laborers from factory and field walked in the never-ending ranks, singing the Marseillaise, the Internationale, and Catalonian and Spanish revolutionary songs. Few uniforms were visible; police were not needed to keep order.

Notwithstanding its atmosphere of solidarity, the demonstration clearly revealed the political limits of a popular front. The Republicans did not flaunt proletarian slogans ■ did the Communists behind them. They were content to appeal to all anti-fascists for unity in the civil war. The Catalonian Separatists (*Estat Catala*) were mild in applauding the Soviets. The Anarchists saluted their "Russian brothers" but emphasized the need for unity, complete revolution, complete liberty, and the intransigent will necessary for victory. The tremendous ovation which greeted the Catalonian anthem and the hundreds of yellow and red Catalonian flags showed the fiercely patriotic spirit of all Catalonians, whatever their politics.

The Anarcho-Syndicalists proved again their superior political strength. Their adherents comprised two-thirds of the paraders. Their success is attributable to the high quality of their party leadership and their talent in organization and propaganda; it is also due to the fact that Anarchist thought is peculiarly indigenous to Spain, although outside Catalonia and Aragon the movement is not yet in an advanced stage. Through the two organizations, the C. N. T. (National Confederation of Workers) and the F. A. I. (Iberian Anarchist Federation), they dominate Catalonia and guide its revolutionary destiny. The C. N. T. serves as the organizational framework of anarcho-syndicalism; it would be reduced to a sort of futile red syndicalism were it not for the aid of its brother organization, the F. A. I., which furnishes the C. N. T. mechanism with surging revolutionary fervor.

When rebel contingents of the local garrison—variously stated to have been Carlists, innocent lambs, and soldier mercenaries—drew up their artillery pieces on the boulevards and squares of Barcelona in the early morning hours of July 19 at the command of their superior

officers, the fearless young workers of the F. A. I. commandeered automobiles and, unarmed, crashed through the cannon at strategic points. At their victorious cry of "Viva la República!" the soldiers, half-dazed and really not knowing whom they were shooting at or why, turned over some of their arms to the revolutionaries. With the help of the Civil Guard, which remained loyal to the republic, the F. A. I. workers, now joined by the Socialists and Communists, suppressed the revolt in two days. Then it was "On to Saragossa," which had fallen into the hands of the rebels. It may be admitted that without the aid of the Civil Guard it would have been a question whether the Anarchists could have won the city, at least without weeks of terror and bloodshed. In Saragossa the Civil Guard had gone over to the Fascists, and the rebels could not be ousted from control.

With the suppression of the military insurrection hundreds of Barcelona's wealthy fled to the French Riviera and Italy. I saw them there in late October, huddled about radios in cheap hotels, breathlessly listening to the rebel stations at Rabat and Seville, and triumphantly declaring, "Well, *mañana, mañana*—tomorrow, tomorrow." Business and industry came to a standstill after those July days. The various left parties installed their headquarters in the luxurious houses and modern office buildings. They ripped out the rugs and sumptuous furnishings and prepared to carry through their revolutionary program. The C. N. T. stepped in and in an orderly but firm manner requisitioned abandoned property, banks, factories, communications. The railroads, autobus lines, taxis, tramways, and subways were coordinated under the Anarchist banner. A collectivized economy was set up.

Power has been invested in the various councils that have been formed. These are jointly controlled by the left parties, with the Anarchists wielding the big stick of influence. The Council of Economy, headed by a C. N. T. man, has finally established fixed economic measures. These measures actually followed direct action by the workers themselves. The council has collectivized on a syndicalist basis all enterprises which (1) have more than 100 workers, (2) have under 100 workers but whose owner has been condemned by a court for connections with the Fascists, (3) have under 100 workers but whose owner has left the country, (4) have under 100 workers if these have concluded a mutual pact of agreement with the owner, (5) have between 50 and 100 workers who have agreed by a three-fourths' vote to collectivize their factory. The undertakings are controlled by workers' committees of five. In some cases the owner is retained as director at a nominal salary. Wages will not be raised and hours will not be shortened—but lengthened when necessary—until the war is over. Banks

are under control of the Generalidad. All automobiles have been confiscated and are under control of the Generalidad and party committees, except in the case of physicians, who may retain private cars. The restaurants and hotels have been collectivized. No tips are allowed; no employee will accept them. Most of the land and buildings are in the hands of the Generalidad. The large estates have been collectivized, but the small holders are not touched. In the cities most of the smaller merchants have been left intact. Retail shops are open for business as in normal times. The social and commercial life of Barcelona is quasi-normal and surprisingly disciplined for such a tense period of revolution and civil war.

The left parties will see to it that in the event of vic-

tory Spain will never return to a remade "bourgeois democracy." Only the Republicans believe in such a chimera. But today all factions are united in the anti-fascist front, as was admirably demonstrated on this anniversary of the Russian Revolution. Despite their earlier apathy toward the war, they are now helping Madrid with troops and supplies. The general feeling is one of extreme optimism and confidence in ultimate victory. The possible fall of Madrid is discussed lightly. That Franco's hirelings will one day enter Catalonia is rejected as the wishful dream of deposed Barcelona capitalists. Catalonia will never fall under a dictatorship. The Anarchists, who represent the majority of the people, would never allow their liberties to be taken away wholesale.

Sitdown: II

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

THE effectiveness of sitdown and stay-in strikes both here and in several European countries during the last two or three years—but especially during 1936—cannot be overemphasized, and it is very probable that their importance will rapidly increase.

So far as I am aware, the first European stay-in—that is, since the sporadic "revolutionary occupations" of factories by Italian workers between 1919 and 1922—occurred in a coal mine in Yugoslavia in July, 1934; I described it in *The Nation* for August 29 of that year. It succeeded. So did the stay-in in a coal mine in Poland a few months later. But the first brief sitdowns are said to have occurred in the highly mechanized rubber factories in Akron, Ohio, nearly a year before that. They all ended in prompt victory for the workers. Only a few of them were extended into short stay-ins, which also succeeded. In this country the majority of sitdowns have been in Akron, although many have occurred in other industries; in Europe stay-ins—which of course begin with sitdowns—have become one of the central realities in the socio-political life of at least one country, France.

The sitdown situation in Akron reached a kind of climax last February with the sitdowns and stay-ins in two of the big rubber factories which resulted in a prolonged and bitter strike that closed two of the plants for weeks. These events were extensively reported in European labor papers, especially in those that circulate among rubber workers; and it is believed that these reports at least partly inspired the great sitdown on March 22 in the Semperit rubber works at Cracow, Poland, which led to a bloody strike—six killed and twenty wounded—that received wide publicity in Europe, particularly in France. The Akron dispute of last winter ended in a kind of agreement between the management and the newly organized United Rubber Workers of America, but sitdowns continued. As the rank-and-filers put it, "They put teeth into the agreement." During the

spring—or, to be exact, between March 27 and June 13—there were nineteen known sitdowns in the Goodyear plant alone; how many others that never received notice, no one knows. These frequent sitdowns in the American rubber capital continued to interest the European labor press; and it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that among the first workers in France to greet the Front Populaire with sitdowns and stay-ins late last May were the men in the French plant of the Goodrich Company at Colombes, in the Seine district, and that one of the toughest nuts the Blum government had to crack last June was the stay-in at the Michelin rubber works.

I do not mean to suggest that the sitdown and the stay-in are inventions of the Akron rubber workers which have since been picked up by European labor, but rather that they are weapons mutually or, shall I say, *elementally* invented by industrial workers here and abroad who were confronted by the same or similar problems. Be that as it may, just now the use of the sitdown and the stay-in is more widespread here than in Europe, and I shall here restrict myself to this country.

In Akron a week seldom passes without one or more sitdowns. The local newspapers notice only the more serious ones, those which develop, or threaten to develop, into stay-ins and close-downs. The most recent one of which I have detailed information took place on November 17 in the huge Goodyear No. 1 plant. After an inconclusive argument with the management over an adjustment in wage rates, about 100 men in one of the departments sat down, stopping the work of 7,000 men for a day and a half, at the end of which period the company promised speedy action on the adjustment. This was a typical Akron sitdown.

Officials of rubber companies are frantic in their attempts to stop them. They blame them on "trouble-makers" and the union movement in general. They try to terrorize union sympathizers. The Goodyear manage-

ment, for instance, lately assigned two non-union inspectors to a department with instructions to disqualify tires produced by known union men. After pelting them with milk bottles for a while, the men sat down and refused to work till the inspectors were removed. The company officials rushed in forty factory guards with clubs, but a sixty-five-year-old union gum-miner met the army at the entrance and told them to get the hell away. They went—and the non-union inspectors were replaced.

Akron sitdowns have been provoked by various other causes. Recently S. H. Dalrymple, president of the United Rubber Workers of America, was beaten by thugs employed by a rubber factory, whereupon the factory workers sat down in protest, forcing the company to close for a day. When work was resumed the next night, a fiery cross blazed up within view of the plant. This caused the men to sit down again—and to dispatch a squad of "huskies" to extinguish the cross.

In the automobile industry the earliest known sitdowns, called "quick strikes," occurred in the Auto-Lite plant at Toledo after the 1934 strike. The idea is said to have come from Akron, for the rank-and-filers of the two towns were in close contact. Most of these sitdowns were settled quickly and in favor of the workers.

Lately sitdowns have been frequent in and around Detroit, most of them in unorganized plants or unorganized departments of partially organized plants. Ordinarily, although many of them are well executed, they are not planned in advance. Some "just happen." Even where the workers are organized, the sitdowns have an element of spontaneity; they seem an instinctive revolt against some particularly vexing condition—too much speed-up, too low wages, or the like. They are usually organized on the job or during lunch and represent the crystallization of weeks or months of dissatisfaction. A noteworthy fact is that most sitdowns in the automobile industry occur in body plants, where the nature of the work—painting, polishing, sand-papering, heavy lifting, and so on—is more disagreeable or arduous than in other shops, and the wages are lower.

During the first three weeks of November sitdowns were pulled almost daily in different departments of the Briggs Manufacturing Company, where conditions of work are notoriously poor and irregular. Two or three groups of welders sat down on different occasions for more wages and received raises. The trim division sat down one night around midnight demanding a ten-cent-an-hour boost. Then other departments joined in asking raises, till about 1,500 workers were involved; increases ranging from five to thirty cents an hour were granted.

In the partially organized Fisher Body plant at Atlanta, Georgia, union members staged a sitdown to force the management to meet their committee to negotiate an adjustment in wages. They would not resume work till the committee went into the office.

In mid-October the Chrysler plant in Detroit was the scene of an interesting sitdown staged by the metal finishers in protest against the speed-up. The company pacified them by eliminating seven "jobs" per hour and adding

four men to each of the two production lines in the department. Within the last two months similar sitdowns have occurred also in Packard, Hudson, Dodge, and General Motors plants.

In the Hudson plant a rather amusing and significant thing happened on the hood line. One day, by placing the hoods closer together on the line, the management increased production from 140 to 160 an hour. The men figured that the increase of twenty was one-seventh of normal production and, amid laughter, skipped every seventh hood, which immediately messed up production ahead of them. The hood-line superintendent raged at first, then, helpless, went back to 140. This sort of partial sitdown—similar things have occurred in other plants—is beginning to be called a "skippy." There is a rumor in Detroit that a few successful skippies have been pulled even in the Ford plant.

Sitdowns are most effective in mass-production industries with the conveyor system, but we find them also in other industries. The current seamen's strike began—at least on the East Coast—with sitdowns on scores of ships, which extended into stay-ins, which in turn developed into a big strike. On the Pacific Coast Harry Bridges's longshoremen's union has been using for a couple of years now a highly effective job-action method for enforcing its demands called "quick strike" or "quicky."

In Hollywood a group of extra girls sat down because casting directors were hiring Santa Barbara and Pasadena society girls at "scab wages." They were supported by such well-known players as Jack Benny, George Burns, and Gracie Allen, and the directors found themselves forced to restrict their hiring to legitimate extras.

On December 1 there was a sitdown at the Libby-Owens-Ford glass factory in Ottawa, Illinois. A few days before that a long stay-in began at the Midland Steel Products Company in Detroit, which affected production in the Plymouth, Chrysler, and Ford plants. See your daily newspaper for other sitdowns and stay-ins.

The sitdown and the stay-in are most significant as extremely practical devices invented or adopted by labor to promote unionization. Both the United Rubber Workers of America and the United Automobile Workers of America doubtless owe their growth partly to them. Two or three years ago the rubber rank-and-file organizers brought many a federal union into existence or to numerical strength with the aid of sitdowns, which, as I hinted last week, were more eloquent arguments for organization and collective action than any speech by the best labor leader. The federal unions were subsequently for the most part destroyed by A. F. of L. fakers whom William Green sent to Akron for that purpose, and in September, 1935, when the newly formed United Rubber Workers held its constitutional convention, there were only about 3,000 organized rubber workers in America out of a possible 100,000. The strikes last February, however, and the numerous successful sitdowns and stay-ins during the spring shot that number up to 30,000 by June. At the last convention President Dalrymple announced the union to be 40,000 strong, and nearly every

serious sitdown in the past six weeks has boosted the membership by as much as 500.

Within the last two months sitdowns have begun to play a major role in the organization of automobile workers. Here is a report and analysis of a sitdown on November 13 at the Fisher Body Plant No. 1 in Flint, Michigan, given to me by an organizer.

There was no organization in the plant. Flint is a General Motors center, once well organized but organization has disintegrated. This, plus the fact that the town is thoroughly controlled by G. M. and full of stool-pigeons, has made it particularly difficult to organize. Organization was carried on quietly through home meetings, personal contact, and contact with the key men in the plant, but with no real success.

On the thirteenth five men who had been working actively though quietly for the union were discharged. They found their cards "pulled" when they came to work. These men were in the body-building department, employing about 700. The most active union man, not among the five dismissed, had been prepared for this and had other workers interested in organizing posted at strategic places along the line.

One man questioned a foreman about the five discharged men. There was an exchange of words. Then the foreman took the worker by the arm, saying if he didn't like it he could leave, too. The above-mentioned leader, seeing this, stopped the foreman, told him if anybody went everybody went, gave the signal to his key men, and within one minute all work ceased.

A committee went to the management, demanded the return of the five men, refused to accept promises that they would be returned on Monday, insisted they be re-employed before they themselves would resume work. The management had some difficulty in locating all the men, and the division was "down" four and a half hours before they were finally returned.

The leader of the sitdown, an excellent strategist, dramatized the incident to the utmost, using it not only as an instrument to protect workers against discrimination but as an organizational weapon. In the manager's presence he took a vote of the men on whether or not they would resume work before the men were returned. The vote not to resume work was unanimous. After the five men had been located, he asked each of them to stand on a bench and testify in the presence of all that the union was responsible for getting their jobs back.

This sitdown cracked Flint wide open. That night and the next day 500 workers joined the union. Since then they have been signing up at the rate of 150 a day.

At about the same time the unionized workers in the Bendix plant at South Bend, Indiana, started a sitdown to overcome the threat of a company union. The sitdown became national news. It overcame the threat.

For reasons suggested or implicit in these two articles many of the rank-and-file automobile and rubber workers, as well as many of the organizers in the field and some of the people in the offices of the rubber and automobile unions, think the world of the sitdown. The top leadership of these unions, however, like the responsible leaders of the C. I. O., seem to view it with misgivings and, so far as I know, have as yet no very definite work-

ing policy with regard to it. None go so far as to try to fight it, but to some of them it looks like a dangerous thing in the long run even if now it helps them to organize unions. They at once like and fear it. Some fear it, perhaps, because it deprives the regular labor official of much of his authority; others because the sitdown is too spontaneous and seemingly haphazard. It threatens to play the devil with the collective-bargaining idea.

John Brophy, director of the C. I. O., sent me the following careful, politic statement with permission to quote it in this article as his view:

We do not condemn sitdown strikes *per se*. We consider that various kinds of labor activity will be used to promote organization of workers and establish collective bargaining. Sitdown strikes, under some of these conditions, may be a very necessary and useful weapon. In the formative and promotional stage of unionism in a certain type of industry, the sitdown strike has real value. After the workers are organized and labor relations are regularized through collective bargaining, then we do urge that the means provided within the wage contract for adjusting grievances be used by the workers. It is only in those instances when there is a failure of the workers to exercise the means for adjustment provided in the agreement that we disapprove of sitdown strikes. Sitdown strikes, in my opinion, occur when the employer fails to meet in full the requirements of collective bargaining.

It seems to me that the leaders of the C. I. O. and its member unions have not yet clearly thought out, in all their aspects, either the current importance or the future possibilities of the sitdown. Certainly they are not yet using the weapon as they could and, I think, should use it "to promote organization . . . and establish collective bargaining." Fearing it, some of them (I need mention no names) are trying not to destroy it but to dull it. There is even a C. I. O. representative in Akron who has been giving interviews about "disciplining" workers who have a tendency to use sitdowns.

This weapon appears to be an elemental thing, a manifestation of the modern industrial worker's rebellion against the existing economic system's plot to turn him into a machine less important than the actual machine he operates. The weapon should be sharpened by the C. I. O. and used fully; not only now "in the formative and promotional stage of unionism" but also later, when it could put teeth into agreements won through unionization and collective bargaining; and not only "in a certain type of industry," rubber and autos, but—with revisions to suit—also in steel and other non-conveyorized industries. The weapon is elemental and dangerous, but can be controlled by sincere, intelligent leaders. Now it is occasionally used irresponsibly, "for the hell of it," by vaguely discontented workers. It can be made to promote labor's responsibility and to organize the discipline which workers get from their job into an instrument for progress. Attempts to dull it will in the long run only make labor more distrustful of labor leaders than it already is.

[Mr. Adamic's first article on sitdown strikes appeared last week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST plainly realizes how the tide of public opinion has been running against him. Perhaps someone told him how the election crowd in Chicago shook their fists at his building and that of the *Chicago Tribune*, and shouted, "We beat that ——— anyway." Two more things demonstrate this change of attitude on the part of the world's worst newspaperman, our Public Enemy No. 1. There are well-founded rumors that the Hearst newsreel is hastily changing its name to disguise its ownership. The other is even more significant. Hearst has appointed John Boettiger, son-in-law of President Roosevelt, publisher of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, his *Seattle* paper which was out of business for more than three months because of a strike of its editorial employees called by the *Seattle* branch of the American Newspaper Guild. Of course, the most important sign of Hearst's fright was his sudden discovery immediately after the election that Mr. Roosevelt was perhaps another Andrew Jackson and probably a proper representative of the American people.

These moves are characteristically Hearstian. His sudden toadying to the President brought him only additional contempt, especially among the newspaper fraternity. Even the newspaper owners and managers who shared his views as to Mr. Roosevelt during the campaign must have felt that the old man of San Simeon was losing his grip, and fumbling pretty badly. The appointment of Mr. Boettiger is so obviously another effort to curry favor with the President that it can certainly deceive nobody. Heywood Broun may be right in saying that "a son-in-law is just about as remote a relative as a fifth cousin," but evidently Mr. Hearst does not think so. For there is nothing whatsoever in Mr. Boettiger's record which would warrant his appointment by Mr. Hearst to the important position of manager of the *Post-Intelligencer* if Mr. Boettiger had married anybody other than Anna Roosevelt Dall. Mr. Boettiger's sole experience in journalism has been at the news-gathering end. He ably worked his way up to the position of assistant chief at the *Chicago Tribune*, another vicious newspaper, and then gave up newspaper work in order to become assistant to Will Hays, the sanctimonious head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. Now being a good newspaper reporter is one thing and conducting a newspaper as a money-making machine is something entirely different. It is by no means true that experience on the news side fits one to be a good advertising and circulation manager and efficient in handling the labor problem of a daily journal.

The simple truth is that John Boettiger is merely an-

other man who has fallen for the lure of Hearst money offered to him to lend some shreds of respectability to that utterly discredited man. Plenty of others have yielded to this temptation. The list is long and includes people as distinguished as the Reverend Charles H. Parkhurst, so long a preacher of Christian morals in New York and a tower of strength in the fight against municipal misgovernment, and David Lloyd George, the war-time Prime Minister of Great Britain, who as such helped to exclude the Hearst newspapers from England during the war. Years ago I wrote of this procedure of men who privately tell you that they hate and despise Hearst and yet work for him in these words:

It is, of course, the old, old ethical fallacy that the end justifies the means. You abhor this man Hearst and then this Mephistopheles comes to you and says, "See, I shall turn over to you part of the garden in which I work. You shall spade it as you please and draw golden ducats for doing so," and behold Faust yields as readily as ever ■ Faust did. So the minister of the Gospel preaches his sermon between the sex-appeal and murder "mysteries," the cheap gossip and tales of a beautiful maiden lured to her destruction, that sell the paper to multitudes.

This quotation is the more apropos because Mr. Hearst promptly announced that Mr. Boettiger would be allowed to "spade" the *Post-Intelligencer* as he pleased, that he would have complete and absolute control of the paper in every detail. So Mr. Boettiger jumped at it without the slightest thought as to the real purpose of his selection. He really believes that he will have a free hand—I haven't found a newspaperman yet who thinks that he will for very long—and he has forgotten all about those dirty, below-the-belt attacks made by William Randolph Hearst on Franklin D. Roosevelt during the campaign which so disgusted right-minded people everywhere. Oh yes, I am well aware that Elliott Roosevelt has also taken Mr. Hearst's pay and that brings the President much closer to the Hearst money. I am sure, too, that James Roosevelt, the new lieutenant colonel of Marine Corps Reserves, would not hesitate to insure Hearst properties if he could get the business for the company with which he has been affiliated. But that doesn't affect my feeling as to Mr. Boettiger's action; it only makes me the sadder that relatives of so fine a pair of parents as Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt could be so lacking in loyalty and in pride. It seems to me that Hearst was the last man in America from whom they could afford to take money. Whether he seeks to control their opinions is beside the mark. He who touches pitch will be defiled, and if there is anything pitchier than Hearst's money I wish someone would tell me what it is.

BROUN'S PAGE

The Man Who Would Be King

THE present British revival of "All for Love or the World Well Lost," isn't funny any more. It is extremely difficult for an American to understand the entire range of consequences which have followed Edward's attachment for a visiting lady. Apparently kings did this sort of thing more cleverly in days gone by. To be sure, English monarchs have always had a tendency to bungle affairs of the heart and mix them with affairs of state. A distinguished predecessor of the present ruler, himself the eighth of his line, managed to alter the course of world history by his passion for quick and immediate divorce. It may be that Edward's ardor will have results as sweeping as those which came from Henry's lustiness.

The Simpsons of that earlier day quite unwittingly were responsible for the decline of churchly power in Great Britain. And now a belle from Baltimore may be the instrument through which the crown will pass out of the picture in the empire. My English friends are fond of telling me that the monarchy acts as a stabilizer in the imperial scheme of things. But since I have no faith in empires I would just as soon see the arrangement ended. Other observers have maintained in the past that it was a matter of no moment whether someone reigned in Buckingham or abdicated. They could point to the fact that England's constitutional monarchy provided a government more truly democratic than our own. That is not to be denied. England knows no oligarchic power such as that of our own Supreme Court. Obviously a responsible ministry which goes back to the country for a new mandate when its wisdom is questioned provides a greater scope for the voter than is known in the United States.

But it seems to me that some of these conceptions falter now and fall by the wayside. The king does count. I am all for a responsible ministry, but there should be some limit to the extent of its obligations. It is worse than tragic, it is silly, that Stanley Baldwin should find it necessary to confer at length with the monarch as to his matrimonial intentions or lack of them. If a passing passion on the part of the ruler can shake the empire to its toes, then there is something wrong with the set-up. It is well enough to say that Edward should know better and give up the girl for the sake of his country's welfare, but since kings are not really divine but only human, any successor of Edward's might behave in precisely the same manner. There is always the possibility of another Mrs. Simpson. Indeed, I gravely suspect that her family name is Legion.

When Kipling's hero in "The Man Who Would Be King" went to a far country and got himself crowned he prospered mightily until he sought winter companionship with a woman. It ended his claim to divine rights, and as I remember, the lass concerned cried out of Peachey

and his comrade, "Neither gods nor devils but men!"

Somewhat in the same fashion, British radicals are saying that the King should be allowed to marry wherever his heart inclines, but this is less than a compliment. When the lone Communist in Commons rushes to the defense of his King, he does so in an effort to reduce him in stature. He would let the King make a marriage in the face of tradition because he hopes that the event will help to disestablish prevailing custom. A king in England can exercise more political power than is generally conceded, and it cannot be denied that he is an important cog in a highly stratified society. If England is to become a cooperative commonwealth, it will have to get rid of the monarchy, and surely it is more civilized to allow a ruler to step aside through a marriage service than by the grace of a firing squad. It is better to marry than burn.

For my own part I hope the commotion can hasten on to its logical conclusion. I would like to see Edward and Wally safely established in a villa of the better sort. They have lingered too long in the headlines of our native press. I could almost wish for some touch of the tacit British censorship. Of course it is impossible to deny that here is a magnificent story for general circulation. It is almost as if some tabloid editor had prayed his heart out on Christmas Eve and awakened to find Mrs. Simpson in the toe of his stocking.

Perhaps America should be grateful to a girl who has inspired so much good clean reading matter, but I have a sneaking suspicion that many another lady in the same position could have done as well and quite possibly would. As yet I have seen no full-colored portraits of Mrs. Simpson given away with the Sunday sections. I know her only through black and white and on ordinary newsprint. Until I see her on glazed paper it might be better to withhold judgment. As yet I cannot catch "the haunting beauty" which is so often mentioned.

The charm and wit of Mrs. Simpson are celebrated in American news stories, but unfortunately none of the dispatches supply samples. One is even provoked to play with the fantastic notion that the whole thing is a gigantic publicity plot which will end in a national radio hook-up devoted to announcing that Maxwell House coffee is good to the last drop.

The only Mrs. Simpson story which I know comes from a friend of a friend's friend. The gentleman in question, being in England on a short visit, called up the lady, whom he had known in Baltimore. After passing the time of day he said quite tactlessly for want of an idea, "Well, how are you getting along in England, Wally?"

And the lovely lady replied, "Well, what do you think?"

This appears to me less than a *mot*, but the answer might have run, "My dear, you're making history."

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Left and Right

By IRWIN EDMAN

Left meant left when I was a lad,
And right meant right—not simply bad;
These terms both simple and geographic
And principally used in directing traffic,
Were each of them spelt with a quite small letter;
Not even the teachers knew any better.
Now each has become a Moral Sign
Dividing the race by a bitter line:
A stands a little to the Left of B,
While C stands just to the Right of D,
So that each of us knows who is good and bad,
Which none of us knew when I was a lad.

And the same holds true of red and white,
Once the names for lovely forms of light,
The red of lips, or of skies at dawn,
Or geraniums glowing near a deep green lawn.
Woe for a world of peace bereft!
I sigh for the years when left meant left,
For an age when red meant ■ summer rose,
And white meant a mountain clad in starlit snows.

Knopf Cargo

THE BORZOI READER. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Carl Van Doren. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

THE editor's claim that there has never been another anthology like this is, so far as I know, justified, and it is no mean achievement in this era of collections to have thought up ■ new kind. For twenty-one years Alfred A. Knopf has been publishing books, and from them Mr. Van Doren has made ■ "rigorous selection," excluding of necessity the long novels of Hamsun, Undset, and Mann, as well as longer works not fiction, and confining the material to what has been written or translated in the twentieth century. His own taste and his own judgment of what is excellent—that is, "surpassing"—controlled his choice. He mentions no other restrictions, and that fact may lead curious readers to do a bit of research into Mr. Knopf's publishing list to see whether they would have made Mr. Van Doren's selections. Without being quite enterprising enough for that, I did wonder why André Gide, who is certainly one of the very specially marked European lions bagged by Mr. Knopf, was unrepresented in the collection. "Strait Is the Gate" would have lent far more distinction to the short novel group than Mr. Hergesheimer's "Tubal Cain." But since M. Gide's ways with his own works are erratic, nothing of his may have been available for a miscellany like this; and on reflection it is difficult to picture him descending from his ivory tower to climb into an omnibus. A group of short novels written by Willa Cather, Thomas Mann, Elinor Wylie, and David Garnett has variety and beauty enough for anyone. This reader is

especially grateful for the inclusion of Elinor Wylie's "Venetian Glass Nephew," which needed to be made easily accessible along with other fine examples of the *petit roman*, and for the felicitous biographical-critical introduction by Mr. Van Doren which precedes it. "Few novels so short and smiling can ever have been so learned," he says, analyzing the "lovely, amused formality" of this Venetian fantasy. It is placed in the collection after Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice"—with the result of making Venice seem at once the most fatal and the most fantastic of renowned cities.

Less satisfactory as a group are the short stories, in spite of the promising roll-call of distinguished names: Beerbohm, Coppard, Forster, Machen, Mansfield, Lawrence, Walter de la Mare, Zona Gale. Individually each story—with the exception of Arthur Machen's, which compared to those of Lawrence or Forster seems thoroughly "faked"—has beauty and its own kind of wisdom. But as a group they offer a surfeit of the fanciful and the remote. For this emphasis Mr. Van Doren offers an explanation that makes one wish to start an argument with him—a tribute, that, to the stimulating quality of his introductions. Most short stories, he says, are handicapped by the lack of something large about them; this something large is very difficult to achieve through pure realism; the use of fancy in one way or another gives this enlargement. Very debatable, surely. Coppard's weakness, for example, is for fantasy, however charming; his strength and his wisdom are in the beautiful realism of "A Field of Mustard" and other stories of the English countryside, which achieve more "enlargement" than any half-dozen of the fanciful tales like "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me." There is a kind of downright taste, remarks Mr. Van Doren, that can find reality only in the blunter forms of realism. One can only retort that there is a kind of delicate taste that refuses to find reality in realism, where it resides rather more frequently than in fantasy. "Escape into fantasy" isn't just a catch phrase.

This leads to one other comment inspired by a collection that with its fiction, its poetry (including its translations from the chronologically remote but humanly contemporary Chinese poets), its one play ("Of Thee I Sing"), its essays, and its excellent sample of biographical skill (Thomas Beer's study of Stephen Crane), offers a thousand pages of exceptionally absorbing reading. It was in 1915 that the Knopf ship, as H. L. Mencken records in an entertaining "memorandum" imbedded in the center of the book, put out to sea "with ■ jury mast, sails out of a ragbag, and a crew of one boy and one girl." Now in 1936 it is an ocean liner of the latest model, navigating a tranquil sea, decks crowded with passengers and hold full of books. 1915-1936: a quiet interlude in the world's history. To that surprising conclusion some future scholar might come, supposing a catastrophe destroyed all records of these twenty-one years except "The Borzoi Reader." A quiet interlude; an urbane civilization, with leisure to indulge its fancy, to play with its scientific ideas, to smile ironically at its amusing politicians, to distill a slow wisdom. That future scholar, it is true, would note a few puzzling intimations of less agreeable things. From the humorous portrait of a writer named Dreiser, he would learn of committees formed to combat child labor and lynching. From the monologues of a person called Sinclair Lewis (recorded by Nathan) he would suspect a rather low level

of culture. From the satirical slogans of a musical comedy, he would gather that citizens of the United States in those quiet years sometimes voted for prosperity and peace—and see what they got! But these intimations would scarcely ruffle the pleasant impression created by a study of his documents.

Probably Mr. Van Doren was well advised in employing his rigorous selection in the interest of a harmonious whole. For the total effect of urbanity must be due to the editor's selection, not to the limitations of Mr. Knopf's list of publications. Even one story by Langston Hughes ("Ways of White Folks," Alfred A. Knopf) would disturb the peace; one short novel trafficking as delicately with realism as Robert Nathan's "Road of Ages" (Alfred A. Knopf) would introduce a contemporary social convulsion. As it is, the next anthologist to celebrate some other publisher's anniversary is free to take us on a stormier voyage, where a voice speaks now and then from the whirlwind.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

John L. Lewis as Phenomenon

JOHN L. LEWIS, LEADER OF LABOR. By Cecil Carnes. Robert Speller Publishing Corporation. \$2.50.

LAST summer Benjamin Stolberg wrote of John L. Lewis at length and approvingly in *The Nation*. About the same time Dorothy Thompson speculated about him, in her syndicated column, as "a man of destiny." Early this autumn *Fortune*, giving nineteen of its spacious pages to a minute and on the whole fair and respectful examination of his background, record, personality, character, and mind, and of his new movement for the organization of labor along industrial and political lines, announced that Lewis was "a looming force." Full-length articles about and by him have appeared during the last half-year also in many other more or less important periodicals. The daily press has been full of him and his actions since last June. Sinclair Lewis, who probably has a more accurate feeling about America and Americans than anyone else, recently said in an interview printed in the *Daily Worker* that "Cousin John [they are no relation] is going places." Here is the first book-length biography of our outstanding labor leader, and it is written by a reporter on the New York *World-Telegram* who seems to believe that his subject is likely to be elected President of the United States in 1940.

There is no doubt that Lewis is a very important and formidable man—perhaps one of the two most important men in America today; in fact, his potential importance may conceivably be greater than that of the present tenant of the White House. A good, careful study of him would be in order at this time. Unfortunately, Mr. Carnes's biography is a hasty job, obviously thrown together between telephone calls from his publisher, who wanted to bring the book out before the Tampa convention of the A. F. of L., which he knew would put Lewis once more on the front page all over the country. But by this I do not mean to discourage anyone from buying and reading it. It is the most complete superficial picture of Lewis so far available. First biographies of men who suddenly jump into the limelight—which is so bright it blinds the biographer—generally aren't better than this one. Eventually, if Lewis continues to grow in importance, the volume will be useful to some more thoughtful and critical writer as a handy collection of source material.

Mr. Carnes devotes twenty-one chapters, or 295 pages, to Lewis's past, with long quotations from his speeches, one

running to nearly thirteen pages. Some of the chapters make interesting reading; none fully illuminate the phases of John Lewis's life with which they deal. One comes upon wide factual and interpretative gaps. One visualizes sections of Mr. Carnes's script as strips of newspaper clippings pasted neatly together.

The twenty-second chapter (the last), entitled *An Impartial Appraisal*, contains much journalistic excitement and little else. On the jacket the publisher tells us, also very excitedly, that in his present job Mr. Carnes "has managed to scoop one after another of his colleagues. He was the first reporter at the scene of the Shenandoah dirigible disaster; the first to find the Lost Chance Mountain American airliner that crashed; the first," and so on. One can't help thinking that he wanted to be the first to do something or other in connection with John Lewis. He makes much of the rumor that four years hence Lewis means to be candidate for President, but says next to nothing about the vastly important and interesting problem involved in the organization of the steel, rubber, and automobile industries now in progress, on the success of which the realization of any political dream that Lewis may have will ultimately depend. I do not say that Lewis cannot or will not be the next President; I only wish to indicate that Mr. Carnes's excitement is premature and unconvincing.

But that may be blamed as much on Lewis as on his biographer. Lewis, with whom I had two rather long sessions last summer, impresses and excites, but somehow does not wholly convince. There is something about the man that is vaguely tremendous. But when one asks him questions reaching toward the fundamentals of the human problem in America, he shrugs his vast shoulders and does not answer. One wonders about him. Not that one mistrusts him. One merely feels very uncertain. There is nothing really finished and complete about him as a big leader in this day and age. He is a man in the process of becoming something or other; conceivably a great man, but—

The book contains sixteen excellent photographs of Lewis in various interesting poses and situations. Parts of page 297 read almost word for word like some of Mr. Stolberg's paragraphs in *The Nation* last summer. Mr. Stolberg receives no credit, but the omission in all likelihood is only another manifestation of Mr. Carnes's haste in writing the book, for he makes other acknowledgments.

LOUIS ADAMIC

The Violent Mind

IDEAS OF ORDER. By Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

OWL'S CLOVER. By Wallace Stevens. The Alcestis Press. \$10.

THOUGH the poetry of Wallace Stevens has not lacked themes of commanding contemporary stature, these have not, until recently, constituted his major concern. His problem has been a curious one: moved to formal discourse in the quest for order and certitude, his art has not up to the present permitted him to pursue such discourse or his temperament to accept it. Instead, in an essentially evocative medium, he has continued to qualify definitions to their fractional parts, reducing ideas into images and images into sounds—and then neglected the full circle which returns both sound and image to experience and unites the fractional with the definitive insight.

In "Ideas of Order," his last volume but one, now re-

(Capital-
Relief-Tax)**CAPRETAX
BULLETIN**Number
3**The Middle of the Road**

These bulletins, together with the little book entitled "Safeguard Productive Capital," have been timed for three purposes: (1) to point out the only avenue of escape from the fast approaching breakdown of tax policies in all nations; (2) to stress the Fiscal Power of the State, not only as a means of revenue, but as an instrument of democratic social reform; and (3) to indicate the middle ground on which the extremes of Marxism and Fascism can be liquidated.

**Marxism Draws Red Line
Across Confused World**

Asserting that privately owned capital is contrary to public welfare and against the rights of Labor, Marxism draws a red line of conflict through society, and impels toward class war. Revolutionary overthrow of existing order was the purpose of Marx, as revealed by his "Communist Manifesto" and by his volume "Capital." (See also, Hook, "Toward Understanding Marx," pp. 68, 287). According to this doctrine, bloody revolution to end private capital will probably come as a reaction against universal fascism; and for this purpose the ballot "can hardly be used" (Niebuhr, "End of an Era," pp. 52, 54, 59, 180.—Deprecates violence, but regards it as practically inevitable).

**Marxist Metaphysics Confuses All
"Unearned" Income**

Assuming that privately owned productive capital is an aggregate monopoly which enslaves wage earners and guarantees unearned income to the "master class," Marxism regards every species of such income as being in the same economic category by the mere fact of its unearned character. And on the ground of this postulate Marxism declares that the logical measure to remedy the evil is to make productive capital common property.

**Marxist Metaphysics Confirmed by
Henry George**

By stressing the social problem as turning around *land*; by putting utopian emphasis upon exclusive taxation of land value as an economic panacea; and by strenuously emphasizing land rent as unearned income; Henry George drove Marxists into still sharper assertion that every kind of unearned income falls into the same category. In this way, George provided ground for the unjust, but not wholly inaccurate, verdict that his "Progress and Poverty" is good journalism but poor social and economic science.

Marx and George Cancel Each Other

Georgian over-emphasis on land is equalled by Marxist over-stress on capital. Neither of these influential writers understood that the modern parliamentary, democratic state has evolved a political compromise between the economic energy of Capital and the prestige of Land.

Since Marx failed to envisage this compromise, and proclaimed the modern state as a categorical bourgeois victory over medieval groundlordism, he was unable to perceive that the resulting fiscal exemption of ground rent has a double effect (1) by creating a vested interest which is a liability on productive capital, and (2) by throwing tax burdens mainly upon productive effort while incidentally promoting speculation in ground values.

On the other hand, Henry George, by stressing "the denial of individual right to the use of the earth," which is involved in private appropriation of ground rent, *approached economic problems from the ethical, rather than the functional, standpoint.* His tactics are out-moded as a method of assault on today's industrial situation.

**Powerful Social Forces Unleashed by
Great Depression**

On a scale never before witnessed in American history, the great depression has let loose forces of revolutionary nature and

incalculable power. The mass of the nation is awake, but is illiterate on the subject of economics. And in this very difficult situation, with no intelligent public opinion as yet available, the government seeks to control the unleashed forces of society in legal ways.

**Short "Breathing Spell"
Now Possible**

With productive capital jammed between mounting taxes and heavy ground rents; and with an awakened but confused electorate; the national authority is doing all that can be done, for the time being. The President speaks the language of real democracy; but he seems to lack the outlook and the implements necessary to accomplish fundamental democratic progress.

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issued, the movement toward a poetry of statement was first discernible. From the initial Farewell to Florida, it is a volume almost wholly transitional, telling off again and again a theme of halt and change and voicing a determination to abandon one aesthetic climate for another—to withdraw from "Floridian" self-indulgence and calm and "live by bluest reason in a world of wind and frost," to "return to the violent mind." With a melancholy by turns bemused and ironic yet wholly lacking in truculence, Stevens recasts his theme in image after image, affirming, inferring, surmising—reticently as in "There is no such thing as innocence in autumn, Yet, it may be innocence is never lost"; somberly as in "Bare night is best. Bare earth is best. Bare, bare"; ironically as in "Poet, be seated at the piano. Play the present, its hoo-hoo-hoo, Its shoo-shoo-shoo, its ric-a-nic"; and humbly:

No more phrases, Swenson: I was once
A hunter of those sovereigns of the soul . . .
These lions, these majestic images.
If the fault is with the soul, the sovereigns
Of the soul must likewise be at fault, and first.

The method, however, continues to be no less oblique than that of the earlier "Harmonium," even though the labor of pruning is already under way. Like Decorations in a Nigger Cemetery, the long sequence of three-and-four-line notations furnishes a convenient pattern of his approach in general: here we have, impinging upon a general mood, a series of epigrams, cryptic till the reader feels the centrifugal pull of mood fusing the fragments into proper focus.

With "Owl's Clover," Mr. Stevens's most recent volume, the edifice of a new technique begins to take shape amid the wreckage of the old. Essentially a blank-verse sequence of five soliloquies strung together on a prevailing symbol, it attempts to explore the "violent mind" to which Stevens is now apprenticed, and weighs the consequences which an art like his own, "manqué and gold and brown," must be prepared to accept if it is to provide equal room for "plowmen, peacocks, doves." Unfortunately, however, the key symbol—here a statue representing a group of winged horses in flight—is neither felicitous, nor consistently employed, nor readily translatable in terms of its various contexts. In *The Old Woman and the Statue*, for example, the physical details of the marble are too vividly underscored to permit of symbolic analogy. In *Mr. Burnshaw and the Statue*, where one is compelled to acknowledge a symbolic function, it is only very painfully that the meanings can be narrowed down from vaguely political contexts to an unclear gospel of living "incessantly in change" in the stream of contemporary experience. And in *The Greenest Continent*, the most complex section of the five, one is gratuitously presented with a companion symbol—that of "the greenest continent," Africa—which one pursues through numerous levels of reference until one comes to rest in a discussion of art, the art of Wallace Stevens, and the ordeal of rediscovery that awaits the poet in the wilderness in which he has newly set foot.

It will not be necessary to inform Mr. Stevens's admirers in passing that "Owl's Clover," like its predecessors, abounds in the kind of orchestrative cunning of which he remains our most knowing purveyor. The music is, moreover, as Stevens intended, of a somewhat more toughened sort, pruned of bravura and merging the logical with the lyrical. Yet it is also the least fluid which his instrument has given out so far. Doubtless, the same incongruities which induce him to address political reflections to imaginary "mesdames" in terms of statuary and the pastoral dance recur to clot his rhetoric with gingerbread and stand in the way of a thoughtful

wiriness. His position, at present, is not unlike that of the conductor Basilewsky of his poem, who performs concertos for airplane and pianoforte; and it is perfectly obvious that no one surmises the fact more than Stevens himself. Yet his pact with "the violent mind" is one which is deeply felt, and has been sealed in somber good faith, in the hope that

The charts destroyed, even disorder may,
So seen, have an order of its own, a peace
Not now to be perceived yet order's own.

It remains to be seen, however, whether such a doctrine does not cut the Gordian knot with a sword of two edges: one to save and one to destroy.

BEN BELITT

De Quincey Disinterred

THOMAS DE QUINCEY. *HIS LIFE AND WORK*. By Edward Sackville West. Yale University Press. \$4.

MR. JAPP'S "De Quincey" (1877) presented some unbecoming information. The good people of the eighties must have sighed with relief when Mr. Masson's new monograph (1881) drew only the more edifying lessons. De Quincey was now suitably preserved; he belonged among the masters. But at last, after fifty-four years, stirs again De Quincey's disturbed spirit, with its quart of laudanum, its flaming hair.

Three important De Quincey biographies have recently appeared. Horace Eaton's exhaustive collection of source material supplants Japp; Malcolm Elwin's monograph will replace, as a popular text, Masson; and now Edward Sackville West attempts to interpret more fully the enigmas of this strange life. And this needed to be done—since Mr. Elwin's little volume could not accomplish this, and Professor Eaton's large one would not.

Mr. West's biography stresses the childhood tragedies that De Quincey himself felt, though obscurely, to be the root of his disturbances. The death of his sister Elizabeth (*Mater Lachrymarum*, the first of De Quincey's three fateful muses) becomes the center of his dark obsessions. The perplexing relationship with the immortalized prostitute of Oxford Street, and the later, less significant bond with Marguerite are traced back, joined to this basic love-death pattern. Here then is the psychological origin of De Quincey's recurrent visions of destruction, his dread of impending retribution? ("I had done a deed which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at.") Is this the source of De Quincey's retreats into the slums of London, his flights from one set of dwellings to another, his "perfect craze for being despised," his passion for stage coaches? Does this explain De Quincey's "attack of nervous horror" at the death of the Wordsworth child, the opium crisis after marriage, the laudanum sieges which intersect his life: four great cycles of disintegration?

No; Mr. West, more concerned with the fundamental motivation of De Quincey—and more perceptive—than any previous biographer, fails to be convincing. There is too much left unexplained. What lies beneath the relationship with Elizabeth—beneath the image of death becoming "enthroned within the child, mingled with the prestigia of all life as he knew it"? The essential meaning of De Quincey's hallucinations, the unity of this life-long catastrophe, is still to be found.

But the analysis of the writings is the most intelligent, the most honest we have yet had. The biographer grasps the underlying as well as the manifest limitations of De Quincey: the insularity of his point of view, the prejudices of his

highly analytic intellect, the absence of standards of value, the remoteness from the life of his day—the remoteness, indeed, from any life.

It is only when he is faced with his final estimate, the necessity for a definitive statement, that Mr. West uneasily takes refuge in apology or eulogy. Realizing the formidable aspect of De Quincey at his worst, the biographer does not wish to realize the emaciated mien—beneath the rotundity of phrase—of De Quincey at his best. For no matter how much we are caught by the splendor or brilliance of a De Quincey passage, it is a broken splendor, the brilliance of a tour de force, and it is only a passage. Dreaming to be philosopher, economist, theorist, historian, De Quincey is tragically narrowed down—a “master of impassioned prose,” a painter of fantasias, a creator of striking imagery, a famous (but dubious) “self-confessor,” an unusually imaginative critic (but too often of minutiae). One suspects that for all his talents De Quincey was almost as thwarted in his writing as in his living; that just as De Quincey’s spirit, passing its days in a “deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion,” walked dreamlike along the fringe of life, so De Quincey’s tortured, stricken genius must be assigned to the fringes of literature.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

More Journalists Speak the Truth

I FOUND NO PEACE. THE JOURNAL OF A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT. By Webb Miller. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

AND FEAR CAME. By John T. Whitaker. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

OF BOOKS by journalists no end. And why not? Certainly no men lead more interesting and few more useful lives—when they take their work seriously and remember that it is “affected by a public interest.” Here, following hard upon the reminiscences of Walter Duranty and Negley Farson, come these autobiographies by Webb Miller, of the United Press, and John T. Whitaker, of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

These are the books of two utterly disillusioned men. They have been behind the scenes, at times even part of the works. They have traveled widely, have watched each perhaps a half-dozen wars and seen men shot, stabbed, hung, and guillotined, and have spent days and weeks and months in attendance upon the leaders of various countries and the proceedings of the League of Nations. All this has left them almost completely hopeless. The hypocrisy and utter selfishness of the leaders of the democratic nations still surviving have made them think better of dictators—not because they wished to, but because other leaders are so incompetent and almost as dishonest. Having all but sacrificed their lives in Ethiopia, both have come back revolted by the degradation of the natives and thinking that their lot cannot be worse under Mussolini. Certainly the countries of some of his present critics have been just as cynical, just as thieving, and just as bloody-handed at other times in other backward regions. Mr. Whitaker cannot forget that the British Draft Disarmament Convention, dictated by “the pacifist-democrat” Ramsay MacDonald, proposed to prohibit bombardment from the air “except against native populations.”

Mr. Whitaker thinks that Webb Miller is the greatest living reporter, and I am not sure that Mr. Miller would not say the same of his friend. The latter’s volume is a shade the better; although it was pounded out in a brief six weeks of

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"rest" between the Ethiopian and Spanish wars, the style is better, and the book is more effective because the author pours out his grief over the state of the world with less restraint. It is notably excellent in its analysis and discussion of the collapse of the League of Nations and gives us the fairest and ablest treatment of Henry L. Stimson's conduct of the State Department in Washington that I have seen. The whole volume is addressed to the Italian boy, Francesco, who drove Mr. Whitaker's car in Ethiopia and could not understand what it was all about. "Tell me, Signor," he would say, "why is there war? The priest says war is bad, but Mussolini says war is good. . . . Why am I in Africa?" To this Mr. Whitaker's final answer is:

You became a Fascist because we Americans did not believe, really, in democracy, and you armed yourself because we believed in disarmament conferences, not disarmament; and you went to war because we believed in peace pacts, not peace. But America is a great country, Francesco. The American business man and his wife have a great tradition of liberty and freedom. . . . But they must begin to think soon whether democracy and peace are worth the price. The longer they think that democracy was bought and paid for in 1776, the sooner we will exchange our hats for gas masks and cut our clothes to the pattern of the militarist. If they become afraid for democracy and peace so that they are willing to pay the price, then you and I can live some day in an organized world community where there is justice for all, and peace, and human dignity.

Webb Miller's book is packed with interest and excitement and illuminating revelations of human folly. It is the odyssey of a farm boy with only country common-school and high-school education. It contains much history—for example, the first full story of the false Armistice Day, contributed by Roy W. Howard. He, incidentally, believes that the man

who rang up the American Embassy over its private wire to the French Foreign Office and said that he was a French official and that the armistice had been signed was "very probably" a German secret agent located in Paris who, knowing the desperate condition of the German army, thought that if a false report of the armistice were put out, there would be such rejoicing among the Allied and American forces that the diplomats would have to go through with it promptly.

One reads these pages of Mr. Miller's adventures and wonders how anyone could survive them without becoming either a physical or a mental wreck. When one reads what he has to say of the utter brutality of human beings in power toward those who have fallen into their hands, one is tempted to ask how civilization has lasted as long as it has. There is nothing worse in the book than his story of how the police, on the order of British officials, beat into a "bloody pulp" the non-resistant Indians at Dharasana in May, 1930.

Mr. Miller, too, sees that what is going on is a desperate struggle between economic government and political government, that human beings are being forced in unexpected directions by the "mysterious economic, financial, and political forces released by machinery and science." He is not certain what these relentless forces will do to us in the period of transition. He hopes that the United States "will make the necessary economic and political readjustments gradually and without conflict, but [is] not convinced that this will happen." My readers must not be frightened away from these extremely valuable, realistic, and truth-telling books. They deserve the widest reading. **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**

Shorter Notices

PROPHET OF AMERICA: EMERSON AND THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY. By Newton Dillaway. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

This popularization of Emerson's "Essays" is praised in a preface by Bliss Perry because it is the work of neither a scholar nor a critic; Mr. Perry's assumption being that Emerson still has something to say to the plain man and that Mr. Dillaway knows what it is. If both of them are right, then Emerson deserves all the charges which his worst enemies bring against him. His optimism is fatuous; his opinions cancel one another in a mist of vaguest meaning; and when he does emerge with something to say it is the sort of thing that has been said better, because still more vulgarly, by the success-writers who are supposed to have learned their lingo from him. It would appear after all that Emerson belongs to the scholar and the critic, for he is still a fine writer and he still has something to say on the rather rare level which he was finding for himself exactly a hundred years ago when he published his first book, "Nature." **MARK VAN DOREN**

SPELL AGAINST TIME. By David Morton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Mr. Morton's recent volume of verse exhibits all the traits of its predecessors—rhythmic facility, mildness of diction, a talent essentially feminine in its concern with minor themes and in its method of dealing with them, and, it must be confessed, a good deal of monotony. The verses abound in pretty fancies happily expressed, some of them manage to capture a mood of gentle wistfulness, and there are occasional effective lines. But nowhere do we come upon an arresting idea or an emotion forceful enough to demand its own language. Despite their preoccupation with pastoral subjects, many of these

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verses have a definitely indoor and literary air, as though the poet, lacking emotional impetus, were compelled to exploit all the artifices of his limited technical equipment.

HELEN NEVILLE

DRAMA

Love—Profane and Profaner

"PRELUDE TO EXILE," the play about Richard Wagner at the Guild Theater, did not receive too warm a reception from the critics of the daily press. I myself happen to have found it pretty continuously interesting, and in one respect at least a good deal more satisfactory than biographical plays usually are. Instead of following the outline of a life and thus allowing the form to degenerate into that of the mere chronicle, William McNally, the author, has chosen one compact episode which not only is manageable in dramatic form but has, as a life story so often hasn't, a unified theme.

What we get is not so much a chapter from the biography of Wagner as a comedy on a theme which he happens to illustrate—namely, the gulf which may lie between the "inspiration" of a great romantic artist and the end product of his imagination. There is not the slightest reason for supposing that there was anything especially remarkable about Wagner's passing infatuation for one Frau Wesendonck, the wife of his benefactor. He got over it quickly enough after it had served to give to his mind the fillip that was necessary if he was to compose a certain work. But who dares to say that the affair was trivial or vulgar if it led to the writing of "Tristan and Isolde," which certainly isn't. Or rather, since Wagner himself was only half-convinced of the importance of Frau Wesendonck, what are we to do about our feeling of indulgent superiority when the passion of the music so completely confounds it. It is easy enough to see through Wagner. We can all do that. But as he himself remarks of his wife in the play, to see through is not the same as to understand. His love for the lady of the moment was not "sincere," but the music his hypocrisy enabled him to compose certainly was.

I must confess that I know nothing of the historical accuracy of the play, but there is a technical reason why a composer is a better subject for such a drama than any other sort of artist—you can exhibit his work. There are few things less convincing on the stage than a novelist rushing off to compose a masterpiece or an artist leaping from the arms of an inspiring model to a waiting easel or canvas. Both scenes have been tried on the stage and screen without ever convincing anyone that the artist was achieving more than a daub or the writer writing anything more important than that well-known call for party solidarity so beloved of the typewriter manufacturers. But music can be demonstrated, and on the Guild stage it is, very effectively indeed. One cannot doubt that Wagner composed "Tristan" because one hears it. Where the Guild production is weak is in the acting and to a lesser extent in the direction. Wilfred Lawson, remarkable actor though he has shown himself on previous occasions, is a bit heavy and a bit obvious as Wagner—almost farcical at times when the impression he should convey is rather one of irony. None of the other performers is obviously miscast, but neither Lucile Watson nor Eva LeGallienne seems to be actually caught up in her part.

There is also one point at which I think the author definitely

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missed an opportunity. Though Cosima von Bülow is on the stage, little is made of her character, and one misses what might have been a very effective irony if the audience had been permitted to see in her what Wagner was at the moment too obtuse to perceive—namely, that she was the most charming as well as the most suitable of the ladies available. But the author has, I think, very neatly and very amusingly stated his main question. How much of a genius really partakes of his genius; how deep does it go, or rather how near to the surface does it come? Your romantic is impressed by everything. Even what appear to be the trivialities, the follies, and the vulgarities of his hero are "different" and sublime. Your comic intelligence, on the other hand, has its doubts. Genius is, half the time, confined to a small corner of the whole man. The rest of him is no better than anybody else. He doesn't even have deeper feelings. He merely knows how to make better use of them.

At Westport, Connecticut, two summers ago, Lawrence Langner presented Ruth Gordon in a production of Wycherley's "The Country Wife." Supported by a different company and in a somewhat different version of the same play, Miss Gordon at last reaches Broadway (Henry Miller's Theater) by way of a previous London engagement, and the first thing to be said is that she is repeating an extraordinary personal triumph. As the country bride, ignorant but far from innocent and eager for the pleasures of the town, she *is* the show. When she is absent from the stage—fortunately not much of the time—the play creaks and wheezes along, partly because it is a good deal of an antique, partly because no other member of the company seems able to achieve more than an acceptable style of playing. But whenever Miss Gordon appears, it leaps into extravagant life; in fact, I can remember few examples of pure bravura in acting which equal her performance. It is a very fat part, of course, but Miss Gordon romps through it with unflinching comic inventiveness. I have heard it objected, or maintained, that she modernizes the part, and it is inevitable that an actress should modernize to some extent any part in a play of another day; but if the objectors mean to suggest that the role was ever intended to be played in a straight or realistic fashion, then they have, I think, a strange idea of what the Restoration stage was like. Personalities were at least as important as they are now; many of the roles were written to show off the personal charms and personal talents of individual actresses; and Miss Gordon plays in the only way that she could play successfully. "The Country Wife" is, of course, the most outspokenly bawdy of all the plays by the major Restoration comic writers and is not for the squeamish. But Miss Gordon makes it an unforgettable delight.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

THERE are people who can enjoy a set of records without a booklet, and there are others who would find the right kind of booklet a help. By the right kind I mean the one that accompanies Columbia's new set of Bach's Organ Music, as opposed to the general run of rubbish that Victor and Columbia hand out. The set is Columbia's second release in its higher-priced series of re-pressings of foreign subscription recordings (seven records, \$14), and the booklet is a reprint of the original booklet. For this the English company went to someone who was an authority on Bach's organ music and could write well—Harvey Grace; and it is he who describes the relation of Bach to the organ and to the fugue, and then discusses the particular organ fugues that are recorded in this volume. And that is the procedure which should be followed in all instances.

The booklet is only one of the things that give this set unusual importance. The records were made by Albert Schweitzer, whose book on Bach's music is a classic, who took the trouble necessary to discover an organ to play on that had less than most modern electrical organs to do with Radio City Music Hall, and whose playing has as little to do with Stokowski. A recent article in *Today* disclosed the fact that 60 per cent of the enormously increased sales of records are in classical records, and that Bach leads all other composers. This becomes less surprising when one recalls that Bach on records means for the most part Bach-Stokowski. I am aware of the argument that Stokowski's performances of his transcriptions are valuable in introducing Bach to many people who would not otherwise listen to him. My answer is to question whether Bach has really been introduced to these people, and whether they will listen to him—whether many of those who know the Toccata and Fugue in D minor from the recording of Stokowski's sensational performance will now find the work interesting as it is played by Schweitzer.

The recording of the organ is unusually clear, which in itself would make the set noteworthy. Excellent recording is also to be found in Columbia's new set of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, in a performance by the *Orchestre Symphonique de Paris* under Selmar Meyrowitz that I find good except in the second movement (six records, \$9). On the other hand, the recording of the performance of Brahms's Trio in C, Opus 87, by Myra Hess, Yelley D'Aranyi, and Gaspar Cassado is so bad that I cannot understand its having been released in England and re-pressed here (four records, \$6). Columbia's set of Verdi's "Falstaff" has not arrived in time for comment.

On a Columbia single (\$1.50) is a superb performance by the London Philharmonic under Beecham, superbly recorded, of Sibelius's *Festivo* (Tempo di Bolero), an early and very enjoyable light piece in which one is astonished to hear, somewhat misplaced, the dramatic explosions of the brass and other stylistic mannerisms of his symphonies. On another single (\$1.50) is exquisite playing by Gieseking of Händel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" and Mozart's Rondo alla Turca. On still another (\$1.50) Georges Thill sings in the French manner—somewhat nasally resonant—arias from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" and Cherubini's "Les Abencérages." And finally Nathan Milstein plays quite well a little inconsequential Sonata in A by Vivaldi (\$1).

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Mary McCarthy and Her Critics

Dear Sirs: Mary McCarthy's article, *Circus Politics in Washington State*, is an example of what to expect from a traveling reporter who stops a few days in one place, sees a handful of people, and then considers herself competent to write a survey of the local situation.

The whole tone of the article was reactionary, playing up details of no significance, with the general effect of belittling the whole progressive movement out here. There was no inkling of the strength of the Washington Commonwealth Federation. You may be interested in knowing that every one of the thirty-six candidates indorsed by the W. C. F. in the primaries who passed was elected in the finals, except one minor judicial candidate. Stanley Atwood in the race for State Superintendent of Public Instruction (an important job) dislodged the Republican incumbent, Noah Showalter, who survived the Democratic landslide of 1932. Also the lieutenant governor, Vic Meyers, four Congressmen, including Warren Magnuson, who replaces Zioncheck, and John Coffee, who replaces Wesley Lloyd in Tacoma, several county commissioners, twenty-seven state representatives, and two senators were all W. C. F. candidates. All progressive initiatives and amendments were defeated, however, including "Production for Use," by a consistent vote comparable in size to that for ex-Governor Hartley, the Republican candidate. Democrats seemed interested chiefly in the candidates.

The article missed the significance of the *Post-Intelligencer* strike, which was a final showdown with Hearst on the question of editorial organization, and which has made history in that the guild published its own daily paper in place of the suspended *P.-I.* This strike united the labor movement, and with it hundreds of sympathetic business and professional groups.

The Washington Industrial Council will be interested to hear that they have raised \$15,000,000 to break strikes; the highest figure quoted hereabouts is one-one-hundredth of that amount.

John C. Stevenson was not abandoned by the W. C. F. just before the primaries; he has not cut himself off from

the W. C. F. because most of the state's progressives, including his followers, are in it; the W. C. F. did not run a third-party ticket.

Dave Beck is a "labor czar" only to the reactionary *Seattle Times* and Miss McCarthy. His teamster delegates comprise at least 20 per cent, not 3 per cent, of the Central Labor Council vote; but these teamsters are becoming more and more militant.

SELDEN C. MENEFFEE

Seattle, November 7

Dear Sirs: Of many letters received by *The Nation* from readers in the state of Washington, I have chosen Mr. Menefee's as the archetype for a full reply. Mr. Menefee touches on all the important points brought up by his fellow-correspondents.

Taking up Mr. Menefee's list in the order in which he has presented it, I must begin by denying that "the whole tone of the article was reactionary." How Mr. Menefee or anyone else could have actually read the last page of the article and in honesty have drawn that conclusion is to me utterly baffling. I was undoubtedly critical of certain aspects of the progressive movement in Washington, but my criticism was aimed from the left and not from the right. It is my opinion that the progressives and pseudo-progressives of the state are too opportunistic, on the whole too much concerned with office-grabbing and office-holding, and too little concerned with the genuine organizational problems of the labor movement, whose complete confidence they must gain if they are to progress toward a planned society.

As to the Commonwealth Federation, I wonder what Mr. Menefee considers its *real* strength is. Its main objective in the primaries was the nomination of Stevenson, and Stevenson took a licking. To say that it elected thirty-six candidates simply because it indorsed them is like saying that the American Labor Party elected Governor Lehman in New York State. Surely, Mr. Menefee does not believe that Vic Meyers, whom he mentions, owes his reelection as lieutenant governor to the fact that the Commonwealth Federation put its hallmark on him. Mr. Menefee gives the show away when he says, "All progressive initiatives and amendments were de-

feated, however, including 'Production for Use.'" Since Production for Use is the slogan, the *raison d'être*, of the Commonwealth Federation, the defeat would seem to tell something of its strength.

Mr. Menefee's second citation is no rebuttal. If he will turn to the last paragraph of my article, he will find the following sentence, "The *P.-I.* strike has demonstrated to labor its own strength," which, in its context, says all the things that Mr. Menefee has gone to the trouble of saying again. Since the article concerned the election, I could not be more expansive about the strike.

With Mr. Menefee's third point I am in complete agreement. One-one-hundredth of that amount *would* be much more like it, though other correspondents set the figure as high as \$500,000. The \$15,000,000 was a stupid slip which I should have caught in proof and didn't.

In reference to the Commonwealth's sticker ticket, I am told that both the Commonwealth and the Townsendites met in caucus on primary day and nominated new party slates for the general election, the Commonwealth leading off with Howard Costigan, and the Townsendites with W. B. Pemberton. Since this meeting must have been to some extent premeditated, it seems to me to constitute an acknowledgment of Stevenson's forthcoming defeat, and therefore, ethically considered, an abandonment of him. I understand that some time after I wrote the article the Commonwealth people decided to conform, and gave up the notion of a sticker ticket for the sake of party solidarity. If Mr. Menefee will read the article more carefully, he will discover that I did not say that Stevenson *had* abandoned the Commonwealth Federation, but that it was thought that he *would* do so. With the next major elections two years off, he still has time.

Dave Beck, as vice-president of the Teamsters' International, and president of the Teamsters' affiliates, *should* control at least 20 per cent of the Central Labor Council vote. (Another correspondent calls it 33 per cent.) However, as Mr. Menefee says, the teamsters and their affiliates are becoming more and more militant; Dave Beck, increasingly conservative, could not now in a crisis count on more than 3 per cent of the vote.

Finally, I must tell Mr. Menefee that it is "grossly inaccurate" to describe me

■ a "traveling reporter." I am no mere tourist in the state of Washington. It is my own, my native land.

MARY MCCARTHY

New York, November 25

Against a Labor Party

Dear Sirs: With the extraordinary lift *The Nation* has taken in the last few months—format, style, editorial direction, content—which has brought liberal journalism in America to a new peak, it is a pity that at one crucial point you should be so unrealistic. I refer to your uncritical advocacy of a labor party as the sound political course for progressives.

In your last issue the first editorial paragraph speaks of the folly of liberals in hoping that Mr. Roosevelt will some day lead a labor party—as though that were the criterion of statesmanship today. In the preceding issue, the Task for Progressives is outlined by Max Lerner as the achievement of unity—in what?—in a labor party, of course.

This is a strange and inconsistent reversal of the position only recently taken by at least the Marxist wing of the liberals, and still taken in the discussion of European prototypes of an American Labor Party. In your own columns, less than a month ago, appeared a scathing and brilliant analysis of the British Labor Party by Harold Laski. Words are seldom wasted any more trying to defend the German Social Democratic Party's role in permitting Hitler to come to power; that party of course was a "labor party," resting solidly on organized labor, and led, like the British Labor Party, by the leaders of organized labor. But in swinging away from the grandiose "infantile leftism" that considered the coming American revolution to be only just around the corner, the intellectual left is falling back into even older mistakes.

Let me put down a few relevant facts challenging your present position:

1. The German Social-Democratic

Party (a "labor party") failed to achieve socialism or prevent fascism.

2. The British Labor Party's outstanding contribution was Ramsay MacDonald.

3. The best that other Continental labor parties have been able to produce are the people's fronts. If Spain wins, it will be a special case, similar to Russia. France is on a desperate defensive with no hope of moving on to socialism, unless, likewise, by a bloody revolution à la Russe.

4. In America labor has been as militant as it ever was in Europe, but even less radical. Witness the Knights of Labor, Gompers, Green, etc. Lewis and the C. I. O. are also to the right, even of Ramsay MacDonald.

5. American labor's outstanding contribution to independent political action up till now has been the American Labor Party of New York—better than supporting Tammany or the Republicans to be sure, but a poor imitation of insurgency.

6. Where there were radical candidates or measures on the ballot, labor's support was even more uncertain than that of middle-class groups.

But can we not learn the lesson of the mass movements of discontent that the depression has brought out in this country, both as to potentialities and dangers? The Wisconsin Progressives, the Minnesota Farmer-Laborites, the California Epics, the Washington Commonwealth Federation—yes, even the deluded following of Dr. Townsend, Huey Long, Father Coughlin, and their ilk—show that radicalism is not confined to the working class in this country. Often quite the reverse. Radical leadership will come from middle-class elements fully as much as from labor during the coming years. Whether those elements take us into fascism or into an economy of abundance through the introduction of production for use will depend to no small extent on our present intellectual leadership.

ALFRED M. BINGHAM

New York, November 23

CONTRIBUTORS

STEPHEN NAFT is a journalist who has lived and worked and traveled for many years in Latin America. At one time he acted as the editor of a South American news agency.

ROBERT DELL is the Manchester *Guardian's* correspondent in Geneva. A long career as a journalist in Europe has given him an understanding of events on the Continent equaled by few foreign correspondents writing today.

LOUIS F. GITTler, after a year in Berlin studying propaganda methods, is now a roving reporter on the Continent.

LOUIS ADAMIC, one of the country's outstanding free-lance labor reporters, has just returned from Akron, where the technique of the sit-down strike originated, and from other mass-production centers.

IRWIN EDMAN is associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University. More relevant to Mr. Edman's contribution to this issue is the fact that he will review Dorothy Parker's poems in next week's *Nation*.

DOROTHY BREWSTER teaches English in Columbia University's extension courses and is coauthor with Angus Burrell of two critical works, "Dead Reckonings in Fiction" and "Modern Fiction." "A Book of Contemporary Short Stories," of which she is editor, will be published this month.

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The Shape of Things

*

REPORTS FROM MADRID INDICATE THAT THE rebels have little chance of capturing the city without additional foreign troops. The Moors and foreign legion, who have borne the brunt of the fighting, have suffered such heavy losses that they are believed incapable of further attack. Faced with the danger of annihilation if the Loyalists should attack their exposed flank with sufficient force, the rebels have been forced to look abroad for reinforcements. Neutral reports from various sources indicate that several thousand German and Italian troops are already in Spain, and more will be needed if the rebels are to break into Madrid. Legally and morally these troops are in a sharply different category from the international brigade serving with the Loyalists. The international brigade is composed entirely of volunteers—Frenchmen, anti-fascist Germans and Italians, and a scattering from the various democratic countries. In most instances they have made their way to Spain in defiance of the wishes of their governments. The rebel mercenaries, on the other hand, consist of regular troops which have been dispatched by the German and Italian governments to fight against the government of Spain. This involves nothing short of an act of war against Spain and properly comes under the jurisdiction of the League. Meanwhile, neither France nor England can afford to sit back and permit Spain to be occupied by German and Italian soldiers.

*

THE LACK OF REALISM WHICH HAS AFFLICTED the democratic countries since the outbreak of the Spanish revolt has never been better illustrated than in the British-French proposal for a plebiscite to settle the Spanish conflict. Thus far General Franco has ignored the proposal, and he is unlikely to change his mind. But even if he agreed to a plebiscite, is there any reason to suppose that he would accept its result more willingly than he accepted that of the election of last February? On that occasion, it will be recalled, the republican victory was gained despite wholesale terrorism and corruption on the part of the incumbent reactionary government. In any case a fair plebiscite could not be held without the presence of large bodies of foreign troops. General Franco would doubtless demand that a substantial proportion of these be drawn from Germany and Italy, a demand that could hardly be acceded to without laying the basis for an immediate world war. It is true that the Saar plebiscite was carried

off much more smoothly than was anticipated, but this was because the vote was overwhelmingly one-sided. No one would suggest that the results in Spain would be nearly as decisive. The most unfortunate aspect of the proposal is the fact that it has served, as was possibly intended, to distract attention from the Spanish plea at Geneva. While there has never been much hope that the League would act under Article XI to prevent fascist intervention in Spain, the airing of the situation at Geneva might, under more favorable circumstances, have served to rally world opinion to the side of the legitimate government.

*

THE PEACE PLAN OF THE INTER-AMERICAN Conference represents about the only possible compromise between the principle of collective security as espoused by the Latin American countries and the isolationist neutrality proposals of the United States. Under the compromise formula the twenty-one American republics have agreed to hold consultations whenever the peace is threatened, whether by inter-American controversies, attack from without, or a general world conflagration. In addition, a protocol has been introduced—aimed primarily at the United States—outlawing intervention in the affairs of any American republic by any other. The proposal to set up a permanent commission composed of the foreign ministers of each country was lost, but the more general consultative machinery is expected to have the same result. The advantage of the projected accord over the neutrality pact suggested by the American delegation lies in the fact that it is more flexible and less likely to align the American countries against any collective action taken by the League. Consultation offers no assurance against war, but it may lead to a peaceful solution of difficulties in many instances where war is threatened. This may be set down as a definite achievement, although a very minor one in view of the gravity of the international situation. In sabotaging all efforts to establish collective security on the American continent, the United States has rejected the positive elements in the Monroe Doctrine while continuing to demand its economic fruits.

*

HARRY BRIDGES, OF WEST COAST FAME, HAS come to New York by airplane. It is reported that he will try to get the help of Eastern longshoremen, who are not on strike, in preventing the sailing of ships bound for West Coast ports. He is also scheduled to speak at a mass-meeting of seamen engaged in a strike outlawed by Joseph P. Ryan, his superior officer in the International Longshoremen's Association, and by the A. F. of L. He has come, in a word, to challenge Ryan in Ryan's own territory. Mr. Bridges officially opened the campaign some weeks ago in an open letter to Mr. Ryan. Writing in the name of the Pacific Coast District of the I. L. A., Mr. Bridges said that it was "regrettable and nauseating" to the longshoremen of the West to see longshoremen in the East and in the Gulf working struck ships. He further reproached Mr. Ryan for attacking the picket lines of

"seamen who are on strike against miserable wages," adding that "your salary of \$1,250 per month is more than a seaman earns in an entire year." In the East the rank and file has been making genuine headway in discrediting the self-perpetuating officialdom which has ruled over it in the past. Bridges's open attack on Ryan, followed by his public appearance in New York as a champion of the "outlaw" strikers, marks an important development in the movement for a National Maritime Federation. It reflects the strength of the Pacific rank and file, which has shown amazing solidarity and discipline in a massive and long-drawn-out strike. Finally it is definitely connected with the split in the labor movement sustained at Tampa. The C. I. O. obviously offers to the Maritime Federation, which is essentially an industrial union, more congenial associates than it could find among the crotchety craft-union diehards of the A. F. of L.

*

THE SUBSTANCE OF ALBERT VITON'S ARTICLE in this issue is also the substance of the stormy hearings in progress in Palestine under the auspices of the British Royal Commission sent out to study the background, economic and political, of the Arab uprisings. The Arab leaders are boycotting the commission but their views were well known in advance. Primarily they want an end to Jewish immigration and the sale of land to Jewish settlers—a demand that really implies the end of Zionism itself. The representatives of the Jewish Agency have presented a mass of statistics and opinions designed to combat these views. They emphasize the progress Zionism has brought to Palestine, especially in the form of economic improvement shared by Jews and Arabs alike; they demand that Jewish immigrants be accepted to the full absorptive capacity of the country, and that its saturation point be raised by large-scale reclamation projects. But behind this clear-cut conflict lies a whole maze of complexities, including the imperial policy of Great Britain in the Near East, the ravages of anti-Semitism in Germany and Eastern Europe, and the mounting flood of pan-Arab nationalism—deep-seated impulses desperately at odds. Other royal commissions have gone to Palestine and reported on the same problems; but the problems have persisted. They will continue as long as imperialism uses nationalist passions to support its ends, as long as race and religious prejudice are organized into movements by aspiring politicians. But meanwhile this particular commission is confronted by a definite set of circumstances. It must find an immediate solution so that life may somehow go on in Palestine. In the article published this week, and in others to follow by Mr. Viton and Rabbi Bernstein, we hope to present facts and opinions which will help to clarify the issues. On the basis of this material we shall reexamine and restate *The Nation's* position on the whole problem of Palestine.

*

THE FINAL OFFICIAL RETURNS FROM THE Presidential election show a distressingly low vote for the candidates of the minor parties. Norman Thomas

received only 187,000 votes as against 885,000 in 1932, a loss of nearly 80 per cent. Earl Browder, the Communist nominee, did slightly better with 80,000 as compared with Foster's 102,000 four years ago. Lemke, for all his ballyhoo, got almost exactly the number of votes that Thomas polled in 1932. It would be dangerous to conclude that better times have destroyed all possibility of independent political action. The chances are that the improvement in economic conditions had little to do with the result. President Roosevelt undoubtedly obtained many votes from persons who would normally support a minor-party ticket because of the widespread but mistaken assumption that it was to be a close election. The 300,000 votes cast for the President on the American Labor Party ticket in New York indicated a healthy desire to break away from the old-party labels where such action could be taken without seeming to aid the Tories. The same might be said of the success of the La Follette Progressives in Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labor Party in Wisconsin, and Senator Norris's remarkable victory on a non-partisan ticket in Nebraska. But no one will deny that the independent progressives now face a long, uphill fight.

*

A MILLION TONS OF WHEAT IS THE AMOUNT, as announced by General Göring at the Peasant Congress at Goslar, by which the German crop this year falls short of German needs. The rye crop is short by the same amount. Overconfident estimates on the part of the government based on the two record crops of 1932 and 1933 accounts in part for the discrepancy between the actual harvest and what was hoped for; in part the shortage is due to a similar shortage in meat and fats which has resulted in an increased consumption of bread. But whatever the reason, grain will have to be imported; money to pay for it will have to be diverted from the amount spent for buying munitions. In other words, the Day—when the confident Nazis will set forth on their great adventure in international pillage—will have to be postponed a little. A nation which cannot find enough for its citizens to eat cannot risk the dangers of blockade. Göring also reported that peasants were withholding grain from the market in the hope of a higher price or simply to feed it to stock, and he uttered the usual Nazi threats for this failure of patriotism. But threats will not make bread. It is evident that Hitler's Four-Year Plan, which was to make Germany economically independent of the world and at the same time able to attack it, is not running on schedule.

*

INDUSTRIAL MOBILIZATION IN THE EVENT OF war is the high-sounding objective of legislation which has been drafted by the War Department in cooperation with the Navy Department for presentation to the next Congress. The Nye committee revealed that this plan, as it existed at the time of the munitions investigation, contemplated the establishment of a military dictatorship over the country in the event of war. The original plan

called for the conscription of industrial workers. The present draft does not contain this section, but it provides the machinery and the justification for putting such a decree into effect. "The objective of any warring nation is victory, immediate and complete," states the document; it confers on the President and the War Resources Administration, which it contemplates, vast powers over the industrial life of the country. The price-control feature of the plan, designed to "take the profits out of war," has been put into the forefront, although experience in the World War shows that attempts to control prices have only slight success. The ordinary man will find much more realistic the provision that in the event of a super-war—and it will be a super-war—"an additional operating function" according to the *Times*, "will be that of supervision over the industrial education and mechanical training of labor required by industry for necessary expansion or in replacement of men taken into the armed forces."

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THE REAL REASON THAT CARDINAL PACELLI came to America no one has quite been able to figure out. Among the many ingenious suggestions advanced have been that he came to curb Coughlin, to gather funds to relieve the Vatican's supposed financial embarrassment, to obtain American cooperation in the three-cornered drive against communism led by Hitler, Mussolini, and Pope Pius, or to establish diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Washington. To these explanations must be added the one offered by the French weekly, *L'Europe Nouvelle*. The Pope is old and ill and his throne will soon be vacant. Leading candidates who at present appear to have equal chances are Cardinal Pacelli and Cardinal Della Costa, Archbishop of Florence. When a Pope dies, the College of Cardinals which elects his successor meets almost immediately and thus a candidate must be forehanded in vote-gathering. In the majority of twenty-five necessary to elect, the seven votes of the Americas (United States four, Canada one, Latin America two) are not to be neglected. So occupied were we at the time of the Cardinal's visit with our own election campaign that it escaped our notice that His Eminence, who had previously visited the Argentine and Brazil, might be doing some astute campaigning of his own.

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JAPAN'S THREATENED CABINET CRISIS HAS died down but not out. The fall of the government as a result of Foreign Minister Arita's proffered resignation appears to have been staved off for the moment. But a sorry record of diplomatic failure has been revealed. The pact with Germany directed against Moscow will probably cost Japan invaluable fishing rights as well as the Sakhalin oil concessions from Soviet Russia and may push the Russians into closer cooperation with China. It has seriously alienated England, and gained Japan nothing but ephemeral advantages from Germany plus dissatisfaction at home and ridicule abroad as a result of Arita's foolish invitation to the democratic countries to join the

pact. As for the negotiations with Italy, there Japan jumped into the water while Mussolini ran away with its clothes. It recognized the conquest of Ethiopia and unaccountably came away without Italian recognition of Manchoukuo. Moreover, the withdrawal of the demands on China, mentioned on another page, is an admission of diplomatic defeat more humiliating than any Japan has suffered since it was forced to give up Port Arthur after the Russo-Japanese war.

Love and the Governing Class

TO the countless millions of words, oral and written, that have been spilled over the King, Mrs. Simpson, and the abdication, what can now be added? Ours has become the most self-conscious age in history. Its dramatic scenes, its public and private tragedies, are enacted in front of a microphone and a camera. H. L. Mencken has called the love and abdication of Edward the biggest news story since the Resurrection, and the significant thing is that everyone knows this is true. It is not only the rulers, pundits, society leaders, and middle classes of the world that have been following the amazing sequence of events packed into a week. Even the lowliest have followed the story of the man who gave up a throne for love, and have identified themselves with the actors in this high drama.

The theme that quickens all pulses is of course the dilemma of love. It is not merely that the story of Edward and Mrs. Simpson combines, in a hitherto unparalleled *mélange*, sex, glamor, politics, and royalty. At the core of our interest is what the story has in common with the great Greek tragedies—the theme of personal desire running counter to the inexorable demands of the social structure. And the effect we get here, as in the Greek tragedies, is the purging effect of pity and terror. All our lives we have seen such personal conflicts around us. Every day we have watched in newsprint the heart-break of the millions who ask for advice to the lovelorn, or who unwillingly furnish the staple of newspaper stories. But when a monarch is caught in the same fate, when the stakes are a throne and an empire, we find ourselves confronted with the problem as though it were the newest and freshest thing in the world. And quite naturally, even apart from Edward's moving radio address, our sympathy goes to him—to the man who always rebelled against the stuffy trappings of monarchy, who captured the imagination of his people, and who withal was desperately unhappy and neurotic until he found a woman who engaged his whole being. One thing is clear, and that is that the masses of men and women in the world feel with Edward and with Mrs. Simpson rather than with the Mrs. Grundys of church and Cabinet who not so much allowed him to choose as thrust a choice upon him. And sad as everyone professes to be about Edward's abdication, there is—so sentimental is

the world even in a machine age—a general satisfaction that it was not love that abdicated.

But this has been more than a love story. It has been a political drama of wide and deep implication. We are happy to present elsewhere in this issue the comments of two seasoned political observers, Harold Laski and John Gunther, who are acquainted with the actors in the drama and who know England. Their judgments differ in important respects, and ours differs somewhat from both of theirs. The constitutional issue has to our mind been given unnecessary emphasis. Once raised, of course, it became of enormous importance. But need it ever have been raised? Granted that a morganatic marriage is somehow repugnant to the English tradition, it is still clear that the fate of Cabinet government was not at stake until it was pushed into the picture by Mr. Baldwin. A Cabinet and a Prime Minister who wished to avoid making a fracas of the whole business could have waited until a marriage was possible and then introduced an act to change the succession. A press with the Mrs. Simpson taboo removed could eventually have prepared the popular mind for a sensible solution of the whole affair.

One cannot avoid the suspicion that at the center of the whole controversy has stood Mr. Baldwin, playing politics with a Tory mastery of the English mind. Just as in the fall of 1935, feeling his political fortunes ebbing, he maneuvered a general election right after the Jubilee and at the strategic moment when the British people, after taking a general peace ballot, were reluctant to change a government that had given its pledge against rearmament; just as last winter, after the Hoare-Laval fiasco, he repaired his damaged prestige by using the death of George V to broadcast a touching eulogy of Queen Mary and the sanctity of British family life; so with a Cabinet again shaken by the vacillations of British foreign and internal policy, he has used Edward's personal dilemma to show himself again the champion of British morality and above all of the tradition of Cabinet government. How he translated the first into terms of the second can be read between the lines of his truly masterly speech in the House of Commons on the day of the abdication. Note the earnestness with which Mr. Baldwin repeatedly assures his Parliament that it was not he but the King who at each point except at the very beginning broached the problem of Mrs. Simpson. But on the question of who it was that introduced the idea of a morganatic marriage he is beautifully indefinite. "The suggestion had been made to me," he says. But by whom? This is a startling omission in a supposedly candid statement. If the suggestion had been made by the King, Mr. Baldwin would have been eager to say so. No, Mr. Baldwin saw that the morganatic marriage was something on which he could base the issue of Cabinet responsibility. And once that was intruded into the picture, Mr. Baldwin was clearly and inevitably the victor.

Mr. Gunther ends his article with a witty and skeptical query as to what the Marxians can make of Mrs. Simpson. Like any complex historical event, the story of Edward's yielding of the throne has ramifications that go beyond any single school of thought. But to connect Edward's

love and abdication with the whole position of the English governing class is by no means fantastic. In fact, it is the only analysis that cuts through the tangle of perplexities that trouble Mr. Gunther. The reason we have attached no special importance to the reputed pro-Germanism of Edward and Mrs. Simpson and the group around them is that the whole ruling class in England is riddled with pro-Germanism. What the episode clearly shows is the weakness and indecisiveness of the governing groups in England, the alliance of Church of England hypocrisy with the political ends of the Tories, the deep splits within the governing class itself at the very moment in the European chaos when a vigorous and decisive government can alone insure British survival. Mr. Baldwin has now for at least the third time been able to give his waning party a new lease on life, and each time he has leaned on the traditions of the monarchy and the hold it has on the people. But as Mr. Laski points out, it is the monarchy itself as an institution that has suffered the severest blow. For many of the British people this is the first time the trappings of the monarchy have been torn away. A symbol is always weakened by exposure. One wonders how much longer this one can be used to enable the Baldwins of Britain and their allies in the hierarchy of church and finance to conceal their incapacity to govern except in their own interest.

Kidnapping a Dictator

[As we go to press an unconfirmed report from Shanghai announces the execution of Chiang Kai-shek. The consequences of this act will be discussed next week.]

CHANG HSUEH-LIANG'S coup d'état and the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek should not come as a surprise to those who have been following Far Eastern affairs closely in recent months. For some time it has been evident that China was preparing to challenge Japan. The most influential sections of Chinese public opinion—the students, intellectuals, and business interests—have been bitterly anti-Japanese throughout the past year, and the only question was whether Chiang Kai-shek or some other militarist would assume leadership of the movement. Since his capitulation to the Kwangsi clique in September, Chiang has taken a somewhat stronger stand against Japan. He was influential in rejecting the ultimatum presented to Nanking after the killing of six Japanese in the late summer and had co-operated in the defense of Suiyuan. Nevertheless, the recent arrest of the leaders of the national liberation movement in Shanghai indicated that Chiang was still playing a middle-of-the-road game, and that he had no intention of openly attacking Japan except as a last resort. He had repeatedly spurned the Communists' invitation to a united front against Japan and had recently declared that he would resume his perennial anti-red campaign. It is even suggested that he had planned to arrest Chang Hsueh-liang for alleged red sympathies.

Chang Hsueh-liang is far from being a Communist.

He is one of the wealthiest men in China, having inherited tens of millions from his father, the notorious Chang Tso-lin. But he has fallen in with the Communist program in so far as it places primary emphasis on the eradication of the Japanese. Chang is not likely to forget that it was the Japanese who deprived him of his position as overlord of Manchuria. Possibly he is astute enough to see that history has a place for the man who assumes leadership of the great mass movement which is demanding the liberation of China from Japanese domination. And he may be wise enough to know that such a goal can only be achieved with the backing of a united China—including the Communists, with their vast armies in the northwest close to the Japanese area.

If the "Young Marshal" succeeds in uniting the country under his leadership, the Japanese will be placed in an intolerable position. The military clique is already under strong criticism at home for arousing Chinese opposition. As a result, two of the most important of the recent Japanese demands have been dropped. Japanese troops will not now be sent to the interior "to fight communism," and the plan for a five-province buffer state in North China will be temporarily shelved. The recent victory of the local Suiyuan troops over the Japanese-supported Mongols from Chahar doubtless contributed to this decision. Success of the Chang revolt would leave Japan with a choice between an ignominious retreat, accompanied by a complete loss of face, and open hostilities. The events of the past few weeks have suggested that Japan wishes above all else to avoid war with China. Although the superior equipment of the Japanese should assure an ultimate triumph, such a struggle would strain the resources of the islands to the limit. And Japan has its eye on bigger game than China.

The alliance between Chang Hsueh-liang and the Communists is a direct result of the Third International's "united-front" tactics. It is an attempt to restore the status of 1926, when the Kuomintang with Communist support came very near creating a modern, independent China. The fact that the Communist Party has taken leadership in the anti-Japanese movement gives that party a prestige which may later be of tremendous importance in determining the trend of social change in China. For the moment, however, there can be no thought of revolution. China will have its hands full checking Japanese imperialism.

Ordinarily there would be little danger of a Sino-Japanese conflict developing into a world war. The nature of the present controversy, however, gives cause for anxiety. Japan has already blamed the Soviet Union for the part played by the Chinese Communists in Chang's coup d'état. Although this has been denied, Russia cannot but be seriously concerned in the outcome. Further Japanese penetration into Inner Mongolia and North China would constitute a direct threat to the Soviet defenses. Sooner or later a clash between the two countries is inevitable; in which event Germany is committed to the support of Japan. Thus the future of Europe as well as that of Asia may be decided by the events of the next few days in far-off Sian-fu.

Boom—for Whom?

THE financial pages of the newspapers have made much cheerier reading in recent weeks than any other section. From the standpoint of the stockholder, November was the most satisfactory month on record. During this brief thirty-day period American corporations declared dividends aggregating \$883,000,000, which exceeded the best previous month by practically 50 per cent. An additional \$300,000,000 in dividends was announced during the first ten days of December, bringing the total since the end of October to approximately \$1,200,000,000. This amount is equal to about 3 per cent of the national income of the United States as it was in 1932 and 1933 and to at least 2 per cent of the present income. In addition to receiving nearly a billion and a quarter in cold cash, stockholders had the satisfaction of knowing that the value of their holdings increased by more than a billion and a half during November. And if they were philanthropically inclined, they doubtless derived additional satisfaction from the thought that the workers of the country had shared in the melon to the extent of at least a quarter of a billion dollars in increased wages and bonuses.

Although the flood of extra dividends can be explained largely by the desire on the part of directors to avoid the higher ranges of the recently enacted tax on corporation surpluses, there can be no doubt that business is good. The Federal Reserve Board's index of business activity is well over the 1923-25 average and at its highest point since the boom years. Holiday retail sales are estimated to be running 15 per cent higher than last year and only about 10 per cent under 1929. Employment and pay rolls have shown steady improvement. Despite the drought and elimination of AAA payments, the 1936 farm income will doubtless surpass that of any recent year. Commodity prices have risen even more steadily than the stock market in recent weeks, and wheat is at the highest point in years. In the industrial field the index of steelingot production has reached 79 per cent of capacity, and November's output is believed to have been the largest for any November in the history of the iron and steel industry.

Business sentiment for 1937 is exceptionally optimistic. Although European difficulties and the spread of the "sitdown" strikes have troubled the stock market recently, no one really expects a serious relapse at this time. A much greater danger is the possibility of a runaway inflation. In its earlier stages inflation can scarcely be distinguished from general business revival. The 1936 business boom has been an inflationary boom which has not as yet got beyond control. The test, of course, lies in the purchasing power of the dollar. During the 1928 and 1929 stock-market boom there was no general increase in prices. On the contrary, commodity prices showed a slight tendency to decline. A certain increase in prices and the cost of living was inevitable in the recovery period. But with wheat at \$1.35 a bushel in Chi-

cago and copper selling at 11 cents a pound, there are indications that price increases are already going farther than is quite healthy. Perhaps the most disquieting element in an inflation is the fact that speculators, stockholders, and entrepreneurs obtain an ever-increasing share of the national income. The recent orgy of melon cutting and the continuous increase in commodity prices suggest that this process is already under way. It is true that wages have also been boosted, but wages are by no means keeping pace with dividends, and it is doubtful whether the wage-earner will receive as large a proportion of the 1936 national income as he did either in the depression years or in 1929.

That the Administration is aware of the dangers inherent in the situation is evident from the apprehension which has been shown over the continued increase in the excess reserves of the member banks of the Federal Reserve system. While a seasonal decline in these reserves is expected between now and the beginning of next year, they are certain to rise again unless a further cut is made in reserve requirements. Ultimately, two billion dollars of excess reserves means twenty billion in new purchasing power if the present expansion in business and financial activity continues. This would result in feverish business activity, but it would also mean prices far higher than those of 1929. Instead of recovery from the depression, we should be confronted with a perilous boom, supported by the new purchasing power created by the devaluation of the dollar, and swollen by our huge imports of gold and silver. The excess reserves might be drastically reduced if the Reserve Banks would sell their holdings of government bonds, but such action is unlikely because it would seriously impair the government's borrowing power. A further increase in reserve requirements is also possible, but there can be no assurance that the state banks will remain in the system if the terms become too onerous. The chances are that any action that the Reserve Board takes will be insufficient to prevent a further inflationary rise in prices.

Such a development would virtually make it impossible to stabilize economic activity at a high level. It would involve a further redistribution of income from the wage-earning and salaried classes to the already wealthy owners of the means of production. At first this would result in a tremendous expansion in the capital-goods industries, but eventually the country would face the old question—where are the masses going to obtain the money to buy the increased production? The Administration would have to decide between a cessation of spending with a contraction of credit which would precipitate another depression, and increased spending with a consequent runaway inflation. Fortunately, this tragic dilemma can still be avoided by diverting the tide of unearned income into the channel where it is certain to be used to bolster consumer buying power. This may be partly achieved by an increase in the income tax on individuals in the high and moderately high brackets and the use of the funds thus obtained to create genuine social security for the unemployed, the aged, the sick, and other victims of the tragic insecurity of our times.

The King's Abdication

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

By Radio from London, December 13

AT THE week-end it looked as though the possible abdication of the King might be attended by grave consequences. There were some signs in London of mass emotion. The millionaire press was hinting that the Cabinet was trying to force King Edward from the throne because of his supposed liberal views. Mr. Churchill and the fascists were, it appeared, threatening to form a party of the King's friends. Some left-wing opinion was urging the Labor Party to use the opportunity to attain office, win a general election on a wave of sentiment, and drive through a socialist program.

All opposition to the abdication collapsed by Tuesday night. This, I think, was due to a number of reasons. (1) The idea of a morganatic marriage was everywhere unpopular and did grave harm to King Edward's popularity. (2) The unity of the dominions with the Cabinet's view immediately strengthened its hands. (3) The opinion grew rapidly among labor that a King's victory would mean sooner or later a reassertion of his independent power in politics that would make him a tool in the worst kind of Tory hands. (4) The solid press, especially in the provinces, was overwhelmingly on Mr. Baldwin's side in regarding the marriage with Mrs. Simpson as impossible. (5) The King's allies, especially Sir Oswald Mosley, did him great harm. It was felt that dark forces were irresponsibly seeking to exploit his prestige for their own ends. By Thursday the nation was not only prepared for abdication; it was ready to accept it as the best way out of the situation, for any alternative, unless the King renounced marriage with Mrs. Simpson, would sooner or later have raised the issue of King versus Parliament. No one except the fascists wanted that issue raised.

The abdication is above all the assertion of the principles (1) that the

King must act on the advice of his ministers; (2) that the place where issues of policy are decided is and must be the House of Commons. By reason of these the result is an important blow to those who sought to get this issue decided by non-parliamentary action.

But there is no doubt that it has done serious damage to the monarchy. For the first time in sixty years the validity of the monarchical principle itself is being widely discussed. That is a novel departure in English life. It is clear, also, that the abdication removes a great deal of the prestige from the throne. This has been emphasized by the wide sense of royal irresponsibility in the matter. People have seen through the magic which screens the throne as they have not done since the time of George IV, and the wholesale indignation of the Tories at the very idea of marriage with Mrs. Simpson has shown the man in the street that in fact the roots of the system are far more fragile than he had been led to suppose. As always when a mystery comes into the public view it is quickly discovered that it is not a mystery at all.

I do not believe the theory that conservatism forced Mr. Baldwin to get rid of the King for fear that he would prove an inconvenient radical influence. I believe it profoundly disliked the marriage, in part for snobbish reasons; but what determined the national attitude lay much deeper than the marriage itself.

On the whole the effects of the change will be good. The palace will resume its normal dullness. Exploitation of the crown will be more difficult. That is something for which labor can be grateful. It is clear too that fascist influences cannot use the prestige of monarchy as an instrument in their hands. The country will go on as if nothing vital had occurred, for the one certain thing is that King Edward will not be able—if he were inclined—to form a Jacobite movement.



Notes on the Simpson Crisis

BY JOHN GUNTHER

THE whole stupendous business is full of puzzles, paradoxes, and contradictions. Contradiction Number One: The person of the King is so unimportant that the transition from Edward to York proceeds apparently with the utmost smoothness; yet the person of the Queen is so critically important that it cost Edward the throne.

Another is that the Church of England, which forbade this marriage on the issue of divorce, was itself founded by Henry VIII ostensibly to make divorce possible to a monarch.

Another is that England above all things prides itself on a free press; yet a ruthless censorship of the greatest story of a generation helped Edward to lose the crown. A subsidiary irony is the position of Mr. Hearst, who destroys all he touches. It must have been the early Hearst stories, whooping for marriage, which reached Baldwin and helped to blast it.

Incidentally, the American press was not so wild as many people uncritically imagine. No breath of scandal about Mrs. Simpson was ever unearthed. She was simply a lady who had had two husbands. Our papers went in for formality and abbreviation, which is a form of fondness. The worst that happened was that we called them Wally and Davey and that Mr. Luce of *Time* invented "snuggery" to describe Fort Belvedere.

Why, why, why did it all have to happen? Old Family Doctor Baldwin said that growing publicity made him go to the King. But everyone who counted in England had known for at least six months that Mrs. Simpson's special position greatly improved the character and happiness of the monarch and made him a better King. The issue of censorship is of great importance. If public opinion had been allowed gradually to form a favorable opinion of Mrs. Simpson and her excellent influence on the King, there might have been very little scandal. If Mrs. Baldwin had had her to tea or if Queen Mary had taken her out shopping, the results might have been very different.

I have no means of knowing, but I imagine that Mrs. Baldwin had a considerable lot to do with shaping her husband's mind.

Of course Edward must have made up his mind absolutely for marriage with Mrs. Simpson. Otherwise the story doesn't make sense. He gave up the throne not just for a woman, but for a wife, which is something quite different.

This brings up another terrific contradiction. Edward did not want to live a loose life. He could have had plenty of mistresses. But he wanted marriage and a family, as he movingly explained in his broadcast. Mr. Baldwin, the moralist, denied him this. He misused a

moral position to deny the king a moral solution to the problem. It was not immorality but just the opposite which provoked the Church of England's wrath.

The case attaches a stigma to all divorced persons in England. Mrs. Simpson's one and one-half divorces were strictly conventional and proper. Her ex-husbands "now living" admire her greatly. Supposing she had been twice widowed. Would that have made a difference? Suppose both her ex-husbands should die next week. Would this whole crisis have been in vain? Ridiculous!

Mr. Baldwin said that no precedent existed for a morganatic marriage. But none existed for an abdication of this kind—something infinitely more iconoclastic.

Laertes's speech to Ophelia, quoted by the Prime Minister, was striking. Has Mr. Baldwin forgotten how Hamlet ends?

I wish the poor old Labor Party had not been so glacially "constitutional." Constitutionalism in England is, after all, what *is* done. If Mr. Attlee and his advisers had had more push and sting and farsightedness they might, from January to October, have got much closer to the King than they did get; the King was not unsympathetic. If, thoroughly warm relations having been established, the Labor leaders had not been quite so stick-in-the-muddish over divorce, they might have been in a position to tell Baldwin that they were willing to go to the country on the issue. Perhaps the Labor Party is too hopelessly bankrupt for revival. But a lot of us over here thought that in this issue they missed a grand chance for resuscitation. Again the business of censorship comes up. The *people*, the bulk of them, knew nothing of the crisis until it was splashed into their faces on December 3, and Baldwin certainly never gave them a chance of expressing an opinion.

I do not think that Baldwin, the Archbishop, the *Times*, and so on formed a cabal to squeeze Edward off the throne. Things don't happen that way in England. I do not think that Edward's visit to Wales was more than a minor embarrassment to the Cabinet. No one important in the ruling classes wanted an abdication, by choice, even though they might have been willing to see Edward put in his place rather sharply perhaps, and even though they have swallowed the business with almost unseemly grace.

Baldwin's speech was an authentic masterpiece. Its strength derived from the curious Puritan mysticism in his character. I think, though, that he left some things out. Edward's speech was a masterpiece too, and also with great quality of emotion.

If Parliament is going to interfere with the private life of a king—even a king cursed with inability to love anyone except a woman who belongs or belonged to some-

one else—then Parliament should be responsible for his education and upbringing.

The whole thing is an imperial as well as a personal tragedy. Edward's position may be tinged with a certain neuroticism, but surely his abdication represents a tremendous wastage of human material. And the political consequences must be considerable. Already Mr. De Valera has squeezed out from under with the governor general's head. What are the people in India and Africa and the South Seas going to think—if they get a chance—about the value of the crown as a symbol of imperial unity, when a king in the full spring of his reign tosses it into the junkpile like a can of soup? The political value of monarchy is the assurance it gives—or should give—of fixity, dignity, stability, permanence.

When I was in England there was a good deal of talk about Edward's alleged pro-Germanism. Most members of the royal family are not, perhaps, so much pro-German as anti-French. They are, after all, first- or second-generation Germans, and the French have always irritated and puzzled them. I do not think that Edward's "pro-Germanism" could have become a very important political force. It was based not only on heredity but on a sort of good-fellowship feeling that the Germans had had a raw deal after the war and deserved some sporting aid. The new King probably has much the same basic impulses

and ideas. So one might conclude that the shift from Edward to York will not mean much difference on this tremendously important issue. York, however, is a much less vivid character than Edward and will doubtless be more under the influence of his advisers.

People wonder if Edward, like Carol of Rumania, will be a political source of trouble during exile. There will certainly be trouble-makers anxious to capitalize his position, for instance Mosley. But it is doubtful in the extreme that Edward will pay any attention to them. If he was too fed up to keep the job, he will be too fed up to try to get it back.

Edward, the world knows, wants to marry Mrs. Simpson. Will he be able to? Can the King's Proctor make trouble? Has the matter been "arranged"? It would be a heart-break if the marriage were to be made impossible. It would also, it seems clear, smash utterly British reputation for fair play. It was Baldwin himself who first announced officially the King's intention to marry. If he utilized this pronouncement not only to get Edward off the throne but to prevent the marriage in perpetuity, the storm of disgust among decent people might be enough to make Edward a political issue once again.

Finally, I am curious to hear the Marxist interpretation of all this. What do the economic determinists say of Mrs. Simpson?

The Fate of Zionism

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, November 2

THE Arab strike, which lasted six months, is over; violence, too, has temporarily subsided. The 30,000 soldiers whom Britain has dextrously slipped into Palestine will maintain order as a side duty—until something happens. A leading Arab said to me: "Either a European war will break out in a year or two or it will not. If war comes, we shall have our chance because England will not be able to keep so many soldiers here. If it doesn't, we shall have another chance because England will withdraw some of the troops anyway." A Royal Commission will soon arrive to investigate the last outbreak and suggest a solution that will prevent bloodshed in the future. But Palestine has had commissions in the past. They have issued voluminous reports but they have not brought peace. Neither Arabs or Zionists are optimistic about the results of the new commission. British commissions are designed to safeguard British interests, not to help the country. Only an Arab-Zionist understanding, with or without Britain, can heal the ills of the land.

Some fifteen months of study on the spot have convinced me that to make a report on Palestine one must begin at the beginning, even though no land has rated so many words per square foot. Palestine is very small.

Its total area is approximately 10,000 square miles, not much larger than the state of New Jersey, and it has less good agricultural land. The exact area of cultivable land is unknown—after nineteen years of British rule. Guesses range from 1,500,000 acres to more than double that amount. A conservative estimate, I believe, would set it at 2,500,000 acres. The Jews are constantly discovering new sources of underground water, and a hydro-geologic investigation might disclose abundant water in what is now considered desert. No such investigation has been made, though the government is enjoined by the terms of the mandate to "encourage close settlement by Jews on the land."

Since the Zionists want to settle tens of thousands of Jewish families as farmers, the question whether there is sufficient land is of paramount importance. According to the latest census 54 per cent of the population derive a living from agriculture. But the Arab peasants own only 60 per cent of the land they cultivate; 29 per cent of the peasants own no land at all; and about 47 per cent depend for their livelihood on secondary outside occupations. Consequently the poverty of the Arab village is almost unimaginable. The low and windowless one-room hut, made of mud and dried dung, is shared by the whole family and its few emaciated animals. There is

no sign of furniture; all sleep on the ground. A long cotton dress resembling the old-fashioned nightshirt lasts the fellah for years. His diet is poor and monotonous. Thin cakes of bread made of impure flour, together with a few radishes or onions, make up his morning and evening meals; his main meal, taken in the afternoon, consists usually of a thick vegetable soup. Sickness is constant, blindness is horribly frequent, and the rate of infant mortality is 147 per 1,000 births.

The miserable condition of the Arab fellah, however, is not due to the scarcity of land. First of all, he does not like to overwork himself; second, he is totally ignorant of modern methods of agriculture and his implements are extremely primitive; third, he is weighed down by a burden of debt on which he pays interest that is rarely lower than 30 per cent, frequently 100 per cent or even more. The prosperous Christian inhabitants of Nazareth and the Moslems of Nablus owe their wealth to the usury they practice on the fellaheen of the neighboring villages. When the debt burden becomes hopeless, as frequently happens in all Oriental lands, the interest sharks take over the little farm, and one more fellah becomes landless. This, and the Turkish custom of endowing court favorites with large estates, has given rise to the fourth and worst evil—feudal landlordism.

In this land of poverty and death the Zionists have done a great work. They have drained tens of thousands of acres of deadly swamps; they have reclaimed at tremendous human and financial cost land which was worthless for centuries. They have planted orange groves where there was desert yesterday. The two colonies of Petakh-Tikvah and Hederah are typical. Until the coming of the Jews both were malarial marshes, inhabited by a few half-starved, disease-ridden Bedouin families. Today Petakh-Tikvah supports a population of 18,000, Hederah of 5,000. Thousands of acres of orange groves surround both colonies. In Hederah eucalyptus trees are the only remaining signs of the once deadly swamp. A railroad station and a large modern orange-packing house now stand on the site.

During a walking trip through Palestine last spring, my companion and I traversed in the Jordan Valley thousands of acres of excellent agricultural land. "And one could get water from the Jordan for irrigating it," my companion remarked. Small patches here and there were cultivated, but the Arabs had not even removed the stones which littered the fields. During a good ten-hour walk we did not see a single village; only a few friendly Bedouins grazing their sheep as Abraham's ancestors used to do. Suddenly, around four in the afternoon, we saw in the distance four bent figures. We found them to be four settlers. After giving us water and preparing seats under their wagon—which cast the only shade within miles—they told us their story. The Jewish National Fund bought here about 750 acres, on which 150 families will eventually settle. These four had been sent to prepare the land. For the last year they had been picking up stones; with pride they pointed to piles of stones that dotted the fields. In the summer the Jordan Valley is a burning furnace. There are scorpions, black and red, under the

stones; as a result of their bite men have gone crazy from pain, which lasts about two weeks. In the few days we remained there, I insisted on helping them pick up stones, and I saw for myself those ugly little venomous creatures. The stones will be used eventually for building. Meanwhile, day after day and month after month, four men are picking up stones in the Valley of the Jordan.

What irrigation and intensive cultivation have done for the Jewish colonies could be done for the whole country. Not only is there enough land to allow the present agricultural population to enjoy a decent standard of living, but there is enough to support additional Jewish settlement. While the Arab fellah starves on thirty acres, the Jew prospers on five. As long as the Arab waste of land continues, however, there is little if any land for new settlement; moreover, if Jewish settlement continues on its past scale, there can be no doubt that it will spell the ruin of an increasing number of Arab peasants. A. Granovsky, of the Jewish National Fund, claims that only 688 peasants have been displaced in the plains of Esdraelion and Acre, but evidence presented before the commission which investigated the 1929 disturbances showed that about 2,000 had been so displaced. At least a few hundred more were forced off the land around Jaffa. What is likely to happen unless a fundamental agricultural revolution is carried through is indicated by the bloody fights in Wadi Hawareth between the new settlers and the Bedouins, and more recently at El Hartiyah near Haifa, where an Arab was shot dead by the police who were carrying out a court order for eviction.

With fundamental changes in the agricultural set-up, a certain number of Jewish families could be settled, though the cost would be extremely high. The exact number of families is of course unpredictable, but it would not run into six figures, as Zionists claim. E. Volcani, head of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Rehovoth, who undoubtedly knows more about Palestine agriculture than anybody else, said to me last winter: "I used to speak of settling 100,000 families here. I now recognize that hope to have been a sin of youthfulness." Possibly room could be found for 25,000 families. Settling even that many would be a gigantic task involving the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. So far, after half a century of intensive effort, not more than a third of that number have been settled at a cost of \$6,000 to \$12,000 per family. The cost of land in Palestine is prohibitive. Around the Jewish settlements land cannot be had for less than \$600 an acre.

For political reasons, however, many Zionists are opposed to any scheme which would further Jewish settlement and at the same time cause the non-Jewish inhabitants to strike deeper roots in the soil. "Every new Arab house, every additional acre of Arab orange plantation, scares me more than all their political demonstrations and speeches," a Zionist leader once said to me as we passed the Arab orange groves around Jaffa.

Just as the Zionist ambition to settle millions of Jews on the land could not be realized even if the Arab fellah were squeezed out entirely, so also is the project of developing industries which will give employment to

millions doomed to failure. Not only is Palestine small, but it is extremely poor in natural resources. It has no coal, no iron, no timber—none of the raw materials with which modern industry is fed. The Jordan River supplies a certain amount of electricity, but its capacities are very limited and the cost of production is excessive. The only important natural resources are the chemicals of the Dead Sea, for which a British-Jewish company now holds a concession.

The industry so far developed by the Jews, though unprecedented for the Near East, is small-scale industry serving mainly the local Jewish market. Its index of production has risen from 100 in 1920 to 380 in 1935, and it is giving employment to about 30,000 workers. About \$40,000,000 is now invested in industry, compared to about \$12,000,000 in 1930. Consumption of electricity increased from 8,707,917 kilowatt hours in 1931 to 34,385,515 kilowatt hours three years later. But this rate of development, while revealing tremendous progress in a short time, cannot be maintained in the future. In fact, it would appear that most of the industries have already reached the peak of development. It is certain, at least, that an industrial slump has set in, although at least \$100,000,000 in local banks is awaiting productive investment. Nearly all the factories now in existence have had extremely checkered careers. The large Nesher cement factory, the Lodgia knitting mills, the chocolate factory, and the sole iron foundry in the country went bankrupt and were reorganized by creditors at a quarter of the original investment.

The only factories which have had even a moderate success are those connected with construction and those dependent upon raw material locally available. The tremendous immigration of the last few years has caused an exceptional boom in the building trade and has given employment to tens of thousands. But this cannot continue indefinitely; a serious slump has already set in. The healthiest industry is citrus-growing, and the area under cultivation can probably be doubled. This will make room for a few thousand families. But markets have first to be found for the excellent Palestinian oranges; this is not easy, and land prices will have to go down before citrus-growing becomes profitable again. A number of canning and preserving establishments have fared well. And that is all.

If this review of Palestine industry is somewhat disappointing, the fault is with the Zionist ballyhoo that has surrounded it. Palestine has been a very costly venture for the Jewish people. Between \$600,000,000 and \$750,000,000 has been invested in this desert during the last quarter of a century. That is a lot of money. The life of the Jewish worker is not easy, and the wages of Arabs, even in government work, are about half those of Jews. Wages of \$25 a month for men and \$15 for women are above the average for Jews. Prices are high; food costs here from two to three times as much as in the United States, and rent is as high as in New York City. Thousands of employed workers live on a pound of bread and a few uncooked vegetables each day. Very few know the meaning of steady employment; the vast majority

come at least once a week to the union office in search of work. The much-advertised prosperity of the last two years was due entirely to a vast influx of capitalist immigrants, who did not know what to do with their money, and to land speculation. Land prices rocketed sky-high, and by transferring unpaid-for land from one buyer to another everybody thought that he was making money.

Faced with the country's inherent industrial limitations, the Zionists have tried to save every available job for Jewish immigrants. Not out of wickedness did the system of *kibush avodah*, "conquest of work," arise, but out of strictly economic and political considerations. Zionists do not like to picket establishments employing Arabs, and it is not hatred that drives them to eject, often violently, Arab laborers from their places of employment. One of the leaders of the Jerusalem Federation of Jewish Labor once put their case very clearly:

Jewish capital has created here new sources of employment. And there is no lack of workers here and in the neighboring countries. It will take years and years, in fact, to abolish the tremendous unemployment in this part of the world. The native workers are cheap; their standard of living is so low that the Jewish worker cannot possibly compete with them. The tendency of the capitalist is therefore to hire cheap, unorganized native laborers. But we are not building the country either as a refuge for Jewish capitalists or to provide work for unemployed Arabs. We want here a large Jewish population, which means Jewish workers, and this we can achieve only by safeguarding every Jewish-created place of work for Jewish workers. We do not want to place Jewish workers in Arab enterprises, but we will fight to the last for every Jewish-created job.

While the Zionists are right from their point of view, the Arab worker who has been expelled from his job by Histadruth pickets does not become friendlier to Zionism. No doubt *kibush avodah* is responsible to a large extent for the latest disturbances. One of the first Arabs I met when I came here more than a year ago was a doctor who spoke bitterly against Zionism. I enumerated to him the blessings the Zionists have conferred on them. "Who denies it?" he replied. "But do they do it because they have our interests at heart or because they want to bribe us to keep quiet as long as they are the minority? Even now they are trying to push us out of our jobs to make room for additional immigrants. Do you know that not a day passes without *Davar* campaigning for '100 per cent pure Jewish labor' in all Jewish enterprises? Here"—and from his drawer he pulled out a pack of clippings—"here are some of the items *Davar* has published during the last few days. On October 26 it came out with an editorial asking the government why no Jewish laborers were employed in building the new military airport at Lydda; in Petakh-Tikvah [the largest Jewish village] the efforts of the Histadruth to conquer for the Jewish worker a place in agriculture have borne fruit, and letters have been sent to Jewish orange-grove owners demanding the employment of pure Jewish labor. The following day *Davar* reported a battle between Histadruth pickets and the Arab laborers, and *Davar* could not understand 'why

the government had to warn the Histadruth leaders against disturbing the peace.' In a front-page editorial on the same day it declared, 'The attempt to smuggle in Arab laborers at Ranaana . . . has indeed been nipped in the bud successfully, but only after our workers lost time and strength, after arrests and trials!' I cannot find the clippings for the following three days," he continued, "though I am certain that I had some, but on October 31, under the heading 'Juice from Jewish Fruit,' it took up the gauntlet and went into raptures about kiosk owners who decided 'to use for their juices fruit from groves employing Jewish labor only.' On the following day the paper reported the arrest of two members of the communistic settlement 'Makhar' for driving Arab workers from a Jewish grove against the wishes of the owner."

Can Palestine's industry be developed sufficiently to absorb new immigrants? That is the central question. The answer is that millions of immigrants cannot be absorbed; thousands can. Industries depending on locally grown fruit—that is, industries in which labor plays a paramount role in creating values—can be further developed. So far Palestine industry has not been able to compete on the foreign market. Industrial exports have hardly increased during the last ten years. The growing antagonism of the surrounding Arab countries to Zionism does not help Palestine industry to capture the vast Arab hinterland. In fact, the Arabs have launched a boycott which is very much felt. Also industry is developing in neighboring countries in which even lower wages prevail. And it should not be forgotten that Palestine is already one of the most

densely populated countries in the world. Argentina has a population of 3.6 persons per square kilometer, Canada 1.5, Australia 0.8, New Zealand 0.5. In Palestine there are 85 persons to each square kilometer! Even highly industrialized Europe does not have such density: France has a population of 73 to every square kilometer, Poland 70, Austria 78, Rumania 58. The United States has 15.

The present population of Palestine is around 1,300,000, of which 950,000 are Arabs and about 400,000 are Jews. Unless science discovers a method of making butter from sunshine and bread from rocks, the saturation point will soon be reached. I know of no reputable economist who believes that the country can support many more than 3,000,000 souls, while some put the figure considerably below that maximum. The Arab population, though the death-rate is very high, increases at the rate of 27 per 1,000; it has increased by about 32 per cent in the last fourteen years. At this rate of increase there will be about 1,000,000 Arabs by 1955. At best, then, there is little hope for a significant Jewish majority. Even if all political barriers were removed, and immigration unrestricted, it is likely that during the next twenty years about a million Jews would immigrate, bringing the total population of Palestine to about 3,000,000. This, I am convinced, is the most optimistic prognosis that can be made.

[This is the first of two articles by Mr. Viton: They will be followed by a discussion of the Zionist position by Philip S. Bernstein and by a group of letters representing various points of view.]

Missouri's Boss Pendergast

BY IRVING DILLIARD

THE most powerful personality in Missouri politics has lately retired in favor of his nephew, but the retirement will not be a renunciation of power, for Boss Tom Pendergast will still be consulted in all matters affecting the machine. Before the election Pendergast lay critically ill in New York with a grave heart ailment brought on by "excessive work." Newspapers in St. Louis, Kansas City, and other Missouri cities and towns carried frequent front-page reports of the sick man's condition and the prospects for his recovery. The reason for this widespread concern over the health of Thomas Joseph Pendergast of Kansas City is known to every Missourian and to many followers of contemporary politics outside the Show Me State. For Mr. Pendergast is much more than a citizen of Kansas City who engages in the ready-mixed cement and wholesale-liquor businesses. Whatever changes his "retirement" may make, he has been for years the all-powerful Democratic boss of Jackson County, and his sway over the party of Cleveland and Wilson lately became state wide. Since Missouri has been heavily Democratic in recent years, this means that he now pulls the strings of a sovereign common-

wealth known for such diverse public men as Thomas Hart Benton and Francis P. Blair, Carl Schurz and George Graham Vest (eulogizer of the dog), Champ Clark and William Joel Stone, James A. Reed and John J. Cochran. Pendergast is or was—for his illness has considerably reduced his heft of 240 pounds—a roly-poly, ruddy-faced man. Bright blue eyes look out positively from a large head which is joined to a prize fighter's shoulders by a short, muscular neck. Sandy hair that is growing gray and thin is a reminder that he is well along in his sixty-fifth year. He has a heavy voice which emphasizes his plain, direct manner of speaking and his simple, ready answers to questions. He wears well-made clothes that run somewhat above the subdued in tone.

Absorbed as Boss Tom has been in the development of his essentially local political machine, he has managed none the less to keep abreast of the times. He may be a ruthless spoilsman; he is no ignoramus. Michael Pendergast, his Tipperary-born father, drove a team for a dry-goods store in St. Joseph, Missouri, where the future political boss was born, but the boy went to what was then the Christian Brothers' College in St. Joseph and to

St. Mary's College in nearby Kansas, where he upheld the school name in sports. He might have been a baseball player of renown, for he rejected a contract as a professional. His conversation can reflect a substantial reading in current affairs. His hobby, however, is horse racing, and as owner of a stable of blooded horses he has regularly attended the Kentucky Derby and other race meets.

Pendergast was Street Commissioner when James A. Reed, later Senator, was Mayor of Kansas City and about the turn of the century he served a short term as Marshal of Jackson County. Still later he was an alderman. But all that was in the long ago—before Pendergast really got into politics. Some political bosses like the limelight. Pendergast is not that sort. At the Democratic convention in Philadelphia he was out of the public view in a New York hotel. It is true that he was not well at the time, but the fact remains that he cares nothing for public notice. When reporters sought him out on his return from Europe on the first crossing of the *Normandie* he protested bluntly: "I am not a national figure and I never want to be. I can't see what all this fuss is about."

Pendergast built his organization on the proved machine principle of personal favors. As he has expressed it, his method was to function year in and year out, not to wait until three weeks before election. The Pendergast headquarters are in the Jackson County Democratic Club, the Kansas City counterpart of Tammany Hall. People go to the ordinary two-story brick building at 1908 Main Street for a load of coal, an order of groceries, or clothes. They go to get jobs, to get streets repaired, or to keep them from being repaired. They go with a complaint about taxes or a policeman. They go to have domestic troubles straightened out. They are never turned away without the satisfaction of an answer and, whenever possible, of a promise that will be kept. For years Pendergast rose at five in the morning in order to be at his roll-top desk on the second floor at six, ready and eager to meet the morning's run of callers. As many as 400 individuals have climbed the stairs by noon to ask him to do something for them. More than four years ago the *Kansas City Star* described the Pendergast organization as more powerful than Tammany, "proportionately speaking."

Pendergast did not launch the organization which he came to head, but he extended it far beyond the most roseate expectations of his older brother, James, who was the founder. The Pendergast boys ran a saloon on Kansas City's lower Main Street in the 90's and, as was frequently the case in those days, began to mix in politics on the side. James was elected alderman and in time set himself up as controller of the riverfront First Ward. When James died, Tom took over his organization and succeeded him on the City Council. Joseph B. Shannon, now the leading Jeffersonian orator in Congress, was then the most influential politician of the city. But it was not long before Pendergast's "goats" were contesting with Shannon's "rabbits" in primaries, and the challenger had begun to enlarge his operations so as to include the residential sections of the city as well as the riverfront.

From 1912 on Boss Tom has been a factor in Demo-

cratic politics in Missouri, but the state as a whole did not come to know him until four years ago. With one of his old local rivals, Shannon, happily shelved in the national House of Representatives, and the other, the late Casimir Welch, at last won over, the portly boss was in complete control in Kansas City. His patronage powers had grown greater under the city charter of 1922, thanks to the omission of any reference to civil service. Still other patronage fell into his hands when a ruling of the Missouri Supreme Court ended state control of the Kansas City Police Department. But his greatest stroke of good fortune came in 1932 when it was necessary to nominate and elect candidates for the national House of Representatives in a general vote of the entire state. On the basis of the 1930 census the Missouri delegation in the House was reduced from sixteen to thirteen members. Consequently a redistricting was in order. The legislature and the Republican Governor disagreed on a bill, with the result that none was passed for the 1932 primary and election. All candidates therefore, though they were perhaps known only locally, were forced to undergo the test of a statewide vote, and the bloc of more than 100,000 votes which Boss Tom controlled was eagerly sought after. Only one Congressional candidate supported by Pendergast failed to be chosen. Four Democratic incumbents who did not have his backing were defeated for renomination.

Pendergast's candidate for the Senatorial nomination that year, Charles Howell of Kansas City, lost the nomination to Bennett Champ Clark, son of the late Speaker of the House and one of the organizers of the American Legion, but the boss's choice for Governor, Francis Wilson, a party veteran, won easily in the primary over a promising state senator, Russell Dearmont, who raised the issue of political dictatorship. A few days before the election Wilson died, and the Democratic State Committee, working behind closed doors and under Pendergast's control, picked an obscure circuit judge from the Pendergast section, Guy B. Park, to fill the vacancy on the ticket. With Missouri joining in the revulsion against the Republicans in 1932, the hand-picked candidate went into the governor's seat with a sweep.

Two years after he placed Park at the head of the state government, Pendergast picked a United States Senator in a manner not likely to inspire confidence in our democratic institutions. One of the minor cogs in his machine, Harry S. Truman, grew restless as County Judge of Jackson County and made up his mind that he would like to be county Collector of Taxes, an office which paid handsomely on a fee basis. Boss Tom had other plans for the collectorship, but the nomination for United States Senator was open so far as he was concerned. So he sent the machine down the line for Truman to give him a plurality of 130,000 in Kansas City, with the result that the virtually unknown candidate won out in the statewide contest over two veteran Congressmen, John J. Cochran and Jacob L. Milligan, the latter supported by Senator Clark. The subsequent election was only a formality, Truman defeating the archaic Roscoe Conkling Patterson by 260,000. Thanks to T. J. Pendergast, Harry S. Truman does not collect taxes in Jackson County but sits in "the greatest deliberative

body in the world," charged with such responsibilities as voting on treaties with other nations and appointments to the United States Supreme Court. In the same year Pendergast put another unknown candidate in the primary against the able and thoroughly experienced state Superintendent of Schools, Charles A. Lee. Notwithstanding his satisfactory service, Lee was defeated.

Pendergast was barred from active work in the recent campaign by his physicians. Back in Kansas City after a long sojourn in New York, he is reported to be improving slowly. But even when he was ill, the machine was in perfect running order. When the primary was held in August, Pendergast was flat on his back in New York. Yet his candidate for Governor, Major Lloyd C. Stark, of the self-styled "world's greatest family of nurserymen," far outdistanced the other Democratic candidate, William Hirth, long president of the Missouri Farmers' Association. And Stark was elected by a tremendous vote.

The accusations made against him in the election campaign are old stuff to Boss Tom. Newspapers and reform candidates have been after him election after election. Such movements never worry him. His procedure has been to register all possible voters and get them to the polls on Election Day. How intensively the Pendergast organization cultivates Kansas City can be judged from the recent registration of more than 263,000 in a population which in 1930 numbered 399,000. These figures mean that approximately two out of every three human beings are listed as eligible to vote. Baltimore, with a population of nearly 805,000 at the last census, enrolled only 373,700 voters at its last registration—less than half the population. There is a strong suspicion that an investigation of registration and voting in Kansas City such as St. Louis has been undergoing would reveal shocking irregularities. It is no secret that Pendergast's henchmen in the state senate have steadfastly stood in the way of a permanent registration law which would improve the election machinery.

A fifth federal judgeship in Missouri, created by the last Congress, will be filled one of these days. As long ago as last June Pendergast gave out the names of his first, second, and third choices, namely, James P. Aylward, a successful Kansas City lawyer, Circuit Judge Daniel E. Bird of Kansas City, and Governor Park. There can be no question as to the real reason for Boss Tom's support of Aylward. It is not any knowledge Aylward may have of the law; it is his loyal work as chairman of the Democratic State Committee, as Democratic national committeeman for Missouri, and as chairman of the Democratic County Committee for Jackson County. This is the Pendergast way.

Boss Tom believes in loyalty. When he gives his word he keeps it, and he expects the same of others. There is the amusing case of the Brickey brothers. The one who lives in Festus, Missouri, fought James A. Reed for reelection in 1922; the other, a resident of Boonville, supported Reed that year. When the Festus Brickey asked Pendergast to support him for the nomination for Lieutenant Governor in 1928 the boss wired Reed. Reed thought Pendergast was inquiring about the Boonville Brickey and replied that the applicant had supported him in 1922.

On the basis of this information Pendergast pledged his support to the Festus Brickey. When Boss Tom found out that he was behind a candidate who had opposed Reed with all his strength, he was chagrined but resolute. "I told Brickey I would be for him and I will go through with it," he said. And he did.

One of the complaints about Pendergast in Kansas City is that he has linked his business enterprises with politics to reap a double profit. The boss has taken no public notice of this complaint, but to friends he has said that he has just as much right to sell ready-mixed concrete to the city and engage in other city contracting as any other business man if his bids are low and his materials stand the test. His wholesale liquor business was flourishing when prohibition became effective. Believing that the ban on alcoholics would not last, he kept thousands of barrels in government warehouses, and as soon as the Missouri dry law was repealed, revived his distributing company. Soon after the company began operations again, Federal Judge Reeves at Kansas City ordered the United States Marshal to seize some 900 cases of whiskey in Pendergast's warehouse on the ground that it was adulterated and misbranded and failed to meet pure-food-and-drug tests. The boss's warehouse manager said the adulteration had been discovered before the court order and that preparations were being made then to return the whiskey to a Kentucky distillery. Pendergast himself has been almost an abstainer for years.

The Missouri dictator took part in the conference of Democratic bosses held in conjunction with the Democratic national convention, but the convention itself was little more than a big show to him. Not that he disapproved of the ballyhoo and demonstrations. He looks on such tomfoolery as entertainment for the politicians and their constituents. But the real work, as he long has known, has to be done back home in the precincts.



Boss Pendergast—He Still Holds On

Courtesy St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Let the Mexicans Organize!

BY FRANK STOKES

Kickapoo Ranch, Covina, California

CALIFORNIA citrus-fruit growers have joined the legions of the exploiters of labor. They have taken over at the same time the whole vicious machinery of vigilantes, strike-breakers, night riders, tear gas, and prejudiced newspapers. This appears strange considering that there was a time when these citrus-fruit growers themselves were so sorely oppressed that they were driven to create one of the first, and certainly one of the greatest, cooperative organizations ever formed by tillers of the soil. Because they were being exploited and robbed by brokers and shippers, the California citrus farmers were forced to organize or perish. Their object was to obtain a greater return for their sweat and labor. Yet now they are determined that others shall not be permitted to organize for the same purpose.

Oppression was the father and desperation the mother of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. It has become a mighty organization with 13,500 grower members. There are in California approximately 309,000 citrus-growing acres valued at close to \$618,000,000, and more than 75 per cent of this acreage and value are represented in the exchange. Its headquarters are in the new Sun-Kist building, which it owns, in the city of Los Angeles. All this is the result of the banding together of an exploited group of citrus-fruit growers. It is this group which recently crushed ruthlessly an attempt by Mexican workers to organize a union of citrus-fruit pickers.

The Mexican is to agricultural California what the Negro is to the medieval South. His treatment by the vegetable growers of the Imperial Valley is well known. What has happened to him in the San Joaquin has likewise been told. But for a time at least it appeared that the "citrus belt" was different. Then came the strike of the Mexican fruit pickers in Orange County. In its wake came the vigilantes, the night riders, the strike-breakers, the reporters whose job it was to "slant" all stories in favor of packers and grove owners. There followed the State Motor Patrol, which for the first time in the history of strike disorders in California set up a portable radio broadcasting station "in a secret place" in the strike area "to direct law-and-order activities." And special deputy badges blossomed as thick as Roosevelt buttons in the recent campaign.

Sheriff Jackson declared bravely: "It was the strikers themselves who drew first blood so from now on we will meet them on that basis." "This is no fight," said he, "between orchardists and pickers. It is a fight between the entire population of Orange County and a bunch of Communists." However, dozens and dozens of non-Communist Mexican fruit pickers were jailed; 116 were arrested en masse while traveling in automobiles along the

highway. They were charged with riot and placed under bail of \$500 each. Twice their preliminary hearing was delayed on motion of the district attorney. After fifteen days in jail the hearing was finally held—and the state's witnesses were able to identify only one person as having taken part in trouble occurring on the Charles Wagner ranch. Judge Ames of the Superior Court ordered the release of all but the one identified prisoner and severely criticized the authorities for holding the Mexicans in jail for so long a time when they must have known it would not be possible to identify even a small proportion of the prisoners.

For weeks during the strike newspaper stories described the brave stand taken by "law-abiding citizens." These stories were adorned with such headlines as "Vigilantes Battle Citrus Strikers in War on Reds." During all this time, so far as I know, only one paper—the Los Angeles *Evening News*—defended the fruit pickers. In an editorial the *News* said:

Be it known that the "heroic band of vigilantes," twenty-eight in number, who last Friday with clubs and tear-gas bombs stole up on a peaceful meeting of 150 Mexican fruit pickers in Placentia, fell upon the dumb-founded workers without warning, smashed jaws and cracked heads, dispersed the group save for one striker smashed into unconsciousness and left lying on the ground, were exactly this:

Twenty-eight Los Angeles bums, recruited from streets and beer-halls through a detective agency and paid eight dollars a day by the citrus growers to foment violence and terrorize the striking Mexican pickers.

I have not mentioned all the iniquities perpetrated upon these humble, exploited Mexicans by citrus-grove owners and packing-house operators along with their various aides-de-camp. I have mentioned only enough to show that in this respect the strike was exactly like all other strikes. What differentiates it is the fact that the strike was directed against an employing group that knows what it is to be exploited, against an employing group that has carried cooperation to the highest degree of perfection.

These Mexicans were asking for a well-deserved wage increase and free transportation to and from the widely scattered groves; they also asked that tools be furnished by the employers. Finally they asked recognition of their newly formed union. Recognition of the Mexican laboring man's union, his cooperative organization formed in order that he might obtain a little more for his commodity, which is labor—here was the crucial point. The growers and packers agreed to furnish tools; they agreed to furnish transportation to and from the groves. They even agreed to a slight wage increase, which still left the

workers underpaid. But recognition of the Mexican workers' union? Never!

I have been an orange grower and a member of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange for twenty years. I have also had connections with other types of ranching less efficiently organized or not organized at all. Only in the citrus business is the producer free of all selling worries. My job is merely to grow the fruit. The exchange picks it, packs it, pools it, according to grade, with the fruit of other members, ships it, sells it, and sends me the proceeds. I have often borrowed money from my packing house, secured by my crop, thereby saving interest at the bank. Through the Fruit Growers' Supply Company (owned and operated by the associations within the exchange system) I can buy automobile tires or radios, shotguns or fertilizer, generally at a very substantial discount. I can pay for it at the end of the season.

The Fruit Growers' Supply Company provides other benefits. Because the company owns vast acres of timber and its lumber mill at Susanville, my fruit is shipped in containers furnished at cost. More than one hundred million feet of lumber are required each year for the making of exchange box shooks. Cooperation even extends to the maintenance of a group of pest-control experts whose services are free to exchange members. In many other ways the citrus-fruit growers of California have profited by cooperation. I irrigate my orchard with water delivered by a non-profit combination of growers. My trees are sprayed or fumigated by a non-profit partnership. Because of cooperation I can sleep through the winter nights or until a voice on the telephone informs me that my thermometers have dropped to the danger point.

One would think that California citrus people, at least those belonging to the exchange, would not be adverse to organization by others, especially since the directors of the Fruit Exchange at a meeting held on December 4, 1935 (only a few months before the strike), voted substantial salary increases in the higher brackets. The general manager's salary was increased from \$18,000 to \$22,000 yearly; the general sales manager's "wages" were raised from \$16,200 to \$18,000; and the advertising manager's "pay envelope" contained an additional thousand, or a total of \$10,000.

It has been said in defense of the exchange that it should not be blamed for the trouble in Orange County, for, as Sheriff Jackson stated, "the entire population of Orange County" was opposed to the Mexican fruit pickers. Nevertheless, more than three-fourths of all citrus growers are steadfast cooperators. If these cooperators had raised their voices to protest against the unjust treatment of the Mexicans, the affair might have ended with honor to us all.

The fact is, however, that Jack Prizer, manager of an exchange packing house in Orange County and a member of the exchange board of directors (the very same board that voted substantial increases in salaries at the top), was one of those most active in crushing the strike. The entire population of Orange County did seem to

oppose the strikers, with the exception of Judge H. C. Ames, who dared to go against intense public opinion.

During the strike I made several excursions into Orange County. I found scab pickers, often high-school boys, "glomming" the "golden fruit" in the beautiful California sunshine, while mocking birds sang on the house-tops, snow-covered Mount Baldy glistened in the distance—and armed guards patrolled the groves behind long rows of "no trespassing" signs. Trucks came to the groves with empty boxes and went away with full ones—trucks with rifle barrels protruding from their cabs. Men in uniforms, mounted on motorcycles, dashed back and forth. Sirens screaming, everybody jittery, everybody damning the reds—and the Mexicans!

One day I decided to have a look at the record of the Covina (Los Angeles County) packing house through which my fruit is shipped. I learned that during the boom period of 1928-29, from the middle of December to the ninth of the following October, Francisco Lopez, our top picker, was called to labor 225 days. He only missed two possible working days in those eleven months. For that period he earned \$830.41. And this man is with his clippers what Kreisler is with a violin.

During the season of 1934-35, Francisco Lopez, still a "top hand," earned only \$637.44. The yearly income of the other pickers ranged from this figure down to starvation wages. And most of these men have families. Also, it must be remembered that conditions in the San Gabriel Valley are far better than in many other places.

I have said that the Mexicans are to agricultural California what the Negro is to the medieval South, exploited and despised. Before the day of the CCC camps Spanish was the language most frequently heard on every mountain fire-line; and those Spanish-speaking people were taken to the fires by force, even though the burning mountains, with their high peaks stopping rain clouds and their dense brush storing water, were vastly more important to white men than to Mexicans. Towns and cities, farms and orchards, valley springs and deep sunk wells, all depend upon those mountains.

Not only in the fields are the Mexican people exploited. Not only as earners but as buyers they are looked upon as legitimate prey—for old washing machines that will not clean clothes, for old automobiles that wheeze and let down, for woolen blankets made of cotton, for last season's shop-worn wearing apparel. Gathered in villages composed of rough board shanties, or drifting with the seasons from the vegetable fields of the Imperial Valley to the grape vineyards of the San Joaquin, wherever they go it is the same old, pathetic story. Cheap labor!

Usually these people are patient and yielding. But occasionally a leader appears—he is always said to be a Communist—and then they rise up in their righteous wrath and strike. They struck in the Imperial Valley—and they lost. They struck in that glorious land north of the Tehachapi—and again they lost. They lost because of tear-gas bombs, special deputies, and unfriendly newspapers. Lastly, they struck in Orange County. And once more they have lost.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

RETURNING to my office recently after several days' absence I found my desk covered with calls for aid from every kind of organization. Every one of them appealed to my sympathies, for each represented a worthy cause. All were couched in moving language, and not a single one failed to state that the existing emergency was great and that if help was not forthcoming immediately the work must cease or be gravely hindered. There was a telegram as well as a letter from the American League Against War and Fascism stating that the emergency situation "requires immediate response to Dr. Harry Ward's letter regarding funds. . . . Vital work for Spanish democracy hangs on keeping our organization going." There was an appeal from the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, of which Bishop Paddock is the able head. From Helen Eklund and the Friends of Spain came an invitation to lunch, which meant, I suppose, a call for more aid for Spain. The Women's Peace Union begged me to "stick something into this rather tragically empty envelope." The People's Mandate to Governments to End War declared that a contribution "would help us immeasurably to take advantage of a great opportunity to make a real advance toward peace." From Reinhold Niebuhr came a plea for the Committee on Economic and Racial Justice pinned to one from the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, and there was another from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Of course the anti-Nazi movements were well represented, notably the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League. Freda Kirchwey wrote in behalf of Angelo Herndon, and Edward Kern for the New Film Alliance; Benjamin Marsh put in a word for an old friend, the People's Lobby, Tucker Smith doing the same for the Brookwood School, while the National Civil Service Reform League did not forget me. Nor did the American Association for Social Security, over the signature of the indefatigable Abraham Epstein. The Foreign Language Information Service wrote: "Please do not fail. However small the contribution you can send, it will bring both the moral and the practical assistance that we need." The National Child Labor Committee was of course represented, and there was a new one begging for the Debs Labor School. As for local charities and philanthropies, there were the Children's Aid Society, the Workers' Defense, the Charity Organization Society, a hospital, the Citizens' Union, the American Civil Liberties Union, a cancer committee, and the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born. Finally I must not omit the National Student Federation and the Milwaukee *Leader* Sustaining Fund.

Now this sort of thing has been going on for years,

but it seems to me that never have so many begging letters come to my office and to my home. I am not exceptional, I am sure. Anybody whose name appears in a list of contributors to any organization immediately becomes the target of every other. It would be, of course, impossible to give to one-third, even if one were a multimillionaire. The result is that those friends whose appeals are not answered feel hurt and think me stingy, especially if they happen to remember that they once responded to some of the appeals I have myself sent out in the course of a long begging career. It all raises the question of what is going to happen to our philanthropies and charities. Many of them could be ended if the government did some of the jobs it ought to do, if our courts of justice functioned, if our officials, state and national, lived up to their oaths of office, if our whole economic system were revised. But that is a long, long way off, and what is worrying people who have to raise these large sums is where the money is to be found. They fear that even with the return of prosperity people will not be as generous as formerly, but in view of the prophesied coming of a worse depression within five years, will insist on putting by as much as possible or living up to their income fully, and refuse to give to charity.

Meanwhile there could be, of course, a tremendous improvement effected by the amalgamation of numerous activities. There are at least six or eight anti-fascist and anti-Nazi organizations all appealing to the same people for help. There should be one strong and powerful one, including within its activities the special fields of propaganda, relief for refugees, care of scholars and exiles, and so on. There must be at least three or four pro-Spanish organizations by this time where there should be but one, and so it goes. This, too, is not a new problem. Many other people for years past have called attention to the duplication of philanthropic effort. But surely there is a limit to the amount of private benevolence; surely the state must be driven to do more and more for the wrecks of our capitalist system, for the undernourished, the overworked, the child victims of the machine, the hapless prisoners of a blind justice and wilfully blind officials.

The managing editor of *The New York Times*, Edwin L. James, has kindly called my attention to the fact that in my *Issues and Men* of November 21 I misstated some circulation figures which I received over the telephone. Instead of the *Times* having a daily circulation on October 1, 1936, of 460,054, I should have said 482,429. Its Sunday circulation averaged for the six months 737,475, which made an average figure for Sunday and week days of 518,665. I am glad to make this correction.

BROUN'S PAGE

The Hearst Two Shillings

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD raised some interesting points in *The Nation* last week in regard to Mr. Hearst and Mr. Boettiger. Mr. Villard finds it tragic that the son-in-law of President Roosevelt should take the job of publisher of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. Any discussion of the ethical issues involved must depend upon some definition of the premises. If I reduce Mr. Villard's argument to its logical conclusion I think I have a right to say that in effect he is contending that nobody should work for Hearst. And yet I imagine that for some practical considerations this would not be an altogether desirable situation. I can hardly blind myself to the fact that a complete and successful boycott of William Randolph Hearst would mean that thousands of people would be thrown out of work, including some of the most useful members of the American Newspaper Guild.

The *P.-I.* unit frankly hailed Boettiger's appointment with joy. To that extent at any rate the young man has done a Boy Scout deed. And I think that Mr. Villard is a little less than fair in saying, "There is nothing whatsoever in Mr. Boettiger's record which would warrant his appointment by Mr. Hearst to the important position of manager of the *Post-Intelligencer* if Mr. Boettiger had married anybody other than Anna Roosevelt Dall."

Now I will admit that Mr. Villard knows and that I know and that probably Mr. Hearst knows that the appointment was one dictated by newspaper political strategy. But it is possible that Mr. Boettiger doesn't know. Or even if he does he would have the right to say, "Mr. Hearst may be giving me this chance because I'm the President's son-in-law, but I'm a good newspaperman in my own right and on this job I can prove that I'm my own man and not either Mr. Hearst's or Mr. Roosevelt's."

It seems to me that Mr. Villard stresses too much the fact that Boettiger's experience has been entirely reportorial and that therefore there is something very strange in his being jumped into the job of publisher. In the first place, the *P.-I.* post does not seem a particular plum at the moment. During the course of the strike Mr. Hearst was quoted on several occasions as saying that the paper had not been a money-maker and that he was thankful to the guild for shutting it down. Moreover, the practice of taking a good reporter and sending him out to take charge of a chain paper is not in the least unusual. It has been done in the Scripps-Howard organization many times.

But this debate may well go on a little beyond the problem of how close a relative is a son-in-law. I have written a good many columns against Hearst and made speeches too. Probably I shall do so again, although I

have no desire to rake up old criticisms at a time when Mr. Hearst seems to be sitting, rather perkily to be sure, on the mourners' bench. However, there is a real danger in using any single publisher as a horrible example.

I have heard the view expressed that it was a mistake for a commentator to go into hot and heavy criticism of Hearst because, as the advice ran, "It only serves to advertise him." That never seemed very pertinent counsel so far as I, personally, was concerned. Mr. Hearst is a very good advertiser himself, and I have not felt that I could add very much to his publicity for good or ill. But when a number of commentators and publicists seize upon William Randolph Hearst, or any other single newspaper owner, and begin to belabor him, they not only advertise but compliment the other members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Save in a few instances such compliments are not deserved.

I believe it would be wholly unfair to say now that Hearst is the guild's Enemy No. 1. A few months ago he announced that his attitude toward the guild was precisely the same as that of Scripps-Howard. At the time he claimed too much. Unfortunately Mr. Howard was out of the country on Election Day and may not have had an opportunity yet to study the returns quite as closely as Mr. Hearst seems to have done.

The working newspaperman in this country is somewhat limited in his field of choice. Jobs are scarce, and should he be asked to starve until he finds a paper which in every way lives up to his own journalistic ideals? I think not. After all, if he did find such a paper he would undoubtedly discover that every other newspaperman in the country wanted to be on it, too, and that the waiting list was one mile long. I do not think that this side of starvation any newspaperman should stick to a job where he is personally called upon to do things which seem to him dirty and despicable. But I must admit that I would be frankly puzzled by a baseball writer who came to me and said, "Heywood, I think I'll have to give up my job because the boss is printing such vicious editorials about the League of Nations."

I don't think I'm cynical. He hasn't asked me recently, but I would not work for Hearst. I almost did once and I think the reason I sheered off may have been less an ethical urge than a sense of fear. I was afraid of being swallowed up. I will admit that the subject is academic on both sides because if I worked for Hearst we would both look like plain fools.

But all this depends on a special set of circumstances. I hope I'm idealistic. I would like to see a permanent newspaper or a chain of newspapers run cooperatively by newspapermen for newspapermen. But as things stand now, most publishers are pretty gray in the dark and a Boettiger should be pardoned if he doesn't look a gift contract in the mouth.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"ART FOR ART'S SAKE"

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"ART FOR ART'S SAKE" was a phrase conceived in irritation and adopted as a slogan by men more anxious to startle than to explain. It was directed at the Philistine (Victorian model), and it was not ill suited to the moment which gave it currency. Taken out of its context the phrase is, however, dangerously near to nonsense, and it is a pity that so flip a formula should have become fixed as the accepted designation of an aesthetic doctrine much more persistent and much more meaningful than the formula suggests. The curse of eighteen-ninetyism is heavy upon it, and nothing could be more unfortunate when the enemy happens to be not the Victorian bourgeoisie but the grimmer utilitarians of this sociological age.

One might, I suppose, attempt a rehabilitation through formal definitions of art and its function, but in a companion volume* to his "Literature and Society" Professor Albert Guérard has chosen a method possibly more effective and undoubtedly more entertaining. Even he, I think, gives the paradoxes and perversities of fin-de-siècleism rather more prominence than they deserve, but in what is really a long and witty essay he passes in review the various forms assumed by the artist's protest against the world and by the inner conflicts between his own standards of value and his own motives for writing. One may, if one likes, attempt to formulate the whole thing in terms of Hebraism versus Hellenism—even though, as Professor Guérard is well aware, the Hellenes themselves were very imperfect and hesitant Hellenists. But that formula is almost too general, and there remain related questions like the question of what a writer writes for—money, fame, or "art." And even writing "for art's sake" assumes various forms. Sometimes it implies poetic ecstasy; sometimes it means no more than writing for the sake of Ciceronian correctness or Gongoresque ingenuity. And the same sort of thing may be said of the worship of beauty versus the worship of utility. Utility may mean high morality, political or religious dogma, or merely the rules of prudence. The worship of beauty may imply the doctrine that the Good is Beautiful and the Beautiful Good; but it may also imply no more than the rather childish diabolism of the eighteen-ninety aesthetes or the artist's claim to the right of bohemian living.

Professor Guérard offers no simple solution of all the problems he suggests and arrives at no dogma. But thanks to an astonishingly wide familiarity with world literature and to a genial, common-sense mind he is able to explore the field both thoroughly and wittily. And what he con-

cludes is this: Great writing has not usually been purely "for art's sake," and great writers have not usually proclaimed any purely aesthetic doctrine. Among the motives of these same great writers there is, on the other hand, something which is neither the desire for fame, the desire for money, nor the determination to advance any moral or social good. And in this same great writing there is usually something besides doctrine on the one hand and mere craftsmanship on the other. When everything else has been analyzed out of the writer or the writing, there is a residue which remains, and that residue represents whatever substance there is in the conception of art for art's sake.

Dickens and Thackeray, to take difficult cases, were determined to supply a salable commodity, and both were interested in sound conventional morality; but the two things together do not exhaust the list of their motives. Milton was pious and desired to exalt the glory of God; but Milton toyed with the idea of a pagan subject for his epic and chose as he did choose at least as much because he perceived the artistic advantage of a legend drawn from his own culture as because the story of Adam and Eve was a more edifying story. The artist becomes more aware of the claims of art as opposed to the claims of one or another kind of utility when a conflict between the aims—whether it be a conflict between art and salability or a conflict between art and morality—becomes, for one reason or another, acute. But the conflict is always there even when it is solved by harmonizing the two aims.

Said Paul Valéry, "The most manifest characteristic of a work of art may be termed *uselessness*," and this phrase seemed to trouble Professor Guérard a good deal because it seems inevitably to suggest some sort of diletantism. Yet no one is shocked by the statement that "virtue is its own reward," and I humbly suggest that to say that is the equivalent of saying, "Virtue is useless"—which is itself only another way of saying that virtue, like art, is an end in itself, a final good. And that is all that can really be meant by the phrase "art for art's sake," namely, that the aesthetic emotion can be a self-justifying pleasure, good in itself, not good because it leads to something else; that though certain forms of it may be justified on the ground that they produce a better society, one of the justifications of a good society may just as well be that it produces good art. Uselessness and valuelessness are not the same things.

One might, I think, solve in somewhat the same way another fact which Professor Guérard seems to find more or less troubling—the fact that the doctrine of art for art's sake usually comes into prominence in epochs when

* "Art for Art's Sake." By Albert Guérard. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. \$3.

men have suffered some disillusionment with a hope—moral, religious, social, or economic. But that does not necessarily mean that art for art's sake is trivial. It may mean only that of all the goods men may pursue and of all the blessings they may hope to gain, the joy of art is the one which least often fails them, which is there when the others have eluded their grasp. Nor can I conclude without remarking that a phrase of my own about the contemplation of tragedy as one of the highest of human pleasures is not so dangerous as Professor Guérard seems to think. It does not lead to the conclusion that we ought to encourage calamities in order to enjoy them, for a "calamity" is by no means the same as a tragedy. Confusing them was Nero's mistake.

BOOKS

History Without Pattern

A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY. By W. E. Woodward. Farrar and Rinehart. \$4.

READERS of Mr. Woodward's "George Washington" and "Meet General Grant" will know what to expect in his new book. Mr. Woodward is a skilful debunker; he puts our traditional notions under the bright light of fresh inquiry and cuts away the parts that are rotten with the quick, incisive strokes of a master surgeon. He is honest, plain-spoken, courageous. He names names. He strikes often and hard. His books are never dull.

In the present volume, his most ambitious work to date, he set himself the task of writing a history of America for the man on the street. The book begins with the reign of Henry VIII and ends, 875 pages later, with the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt—"The way was open for the New Deal."

In the technique of writing for the common man Mr. Woodward has few equals. He has mastered to perfection the use of the short pithy sentence, the apt phrase, the colorful word. In addition he has a genuine flair for story-telling, and one juicy tale after another makes his narrative vivid and exciting. He frequently employs the clever device of illuminating the past by tying it up with the present. His simple dynamic style is just the right dish for the average man.

Turn the pages at random and you will find abundant evidence of his awareness of social realities made plain in hard-hitting, succinct phrases. ". . . Harding's idea of normalcy was to give a free hand to money-getters, sharp-witted tricksters, stock manipulators, and other bandits who lived by raids on the national income." "That is called 'individualism' in the American language, a high-sounding term for money greed transfigured and parading as a virtue. . . . In an individualistic civilization the ability to get money is the ultimate standard of merit."

Unfortunately, however, keen insight, a pungent style, and refreshing candor are not enough. Mr. Woodward has not written a New American History. He has written an Old American History in a new and engaging way. It is amplified, debunked, more thrilling, more plausible—but it is not new. In the old American history important happenings were often explained as being due to the ability, desires, or whims of im-

portant individuals; in Mr. Woodward's history personalities again occupy the center of the stage. In the old history the topics were bewilderingly unrelated—an assorted conglomeration whose only sequence was chronological; in Mr. Woodward's history there is again no connected story with political, social, and economic events woven together into a definite pattern—one Administration still follows another, and the major events in each are recorded primarily in time sequence as before.

What Mr. Woodward lacks is a coherent view of history. Time and again his absorption with personalities takes him off the track; repeatedly his interest in story-telling *per se* shunts him here, there, and everywhere away from a central theme. One inevitable result is that he contradicts himself in several places. On page 186, for example, he writes, "His [Lafayette's] coming accomplished more for the American cause in France *than all the efforts of diplomats and commissioners.*" But six pages later we learn that this was not really so. "It should not be understood that Lafayette evoked single-handed the formidable military aid which France gave the colonies during the last year of the war. *Benjamin Franklin was the prime mover.*" And finally, in the very next paragraph, we get the real truth, "Neither Franklin, nor Lafayette, nor anybody else could have persuaded the French to send an army to America *if the move had not been in direct line with French policy.*" (My italics.)

It is a pity that the author did not have in front of him, as he wrote, his own correct observation that "no man, or group of men, can hold back the movement of collective social and economic forces." If he had, then he would not have made the mistake of devoting nine pages to Lafayette and only three to Shays' Rebellion. Nor would he have given as much space to the feelings and activities of Mr. Coolidge after his failure to get the nomination for a second term as he gave to Debs, Altgeld, and the Pullman strike.

In this connection it is to be regretted that Mr. Woodward's interest in personalities did not extend as much to labor leaders and revolutionists as to politicians, statesmen, and generals. If it had done so, then he would, in truth, have been well on the way to writing a New History. And he would have turned the trick entirely if only he had stuck to his own definition, "History is not a succession of semi-detached episodes, but a sequence of events so closely intertwined that they form a definite pattern." One searches in vain for the definite pattern. It isn't there.

LEO HUBERMAN

Well, Not So Deep

NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL. By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

RHYME AND PUNISHMENT. By Leonard Bacon. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

AT THE risk of provoking one of those quiet murders by repartee for which Dorothy Parker is notorious, I must say that I judge, purely from the internal evidence in these poems, that her life has been terrible—terribly monotonous. This poetry of a smart lady Wordsworth, recollecting her emotion in acidity—and asking for more—got terribly monotonous to this reader, too. I should think this, I believe, if I had lived all my life in Cripple Creek and had never heard the gossip of the wits at the Algonquin.

As revealed in these poems, Mrs. Parker has always been falling in love: too much, too little, too foolishly, too deeply,

too tentatively, and with a succession of lovers who have reciprocated in one or another of these ways, at the wrong time. The poet knows at the beginning of each new rapture how it is going to end, and how soon. She thinks love is a liar and a cheat, and cannot help falling in love just the same. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Love continues, the same delusion, only the lovers change—frequently. The summary of this sad situation appears on page 84 in a quatrain whose last two lines are:

The third love was his, and the fourth was mine;
And after that, I always get them all mixed up.

So does this reviewer, who is provoked by the collection to inquire a little querulously into the extraordinary legend concerning Dorothy Parker's poetic powers. Various critics noted on the jacket of the book attribute to her the joint virtues of half a dozen different writers. Her poems have seemed to a great many women the terse, brilliant summary of the tragic situation of all woman-kind, doomed pitifully to fall in love with a succession of lads who turn out to be unfeeling louts, whose devotions they know in advance are writ in water or in cocktails. They have liked her cries of anguish because the tears are always crossed with self-mocking laughter at the end. Women have even liked her contempt for women, and have adored her vituperation for virgins.

Men have liked her poems because of the half-bitter, half-wistful tribute to their indispensability and their irresistible, fatal charms. A different kind of lover, the lover of light verse, has admired her extraordinary technical competence and the way in which her verse constantly veers over into the domain of genuinely lyric poetry. The wits of the town have been delighted to see a Sappho who could combine a heart-break with a wisecrack.

For years she has sobbed in accents at once ribald and melodious, always or nearly always trenchant, and occasionally with just that touch of vulgarity ("a sock in the eye," "And though to good I never come—Inseparable my nose and thumb!") which makes the reader feel that he could have said that himself. One might say in a mixed and hopefully not misleading metaphor that Mrs. Parker has been the Mrs. Ernest Hemingway of her generation, hard as the nails which repeatedly, we are told, break her repeatedly mendable heart.

Now that her collected poems have appeared, it is worth considering what one may expect to outlive the legend and the popularity. When Mrs. Parker deserts the theme that has become her *spécialité de la maison*, she can write sonnets that have the authentic note, in cadence, in tenderness, and in truth. She has the gift of the exactly timed, self-mocking glint to the recital of a lover's woes. She has a lyric way with words, and a craftsman's exactness in their arrangement. But there is no evidence throughout the volume that there is more than one kind of heart-break, and one hears so much about the one kind that one begins to think that it is in the character of an advertising slogan, like the toasting of one cigarette or the mildness of another. The depression in this book dates; it is the depression of a boom era; when days were less troubled, the troubles of lovers' nights may have seemed a more central theme of melancholy than they do now. As for the permanence and poignancy of her theme that love is both acute and transient, Sappho said it more briefly in a fragment that is really a whole poem:

I loved you, Athos, once
Long ago.

If Dorothy Parker's theme is limited to the troubles of a lady with a succession of lovers, no such narrowness of inter-



"The most successful attempt to date to link the history of man to the history of economic theory."—Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*.

MAN'S WORLDLY GOODS

THE STORY OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

By Leo Huberman

Author of *WE, THE PEOPLE*

"We, The People" immediately proved Leo Huberman an able popularizer of history. Now with "Man's Worldly Goods" he consolidates his position as one of today's foremost interpreters of liberal economics. This story of how man has earned his living since feudal times explains history by economic theory, making it easy to see behind the catchwords, "free trade," "rack-renting," "Marxism," and so on, the living mass of human beings whose wants and needs brought about changes in the economic system. Many illustrations.

MAX LERNER, Editor of The NATION, says:

"Mr. Huberman has achieved an authentic miracle. He has traced the development of economic thought in the framework of economic history, and he has done it simply, clearly, and fluidly. His book is a brilliant piece of work and blazes new paths in historical synthesis and the art of exposition. It is at once clear writing and sound scholarship, and a reading of it should serve to orient anyone in the muddle that we call the contemporary world."

\$2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS • NEW YORK

est can be attributed to Leonard Bacon. "Rhyme and Punishment" (the modulation of Gilbert is an unfelicitous title) takes the world for its subject, indeed two worlds, the realm of the great humanistic tradition, which Mr. Bacon obviously knows and loves, and the world of contemporary follies, tyrannies, and pretensions which he obviously hates. Many of these verses are excoriations of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, of the "strange coition" in the head of Marxist-Anglo-Catholics, and the "Shelleys of the New Incompetence." Many others are paeans to beauty remembered, or cries at something lost and gone out of our time, or out of our time's estimation.

Mr. Bacon's volume consists really of conversation pieces of a pleasant, cultivated mind which is "tired of the admired and unadmired" in current winds of doctrine. The indignations and enthusiasms are, many of them, such as many enlightened people share. But it is never precise, edged light verse, or, where lyrical in intent, genuinely lyrical in effect. The verse is such as one might write rather hastily for an occasion, perhaps an academic dinner. Sometimes Mr. Bacon does turn a really neat epigram or a tender, true line. But the author does not seem to be able to make up his mind as to what note he would strike, nor does he strike any with exactness.

If somebody with Dorothy Parker's sharp tools could deal with Mr. Bacon's wider and deeper themes, or if he would sharpen his tools, we should have satiric verse that would constitute commentary at once entertaining and important. But Alexander Pope has not yet been born again.

IRWIN EDMAN

Pushkin in English

THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN. Selected and Edited, with an Introduction, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Random House. \$3.50.

IT IS a joy for the student and teacher of Russian literature to have at last this neat, compact, and quite representative volume. The need of such an edition has been too obvious. The fragmentary translations of Pushkin's poetry failed to give the English reader a clear idea of why Pushkin is considered so superb by his compatriots, from Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoy to Bolshevik poets and generals in our own day. In the Random House one-volume edition we may sample Pushkin's lyrics, narrative poems, folk-tales, dramas, and prose stories. Mr. Yarmolinsky's lucid introduction helps us to understand the personal life of the poet against the background of early nineteenth-century Russia. Thus Pushkin is for the first time properly introduced in English.

The volume includes Pushkin's masterpiece, "Eugene Onegin." It has taken one hundred years and more for this work to be adequately translated into English. Babette Deutsch has performed a remarkable feat in rendering the original meter without losing the conversational directness, fancy, and raciness of the Russian. I know only one other poet capable of such a performance—Max Eastman, whose version of "Message to Siberia" is one of the gems in this collection. "Eugene Onegin" may explain Pushkin's unique place in Russian letters: aside from its tonal beauty, the poem is a novel of manners which has served as a model for the best Russian fiction. The hero is a forerunner of the "superfluous men" of Turgenev and others, the misplaced and restless Russian gentlemen who have no normal outlet under state regimentation and repression. You will find Tatiana, the heroine, a prototype of many Russian women characters,

irresistibly charming in their simplicity, spontaneity, and fearless honesty with themselves. In general, Pushkin's sublimation of the commonplace in that narrative poem struck the dominant note in Russian fiction.

The editor has done well in selecting pieces that help gauge Pushkin's talent as much as his versatility. It may be regretted that he has omitted such sparkling early works as "Ruslan and Ludmila," and such allegedly Byronian long poems as "Gipsies." One might wish for a larger dose of lyrical poems if only for the sake of proportion. Miss Deutsch should not have overlooked such a jewel as "Hymn to the Plague," suggested by the Song in John Wilson's "City of the Plague." But whatever strictures one may voice, the volume is a treat, a meal for the literary gourmand.

With all the joy I feel at the appearance of this book, I have some misgivings about the reaction of the non-Russian reader. In translation, however adequate, Pushkin may too readily bring to mind certain Western models. There will be many a finger pointing at his indebtedness to Shakespeare and Voltaire, to Parry and the Lake poets. Even "Eugene Onegin," as authentically Russian as his fairy tales, may suggest Byron's "Don Juan." The original aroma loses its pungency in a secondary medium. Mr. Yarmolinsky asserts that Pushkin's verse "singularly resists translation, since it is *lacking in imagery* and is *innocent of intellection*, relying for its magic on precision, clarity, and a verbal felicity as palpable as it is difficult to convey." The words I have underlined seem to me unfortunately chosen. There is abundant and profound "intellection" in Pushkin's lines; one must not be deceived by their graceful ease and lack of laboriousness. Frankly, I find it difficult to name a genuine poet who is "lacking in imagery and intellection," and yet has something to say. What is true is that Pushkin's style is as inornate as Doric architecture. He suggests images by the right choice of noun and verb, reducing his adjectives to a minimum. When the translator tries to convey the polysyllabic Russian into monosyllabic English, he is tempted to pad, and is apt to employ clichés. Herein is the danger of Pushkin sounding "ordinary" in English. As an example I may refer to the little masterpiece, *I Loved You Once* (page 68), in which the words "oh, my dear" are not only absent in the original but are offensively hackneyed and out of place.

To a Russian, Pushkin may be as unreasonably precious as a first love. Yet there is good reason for the enthusiastic acceptance of this "gentry poet" by the U. S. S. R.: unlike most of the pre-revolutionary Russian authors Pushkin has sounded a potent affirmation of life, and is therefore nearest to the view of militant optimism now in vogue among the Soviet citizenry.

ALEXANDER KAUN

In Dubious Battle

NOT UNDER FORTY. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

MISS CATHER, explaining her title, says that this book of literary comment "will have little interest for people under forty years of age" because "the world broke in two in 1922 or thereabouts." Reading on, one finds this note stressed again and again, until one feels it has acquired an excessive significance in Miss Cather's mind—as though 1922 stands for one of the Ten Decisive Battles of the World, and people must greet one another, even today, with a peremptory "Friend or enemy?" As a result, the book has a propagandist smell, and one's first job is to discount its overtones—over-

tones of smugness springing from uncertainty, of an odd feeling of guilt, of a deep feeling of regret for the past and a self-righteous loyalty in going to the past's defense. But if Miss Cather is writing, as at heart every good writer must, for her equals and not for her classmates; if she is trying to say what is true and not what is comforting, it is scarcely for her to name her audience in advance.

Of course this book is a confession of what needs no confessing. Every American reviewer who asks for more in a novelist than charm of style and responsiveness to atmosphere has attacked Miss Cather in recent years for running out on the present to hide in the past and for rejecting even such portions of the past as had the poor judgment to be unsavory or ungovernable. That the author of "My Antonia" and "A Lost Lady" should have turned squeamish and at length genteel, that she should have broken with the vibrant tradition in which she achieved so much, is a great misfortune; it is perhaps an even greater one that she should regard her defection as a virtue, and be somewhat holier-than-thou concerning it. Faced with the choice, I think most of us would have preferred having her deal with life as she used to, even if she stopped from time to time to recoil in ladylike fright, to her refusing to deal with life at all. But it is presumably too late; the only noise of battle with which Miss Cather chooses to be concerned is its cadenced echo.

When Miss Cather comes to sum up a lifetime of reading, she reverts to Sarah Orne Jewett and Katharine Mansfield, to a niece of Flaubert's, whom she met at Aix-les-Bains, to the widow of James T. Fields, whom she visited at Manchester-by-the-Sea. To these she adds a curiously intense paper on Mann's "Joseph and His Brothers" and an essay entitled The Novel Demeublé. The pieces on Mansfield and Jewett do not rise from appreciation to criticism, and must be dismissed. The memoir of Flaubert's niece makes delightful reading—one shares in the excitement of casually encountering a remarkable old lady who revivifies a great and brilliant period. The memoir of Mrs. Fields, on the other hand, is just too, too delightful, assuming you care for those great ladies whom certain playwrights are always creating along with mellow, middle-aged art connoisseurs from Vienna.

In The Novel Demeublé Miss Cather, still fighting the Battle of the Books, gets down to saying something. She argues forcefully against the use of so much unimportant baggage in the modern novel: so much cataloguing, so much parading of mere observation, so much displaying of physical sensations for their own sake. What she argues for is the sovereign play of the emotions, the restitution of the valuable and lasting elements in the human drama. She is perfectly right of course; literature always needs to be decoded from a passing jargon into a universal language; consequently it needs what Miss Cather implies it lacks—a sound sense of tradition and cultural integration. But need she sniff and purse her lips though the fate of literature lay with her alone? And dare she think that all we mean by tradition is more important than all we mean by experience? She meanwhile has become a little too fond of high-sounding, evocative words; a little too prone to imbue her work with the sense of good breeding. Much the same thing has happened to her in her way as has happened to T. S. Eliot in his. Each has mistaken a hothouse for a garden; each has forfeited much power, much understanding, in exchange for the consolations of a measured, formal attitude toward life. The critic may lack the right to question such decisions, but he cannot help commenting on what harm they have done, artistically, to those who made them.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

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France in the Far East

FRENCH POLICY AND DEVELOPMENTS IN INDO-CHINA. By Thomas E. Ennis. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

MR. ENNIS has turned on the light in a dim alley of history and a far-off corner of the world. Indo-China has not become a tourists' treat like Java and Bali, or a recognized figure in world affairs like China and Japan, or an explorers' stamping-ground like Tibet or Mongolia. This French colony that was once five independent kingdoms is one of the least-known countries of the Far East. Few are aware that it has an exciting history of its own, a civilization as old as the Chinese, and a present unrest that is causing its French masters as many headaches as India is causing England. Mr. Ennis has done an expert job in reconstructing the story of French penetration and conquest, as brazen a piece of imperialism as the modern world has witnessed.

Expert also is his study of French colonial administration beset by the clashes of race, culture, and customs that are the result of the effort to superimpose a European individualistic social structure on an Eastern collectivist structure. As opposed to the British and Dutch colonial policy of indirect rule, or rule by "association," the French have tried direct rule, or rule by "assimilation." That is, instead of allowing local native rule to continue under central direction by the French, they have attempted to make a clean sweep of both native laws and native officials, substituting French administrators down to the smallest village magistrate. Havoc has been the result, as well as a mutual antagonism produced by the inevitable misunderstanding of Occidental and Ori-

ental. Nationalism and agitation for independence have followed as in India. In the hope of preventing these movements from growing into a real threat, the French, eminently realistic as always, have been substituting by degrees indirect for direct rule, putting the natives back into official positions and abandoning the Code Napoléon where it was obviously irreconcilable with Indo-Chinese custom. But Mr. Ennis sees this as a vain stop-gap. Any acceptance of the principles of "association" means, he believes, the granting of concessions until independence can no longer be forestalled, whether the Colonial Ministry in Paris likes it or not.

Beneath the author's cold facts runs a passionate undertone of sympathy for the independence movement. In 1924-27 when the Chinese Nationalists were organizing the sentiment which ultimately burst into civil war, Mr. Ennis was managing the Nationalist (Chinese-American) News Agency in Peking. His contacts with Korean and Indo-Chinese nationalists undoubtedly aroused his interest in the Asiatic fight against foreign domination and prompted the present book.

Discussion of his belief that European colonies in Asia will ultimately win their freedom would be fruitless, for "ultimately" is a word without horizon. As far as Indo-China is concerned, it may be that the Front Populaire government of France, once it feels more firmly established on domestic ground, will turn its attention to genuine reforms in the colonies which will hold off agitation for independence for some time.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

A Literary Autobiographer

SWINNERTON: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.75.

THE chief impression derived from reading Mr. Swinnerton's account of his first fifty years is that he is a very kind, tolerant man. This is in spite of the fact that several times he takes the trouble to describe himself as cruel, cold, and harsh. But he is only boasting. As adviser to London publishers for many years, he has had to exercise literary judgment. He counts among his friends most of literary London as well as many writers in the United States. And he has a good word to say for every one of them.

Perhaps the most important portraits in his book are full-length verbal drawings of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. When he was a young man and a comparatively unknown novelist, both of these men became his good friends, and Bennett in particular continued to be so until the latter's death. Bennett has been described by other men as mercenary, boorish, calculating. Swinnerton found him unfailingly kind and generous, both with his money and with his time, ready to help young authors who showed talent. If Bennett counted the number of words he wrote every day, and faithfully totaled his 365,000 every year, it was because he was above all else a writer and a worker; if he was short and blunt of speech, it was because he had always to take account of a stammer; if he seemed to live beyond his means, it was not ostentation but the result of generosity to others. In the same way the incredible week-ends at the Wellses, in which the hours were crowded with games and charades and dancing and exercise, with Wells always refusing to play unless he was sure he would win, are regarded by Mr. Swinnerton with a kindly eye. Shorter portraits are bewilderingly numerous: there are the great editors—Massingham, Clifford Sharp, Spender, A. G. Gardiner; there are writers in plenty—Hugh Walpole, Osbert Sitwell, Compton Mackenzie, Sir Harry

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Johnston, Somerset Maugham, Allan Monkhouse, Edgar Wallace, and many others. If there is an edge to any of these descriptions, it is for Galsworthy. One suspects that in so far as he could dislike anyone, Mr. Swinnerton disliked Galsworthy. But the worst he can say of him is that "for all his humaneness and readiness to pardon faults he was socially conventional." By which Mr. Swinnerton means that he was an unconscionable snob.

Whatever his talents as a writer—and he is amiably modest about them—there is no question that Mr. Swinnerton has a great talent for friendship. And whether it was because of his own happy gifts or partly as a result of his professional position, he moved freely and acceptably among the greatest conversationalists and wits of his day. Of George Doran's last London dinner party he says: "It proved a truly farewell party—consisting of Max Beerbohm, Arnold Bennett, C. B. Cochran, John Drinkwater, Philip Gibbs, A. P. Herbert, Somerset Maugham, and H. G. Wells, which was the most amusing party I ever attended." One may easily imagine that it was; and the fact that Swinnerton was included tells a great deal about Swinnerton.

Mr. Swinnerton writes of famous men and women pointedly and with a lively, engaging style. If he refuses to join in the modern literary sport of debunking the great, it probably does not matter. He liked them; they quite evidently liked him. He is willing to leave criticism to others.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

FILMS

"Winterset" and Others

"WINTERSET" (RKO-Radio) has been praised as better than the play from which it was taken. It can be praised, but not as something better than Maxwell Anderson; for it bears only the most superficial resemblance to the tragedy which won prizes last year. There is of course the "happy" ending, but that is not the point. The escape of Mio and Miriamne from Trock's bullets as they go to inform the police about the Romagna case is merely incidental to a larger change, and is in fact an appropriate ending to a story which has never concerned itself with anything except "the truth" about the case—the identity, namely, of the murderers. For Mr. Anderson the truth included a great deal more; as much, indeed, as the meaning of justice in a world of accidents and court trials. Mr. Anderson may not have got to the bottom of this question, and he may not have written a first-rate tragedy; but any comparison of the film with the play is misleading if it ignores the omission of metaphysics from the former. Mr. Anderson's central figures are clearly Mio and the judge, and the deepest question he asks is whether any demonstrable good can now be done, either to these two or to society as a whole, by revealing the truth about Trock. Can the damage which has been done be undone? And will not some new damage ensue among a people which until now has trusted its judges? The question is not answered neatly; it is not that kind of question, nor is Mr. Anderson that kind of playwright. Rather it is allowed to spread its meaning through the play as the mind spreads through the body, giving it character no less than movement.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ROYALTY

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

The editors tell me this is "unprintable." Nothing indecent; just that a writer may not "kid" the Royal Family. If you want a merry laugh, send 25 cents for one copy, or \$1.00 for six.

Upton Sinclair, Station A, Pasadena, California

The film keeps to the detective level, beginning as "The Prisoner of Shark Island" did with a sequence proving that a certain man had nothing to do with the crime for which he will be punished. Thus we are never in doubt concerning the man's innocence, so that our entire attention is fixed upon a series of events which will, we hope, demonstrate it to others. Such a hope can be very urgent, and the interest of "Winterset" on the screen is by no means to be denied in view of all that has been done by the camera to make the setting physically impressive and to convince us with close-ups that Mio is a marked young man. But it is a different interest from that aroused by the play; not necessarily shallower, but certainly simpler. A film can be complex in its own terms. No film made from a play, however, seems able to achieve the virtue; doubtless for the reason that it is talking in other terms.

"Rembrandt" (United Artists) was a great disappointment to me. Or rather it wasn't, since I have long been convinced that stories cannot be made out of the lives of artists. The characteristic activity of an artist is invisible; it is the activity of his mind, and as such is undramatic. He may be in love, but then he becomes a lover like any man—though the attempt is usually made to deprive him of his manhood by dressing him up as poets and musicians are fabled to dress. Charles Laughton and his director in the present case, Alexander Korda, avoid the vulgar error of showing us Rembrandt in front of an easel; but the ingenuity with which they have kept him behind it is at best a negative stroke, and out of the man's life they have presented us with nothing more than a few isolated tableaux, counting on our interest in Rembrandt to pull the film together. Our interest in Rembrandt, however, can do no such thing; for it is an interest in the painter whom nobody ever saw, even in the seventeenth century, and even Mr. Laughton cannot bring that man to life. The result is a film which comes as near as any film can come to standing perfectly still.

"Once in a Blue Moon," written by Hecht and MacArthur and directed by them for Paramount, should be seen wherever possible within the next few weeks, since it is something of a fugitive from the limelight, having proved in certain mechanical ways a failure. Its clown, Jimmy Savo, is nevertheless a diminutive genius at pantomime, and the whole venture into frolic is really and touchingly free.

MARK VAN DOREN

Holiday Recommendations

PLAYS

D'Oyley Carte Opera Company. Martin Beck Theater. Excellent company in Gilbert and Sullivan repertory.

Idiot's Delight. Shubert Theater. The Lunts in a play by Robert Sherwood. Probably won't abolish war but is exciting and funny.

Johnny Johnson. Forty-fourth Street Theater. Kurt Weil's exciting musical setting for Paul Green's play about a soldier so normal they thought he was insane. "Serious" but also entertaining.

On Your Toes. Majestic Theater. A revue held over from last season but still funny. With Ray Bolger, Luella Gear, and Tamara Geva.

Prelude to Exile. Guild Theater. How Wagner turned a little love into great music. Some singing and piano-playing prove he really did do it.

Red, Hot, and Blue. Alvin Theater. Cole Porter writes another musical for Ethel Merman on a text by Russel Crouse. Of course it's not so good as "Anything Goes," but it's good nevertheless.

Stage Door. Music Box Theater. George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber provide some good gags in a play about young girls in a theatrical boarding-house.

The Country Wife. Henry Miller Theater. Ruth Gordon being irresistibly funny in Wycherley's very bawdy play.

Tonight at Eight-Thirty. National Theater. Repertory of short plays written by Noel Coward and acted by him with Gertrude Lawrence. The funny ones are very funny in Mr. Coward's own manner.

Tovarich. Plymouth Theater. An international success about two exiled Russian nobles in Paris. Superbly done and amusing if you don't mind the thick sentiment.

Boy Meets Girl. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Victoria Regina. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scene from Laurence Housman's drama, stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

As You Like It. Twentieth Century-Fox. Engaging, and good Shakespeare as far as it goes. Elisabeth Bergner is Rosalind; Leon Quartermaine is Jaques.

Come and Get It. United Artists. The logging scenes—hypothetically in Wisconsin—redeem an otherwise coarse-grained drama derived from Edna Ferber's novel.

The Devil Is a Sissy. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. First-rate child acting by Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney, and Jackie Cooper; particularly by Mickie Rooney. Brilliant directing by Van Dyke.

Dodsworth. United Artists. Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in a convincing translation of the play.

La Kermesse Héroïque. Filmarte. Generally considered the best film of the fall. An exquisite piece of comic art.

Les Misérables. Cinéma de Paris. Harry Baur is Jean Valjean, and as always is overwhelmingly credible.

Libeled Lady. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There should be at least one William Powell picture on the list, and this is it. A very laughing matter.

Nine Days a Queen. Gaumont-British. An excellent if rather sober historical film about Lady Jane Grey.

The President's Mystery. Republic Pictures. Interesting as being an American propaganda film. The doctrine is co-operation, and the art is good.

Romeo and Juliet. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Continues to hold the screen, partly because it is good Shakespeare and partly because of Norma Shearer's very appealing Juliet.

Winterset. RKO-Radio. A simplified and less philosophical version of the play, but powerful in its own right.

Son of Mongolia. Amkino. The best Russian film in a year; achieves the note of folk comedy against a contemporary Mongolian background.

The Yellow Cruise. Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse. One of the best travel films to date. Follows the Citroën expedition from Beirut to Peking.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

Mr. Carney and the Times

[This letter was addressed to the New York Times, which informs us that it has already published several letters objecting to Mr. Carney's Spanish dispatches and plans to publish no more. Mr. Manuel's letter did not appear.]

Dear Sir: William P. Carney in Paris can disseminate propaganda against the legally constituted government of Madrid with more freedom than was allowed by the censors of the republic.

Carney was a representative of the New York Times in Madrid for many months prior to the outbreak of the rebellion, and the republic had occasion to watch his methods of reporting. One of the wireless dispatches from Spain, which you printed on the front page of the issue of June 17, announced that thirty-six churches had been burned within forty-eight hours. When this issue of your newspaper was received in Madrid about a week later, newspapermen in the offices of the United Press were astonished to read of incidents which had not come to their attention. The files of the two days mentioned were examined but no references to these church burnings were found.

The dispatch seemed to have been inspired by a speech of the reactionary leader, Gil Robles, who was then orating in the Cortes about all the incidents which had occurred since the People's Front Republican government had come into power, not about the events of the previous two days. Naturally, Spaniards were outraged by such an attempt to defame their country and to impose upon Americans the impression that their regime was one of chaos.

What may be pardoned in times of peace cannot by any standards be allowed during the fever heat of a civil war. The long dispatch which Carney sent from Paris on December 6 depicts the anarchy and communism prevailing in Madrid; it intimates that the city is ready for the pacifying arm of General Franco. The reader's attention is drawn away from the massacre of workers in Badajoz, the fifth column of fascists in Madrid over whom the government must keep an ever-watchful eye, and the ravages of the Moors. Instead, the account abounds in details concerning the unhappy lot of a reporter in a country

torn by civil strife. I naturally have no knowledge of the intimate facts reported by Carney, but it has been possible to check on one vital section of his uncensored report, the cinematographic account of the murder of Admiral Salas.

The vice admiral, according to Mr. Carney, was taken into a prison courtyard by an irresponsible militiaman and shot in a haphazard manner. There is no intimation of any regular court procedure. The affair which he thus reveals with all the manner of a diligent spy who has made a discovery in reality had nothing clandestine about it. Newspapers from Madrid have been coming through regularly until a few weeks ago, and the issue of *Claridad* for November 6 carried a full-page account of the trial of Salas. This man held the responsible post of chief of staff in the Ministry of Marine. He absented himself from his office during July 18, 19, and 20, the crucial days when the rebellion of the army officers was first spreading from Morocco to the peninsula, when fascist military men in Madrid and Barcelona were attempting to capture these cities by a putsch. Had he been loyal to the republic during these trying days, he would have remained at his post, in communication with naval officers in Mediterranean waters, prepared with all the forces at his disposal to impede the transport of Moors across the Straits of Gibraltar. His behavior was enough to lay bare his treason; inactivity alone, at that moment, was equivalent to collusion with the enemy. But there was more positive evidence. At the trial sailors reported incriminating conversations between Salas and Franco in the Canary Islands during a cruise. Minor officials in the ministry testified to the long period of time which elapsed early on July 18 between the receipt of a personal telephonic message to Salas from Franco and its transmission to the Minister of Marine.

Evidence was carefully weighed and Salas was condemned to death under Article 128, paragraph 2, of the Penal Code of Marine and War. He was judged not by a group of Communists and Anarcho-Syndicalists but by the members of a tribunal who had long served in the judiciary and were fulfilling their normal functions.

Occasional errors in reporting may

be committed by newspapermen; they should be pardoned. But the reports of the *Times* correspondent are outright falsifications which cannot be condoned.

FRANK EDWARD MANUEL

Boston, Mass., December 7

Señor Unamuno Loses His Job

Dear Sirs: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has released to the press a letter from Miguel de Unamuno in which the noted philosopher, who has been rector of the University of Salamanca for many years, upholds the fascist rebellion in Spain. The letter was written in Latin and has been sent to universities throughout the world. Although he does not mention the Madrid government by name, Señor Unamuno ascribes to it all the acts of vandalism and destruction which have taken place in Spain since the civil war began. He does not mention, either, the brutal bombardment of Spain's capital city and its civil population by that army of Spanish generals and African Moors which he pictures as defending "Western and Christian civilization" against "an Eastern fantastic scheme."

Perhaps the merciless destruction of Madrid had not set in when Señor Unamuno declared himself to be on the side of the angels. And obviously President Butler, in releasing the report, was not aware of the latest event in the life of Señor Unamuno. This event postdates the Latin letter—which can best be described by that familiar Latin gerundive, propaganda.

President Butler knew, of course, that at the time the letter was written Señor Unamuno was no longer legally rector of Salamanca, the Madrid government having removed him from his post when he declared his allegiance to the fascists many weeks ago. But Dr. Butler apparently did not know, when he released the letter, that Señor Unamuno is no longer rector even under fascist auspices. The story was told recently in the *Claridad* of Madrid. On Columbus Day, known as "the day of the race," an elaborate celebration was held at the university, which was already more than two and a half centuries old when America was discovered. General Franco and his staff were honored guests at the ceremony, in which the distinguished rector,

of course, took part. There were also present high officials of the church and many priests and soldiers.

Among others, General Millan Astray, a veteran of the Moroccan wars, was called upon to speak, though, like others, his name has been besmirched by parliamentary investigations of graft and corruption. General Astray, unlike most Spanish generals, has always been a fighting man. In Morocco he lost an eye and an arm in the service of his country. He has presumably been serving Franco with the same devotion. Who had a better right to speak in honor of the Spanish race at Salamanca?

He spoke. And the theme of this defender of Western culture ran as follows: The Basques and the Catalonians are the Jews of Spain. They must be exterminated to the last man, woman, and child.

The words of General Astray falling athwart the history of the University of Salamanca match the bombs of Hitler and Mussolini now raining in Madrid. At Salamanca, which was noted in the Middle Ages for its code of civil law, Columbus lectured on his discoveries in the New World, and the Copernican system was taught long before it had been generally accepted. Salamanca's name is venerated wherever learning is respected.

The fate of the German universities is indication enough for the ordinary man of what a fascist government might accomplish at Salamanca. But Señor Unamuno, being a noted philosopher and having faith in established institutions like the army and the church, was not impressed. It took the crude words of a Spanish general to make him feel the damp penetrating chill of impending fascism. When the General had finished, the Rector rose and briefly spoke. If the General's plan were carried out, he said, if the Basques and the Catalonians were

exterminated, then Spain, like the General, would be mutilated.

It is reported that General Franco and his staff left the scene in high anger and that the meeting broke up. According to the *Claridad*, on the following day Miguel de Unamuno was again removed from his post as rector of the University of Salamanca.

I await Señor Unamuno's next communication.

CARLETON BEALS

Brockett's Point, Conn., December 10

Christmas Gifts Wanted

Dear Sirs: Every year the Prisoners' Relief Fund of the International Labor Defense conducts a special Christmas campaign to provide holiday cheer to the labor and political prisoners and to their families. We know that *Nation* readers are aware of the plight of labor's prisoners and of their families deprived of their breadwinner. There are now eighty prisoners serving terms of a year or more, in addition to hundreds serving shorter terms in the prisons of this country.

Through pledges and donations from individuals and organizations, we provide help for these prisoners every month during the year. To express the practical sympathy and solidarity of those "on the outside" we urge you to give generously during the holiday season toward our \$20,000 campaign.

Funds, good warm clothing, and toys for the children should be sent to the Christmas Relief Fund, International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street.

ROSE BARON

ANNA ROCHESTER

ROBERT W. DUNN

New York, December 1

Dear Sirs: Four Harlan, Kentucky, miners are still serving life terms for the death of a mine guard killed at Evarts

in 1931. William Hightower, Elzie Phillips, and William Hudson, convicted on the same charge, have been released.

Forty of the forty-seven living jurors who served in the various trials have signed petitions urging Governor Chandler to pardon the four remaining lifetermers. Judges Kaufman and Hurst, who presided at the trials of Chester Poore, Jim Reynolds, and Al Benson, have written to the Governor saying they have no objections to pardons for these men. Former Judge Prewitt, who sentenced W. B. Jones, while declining to write a letter, said he would not object if a pardon were granted to Jones.

Today, after months of effort and travel through many parts of Kentucky, we have strong reason to believe that the four prisoners can be liberated before Christmas if an intensive campaign is carried on within the state, supplemented by widespread publicity outside. Further important investigation must be completed quickly to obtain additional evidence of the prisoners' entire innocence of the crime charged, and of their ruthless frame-up by agents of the coal interests. And we must organize speedily delegations of influential individuals who will press the Governor for action on these cases before December 25.

For these purposes we need funds at once. Will you help make this Christmas a happy one for the four prisoners and their families by sending a contribution to the Joint Committee to Aid the Kentucky Miners' Defense, 75 Fifth Avenue?

HERBERT MAHLER, Secretary
New York, December 3

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The Shape of Things

*

IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. MAYBE there *is* a new Supreme Court in the national capital. The latest decision—upholding the constitutionality of the 1934 American arms embargo in the Chaco dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay—is not only a blow at the munitions profiteers and an aid and comfort to existing and future neutrality legislation. It is also a vindication of the traditional view that has obtained both in legislative tradition and constitutional law, of the scope of the Congressional right to delegate its power to the executive. Justice Sutherland, in writing the opinion of the court, has been careful to limit the very reasonable interpretation of delegation of powers to the field of foreign affairs. There, presumably, the President has access to a range of information denied to Congress to a degree that does not obtain in internal policy. There also lack of freedom of action would prove embarrassing to the government. But a similar generous attitude projected into internal affairs may well validate the sort of delegation involved in the Truth in Securities Act. Perhaps we are growing over-optimistic. But it does seem good to have at least the constitutional cloud removed from the grant of discretionary power to the President in neutrality legislation—a grant which we consider superior to the mandatory legislation. And it seems good also to have the court continuing in its new chastened mood. The earlier decisions this term were either based on technical points or limited to state powers. This decision is on a clear issue of constitutionality, and although it does not involve a New Deal case it involves vast economic interests. And it is good to have the decision seven to one. Justice McReynolds's dissent adds just the touch of reality to make us feel that it is not all a wish-fulfilment dream.

*

SPAIN'S "LITTLE WORLD WAR" HAS REACHED a point where it is becoming increasingly difficult to limit operations within its boundaries. The first few thousand German troops—"Aryan Moors" as they are called in Madrid—proved as ineffective as their African predecessors, and more are reported on the way. In addition, several thousand Irish fascists led by General O'Duffy have reached Spanish shores. While the number of Italians has mysteriously diminished in recent weeks, Italian pilots are still to be found in Franco's ranks. But the most serious complication has arisen out of the sinking by a rebel cruiser of a Soviet freighter bound for Belgium with a cargo of

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manganese ore. According to international law, a non-belligerent which attacks another vessel on the high seas ranks as a pirate and may be sunk on sight. Yet if the Soviet sought to enforce the law to this extent, Germany might precipitate a war by rushing to the support of the rebels. The only hopeful element in the situation is the fact that England appears to have thrown its influence definitely on the side of the anti-fascist forces. Captain Anthony Eden's warning to Von Ribbentrop against the dispatch of further German troops may be taken as an indication of an important shift in policy. British influence is said to account also for the sudden chilling in Mussolini's enthusiasm for the rebel cause. Since every day that Madrid holds out makes it more difficult for Germany to aid Franco secretly, the next few weeks may provide a test of Germany's willingness to precipitate an open conflict.

*

TO GO HUNGRY IN WAR TIME MAY IMPLY courage and patriotism, even strength. To go hungry in time of peace is merely depressing—a source of irritation and disaffection, a cause of fear. This is the dilemma that Germany's rulers face at this moment: war still in the offing; hunger right now; and only slogans to bridge the gap. ("Cannon before butter" is one of the favorites.) Germany faces a general economic crisis of which the food shortage is merely the most important symptom, and no solution has been produced even by prestidigitator Schacht except that contained in his repeated demand for colonies. But colonies, if they were granted tomorrow, would not feed Germans this winter. So the leaders of the Third Reich have undertaken the unhappy task of issuing food cards, exhorting the people to endure their hardships patiently, offering as substitutes for butter and lard a submarine fleet twice as strong as that of 1914, and even depicting hopefully the "bread lines in America" and the needy in London's East End. Meanwhile Hitler and Göring have warned the industrialists that they must maintain armament production even though the food shortage, with resulting increases in food imports, will decrease the supply of needed raw materials. These are the tactics of desperation. The fallacy of autarchy has caught up with the Third Reich. It is possible that outside financial aid may be offered to postpone collapse or war. But Britain is said to have refused help unless the vast rearmament program is checked, and Germany to have replied that a suspension of the program would bring immediate disaster. So the dilemma remains.

*

BEHIND A VEIL OF LEGISLATIVE REGULARITY so thin that the gleam of bayonets shows through, Colonel Fulgencio Batista, Cuba's military dictator, has moved to force out of office President Miguel Mariano Gomez, who was installed with democratic ceremony last May following the first elections to be held since the fall of Machado in 1933. The issue which brought about the crisis, like the other points on which the President and the Colonel have differed in the past few months, is clearly that of

civil versus military rule in the island. The crime of Gomez consists in his having opposed a law inspired by Batista which puts a tax of nine cents a bag on raw sugar for the purpose of establishing 2,300 rural schools staffed by the army. Seven hundred such schools have already been put in operation. Gomez calls it fascism; Batista calls it a measure to benefit "the poorest classes in the island." At the same time Batista has won the support of the mill-owners in the usual fascist way. "The National Sugar Mill Owners," reads a laconic dispatch, "which first opposed the sugar-tax bill, reversed its stand because army leaders told them plainly that troops protecting their mill property from strike damages would be withdrawn forthwith. They came to the conclusion that nine cents a bag was cheap insurance." Batista has learned well the language as well as the methods of the modern demagogue. "The armed forces," he declaims, "created by a revolution of the people are always behind the legislative power. . . ." They are so close behind the legislative power, in fact, that a majority of legislators have voted the impeachment of President Gomez for exercising his right to veto what he considers a vicious law.

*

THAT THE NEW HOLY WAR OF THE CATHOLIC church upon communism is no mere caprice on the part of *Nation* editors—as several of our correspondents have implied—is indicated by an Associated Press dispatch from Vatican City. "Thousands of speeches, lectures, and debates are given daily in all parts of the world," so the dispatch runs, "by Catholic priests and laymen . . . illustrating the dangers and ambushes of the Communist program and propaganda." Moreover, the Holy Father himself is described as the director of the worldwide fight against communism. Plans for a "special universal organization" composed of Catholics and Protestants to fight the Communist "menace" are under way. Liberals all over the world must recognize this fight for what it is—a campaign against democracy. For in the present world the anti-Communist fight is a pro-fascist one.

*

"A GENERAL WAVE OF SYMPATHY IS PASSING from one plant to another when labor trouble develops." Thus *Ward's Reports*, a coldly statistical news service of the automotive industry, takes account of the C. I. O.'s industrial-union drive, which since the election has been speeded up in every field. The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee has just celebrated its conquest of the company union at a meeting in Pittsburgh where "employee representatives" of forty-two plants strung from Cleveland to the Atlantic Coast bit the hand of the steel companies that have been feeding them. They formed the "C. I. O. Representatives' Council," proposed a national convention of all steel workers, and demanded \$5 minimum pay for labor. The automobile industry faces serious stoppages as a result of strikes in various auxiliary plants, and John L. Lewis has announced a forthcoming test of union strength against General Motors. He charged the corporation with discrimination against union men, and

the La Follette committee has received similar charges which it plans to investigate. One of the tightest tie-ups in honor of recovery and the C. I. O. now obtains in the glass industry, thanks to the Flat Glass Workers, affiliated with the C. I. O. and one of the most interesting labor groups in the country. Its president, Glen McCabe, was formerly an official of a glass workers' union whose members were so skilled and so few that it approximated a guild. Now Mr. McCabe, in spite of his long craft-union past, has become the militant leader of an industrial union whose strike has closed down 90 per cent of the country's production of flat and safety glass. Meanwhile John L. Lewis faces a possible strike in his own industry. The owners are proposing to increase hours, and we may be sure that one of their objectives is to administer a defeat to the man who is directing the present union offensive.

★

GOVERNOR EARLE OF PENNSYLVANIA HAS embarked on a tour of the bootleg coal areas of his state. Five years ago the coal companies, seeing their market halved by the depression and the use of other fuels, and unable to produce coal at a profit for the prices they could get, started closing many of their collieries. Thousands of workers were thus thrown on their own—non-existent—resources. Widespread bootleg mining was the result. Firmly organized into a sort of union called the Independent Anthracite Miners' Association, the bootleggers have become a power in their communities. Local politicians compete for their support, business is grateful to them, the local press upholds them, and when the coal owners try to have them arrested, local juries refuse to indict or convict them. Time and again Governor Earle has refused the demand of the companies that he call out the state militia to clear the bootleggers off their property. But seeing the 1940 Presidential nomination out of the corner of one eye, he cannot continue to wink with the other at an admittedly illegal situation, no matter how justified. The bootlegging is clearly the result of price chaos in an industry that cries aloud for regulation. Though the Guffey Coal Act is still fresh in its grave, Earle has said that nationalization, which he defines as "federal regulation and control," may be the only solution. We agree on the ultimate need for nationalization, but—unlike Governor Earle—we should prefer to call a spade a spade.

★

"HERE, WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND read the pictures," says the manager of the dumb wrestler in "Swing Your Lady" as he thrusts a tabloid into the illiterate's hand. That pretty well sums up what has long been the general opinion concerning the function of photographic journalism. But the recent appearance of such periodicals as the new *Mid-Week Pictorial* and *Life*, as well as the popularity of the various photographic annuals that have been offered for the Christmas season, shows that the pictorial technique is no longer limited to the tabloid audience but is reaching the sophisticated as well. It makes us wonder if the phenomenon may not

have consequences more important than has been imagined. There has, for example, just reached our desk a copy of the "Leica Annual" which contains, among other things, a now famous picture of Herbert Hoover sunk in an ignoble doze during an academic ceremony at the University of California. It reminds us of another we have seen of F. D. R. eating a hot dog, and it suggests the firm conviction that a past documented in this fashion can never become heroic in the sense that the past now is. Willy-nilly we see Washington crossing the Delaware in terms of the famous Lutz canvas. Had a candid camera been on the spot we should think very differently of the event. And today a candid camera always is on the spot. In a sense the limits of the "romantic past" have been fixed by the popularization of photography. Nothing which happened after the year 1925 can ever be truly "glamorous."

★

THE *BLACK CORPS*, EDITORIAL ORGAN OF THE Hitler Special Guard, has come out for nudism so long as it is Nordic, Nazi, and national, as opposed to the international, Social Democratic, and Communistic brands which formerly prevailed. This left nudism, which is denounced by the *Black Corps* because it functioned through "secret leagues," was wiped out in 1933 as a cultural aberration and a threat to public order. The new nudism will not be an underground movement; and the article in the *Black Corps* indicates that its main purpose is to make possible "a racial choice in the interests of races in the future." Moreover, it is not to be confined to city slickers as in former days but is to be recommended to the peasantry, "to prevent their suffering from a wholly one-sided physical development." The advantages of a nationwide nudist movement for the Third Reich are obvious. It would save work for the Gestapo, since it would cut down the search in search and seizure; it would mean a saving in the material used for clothes; and it would prepare the people for the glorious day when their diet will consist of one look at a new submarine and a crust of ersatz. Psychologically, however, it might have disastrous effects. What will happen when the average German, come to the public square to make his "racial choice" from among the candidates assembled there in Nordic nakedness, notices the unhappy effects of a lack of butter in the national diet?

★

DOROTHY VAN DOREN'S RESIGNATION LEAVES *The Nation* poorer in many ways. Her long association with the journal, continuing with brief intermissions from the first year after Mr. Villard sold the *Evening Post* and established *The Nation* as an independent weekly, gave her work a degree of perspective and sophistication that only long experience can supply. In addition she was versatile, with the trained journalist's capacity to accomplish smoothly and expeditiously the whole range of editorial tasks. Her abilities will be missed. Happily, in the intervals of her independent work, she will continue to contribute to *The Nation*—chiefly to the book pages.

Tempest in Wisconsin

WE PRINT elsewhere in the issue a report by Paul W. Ward and an article by Oswald Garrison Villard on the tempest which the Glenn Frank case has raised in Wisconsin. American university life may not always contribute much to building a great culture, but it always makes excellent politics. Mr. Ward points out conclusively that no question of academic freedom is involved on either side. But charges of politics fly thick as hailstones. Since President Frank is a Republican and Governor La Follette a Progressive, the issue is seen as reaching beyond the Madison campus or the state-house. In fact, there is even a suggestion, since the two men concerned have been mentioned for the next national election campaign, that what is happening in Madison may be but a dress rehearsal for a struggle of Titans in 1940. It is this aspect, perhaps, rather than any deep concern for educational policy that has brought the Newspaper Publishers' Association to Mr. Frank's defense.

The broad general question the episode raises, however, is the relation of politics to education. First of all, we must remember that in the nature of the situation there can be no complete divorce between the two. Whether for good or ill, we must accept the fact that state universities have by their very set-up a political responsibility and are likely therefore to have a measure of political responsiveness. We may not like this, and we may, and should, strive to minimize it. But the fact remains. This responsibility should never touch the faculty or the student body; as soon as we begin to coerce them into expounding or holding particular political views, we have taken a step toward a totalitarian society. But just as in an endowed university the *administration* is subject to the control of the trustees, who in the main—let us not forget it—are responsive to the weight of opinion in the financial community, so the *administration* of the state university is subject to the people's representatives in the state government. This means legislature, governor, regents. It would be less than fair to the whole state to take the control of university administration out of the hands of the regents, and since the regents are appointed by the governor, this means that the governor has a definite place in the set-up.

Whether Governor La Follette has abused that place is not entirely clear. If he has he should be criticized severely, but the weight of the evidence does not seem against him. His legitimate function was to appoint the regents. To accuse him of "packing" the board is as idle as to accuse Mr. Roosevelt, in his next appointment to fill a Supreme Court vacancy, of "packing" the court. But, once appointed, state regents, like Supreme Court justices, are best left to their own devices—although neither should be immune from public criticism. The function of the regents is clear enough. They must appoint, reappoint, or fail to reappoint presidents in the light of the best educational standards and their duty to the state and the people.

This brings us squarely up against the principal—in fact, the only real—issue in dispute. How fit is Glenn Frank

to continue as president of the university? This, we submit, is a question for the regents to settle. They may settle it well or ill, but the job is theirs. A wrong solution may imply misjudgment, but it involves no martyrdom. We are glad the regents will hold an open hearing, if only because it will cut under the charge that they are embarked on a conspiracy. But essentially this will weaken their position. The very nature of a hearing is such that the more tangible—and therefore the more trivial-sounding—complaints are pushed forward. But the real grounds for firing Glenn Frank can no more be threshed out in open hearing than could the grounds for hiring him—or the grounds for breaking up a marriage. This is a divorce case, and we all know that divorce cases as they are fought out in open court never do justice to the final operative cause: the parties just don't love each other.

That's it. Wisconsin just doesn't love Glenn Frank, and it is even doubtful whether Glenn Frank loves Wisconsin. He has lost the confidence of a majority of the regents. The legislators can't stand him. The younger men on the faculty feel that he gives them no chance for advancement or real effectiveness. The community—and in a Western state the community *is* the college—thinks him uppish. There is a widespread mistrust of his judgment. Add to all that the paradox of a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination as the university head in the most progressive state in the Union, and you complete a picture of discord. If the regents wish at this date to correct an original error, that is their privilege.

Behind the Scenes in China

IN THE week which has passed since the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek it has become evident that Chang Hsueh-liang miscalculated if he thought he would immediately capture the leadership of the national anti-Japanese movement. Only one general, and he a former subordinate of Chang's, has openly rebelled against Nanking. Even those who approved most heartily of the Young Marshal's pronouncements have been alienated by his methods. For though Chang's tactics have been identical with those employed on several occasions by Chiang Kai-shek, they have not served to inspire confidence in him as a national leader.

The Young Marshal's position has been made even weaker by rumors of international intrigue which have received wide credence as explanations of the incident. The Japanese have insisted that the kidnapping was planned by the Chinese Communists at the instigation of Moscow. The Soviets, on the other hand, have insisted that Japan was responsible for Chang Hsueh-liang's coup. Both offer fairly convincing evidence in support of their contention. The rank and file of the Young Marshal's army have undoubtedly been in close contact with the Chinese Soviet forces, and have been influenced by their anti-

Japanese activities. Yet there is plausibility in Moscow's contention that Japan has the most to gain from the disintegration of the Nanking government. Moreover, as Mr. Stewart points out on another page, certain of Chang Hsueh-liang's subordinates are known to be affiliated with Wang Ching-wei, who was forced to relinquish the premiership because of his open Japanese sympathies.

Both interpretations ignore the very great possibility that Chang Hsueh-liang may have invented the coup himself. This is not the first time that the Young Marshal has resorted to intrigue and gangster tactics to achieve personal ends. The anti-Japanese and pro-Communist items in his demands on Nanking are significant chiefly as a concession to public opinion. During the past few months the All-China National Liberation Association has made startling progress in its campaign for a united front against Japan. There is no evidence that Chang Hsueh-liang was in any way connected with this movement. But it is reasonable to suppose that he hoped to win its support by seizing the man who was most inimical to its program.

Every day that Chiang Kai-shek is held in detention increases the possibility that a genuine anti-Japanese bloc may be formed. While none of the left-wing leaders wish to be involved, even indirectly, in the kidnapping and possible assassination of the dictator, several, including Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi, are already urging immediate action against Japan. It is possible that Chiang may win his release on the promise to lead an anti-Japanese war. No one could command more general support. But Tokyo has already warned Nanking against such a compromise, and Chiang's recent decision to intensify the anti-Communist campaign makes that outcome extremely unlikely. China has waited in vain for more than five years for Chiang Kai-shek to lead the resistance against foreign aggression. If his hand is removed from the helm for another few weeks, there is a strong possibility that the country will turn to a new leadership.

The Van Sweringen Empire

NOT since the days of Teapot Dome has the American public been afforded an intimate view of the refinements of high finance such as has been revealed in the recent investigation into the financing of the Van Sweringen railroad system. Beneath the complex structure of holding companies, super-holding companies, dummy corporations, and a myriad of semi-legitimate business interests lay one single purpose: the desire to evade state and federal legislation for the curbing of monopolies. Even with the mass of information which has been revealed, it is difficult to reconstruct the financial structure of the Van Sweringen interests in detail. The Vaness Company was the key to the Van Sweringen empire. It controlled the Alleghany Corporation, which in turn held a controlling interest in seven

railroads operating more than 23,000 miles of track, together with coal mines, office buildings, bus lines, and other enterprises with an aggregate value of approximately three billion dollars.

There are many amazing features of the story, but none more inexplicable than the manner in which the Van Sweringen brothers regained control of their empire after having apparently lost it to the Morgans. Having no money themselves, the Van Sweringens persuaded George A. Ball and George Tomlinson to bid for the possession of the Alleghany stock which the Van Sweringens had forfeited to the Morgan banks. After hastily incorporating as the Mid-America Corporation, Ball and Tomlinson obtained this stock, carrying controlling interest in all the Van Sweringen enterprises, for just \$274,682. Thereupon Ball drew up a contract permitting the Van Sweringens to buy a controlling interest in Mid-America for \$8,250 at any time during the next ten years and to vote the controlling shares in the interim.

The bargain prices which Ball and the Van Sweringens paid for control of the system contrast sharply with the vast sums sunk in the enterprises by the public during the boom period. In 1929 alone \$147,000,000 was invested in bonds, preferred stock, and common stock of the Alleghany Corporation. The corporation charter contained a clause permitting the Van Sweringens to spend or borrow without limit, both of which they proceeded to do without regard for the stockholders. Most of the borrowed money, like the original investment, disappeared during the depression.

But the investing public was not the only victim of these financial manipulations. Officials of the R. F. C. testified before the committee that the Missouri Pacific, a Van Sweringen railroad, had obtained \$17,100,000 from the government under false pretenses. In applying for R. F. C. assistance, the railroad presented a financial statement in which it conveniently forgot to list an obligation of \$20,000,000 to the Terminal Shares, another Van Sweringen enterprise. The Missouri Pacific also carried on its books a substantial deposit with the Guarantee Trust Company which did not exist, and this was shown as an asset in the annual report to the stockholder. Evidence was presented to show that the Interstate Commerce Commission was not notified of the transaction between the Missouri Pacific and the Terminal Shares, despite a ruling that such transactions must be reported, and that the transaction violated the laws of Missouri.

Perhaps we should not be shocked at financial irregularities in high circles. They undoubtedly exist in every phase of our business life. But it is distinctly discouraging that they should be so flagrant in the one field where government control has been developed to the highest degree. Additional legislation might eliminate some of the more serious irregularities but could not obviate them entirely. As long as financial manipulation is profitable, means will be found to evade even the strictest legislation. In an enterprise which is as clearly imbued with the public interest as the railroads, the only solution would seem to be the elimination of private profit.

1936, Farewell

IT IS not hard to say farewell to 1936. It is the custom in leave-taking to speak one's friendliest word, and at the bedside of the dying to cast a final lingering glance. But in these waning days of 1936, as we look back over the now ghostly procession of events, there can be no regret at the year's passing. Every age, of course, has a sense of having passed through a more severe crisis than the previous one, and every year seems to add to a mounting crescendo of doom for the world's culture. But one need not be merely sensitive or humanitarian to feel the terrific impact of the year that is now ending. Even the most hard-boiled political observers bear witness to the stern stuff of which it has been fashioned.

This is the mood in which we make our none too reluctant farewells to 1936. Farewell to a year in which civilization was sustained by the war in Ethiopia, the army coup in Japan, the massacre of Jews in Palestine, and the barbarity of the civil war in Spain; in which international obligations were upheld by the remilitarization of the Rhineland and the rearming of Germany, international honor by the Hoare-Laval treaty, international law by the use of poison gas and the bombing of hospitals in Abyssinia, and by the air raids on women and little children in Madrid, international justice by the abandonment of Ethiopia to the mercies of Mussolini, and international sportsmanship by the farce of the Berlin Olympic games. Farewell to a year of fire-breathing, armament-building, and insult-slinging among statesmen and diplomats—a year in which Sir Basil Zaharoff died but his work went on, a year notable in business annals because airplane stocks soared to a new high and in education because boys and girls were taught to wear gas helmets. Farewell to a year in which the League of Nations sputtered and died, and for it was substituted as the Cerberus of international welfare the armed alliance of Germany, Italy, and Japan. Farewell to a year in which faith was chiefly blind devotion to a *Führer*, hope was the longing eye cast at the rich grain fields of the Ukraine, and Christian charity was the Spanish priest fighting side by side with mercenary Moors, and the Pope's devoted efforts to set up a united front against "communism."

Narrowing our perspective to our own American boundaries we say farewell less grimly but still without much reluctance. Farewell to a year of floods and drought. Farewell to the Black Legion, with its hooded death that sent a tremor of the future through us. Farewell to the Tampa trials, the Arkansas floggings, and Terre Haute's greeting to Browder. Farewell to a year of record army and navy appropriations, plus the pan-American peace jaunt and Mr. Roosevelt's vision of himself putting peace over by chatting casually with the great ones of the earth. Farewell to the bonus melons for past wars and to the Veterans of Future Wars. Farewell to the Black committee telegrams, to the barons of industrial tear gas, to Chowderhead Cohen and the gorillas of the elevator strike. Farewell to the *annus mirabilis* of the Supreme Court—the year when six learned men in

robes, Atlas-like, shouldered the American universe and saved the farmer from benefit payments, the coal industry from a measure of stability, and women laundry workers from having to surrender their liberty of contract to the temptation of a living wage.

Farewell, in a different mood, to a year of convention oratory, clogged radios, and Mr. Hearst's campaign wisdom. Farewell to the peculiar American alliance of bourbons and crackpots. Farewell to the Four Hoarsemen—Lemke and his bicycle cap, Dr. Townsend and his lieutenants washing their old-age pensions in public, Gerald Smith booming away and raising Huey Long from the dead three times a day, Father Coughlin sweating unquietly on the platform at Cleveland. Farewell—lest we forget—to Alf M. Landon and the American Way, to John Hamilton my jo, John, to Mrs. Preston Davie and her Women Volunteers, to the Sunflower Special and its entire cargo. Farewell to Mr. Roosevelt dashing around the country with a new repertory of campaign smiles. Farewell, ruefully, to American labor and American radicals dashing after Mr. Roosevelt to save an election that was in the bag. Farewell—and an extra fond and hopeful farewell—to Mr. Funk and the wizards of the *Literary Digest*. Farewell to an election victory followed by WPA lay-offs, and to a business boom that leaves ten million unemployed. Farewell to Ambassador and Mrs. Davies and their oceans of frozen cream. Farewell, finally, to a year in which the most important American export was love and the most beloved American figure a king of England.

But 1936 is more than just a confused jumble of memories. As one looks back on it, it seems (like most years) a year of minor triumphs and major disasters. But, cutting across triumph and disaster, it has been a year in which the human spirit itself has been tested. The heroism shown at the trials of the Austrian Socialists, the agony of the German concentration camps summed up in the broken body and the unbroken spirit of Ossietzky, the unheroic but no less real daily crucifixion of the spirit outside the concentration camps—these have not been lost on the world. The pattern of forces which in Germany led to Hitler have been turned in France into a People's Front. Japan, seeking to follow Mussolini's pattern of conquering first and explaining afterward, has met a formidable opponent in China's millions, for once politically conscious. Soviet Russia has shown that even in the international sphere a nation of workers can act with a decisiveness not given to our own democracies. In America the common man has shown that he is not merely newspaper fodder, and that however far he is still from the political awareness that will lead to a successful labor government, he is no fool. Above all on the battlefields around Madrid the workers have shown the stuff they are made of, and the men of all nations who are helping them reveal that the real International is of those who care for the human spirit.

Which leaves us looking toward 1937 with the same overfond hopes with which we once looked toward 1936. Such, foolish or not, is what Nietzsche calls the "eternal recurrence."

MAX LERNER

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Frank vs. La Follette

Madison, Wisconsin, December 18

WHEN a governor who may some day be the Presidential nominee of a truly liberal and democratic party is accused of trying to oust from the presidency of his state university a man rated as a possible Republican Presidential nominee in 1940, the nation's newspapers at once display an interest in the controversy far greater than they ever exhibit when some obscure pedagogue is fired for preachments discomfiting to the plutocrats on whom his college depends for funds. So it is with the current movement to oust Glenn Frank from the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, a movement blamed by Frank's friends upon Governor Philip F. La Follette, who with his brother, Senator Robert M. La Follette, holds the Progressive Party reins passed on by their father, "Fighting Bob." Newspapers whose columns to date have contained no mention of the Jerome Davis case at Yale have given liberal and even front-page space to the Frank case and its developments here at Madison.

Those developments, as reported in the daily press, raise three questions, and the first is: "Does the attempt to oust Frank represent an attack on academic freedom?" It is the only one of the three questions that I feel safe in answering categorically after several days' investigation of the situation, an investigation that has included lengthy talks with Dr. Frank, Governor La Follette, faculty members, students, alumni, local politicians, and business men. There is no question of academic freedom involved. Frank is not under fire for any ideas he has expounded or for any theories of education he has propounded. The anti-Frank faction, which is in the majority in the university's board of regents, does not find fault with anything that Frank has said or written, and his foes readily grant that he, in turn, has never attempted to curb the academic freedom of the faculty or student body over which he presides. The academic-freedom issue, in fact, has not even been raised by Frank's partisans except by the indirect route of charging that the move to oust him represents political interference in the affairs of the university and that if it is permitted to succeed, the university will come under political domination, and academic freedom will be tossed out the window.

This line of argument leads straight to the second question at issue: "Is the attempt to oust Frank a piece of partisan politics?" The pro-Frank faction charges, of course, that the whole business is political. It asks you to believe that the La Follettes are after Frank's scalp for criticizing the New Deal and for threatening to overshadow Phil and Bob as national figures through the

prominence he has attained by his lecture tours and radio speeches. It also asks you to believe that the Governor wants the university presidency for himself or for Rexford Guy Tugwell or for Lloyd K. Garrison, dean of the law school and former National Labor Board chairman. But the pro-Frank faction offers not a scintilla of evidence that these things are true beyond pointing out that the regents opposed to Frank are all La Follette appointees and that the move to oust him began last spring when Frank was being mentioned as a possible 1936 Republican Presidential nominee. The anti-Frank faction counters by asserting that the ouster movement is much more than a year old and that while it is true that Frank's foes on the Board of Regents are all La Follette appointees, some of the pro-Frank regents also are La Follette appointees. The La Follette group also points out that it would be anything but politically astute for the La Follettes to attempt to control the university. Persuasive arguments are offered to the effect that the university can never be anything but a political liability to the La Follettes and that the less they have to do with it the better for their political fortunes in Wisconsin.

Then the anti-Frank faction comes through with a counter charge of its own. It asserts that if there is any partisan politics in the ouster movement it has been injected by Frank and his supporters. Harold M. Wilkie, president of the Board of Regents and leader of its anti-Frank faction, has charged formally and in writing that Frank has spread about the country propaganda designed to enlist outside support for himself founded in the belief that he is being made "a martyr to Progressive intolerance," as one young professor scoffingly phrased the case for Frank. A nation-wide propaganda campaign of the sort described has been under way for some months but as yet it has not been visibly linked to Frank. The closest approach to a link of which I have knowledge is that, when the writer of a nationally syndicated newspaper column visited Madison to address the campus journalists, Frank went out of his way to make contact with the visitor, with the result that the visitor devoted his speech the next night and subsequently a column to a thinly disguised defense of Frank and an attack upon his foes as men seeking to inject politics into the university's administration. It is suggested by the anti-Frank faction that Frank had something to do with the fact that Landon during the campaign devoted a rear-platform speech to the university and the necessity for keeping politics out of its affairs.

Frank's foes ask you to note, too, that his chief defenders within the state at the moment are newspaper editors and politicians who have always fought the La Follettes and who until now have been hostile to Frank

as well. They point out that the leader of the pro-Frank faction on the Board of Regents is a Democrat, Daniel H. Grady, who formerly was intensely critical of Frank. Wilkie charged at Wednesday's meeting of the regents that Grady for a long time had been the leader of the anti-Frank faction and, in fact, had been one of the first regents to propose that Frank be ousted. Grady did not deny the charge but said he had changed his mind. It appears that he changed it this summer at about the time he became a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Grady is a La Follette appointee on the Board of Regents and a lawyer. The rest of the pro-Frank faction on the board is made up of a physician, a housewife, a lawyer, a paper manufacturer, a Lutheran fundamentalist clergyman, and the State Superintendent of Public Education, John Callahan, who is an ex officio member of the board. The clergyman and the physician, in addition to Lawyer Grady, are La Follette appointees. The pro-Frank group contains two Democrats, two Republicans, and three Progressives. The anti-Frank group, composed entirely of Progressives appointed by La Follette, is made up of two lawyers, a housewife who was formerly a teacher, the business manager of the *Superior Telegram*, the president of the Wisconsin Farmers' Equity Union, a Milwaukee labor leader, a farmer who used to be chairman of the Education Committee in the legislature, and a mill hand whose boss is the manufacturer member of the pro-Frank faction on the board.

No discussion of the part that partisan politics may or does play in the ouster controversy would be complete without citation of three other facts. One is that when the university and Frank were being attacked by Wisconsin's home-made Hitler, John B. Chapple, it was not Frank's new-found champions but the La Follettes who defended Frank and the university. It was also the La Follettes alone who defended Frank, while his new Democratic and Republican friends remained silent, when the Hearst press loosed a red-baiting campaign against him. The second fact that needs to be noted is that though the university faculty has always been quick to resent and resist outside meddling in the institution's affairs, at this writing not one member of that faculty has protested against the ouster proceedings. The third fact that needs to be noted is that the ouster movement found its way into print long before the November elections; yet in those elections La Follette carried every ward in Madison by record margins, including the so-called Faculty Ward. It should be noted, too, in this connection that the faculty has never been markedly inclined toward the La Follettes; probably three-fourths of the members of professorial rank are conservative Republicans.

The chief support of the charge of political partisanship was removed on Wednesday when the Board of Regents voted to defer action on Frank's tenure until he has had opportunity to appear before them in a public hearing and answer the charges made against him. Until this vote was taken, the pro-Frank faction had been able to charge that the movement was being carried forward in secrecy to hide the fact that it was a piece of spoils politics. And that brings us to the third question at issue:

"Has the ouster movement been secret and has secrecy been necessary because there is no justification for firing Frank?" The answer involves questions of personal veracity. There are no documents available by which one may determine which side is telling the truth on crucial points.

The story of the La Follette camp—which is to my mind unconvincingly contradicted by the opposition—is that such secrecy as was practiced was solely out of consideration for Dr. Frank and at his request. It is, in fact, formally stated by Wilkie that as long ago as last February Frank was warned that his appointment probably would not be renewed at the end of the school year and that he accepted his critics' offer to keep the whole matter secret so that he might get another job, resign the university presidency, and escape dismissal. It is certainly true that Frank was warned last February, and that he was given a list of reasons why his administration was considered unsatisfactory. Whether it is also true that he indicated that he would take the tip gratefully and resign involves one of those questions of personal veracity to which reference has been made. The strongest point in his favor is that, when he carried the issue before the full Board of Regents in March, his foes did not press it. The best reason given for their retreat at that time is that they were afraid of getting the Frank ouster mixed up in the political campaign, especially in view of the fact that Frank was being hailed in New York as a likely Presidential candidate on the strength of his Lincoln's Birthday speech before the National Republican Club. The reason given for the revival of the ouster movement at this time is that the legislature is about to meet and the university will fare better in the presentation of its budget requests for the next biennium if the legislature knows when it takes up those requests that Dr. Frank will not be the one who will direct the spending of the money.

The written charges that Wilkie filed against Frank at Wednesday's meeting of the board were concerned solely with Frank's alleged shortcomings as an administrator. They make little impression on one who is not close to the university's affairs. The indictment they present is that Frank has been a weak and vacillating executive; that his indecisiveness has from time to time brought down upon the university unsavory publicity; that he has tried to play both ends against the middle and in so doing has lost the confidence of his faculty, the regents, and the legislature; that he has promised fiscal and administrative reforms and failed to keep his promises; that he has been so busy with outside activities that he has not had time to master university affairs; that he has broken his contract with the university by continuing to write a newspaper-syndicate column; that he has been extravagant in the maintenance of his household at public expense; and that he has tried to lift the university out of financial troubles at the expense chiefly of the student body and the lower-paid faculty members. There seems to be quite general concurrence within the faculty on the accuracy of these charges, but there is division as to whether they are sufficient grounds for a refusal to renew Frank's appointment as president.

Harry Bridges Comes East

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

FOR two and a half years now Harry Bridges has been a Pacific Coast figure whose honesty, strength of character, intelligence, and general competence as a rank-and-file labor leader have aroused much national and some international interest. Last week, on December 13—the date may be historically important—he stepped into a plane on the West Coast and flew East, and in three days became a national figure.

Bridges's decision to come East was evidently a sudden one, influenced by immediate developments in the maritime-strike situation, and there was no advance publicity. His first meeting was on Monday, December 14, in the Olympic Arena at Philadelphia, where some 1,500 striking seamen, longshoremen, and sympathizers with the maritime strikers gave him a rousing welcome. His coming simultaneously symbolized and actualized the unity of the rank-and-file maritime-labor struggle on the West and East coasts. He explained why the Western sea and alongshore unions had levied a 10 per cent assessment for their Eastern brothers. "We on the West Coast," he said, "have a selfish interest in helping you win your strike against the shipowners. If the employers beat one union they beat all. We have learned that lesson." He told what unity had accomplished on the West Coast. "We longshoremen used to work for miserable wages. We were hired at the same degrading 'shape up' on the docks that you have here, or at company hiring halls. We had the speed-up you have here. Only 2,200 men worked on the San Francisco docks in the days of the speed-up. Now 4,800 men are needed to do the work, and wages average \$35 a week. Men are hired at union hiring halls in rotation." This was exciting stuff to Philadelphia dock-wallopers, many of whom are jobless while others work thirty or forty hours at a single stretch without rest.

And this sort of thing, Bridges went on to say, has put "the whole labor movement in the West actively behind us. At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Labor Council the unions donated \$18,000 to our maritime strike. If necessary the other unions would go out again on a general tie-up to aid us." More, this militant and successful fight of the West Coast longshoremen for better working conditions has won the support of entire communities, including the city of San Francisco. "Not only labor but farmers and small business men see that their interests are with us as against the shipowners. . . . In San Francisco the city board of supervisors has given support to the marine strike."

On Tuesday, December 15, Bridges was in New York most of the day. He spent the forenoon at the headquarters of the "outlaw" seamen's strike. Then he called on his superior officer, President Joseph P. Ryan of the International Longshoremen's Association, who is also president of the New York City Central Trades and Labor

Council and to whom he had previously addressed an open letter accusing him and most of the local I. L. A. union officials on the Atlantic Coast of virtual strike-breaking. He was anything but welcome. In fact, old Joe nearly hit the ceiling and according to newspaper reports called Bridges a "punk," told him he had no business coming East, and discharged him as an organizer of the I. L. A.—obviously for doing his job too well.

That same afternoon Bridges flew to Boston and in the evening addressed the marine and alongshore workers at a mass-meeting in the Franklin Union Institute, also called on very short notice. The *Boston Post* reported the next morning that "a police stenographer present took the text of Bridges's speech but there was nothing in the text that called for criticism." He talked Americanism, called for democracy in the labor movement as opposed to Ryanism and the increasing anti-labor tendencies of the A. F. of L., and encouraged the Boston longshoremen to turn their backs on the I. L. A. misleaders in the East and refuse to handle "hot cargo."

In New York 16,000 maritime workers and other rank-and-file unionists and their sympathizers came to hear him in Madison Square Garden. The rally was inadequately advertised and poorly handled; it was at least an hour too long, but when Bridges, the last speaker, was finally introduced the 16,000 leaned forward not to miss a word.

I have never heard a better organized, more effective, more intelligent, or more sincere speech than Bridges made on this occasion. Speaking clearly and calmly, never at a loss for the right word, he gave a vivid picture of the maritime situation on the Pacific Coast, where he said the federation's strike was already won; and promised workers in the East active cooperation in winning similar victories, once they achieved unity among themselves. He called on the rank and file on the docks in Eastern ports to repudiate the Ryan "leadership." He asserted that he and his movement were not communistic, as had been repeatedly charged (only the day before again by Ryan), unless the C. I. O., President Roosevelt, and everybody else was communistic who believed that workers should not work under degrading conditions.

He made a profound impression. Here was an extraordinary man—intelligent, purposeful, honest, potentially capable of handling almost any situation, physically slight and perhaps not in perfect health, but strong and tough, driven on a straight course by a great passion. As I write this, indications of revolt against the rotten Old Guard in maritime unions are increasing in the East. A National Maritime Federation, which probably was the main purpose of Bridges's trip East and is one of the implicit aims of the current rank-and-file maritime strikes, seems to be assured.

Who's Who in China

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek by his former ally and supporter, Chang Hsueh-liang, is but another illustration of the difficulty of classifying Chinese militarists according to their political orientation. To an even greater extent than in other countries Chinese politics are primarily a struggle of personalities. The rise of nationalism in the past dozen years has modified but not transformed this pattern. A few of the younger leaders can be pigeon-holed according to their political beliefs, but the remainder fall into cliques and factions which are built almost entirely on personal, family, and sectional considerations.

THE NANKING CLIQUE

During the past ten years Chiang Kai-shek (pronounced jahng kai shek) has exercised dictatorial power over the central portion of the country. He has held a number of important political offices, including that of President of the Republic, but his power has rested on his personal control of several of the crack divisions of the army and his uncanny judgment of when to fight and when to compromise. More of a politician than a strategist, he came to power as commander-in-chief of the Nationalist army which swept northward from Canton in 1926-27. But shortly after the capture of Shanghai early in 1927, he turned against his left-wing allies and established a new government at Nanking based on the support of Shanghai bankers and industrialists.

Since the invasion of Manchuria by the Japanese in 1931, Chiang has carefully avoided an open clash with Japan, although on a number of occasions it seemed as if his alleged pro-Japanese sympathies would lead to his overthrow. In order to maintain himself against powerful opposition, Chiang has borrowed the methods of the Italian and German dictatorships. He established a secret terrorist organization, known as the Blue Shirts, as a direct agency of the government for the purpose of stifling anti-Japanese and left-wing agitation. He also instituted the so-called "New Life movement," which sought to revive the ancient Confucian virtues as a substitute for genuine economic reforms. At the time of his capture Chiang was chairman of the Executive Yuan and commander-in-chief of the army.

Chiang's marriage to the politically ambitious Soong Mei-ling nearly ten years ago established what is known as the Soong dynasty at Nanking. His wife's brother-in-law, H. H. Kung, Minister of Finance, has been acting head of the government during Chiang's detention. Kung is an American college graduate who would be wholly undistinguished if it had not been for his marriage to one of the Soong sisters. A brother, T. V. Soong, served with distinction as Minister of Finance for many years, but

resigned his post two years ago, presumably because of disgust with Chiang's pro-Japanese policies. Another sister, Soong Ching-ling, Madame Sun Yat-sen, has been Chiang's most implacable foe. Despite the strong Chinese tradition of family loyalty, Madame Sun has repeatedly denounced Chiang for his betrayal of Sun-Yat-sen's political principles. Madame Sun's courageous statements have served as a sort of beacon for the left-wing opposition throughout the years of terrorism.

Outside his immediate family Chiang has had comparatively few lieutenants in whom he could place complete trust. His right-hand man in recent years has been his vice-minister of war, Chen Cheng (chen jung), who was captured with Chiang Kai-shek and is being held at Sian. General Chen has commanded Chiang's most trusted troops in several of his anti-Communist campaigns. If Chen should be executed along with his superior, the scepter would probably fall to General Ho Ying-chin, Minister of War, who formerly served as Chiang's agent in North China as head of the Peiping Military Council. General Ho is the only one of the leaders now at Nanking who is considered capable of occupying Chiang's post. His success would be endangered, however, by the fact that he has no personal army on which he can depend.

North China is under the control of General Sung Cheh-yuan, chairman of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council. Although Sung first distinguished himself by his resistance to the Japanese in Chahar in 1933, his present position calls for humiliating subservience to Japan.

THE LEFT

Almost every Chinese military leader has at one time or another opposed the dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek, but only a few claim credit for more or less consistent opposition on grounds of principle. Perhaps the best known of this group is Tsai Ting-kai, who commanded the Nineteenth Route Army against the Japanese at Shanghai in 1932. General Tsai headed a revolt against Nanking early in 1934 and was badly beaten. He reappeared, however, this past summer with an important command in the southern province of Kwangsi, and obtained wide publicity because of his refusal to permit Japanese naval authorities to make a first-hand investigation of the murder of a local Japanese shopkeeper. In taking this stand Tsai appears to have had the full backing of the two Kwangsi military leaders Li Tsung-jen (lee tsoong ren) and Pai Chung-hsi (bai choong shee). Li and Pai were leaders of the left Kuomintang in the early days of the Nationalist movement. Driven out of important posts in the north by Chiang Kai-shek, they retired to remote Kwangsi, where they have earned an excellent reputation as capable administrators. Last summer they staged a

bloodless revolt against Chiang Kai-shek which ended in Chiang's complete capitulation. Many observers expect one of these men, possibly Li, the head of the provincial government, to succeed Chiang Kai-shek if the anti-Nanking forces triumph in China. The civilian leadership of the anti-Japanese movement has functioned through the National Liberation movement. Seven of the leaders of this group, including Shen Chung-ju, president of the Shanghai bar association, were recently arrested by Chiang.

Most uncompromising of the anti-Japanese elements have been the Communists. Although little has been reported in the American press regarding the movement of the Chinese red armies, it is known that the principal units are operating in the far western provinces of Kansu and Shensi. Smaller units may be found in at least twelve of the eighteen provinces of China. Mao Tse-tung (mow tzeh doong) is President of the Chinese Soviet Republic and Chu Teh (joo duh) is the military leader.

THE CENTER

In case of Chiang Kai-shek's death the immediate future of China would depend largely on the position taken by four old-line militarists whose actions have consistently proved unpredictable. All have fought Chiang in the past, and all have professed complete loyalty to the Nanking regime. Best known in this country is Feng Yu-hsiang (fung U shahng), the so-called "Christian General," although his Christianity like many of his other hobbies has long since been forgotten. Despite a long record of intransigence, General Feng is now vice-chairman of the National Military Affairs Commission at Nanking, of which Chiang Kai-shek is chairman. He has always been more or less openly anti-Japanese, and in 1933 staged a show of resistance against the Japanese occupation of Chahar (Inner Mongolia). On May 9 of this year, despite his position at Nanking, he issued a statement calling for a strengthening of the anti-Japanese movement, an alliance with the Soviet Union, and a cessation of all activities against the Communists. Although Feng probably has more prestige than any other potential leader of the anti-Japanese forces, he is notoriously unstable in temperament and has the reputation of never finishing the tasks which he undertakes.

Associated with Feng in his bitter struggle against Chiang Kai-shek in 1930 was the veteran Shansi war lord, Yen Hsi-shan. During the past year Yen has co-operated with Chiang in the latter's campaign against the Chinese red army, but is not openly pro-Japanese. Somewhat over a year ago he refused the chairmanship of the five-province state which the Japanese have been trying to create in North China. Like Feng, he is notoriously unreliable but can be counted on to turn up ultimately on the popular side of every issue.

General Han Fu-chu, military governor of Shantung and a former subordinate of Feng Yu-hsiang's, has never played an important national role. His position in Shantung, however, is of great strategic importance. Both the Japanese and Chiang Kai-shek have long had their eyes on this province, but both have been extremely respectful of Han's formidable military machine.



The central figure in the dramatic events of the past two weeks, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang (jahng shweh liahng), is perhaps the greatest enigma of all. The "Young Marshal" has never been notably progressive in his political ideas, although he is thoroughly modern in many of his tastes and habits. A good tennis player, he was a familiar figure in the smart clubs of the concessions in the days when his foster-father, Chang Tso-lin, was the undisputed master of Manchuria and North China. After the elder Chang had been murdered by the Japanese, he succeeded to power by the simple device of killing his chief rival. Although disinclined to compromise with the Japanese as had his notorious father, he yielded his vast Manchurian empire without serious resistance. His bitterness toward the Japanese is undoubtedly sincere. His new-found sympathy with the Communists is somewhat more questionable, though it is likely that the Communists have made many converts among his subordinates. At the same time some of his aides are known to be in league with former Premier Wang Ching-wei, a former left Kuomintang leader who sold out completely to the Japanese. Wang, significantly enough, has been living in Berlin since his retirement a year ago.

Events move slowly in China, but they move irresistibly. For more than a year anti-Japanese feeling has been mounting in all parts of the country. Chiang Kai-shek has kept it within bounds, partly by terrorism, and partly by appearing to take a somewhat firmer stand against the invader. With his hand removed, we can be reasonably certain that no leader can attain prominence who is not aggressively anti-Japanese. It is possible that no one person can replace Chiang, in which case common hatred of the invader may force the creation of a truly national government representing all factions. With the existing factional differences, such a government could not be permanent, but it could present a formidable obstacle to Japan's continental aspirations.

A Solution for Palestine

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, November 11

TO THE economic difficulties of settling millions of Jews in Palestine must be added conflicting political ambitions and racial and religious differences. The most striking political factor is the rise of Arab nationalism in Palestine. From a mass of half-civilized, restless tribes with no common aim or interest, a self-conscious national entity has developed. The World War, contact with Western imperialism, and most of all the presence of the Jews have brought about this change. In the cities and towns, among the Arab intelligentsia and particularly among the youth, a deep-rooted hatred of all imperialisms now exists. The recent events in Palestine, repeated in essence in Egypt and in Syria, must be viewed as part of a movement sweeping across the Arab world. No foreign power financed the six-month Syrian strike; religion played an insignificant part, and Christians fought side by side with Moslems. The sufferings caused by the strike were borne almost cheerfully. In the strike at Jerusalem, Arab merchants scribbled on their bolted doors: "To Let. Apply at the High Commissioner's." The villagers expressed their defiance in numerous folk songs.

Palestine is still seething, and another strike may break out at any moment. The Arabs are beginning to direct the nationalist flood into constructive channels. They are organizing small industries to shake off their economic bondage to Europe; they are carrying on a fierce boycott campaign against the Jews. The manager of the largest clothing store in Jerusalem told me a few days ago that he had lost more than half of his business. Other Jewish shopkeepers say the same thing. Even more important is the almost complete cessation of the sale of land. No Arab feudal lord dares now to sell a single dunam of land; the peasants never have sold. "The land to those who work it," is the slogan in the villages. "Only thus can selling of land to Jews be prevented."

But the Zionists have not merely to confront the opposition among the Arabs of Palestine. The movement for a united Arabia is gaining momentum. Though conquered and ruled, often tyrannically, by the Turks, Arabia has always been potentially united. The fact that the Turkish Sultan was also, as Caliph, the religious head of Islam took off the edge of the subservience. The Turks tried to give their conquest a façade of pan-Islamism, which often had a semblance of reality. During the World War the Arabs were won over to revolt against Turkey and to give military aid to the Allies by a promise of a pan-Arab kingdom; British airplanes dropped proclamations full of handsome promises. But the Versailles conference set them all at naught. Instead of helping in the unification of a free Arabia, France and Eng-

land marked out zones of influence, mandates were set up, and Arab states without any real independence were created. To make unity still more difficult, encouragement was given to feudal vested interests and to racial and religious minorities.

Though starving and exhausted from the war, the Arabs resisted imperialist spoliation. The history of *Arabistan* has become a succession of appeals to the League, of riots, strikes, and wars. The impediments to unity laid down by the imperialist powers have been swept away one by one. The minorities of Syria, Iraq, and Egypt are more and more identifying themselves with the Arab majority, and the power of feudal lords and princelings created by the war has rapidly declined. Without the support of British guns, the Emir of Trans-Jordan, whose function is to prevent the union of his country with Iraq, would not last a day.

Arabia is a unity however it is regarded. The same language is spoken, the same newspapers circulate, the same books are read. Modern transportation has helped to unify the far-flung lands. "Before the war," the Egyptian consul in Jerusalem once told me, "we Egyptians had the vaguest notion about Damascus. Today our airplanes go there, we read their papers. That has made a great difference." Economically also the lands belong together, and the rising bourgeois class knows it.

During the recent disturbances in Palestine tens of thousands of dollars poured in from all over Arabia in aid of the Palestine Arabs. Money was collected in Hedjaz and Afghanistan. Demonstrations were staged in Syria and Lebanon. In Iraq the windows of the British residency were broken. Protest meetings were organized in Damascus by the nationalist youth, and the Trans-Jordan youth became so outspoken in their protests that the Emir had to close their clubs and prohibit their uniforms. In spite of the misery which cessation of trade with Palestine brought about, the youth, in support of their striking brothers, destroyed and burned hundreds of trucks laden with vegetables. Young men from all over Arabia joined the rebels in the mountains. The two insurgent military leaders were Syrians.

The deepening of the Arab anti-imperialist struggle and the awakening of the masses constitute the greatest danger to Zionism. Ironically enough, although claiming to be a "movement of liberation" for the native Arab population, Zionism is increasingly forced to play a reactionary role. The Hebrew press tells the imperialist powers to "rule with blood and iron." Weizmann, leader of the Zionist movement, has openly said that the Zionists are "opposed to anything which might lower the prestige of Western powers in the Arab world." The Arabs strongly suspected that Weizmann's interviews

with the head of the French government were designed to influence him against granting independence to Syria.

Even the Socialist Zionists do not welcome the increasing power of Arab labor. The strike wave now engulfing Syria is treated with contempt by *Davar*, organ of the Jewish Federation of Labor. The Histadruth has not been noticeably active in behalf of the Arab workers in Palestine. For many years it has tolerated black Arab labor in the quarries of the Nesher cement works, though not a single Arab is to be found in the factory. These workers, who receive miserable pittance, have struck repeatedly, but the Histadruth has never come to their aid. Every time the Histadruth helped to organize Arab workers it was to "conquer" a place for Jewish workers. At a Histadruth conference Yari openly said: "Organizing Arab workers together with Jewish does not come in place of Zionism, but to strengthen Zionism, immigration, and settlement." For the same reason Zionism has fought and defeated almost every law designed to protect the poor Arab peasant. Realizing that a contented farming population would never sell land, the Zionists have opposed government loans to the fellaheen and have united with the feudal lords in opposition to any law which might decrease the lord's rights over his tenants.

Instead of trying to conciliate the Arabs, the Zionists have relied on England. The Jewish Agency has never desired an agreement with the Arabs. Men who have advocated such an agreement have been called "traitors," and one, De Haan, was murdered in the streets of Jerusalem. The most important Hebrew newspaper, *Haaretz*, said editorially a few weeks ago: "It is a fact which the British government knows perfectly well that the Jews have had more than one opportunity to come to terms with the Arabs, had they been willing to accept the conditions of cooperating with the Arabs of Palestine and those outside against Britain. This condition the Jews rejected. They never made a treaty behind the back of England." Some of the most eminent Jews in Palestine have assured me that an understanding with the Arabs is not impossible. But these men have no influence with the Jewish Agency.

Not only have the majority of Zionists not wanted to come to terms with the Arabs, but they have not even tried to find out what goes on in the Arab camp. As I write these lines I have before me literally pounds of Zionist propaganda, and in all the dozens of pamphlets and books I have failed to find one paragraph on the Arabs. Jabotinsky, the leader of the extreme right-wing Zionists, recently wrote: "My attitude toward the Arabs is similar to my attitude toward any other nation: *polite indifference* [his italics]."

Zionists in general have adopted an attitude of polite indifference toward the Arabs because they realize the strategic importance of Palestine and Britain's need of a loyal group there. Britain has had to get out of Iraq; British power in Egypt is waning; France is being ousted from Syria. The Hebrew press constantly points out that the same thing would happen in an Arab Palestine. Only a Jewish Palestine can defend the route to India. *Davar* published a translation of an article in

the English weekly *Palestine* which said: "We are advocating here complete realization of the promise of a national home, not only in justice to the Jews but in the interest of the ideas which Britain represents. . . . Without Jews Palestine is only a part of Syria. . . . Had there been no Zionism in the world, British politics would have had to invent it for military needs alone." Similar articles and editorials have appeared a number of times in *Davar* and in *Doar Hayom*, another Hebrew paper in Jerusalem, and in *Haboker*, a Hebrew daily in Tel Aviv. *Haboker* said: "Now as ever the Zionist movement and the Jewish community in Palestine remain loyal to Great Britain. If many English statesmen do not appreciate the common interests between the empire and us, we do."

But England understands—only too well. And realizing the importance of Palestine, Britain is determined to assure its own future here. For that purpose neither a Jewish Palestine nor an Arab Palestine would be as useful as a divided country, where Britain could keep a permanent balance of power.

Britain's policy during the last eighteen years has not been such as to encourage Zionist hopes. State land which could have been made available for Jewish settlement has been apportioned to rich feudal families. The Jews have been burdened with taxation for the benefit of the Arabs. The government has done practically nothing to encourage and protect infant industries. A jingle very popular with the army here expresses perfectly the government's policy:

Arab! Don't shoot me
Shoot the man behind the tree.
He is a treacherous Jew
I am Englishman true.
Arab! Don't shoot me,
Shoot the man behind the tree.

What, then, is the solution? Certainly there will be no peace in Palestine as long as the Zionists cling to their dream of establishing here a Jewish state. The Arabs will never consent willingly to becoming a minority in such a state. Even were the Jews to achieve a majority in Palestine, the economic and political factors would prevent peace. At best, the Arabs will remain a large minority in a Palestine surrounded by a huge Arab area.

It is said that eight million Jews will eventually be forced to leave Europe. But Palestine offers no haven for all these millions. Even if all political barriers were removed, the country could not possibly sustain such a large population. In my first article I indicated how costly it has been to settle in Palestine the 200,000 Jews who have come since the war. Palestine has been a luxury. It is a beautiful country and the Jews have done wonders here. Not only have they breathed the spirit of life into the desert, but they have reconstructed the ancient Hebrew culture in modern terms. A Hebrew literature has been created and fine poems are being written. The youth, too, is something to be proud of. But fine as these things are, they do not solve the urgent problems of millions suffering in a dozen countries. These people need bread and peace. Perhaps Biro-Bidjan, or Kenya, or some

unoccupied parts of South America can constitute a refuge for the millions who the Zionists claim must quit Europe. But let the Jews not fool themselves into believing Palestine to be that refuge.

Palestine is the Holy Land, in which the whole world has a stake. It is a land dear to tens of millions of Christians, Jews, and Moslems. To the Moslem Palestine is second in holiness only to Mecca. And the endless stream of Christian tourists from all parts of the world is evidence of the lively Christian interest in this land. But Jewish devotion to Palestine has been greater than either of these. Zionism is the eloquent expression of this devotion, and neither persecution nor martyrdom could keep the Jews away. Never during the 1,866 years which have elapsed since the destruction of the Jewish state has Palestine been without a Jewish community. Though they were few in number, these Jews considered themselves trustees for their whole race and were called "remainder of the community." There is something tragic in the longing of the Jews for the Holy Land. The Jewish exiles to Babylon sang as they sat under a fig tree, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may I forget my right arm, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," and this terrible oath has been repeated by Jews every day ever since. The Talmud is full of Jewish love for this land: "He who has not tasted the bread of Palestine does not know how bread tastes"; "The air of Eretz Israel maketh wise."

Any just and workable solution of the problem of Palestine must recognize the peculiar character of this small land. But the Zionists are no more disposed to consider the nature of Palestine than are the Arabs. Although they continually stress the "historical connection between the people of Israel and the land of Israel," they do not admit that, by the same token, not only Jews but Christians and Moslems have ancient and inalienable rights. The Zionists want a Jewish state in which the Arabs, the indigenous population, will live as a minority. But if a national state is to be founded here, I believe the Arabs have the most right to it. They have been living here for the last 1,200 years.

However, I am strongly of the opinion that Palestine is not the place for a national state, whether Jew or Arab. Not only the inhabitants but the world outside have interests here. The European Christian community, though more or less passive in the present Jew-Arab struggle, would strenuously oppose either a Jewish or an Arab government. If the Zionists could realize that Palestine is no place for nationalism, the most objectionable feature of the movement would disappear. Boycott of Arab labor is necessary if the Jews are to become the majority, but it loses its *raison d'être* with a change in the political goal. Instead of trying to crush the Arab peasantry, a Zionism without national aspirations would help them. There is no inherent antagonism between the two peoples. The conflict today is not racial or religious but political and economic. I have no doubt that the two peoples could learn to get on perfectly with each other. But because of the political antagonism today only 25

Arab children attend Jewish schools, and only 741 Jewish children attend the government schools, where the language of instruction is Arabic. Without the political antagonism the two peoples could learn both languages, and the way for understanding would be opened.

Suggestions calculated to straighten out the present tangle have been made by Dr. Judah L. Magnes, chancellor of the Hebrew University, by the Orientalist, Nevel Barbour, and by other eminent men. First, since Palestine is no place for the usual kind of national state, some form of international control should be instituted. Possibly government by a commission directly responsible to the League of Nations would be best, or administration might be intrusted to a single nation, preferably one without direct political interests in the Near East. The inhabitants could express their wishes through a democratically elected advisory council, with advisory power only. Administration of village and municipal affairs should be left to the inhabitants. The inhabitants might object to the denial of responsible government, but admitting the principle on which these suggestions are based—namely, that not one race or nation but the whole world is concerned with Palestine—this should not be an insurmountable barrier.

Second, the Holy Land should be strictly neutralized. No nation should use it as a military or naval base. Last autumn, when war threatened between England and Italy, Dr. Magnes wrote in the *Manchester Guardian*: "Palestine would be better engaged in thinking over proposals like that of Mr. Lansbury, that Jerusalem try to become the voice and conscience of the world's religion, than be engaged upon warlike operations, however necessary they may seem to some of the great powers. . . . Palestine should therefore be neutralized by the League of Nations, together with the non-League powers. It would be an indication of unselfishness and of real devotion to the cause of peace if Great Britain, the mandatory power, were to make such a proposal." Both Zionists and British imperialists scornfully attacked this suggestion.

Third, the principle that no group or community should dominate the others should be recognized legally. Not the laws of the land nor the culture nor the social institutions should depend on the numerical strength of any one group. Immigration should be regulated not by political considerations, as it is today, but by the capacity of the country to absorb it. Experts believe that if immigration were permitted to flow naturally, the result would be a permanent population of about three millions, of whom from 45 to 50 per cent would be Jews.

The Zionists would no doubt consider these suggestions foreign to the spirit of the Balfour Declaration and the mandate. The Arabs might also reject them. But many persons believe that only such a system can bring peace to this disturbed country. If the chauvinist ambitions of Jews and Arabs are not checked, more blood will flow, and Palestine will be in the future what it has been in the past, the battleground of nations.

[Mr. Vinton's first article appeared last week. Next week Philip S. Bernstein will discuss the Zionist position.]

A Body Blow for Tammany

BY WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

THANKS to the outpouring of the electorate evoked by the Roosevelt landslide, the nation's largest city was voted a new charter and a system of proportional representation despite the united opposition of the entrenched political forces in the city.

The Democratic bosses and their henchmen in the districts have good cause to be glum. The new charter and "P. R." are body blows for Tammany Hall. These innovations reduce patronage, eliminate jobs, make "favors" more perilous to dispense, make the shakedown of city employees for political contributions more difficult, and strike at the very foundation of Tammany's political hegemony—the geographical division of the city into aldermanic districts, islets of political power ruled with an iron hand from the clubhouses.

The most grievous injury inflicted by the LaGuardia-sponsored charter is probably the creation of a Council of approximately twenty-seven members to take the place of the Board of Aldermen with its sixty-five members. Among the most valuable sheep in Tammany's flock are the sixty-two Democratic aldermen of the existing board. That thirty-five desirable \$5,000-a-year jobs and thirty-five faithful members of the party should be thrown into the discard hurts bitterly.

But the charter, which will go into effect January 1, 1938, does not rest there. In another section it provides that "no councilman or other officer or employee of the city shall pay or promise to pay any political assessment, subscription, or contribution under the penalty of forfeiting his office or employment, and shall on conviction be punished for a misdemeanor." That kills the goose that laid the golden eggs for Tammany Hall. Of course elected officials such as the mayor, councilmen, and borough presidents, and appointive officials such as commissioners and clerks, all of whom are at the mercy of the organization, will continue to contribute willy-nilly, but the provision should interfere materially with the flow of thousands of dollars annually into Tammany's coffers from the underpaid civil-service employees.

The Seabury and Todd investigations into New York courts and municipal government were repeatedly checked by a plea of immunity when public officials were being questioned. Avenues of vital inquiry and evidence were blocked by the refusal of the witness to testify on the ground he might incriminate himself. Officials declined to sign waivers of immunity. One section in the new charter states that any officer of the city administration, when so requested, must sign a waiver of immunity and testify before any properly authorized agency of investigation. The penalty for non-compliance is deprivation of office and of the right to be elected to any other public office.

Finally, carefully woven into the texture of the charter are provisions that eliminate overlapping functions and bureaus and by this very fact do away with many jobs.

For proportional representation the Democratic bosses have an even more bitter distaste. Their first objection almost arouses sympathy. As has been said, the charter substitutes a council of twenty-seven members for a board of sixty-five aldermen. On top of that, the mathematics of minority representation through proportional voting so work out that, on the basis of the division of the vote in the 1933 election for mayor, Tammany will be fortunate to elect sixteen of the twenty-seven members of the new Council. The net loss to the Hall is forty-six aldermanic posts. There are now three Republican aldermen on the existing board. Under P. R. eleven of the twenty-seven councilmen will be Republican. Although they cast only about 57 per cent of the mayoralty vote in 1933, the Democrats elected 85 per cent of the Board of Aldermen. Under proportional representation they would have elected only 59 per cent.

The by-product of this enforced loss of patronage is even sadder. The majority of the Democrats on the Board of Aldermen is today so overwhelming that the opposition is powerless. Indeed, the few independent-minded Democratic aldermen seldom trouble to vote in opposition because their votes cannot change the result and they merely incur the wrath of the leaders. But with the balance of power in the new Council likely to be held by three councilmen, votes have an impressive weight. Public pressure will more easily be brought to bear on the new Council, and there will not be the curtain of a sprawling majority to hide behind. In the existing board it is almost too simple to obtain the two-thirds' vote necessary to overrule Mayor LaGuardia's veto. Under P. R. not only will the thinned ranks of the Democrats have to be held in line, but it will be necessary to switch two Republican votes. For once a minority mayor will have some protection in the city's legislative body.

Tammany Hall is chiefly interested in controlling the municipal government. The political complexion of the state and nation is a relatively minor concern. The political machine with which it has dominated New York City for so many years is founded on the district clubhouse, and the glory and idol of the clubhouse is that incomparable stooge of the party leaders, the alderman. The alderman's political strength lies in his natural talent for good fellowship, his unhesitating willingness to take orders, his ability to do small favors, and the fact that he is part and parcel, blood and bone, of the neighborhood inclosed in his district. He is the common denominator of his district, no better and no worse. The party leaders permit him to be elected because he takes

orders without questioning. He is an asset to the machine by reason of the votes he draws from the people whose parking tickets he has fixed, for whom he has obtained relief, whom he has placed in a small city job, for whom he has persuaded the Mayor to do some trifling favor. No issues are raised in his election. It is solely a question of his personal popularity.

P. R. changes all that. The councilman will be a borough officer. His votes will have to come from every corner of the borough. As a result, Tammany rule, based on the strict geographical division of the city into tightly controlled districts, will suffer a severe set-back.

Clearly, Tammany Hall does not intend to accept the situation established by the charter and P. R. as permanent. What are the leaders planning to do? Their first step will be to try to defeat LaGuardia next fall. Then the city administration will be in their hands when the charter goes into effect on January 1, 1938. Many of the provisions in the charter may be simply ignored. With the municipal machinery established by the document under its control, Tammany will again be able to do business at the same old stand in the same old way.

Legal attacks on the sections of the charter that Tammany does not like will follow. Instituted by Tammany-controlled taxpayers, the actions will be contested by the Tammany-controlled corporation counsel, and will be ruled on by Tammany-controlled judges. There should be no doubt of the outcome. While the entire charter can be upset only by a referendum, vital sections of it can be held illegal by the courts. The clauses compelling

waivers of immunity from public officials and prohibiting contributions by city employees will be weeded out. Should Tammany still find the charter an uncomfortable garment to wear, it would hardly hesitate to have the whole thing thrown overboard by a special referendum.

Should these legal attacks fail, it has been decided to try to sabotage P. R. The substantial expense of holding an election under this system, variously estimated at from \$400,000 to \$800,000, will be steadily criticized by Democrats in the present administration. Then the ballot will be overloaded. In Manhattan alone the Democratic strategists plan to nominate at least fifty candidates. With possibly twenty-five Republican and independent candidates, a confusing ballot will be presented to the electorate. Seventy-five candidates for seven offices! The time consumed in voting a proportional ballot as the voters search the long list of candidates for their first, second, third, fourth, and so on choice will surely result in disfranchising many voters, simply because there will not be time enough for everyone to vote before the polls close. Adding to this irritation, which will be given voice by pro-Tammany papers and Tammany public officials, will come resentment over the long time required to count the votes. Officials of the election board have privately estimated that it may take two weeks or more.

If the Tammany bosses are successful in creating a smoke screen of public indignation by these tactics, they will undoubtedly move for a special referendum on P. R. early in 1938 and defeat it with the clubhouse vote. Let the public beware!

Land for Mexico's Peons

BY L. O. PRENDERGAST

Mexico City, December 12

THE essential dependence of Mexico on the United States has been given fresh and striking illustration by the effect of the Roosevelt landslide on Mexico's internal affairs. It is by now common knowledge here that a Landon victory was to have been the signal for an almost immediate military revolt against the Cárdenas government that would have had the backing of landowners, industrialists, Callistas, the church, and the traditional interventionist groups in the United States, who were counting on a Republican Administration to reverse the Roosevelt policy of "hands off Mexico." The defeat of Wall Street and the Liberty League was equally a defeat for their Mexican satellites and imitators.

It is to the credit of the Mexican government that, though perfectly aware of what was impending, it drove courageously ahead with its program of translating the promises of the revolution into something approaching reality. Two recent measures of President Cárdenas are indications that his progressive drive has by no means slowed down. One initiates vast reform in a rich agricultural region hitherto untouched by the Agrarian Code;

the other is a sweeping law empowering the government to expropriate virtually any form of private property for reasons of public interest.

It has long been known that the agrarian legislation introduced by the revolution has not attained its avowed objective of solving Mexico's centuries-old land problem. Even where the laws have been to some extent applied, the paltry results have been wholly disproportionate to the years of blood and agony their adoption cost. Some regions have been substantially exempt from the Agrarian Code because the government was bullied or cozened into believing the landowners' cries that division of their swollen plantations for the benefit of the exploited peons would create chaos in the national economy.

The landowners' fears partly materialized in Yucatan, where the distribution of lands began two years ago in the same haphazard, planless fashion which had in the past brought the whole agrarian program into disrepute. President Cárdenas's determination to split up the Laguna cotton plantations without a repetition of former mistakes opens a new chapter in the agrarian revolution. He found his opportunity in the strike in the cotton

fields carried out last summer by the landless laborers, who had at last learned the lesson of organization and affiliated themselves with the C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers). The strike was settled after Cárdenas promised that on October 1 the Agrarian Code would be applied to the Laguna cotton belt. The distribution of lands is now practically complete, and the blow which the landowners had for years averted by clever propaganda and the systematic corruption of local and federal officials has at last fallen. Some 28,500 rural workers and their families have so far received a total of more than 600,000 acres of arable and pasture lands; 155 *ejidos*, or cooperative farming communities, have been organized by the National Bank of Ejidal Credit and more will be created as rapidly as possible.

Most important, for the first time the distribution of land and the organization of *ejidos* have been carried out on a large scale and in accordance with a general plan. Nearly all the agencies of the government are engaged in changing the system of land ownership in the Laguna from that of a few large haciendas employing thousands of laborers into a new order of interlocking cooperative farms; and they are coordinating their various services to establish the new economy of the region on a firm basis. Pure drinking water, public buildings, gardens, playgrounds, athletic fields, and schools are to be provided as quickly as possible after the *ejidos* are organized. Large credit facilities are being made available; 8,500,000 pesos have already been lent to the *ejidos* for seed, work animals, fertilizer, and so on. Tools and agricultural machinery to the value of 1,500,000 pesos have been distributed among them, and orders for additional mechanical equipment have been placed in Mexico and the United States. Technicians and agronomists from the Agrarian Department are stationed in the Laguna to instruct the peasants in modern agricultural methods. The irrigation system depending on artificial wells and the waters of the Nazas River, which was built by private capital, is being enlarged; work on a new dam to insure ample irrigation for the whole region begins in January.

As a further stimulus to the initiative of the *ejidatarios*, democratic controls are being instituted. Both men and women are organizing into leagues for their own defense. For the time being, the Ejidal Bank will carry the accounts and conduct the commercial operations of the *ejidos*, but its trusteeship will be subject to the approval of the peasant organizations, to the annual meetings of which it must render reports. The local judiciary has been dismissed, and new judges, as well as the administrative officers of each new ejidal village, are to be elected by the *ejidatarios* themselves.

This is the present plan. How well it will work, only actual experience can tell. There are dangers, of course. Among them is the possibility of sabotage by the big cotton growers, concerned less by the loss of part of their vast acreage than by the loss of exploitable workers, which will lead to labor shortage and higher wages in the cotton fields. Even more serious is the possibility that the government has bitten off more than it can chew. One wonders how long the national treasury will stand the

strain put upon it by this and other costly undertakings of the present administration. But the Laguna experiment may fall considerably short of perfection and still be a daring and praiseworthy effort to deal with the agrarian problem in a realistic and thoroughgoing way.

Little space, unfortunately, is left for dealing with the Expropriation Law promulgated on November 25. The bill was introduced in Congress by the President himself, and in spite of the tremendous opposition which it met from chambers of commerce, employers' organizations, and leagues of property owners, was passed in substantially its original form. The law is based on constitutional provisions empowering the government to impose on private property those "modalities" which the public interest may dictate, including total expropriation with indemnification. After listing in its preliminary articles all the various forms of public emergency or need which may make imperative its application, the law subjects all forms of private property to the general exigencies of "public interest."

I suspect that the measure has been adopted more for political than other reasons. It is hardly likely that the government will attempt any immediate widespread application, and the effects of the law will probably be confined, at any rate for the present, to minor matters, such as expropriation of the agricultural machinery of some large hacienda being partitioned under the Agrarian Code. The fact that no protests have come from the foreign embassies suggests that assurances were given in advance that the rights of foreign capital would be respected.

Most of the attacks on the law were concentrated on the question of its constitutionality. The bill's defenders seem confident that there exists full constitutional sanction for its provisions; its opponents claim that the government's right to expropriate was intended by the framers of the constitution to apply only to landed property. The law denies to the person involved all judicial recourse against the expropriation and makes only the amount and terms of payment of the compensation subject to judicial review. Nevertheless, the *amparo* route—what we should roughly term an injunction—is still open to him, and the act will thus be tested whenever an *amparo* brings it before the Supreme Court.

Unlike the nine old men in Washington, the justices of Mexico's highest tribunal are almost unanimously in sympathy with the aims of the government. A test case now would certainly be decided in the government's favor. But this subservience of the court to the executive has grave dangers of another kind. It should not be forgotten that Ambassador Morrow brought the oil controversy between the United States and Mexico to an end in 1927 by inducing President Calles to have the Supreme Court declare the oil legislation unconstitutional. In the event that application of the present law should in the future affect American interests powerful enough to invoke diplomatic intervention, that precedent might be very useful. Such a solution would have the additional political virtue of saving the government's face with labor, which has given unconditional support to the new law.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Education or Politics

THE case of Glenn Frank, at this writing in danger of being ousted as president of the University of Wisconsin, is of nation-wide importance because what is involved is the political control of a great state university. The fact that the Governor who is responsible is a liberal and a progressive and bears the honored name of La Follette makes it the more important. When a progressive or a liberal in office undertakes to dominate automatically a given academic situation, it is the duty of liberals and progressives everywhere to join in the protests certain to arise. If liberals cannot live up to their standards when in office, then there is very little hope for the progressive movement in America.

Now I am well aware that some of the points made against Glenn Frank are valid. He is not of the scholarly type. Before his appointment his experience in university affairs was limited to a period as assistant to the president of Northwestern University, and that was nine years before he was chosen to be president of Wisconsin, at which time he was editor of the *Century*. It is true that his mind leans to compromise, more so than he himself realizes, I am sure, and that he dislikes to take unequivocal stands in academic or non-academic controversies. Hence it is impossible to characterize him either as a liberal or as a conservative. But these facts about Glenn Frank were all patent *when* he was appointed. He had then set forth his views in a series of editorials in the *Century*, and as perhaps the highest-paid lecturer in America his habit of balancing the arguments pro and con in every controversy was well known. It is true also that just because he is not a trained scholar his intercourse with the faculty has been limited; I think that he and his wife are frankly more interested in men and women of affairs and social distinction than in their own faculty. It is also undeniable that they made tactical social mistakes on going to Madison and that the community gained the impression that President Frank felt that for him the University of Wisconsin was to be only a stepping-stone to a higher sphere of activity.

All this must not obscure the fact that the university, as Mr. Frank points out, was ranked seventh in the country in graduate work when he became president, and is now ranked second. Nor should his known weaknesses lessen denunciation of the methods utilized to oust him. The ouster was sponsored in the office of Governor La Follette—that is admitted—and not with the Board of Regents. No effort was made to sound out the alumni or the faculty, and it was actually intended last spring, and again this winter, to fire President Frank at a secret meet-

ing without really giving him a chance to know what the charges against him were or an opportunity to defend himself. These charges were not formulated until the meeting of December 6, and I do not think they would have been published then except for the public outcry against the secret, star-chamber method of railroading Mr. Frank out of office. Now at least we have the six charges on paper. If they can be proved, then the question of whether the time has come for the president's retirement can properly be faced. It certainly ought to be possible to establish once and for all whether he has mismanaged the university's finances, whether he has lost the confidence of his faculty, whether he is "without the primary qualities essential in the administrator of a university," and finally whether it is true that he has permitted the expenditure of too much public money upon himself and his household, in addition to his \$18,000 salary and his allowance of \$2,400 toward the expense of living in the large house willed to the university as a presidential residence.

Whatever the outcome, it will be a grave misfortune if the affair does not result in a determined effort to divorce this unfortunate university from political control. If that is not done, it will be impossible in the future to get a first-class man to occupy the presidency, and we shall have a repetition of what has been going on for years—the packing of the Board of Regents by men and women of the political faith of the Governor who happens to be in office, a practice no more justifiable when done by a La Follette than by a Kohler, or a John C. Spooner, or any kind of Republican Stalwart or Democratic partisan temporarily in office. As Mr. Frank has himself said, the issue now transcends his personality. It is simply whether or not a university, created and supported by the state, shall be under political control; whether or not a president duly chosen shall be subsequently ousted as a result of gubernatorial initiative. It will be a great blessing if as a result of this storm a system can be worked out by which teachers of all ranks may be allowed to have something to say in the government of the university whose reputation and progress rest primarily in their hands. There is no more crying need than this, as the disgusting situation in Yale in connection with the dropping of Professor Jerome Davis also shows. There must be faculty representation upon boards of trustees so that they shall have some control over the conditions under which they work, intellectual freedom, and security of tenure. Let us have a showdown in Wisconsin. Let us get a few of these things into the open. Besides doing full justice to President Frank, let us make impossible further political control of the university's affairs.

BROUN'S PAGE

Down to the Sea in Haunted Ships

ONE of the difficulties of trade unionism is the fact that in many strikes it fails to gain public sympathy. Even when it has an opportunity to make its case clear, the sympathy of the public may not be of much practical benefit. If every reader of *The Nation* agreed not to buy a single steel rail until the industry was organized, such a boycott would help John L. Lewis very little. Of course, there are labor situations in which the consumer can help enormously in the winning of a strike. The Newspaper Guild, for instance, is fortunately situated in that reader response has such a vast effect upon daily papers and other publications.

One of the most important labor conflicts of recent years is now in progress along the waterfront, and the public has an opportunity to play its part. As a matter of fact, the striking sailors can do more than appeal to the sympathy of the public. They can appeal to its self-interest. Aside from twinges of conscience the housewife who goes through a picket line into a grocery store may not suffer very greatly. The canned goods she buys are just the same as they were before the strike was called. She runs the risk of remorse, which seems to me a not inconsiderable fact, but she is not in danger of losing life or limb.

The seamen's strike brings up an entirely different factor. A scab ship is certainly not a pleasant vessel on which to travel, and it is also likely to be highly unsafe. One can hardly expect great skill, courage, or devotion from strike-breakers on the sea or elsewhere. The man who sells out his own craft for pay is hardly the person upon whom one would like to rely in a time of crisis. Good working conditions on shipboard are of vital interest to the passenger. He pays for good service and he isn't going to get it if the crew is badly housed, badly fed, and overworked.

There has been much talk lately of slum clearance, and now some of the worst slums are to be found in the floating palaces of the Atlantic and Pacific. New construction has not meant better quarters for the crew. The tendency has been almost the reverse. The more luxurious the liner, the more valuable becomes every cubic foot within the hull of the vessel. And so owners intent on profit skimp the space of the crew more and more.

I suppose there is nothing like a luxury liner for the creation of class consciousness. Some years ago I was on a cruise, and by some coincidence or other I happened to get quite chummy with one of the bar stewards.

"I'm an anarchist," he said, "and I suppose I may shock your bourgeois notions about chivalry and a sailor's duty to go down with the ship."

"Go ahead and shock me," I answered. "I ought to be able to stand it, I'm supposed to be a newspaperman."

"Well," he explained, "if the Communists and the Socialists had any sense, which they haven't, they would work for subsidies for passenger boats, particularly the fancy ones. There's nothing like a liner to class-angle human life. That's where you get the strictest caste lines and the holy folk and the untouchables. The passenger always looks rich, whether he is or not. Naturally the crew don't like it. There he sits on the small of his back drinking beef tea while the sailor is scrubbing brasses. You know it's a rule of the sea that when there is nothing to do the officers have to invent something. So here's a fellow working hard at something perfectly useless and looking at a bunch of reclining passengers who are even more useless than that.

"And of course the sailor is likely to say to himself, 'Those are the passengers—the guys who speak up when anybody says anything about sharing the wealth. And whose answer always is, 'Oh no, we've got the wealth.'"

"Maybe sometime something happens to the ship, and then those same fat passengers are yelling around about sharing the lifeboats, and it is just possible that the crew might say, 'Oh no, we've got the lifeboats.'"

The anarchist bartender didn't shock me very much because I am familiar with the exaggeration of that school of thought. As a radical I naturally deplore the sentimentality of the anarchists, and yet underneath their romantic notions there sometimes runs a thread of truth. It is not a healthy thing for passengers to travel on a ship which flaunts the luxury of one class in the face of a group which is palpably underprivileged. I am referring, of course, to the health of the passengers. A ship requires teamwork of the closest kind, and this can be achieved only through the acceptance of trade-union principles.

The fight about control of the hiring halls is a vital and perfectly simple issue. If the owners may designate the same groups over and over again and leave the rest in the cold, no union can survive. It will be argued on the owners' side that the choice is made wholly on the basis of efficiency, but since this is a profit-making world one may be inclined to scoff a little at this explanation. So long as the employer has the power to disrupt organization by favoring one clique at the expense of another he is likely to avail himself of the privilege.

I've said that the maritime strike is an important one for the public. It is critical in labor history, for the principle of industrialism as against the craft set-up is now being tried out in the laboratory. If Ryan wins over Bridges, it will be a victory for the employers. It will encourage them to pursue the traditional tactics of fighting labor with labor. I'm a timid man about the ocean and its dangers, and when I go down to the sea in a ship I want to be the guest of a happy little family and not a visitor in a house both haunted and divided.

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

DISCIPLINE FOR GERMAN WRITERS

BY KLAUS MANN

RECENTLY Dr. Joseph Goebbels, German Minister of Propaganda, and Councilor of State Hanns Johst, German writer, president of the Poet's Academy, and friend of the *Führer*, let themselves be heard again on the subject of German literature. "Not another day will we tolerate having the nation read German authors who reveal an indifferent attitude or who show secret reserve toward the doctrine of National Socialism, or who live abroad. The end has come for these despicable writers; they shall no longer be permitted to poison German hearts. We, Goebbels and Johst, will attend personally to the disappearance of these writers from the sphere of public interest. We will do everything possible in order that the German public may read true and actual Nazi authors." Thus, or similarly, the German minister and the German poet spoke, and accompanied their speeches with many insulting thrusts against the indifferent or undecided writers of the Third Reich.

The representatives of Nazi literature—and consequently government officials and officially recognized writers like Johst—are enraged that the books of the emigrant German authors are preferred abroad to works produced in the Third Reich. I do not believe that the reasons for this attitude of the public outside Germany are predominantly political. Most people, in New York or in Zürich, in Paris or in Rio de Janeiro, simply find the works of Thomas Mann or Stefan Zweig, of Lion Feuchtwanger or Franz Werfel more interesting than books by Kolbenheyer, Ponten, or Johst—names which are quite unknown outside Germany. The international successes of émigré German authors, such as Vicki Baum or Emil Ludwig, are a constant cause of embitterment to authors still living in Germany. The Ministry of Propaganda has dumped German literary products on the international market at a price from 25 to 30 per cent less than the same books cost in Germany. But despite this practice, the sale of books which come from Germany continues at its former low figure abroad.

Moreover, in Germany itself the public favors and demands the books of those authors who are not completely coordinated. This demand can be effective of course only for "Aryan" and politically neutral writers, since the works of Jewish and left-wing authors are forbidden. Particularly striking is the popularity of an author like Hans Fallada, who formerly belonged to the moderate left and is today emphatically non-political. His success in Germany is to be explained in part by the circumstance that he is not a Nazi. A great moral prestige, particularly among German youth, is enjoyed by certain conservative authors who are known to be definitely nationalistic but

not Nazi; to this group belong Wiechert, Hans Carossa, and Ricarda Huch. All these writers are much preferred to those of the avowed "coordinated" camp. A special attraction for the more exacting literary public is also exercised by those few writers who no longer live in Germany but whose works could until recently be published and read there. Thomas Mann is one of these. My father lives in Zürich, but his books appeared in Berlin until January, 1936. Although they were not allowed to be much advertised or discussed in the press, they were far more widely read than the works of most Nazi writers.

The irascibility and aggressiveness noted in those circles which bear the responsibility for Nazi culture may be understood when one considers that the Nazis themselves, during their rule, have not produced a single author who enjoys international or even great national fame. With regard to stage and screen the situation is no better. Within the last few years German films have suffered almost complete loss of their international appeal, and in German cities the theater is no longer an outstanding attraction. Doctor Goebbels himself is in despair. He complains and uses abusive language. He arranges prize competitions for young dramatists, but all to no avail; and the poor theater director of the Third Reich must have recourse to old farces or to the few classics in whose works no trace of "despicable" convictions is to be found.

It is now a question whether anything of Germany's cultural life will remain after Goebbels's latest decrees have been carried into effect. Will it still be possible to stage a play of Gerhart Hauptmann's? To be sure, the old and enervated author of "The Weavers," makes every conceivable effort to be on good terms with the present regime, but we all know that at the bottom of his heart he is far from being a Nazi. Therefore does he not also belong to that group which is to be exterminated and silenced? In any case Thomas Mann belongs to this group, and it is a fact that his latest book, the third volume of the Joseph series, cannot be sold in Germany.* And now must vanish those last journalistic retreats for the comparatively liberal spirit, those last oases in the desert of German "coordinated" culture—the feuilleton of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the literary review of the *Neue Rundschau*, which have been dull and reactionary but not, until recently, completely pro-Nazi.

A people which is soon to serve as food for cannon must first be dulled to the point of stupidity. The Ministry of Propaganda, together with the press, is doing everything in its power to hasten this process.

* Since I wrote this article Thomas Mann has been deprived of his citizenship by the German government, and now all his books are forbidden and confiscated in Germany.—K. M.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO

BY DELFINO CINELLI

THE last time I saw Pirandello—some three months ago—he was as vibrant as ever but perhaps somewhat more nervous than usual; perhaps his face was a trifle paler. He was not happy—not that he was ever what one might term gay, but usually his profound kindness and his simplicity spread around him a serenity which was now missing. Life had been cruel to him, but he would confess only that he was saddened by the fact that his works were so often misunderstood or not understood at all, despite the fact that he was striving with all his might to make his message plain to all.

He was bitterly hurt by the superficiality of those critics who, while admitting the originality of his thought and his gifts as a dramatist, branded his work as cerebral, cold, and abstruse. The accusation may have been due partly to his aloof treatment of the tragic element; he controls so effectively his emotional intensity that his detachment often takes on the grimacing mask of a clown. A greater offense was the common assertion that his plays are concerned with ideas and ideas only. This is an interesting delusion. Pirandellian heroes never discuss themselves. Their tragedies are obscure to themselves as well as to the audience, but they are composed of the primitive stuff of which life is made. The search for that obscure reality, the mystery of personality, the Hamletian doubt, is at the source of his work, not as idea but as the flesh and blood of his characters, as the main element of the tragedy of man. In fact, his great achievement, or rather—if one can use the word in connection with works of art—his discovery, was to reveal that since these metaphysical abstractions are at the root of life and therefore at the root of human emotions, they are also dramatic—in fact, the essence of human drama—and belong to the theater, provided of course one can give them concrete life.

This he undoubtedly has done more effectively than anyone else either before or after him. That is why he could assert, as he passionately did on the least provocation, that he had lived and suffered every word of his writing, every act of his characters. Of course he could not avoid the charge of obscurity, which is brought against any artist who goes a step beyond his readers; yet the deeper one delves into his work, the more difficult it becomes to explain how the charge could be so widely applied to so human and sensitive a writer.

A criticism which did not bother him much was that expressed by pedants to the effect that his form and language were often careless. It is evident that in striving to make his message living, elegance and purity of form became the last of his considerations. Had he chosen to present one of these pedants in a play, he would have assigned to him the appropriate idiom. But there was still another charge which had the power of stirring within him a deep resentment and perhaps some lingering doubt, the doubt which probably goes with all sincere creation:

his art was often said to be merely negative. "If to abate hypocrisies, commonplaces, and the obsolete obstacles to truth is to be negative, then my work is negative," he would burst out with his cold, incisive intensity.

Nevertheless he could not hide from himself the fact that, having posed more effectively and more concretely than anyone else the problem of the secret reality of human life, he had not solved it. Perhaps his answer was that the secret purpose of life lies even in the search for it, in the striving for supreme sincerity. He had still much to convey to us. He said so himself but a very short time ago. But he added: "What can be the use of talking to men in times of such materialism and hatred and strife? Men do not want to listen. . . ."

BOOKS

New Rhetoric for Old

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC. By I. A. Richards.
Oxford University Press. \$1.75.

TO READERS unfamiliar with Mr. Richards's earlier works these lectures are likely to seem fragmentary, limited in their preoccupations, and indefinite in their assumptions. Their purpose is to point the way toward "a persistent, systematic, detailed inquiry into how words work that will take the place of the discredited subject which goes by the name of Rhetoric." Mr. Richards is concerned with such specific matters as the definition of words, their interrelationships in the context, and the nature of metaphor. And both his tone and method are so polemical as to make the hasty reader believe that he is involved in nothing more serious than a grammarian's squabble. But this is because Mr. Richards was hardly able, within the limits of a few short papers, to do justice to the whole long career of thinking and experimentation that lies behind his present absorption with words. A few eloquent but undeveloped statements, a few ominous hints, and a few knotty quotations from Coleridge were probably all that reminded his Bryn Mawr listeners that behind his discussion of words lies a whole philosophy of rhetoric, and behind this in turn a whole philosophy of the universe.

What Mr. Richards failed to make perfectly clear in six lectures is even more impossible to make clear in a single review; and it will have to be enough to raise one or two points about the possible value and consequences of the inquiry that he has here undertaken. Accepting without trouble the intuition which Mr. Richards shares with Coleridge that the literary work may best be compared to a plant, of which words would be the "parts and germinations," we may ask whether it is really possible to construct a "discussible science" that will formulate, like any proper science, the exact laws of its genesis, growth, and fruition? Is it possible to raise our "implicit recognitions" into distinctions so explicit that they may be imparted to others, presumably by school teachers to their pupils? This is the most general question that the book forces to the mind, and Mr. Richards's answer is to match his quotations from

Coleridge with others from Bacon and Hobbes to the effect that the end of knowledge is power.

But another way of discovering an answer is to consult Mr. Richards's own practice, where it will be noted that he is uniformly more engaged in showing us what rhetoric is *not* than what it is, where the approach is consistently negative. Much of the book is necessarily directed against various ancient and modern theories—the "proper usage" criterion for words, meaning as onomatopoeia, and the treatments of metaphor offered by Hulme, Breton, and Eastman. Here Mr. Richards is the brilliant and nearly always convincing dialectician. But let us look at some of the formulations set up against these exploded notions—the definition of words, for example: ". . . what a word means is the missing parts of the contexts from which it draws its delegated efficacy." The "context" is a cluster of recurrent events in the mind; the word is "delegated" to take over the duties of parts which can then be omitted from the recurrence. The only trouble with this definition is that neither the context nor the process of abridgment by which a part stands for a whole can be established; we come up against "the limits of knowledge." The same impasse is struck when we consider the interrelationships between words in a given literary context, what is here called their "interanimation." This excellent new term enables us to label a phenomenon but it does not unfold the principles of its operation. Similarly, after breaking down the metaphor into a "tenor" and a "vehicle," Mr. Richards is forced to admit that the relations between these two cooperating uses are limitless, that their interpenetration is of the integral and organic character of life itself. In his handling of each of these problems he actually gives the effect of proving just the opposite of his thesis. He convinces us rather that since every rhetorical unit has meaning only in relation to a particular context, and since every context is really a unique event, no single set of generalizations as to "how words work" can possibly be drawn up.

This is not to deny the value of his criticism, which will continue to be, on its strictly negative side, of extreme service to contemporary writing. It is only when he insinuates that scientific method can conjure up a new rhetoric on the ruins of the old that the dry wind of Alexandria seems to blow through his pages. It is only when his disciples write studies entitled "The Seven Types of Ambiguity" and then illustrate all seven types in their verse that the dangers of his method are revealed. In brief, it is only when he introduces the scientific criterion of "use" that his criticism becomes something different from the unique interpretation of a unique literary event. On its negative side, his criticism constitutes a warning not only to students of literature but to everyone who uses language for purposes of communication. In its emphasis on the organic nature of communication, on the relations of words to a whole, and on the relation of this whole to the whole of our mind and personality, it should prevent us from falling into those "springes and snares" that Donne warns about in detaching sentences from Scripture. Above all it should discourage us from even contemplating the possibility of a new Manual of Rhetoric.

The real contradiction in Mr. Richards's position, if one had time to examine it, would prove to be between a philosophy that is intuitive, contemplative, and organic and one that is experimental, pragmatic, and mechanical. As Coleridge put it, without necessary qualifications, it is the

difference between Plato and Aristotle; and no more than Coleridge himself is Mr. Richards likely to effect the reconciliation. If he follows Coleridge in his interpretation of literature, he follows Bacon and Hobbes in deciding that something must be "done" with this interpretation; and these influences stand for opposite directions of the mind. It is this tension, however, that makes Mr. Richards one of the liveliest, most stimulating, and most rewarding of contemporary critics.

WILLIAM TROY

Purse of Empire

BACK TO MALAYA. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

THIS time the British Agent travels under his own commission. Six years are a good many for an itching foot, even a canny Scotch foot, to be tied to a news desk, and Mr. Lockhart is in his late forties, an age when many men of less adventurous disposition decide that they must stop the grind and find, or recapture, their youth before arthritis makes the pursuit forever impossible. So, Mr. Lockhart tells us and tells himself, he got leave from his job with the Beaverbrook press to go to Malaya, the scene of an early romance and the home of gorgeous sunrises and virile builders of empire. But fortunately for the reader, Mr. Lockhart protests too much; he is not just another adolescent of forty; the nose for news developed during his service in Russia and Central Europe is too much for him, and his observations on the Malay possessions and Java make important reading at a time when it is not the star of Bethlehem rising in the east.

"Taken together," Mr. Lockhart says, "the Straits Settlements and the Malay States are, for their size, the richest of all Britain's overseas possessions"—and the most remunerative to British stockholders. Control of their tin, rubber, tobacco, and other products has been skilfully held against all comers. Steaming into Singapore after an absence of twenty-five years, Mr. Lockhart saw concrete testimony to the development, and protection, of imperial wealth—oil tanks on the hill, airplanes overhead, destroyers all around, ponderous fortifications at one end, and, in the city, modern office buildings. The perennial interest of the British in sports and the country around the Pantai village of his early romance were the only things unchanged. Routine administrators directed by absentee corporations in London had replaced the virile empire builders; in the hotels refrigerated foods were served from all parts of the world and cabaret entertainers from Austria and Russia beguiled the guests; the old dens of iniquity had been cleaned up. Chinese everywhere, outnumbering British and Malays two to one in many settlements. Few Japanese, but imports of Japanese goods and exports to Japan—through Japanese concessions—of iron and ilmenite, used in the production of titanium tetrachloride, guarantee to the Dutch that the British will not quarrel with them over their possessions in these waters. Amai, now married, had changed too, although less than most Malay women. Mr. Lockhart went on to Java with its 40,000,000 inhabitants. The problem noted here is one too long ignored in our own Hawaiian territories—a growing number of educated young people of mixed blood, eager to find work for which they are fitted but because of discrimination or industrial depression unable to find proper employ-

ment; only a few rise to minor administrative positions. In Java as in Malaya, Chinese in city and country; again, not many Japanese but cheap Japanese goods, which, the Dutch administrator said, they had been glad to allow during the depression because otherwise the natives could not have bought anything at all and might have risen.

If the British imperialist rises to the surface every so often in Mr. Lockhart's story, the trained observer corrects the bias as far as temperament will allow. The Dutch administrators, he admits, are better educated and more cultured than the British—although the horrors of Dutch conquest are remembered when the British are forgotten. There is some nostalgia for the good old times, a little veiled prejudice—note the story of the Chinese towkay who kept his feet on the desk during the author's call. Characteristically, he comes to no definite conclusions—empire is probably bad, but on the other hand . . . We have to thank him, however, for a colorful and readable presentation of facts that events are making more important every day, and he has written the first account of Bali I have read that makes the place more than a stage set for Mr. Grauman's Chinese theater.

Mr. Lockhart did not find his youth. Some men never know they have lost it; when they are mature enough to know that it is gone, it is—gone. And Mr. Lockhart is mature; he found many things to think about. The white man, Conrad's Malay said, "is stronger than the wild beasts, but not so wise. A black tiger knows when he is not hungry. You do not."

B. E. BETTINGER

Sterile Love

MAIDEN CASTLE. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

NOBODY in a novel by Mr. Powys is ever as interesting as the author himself. Many remarkable things are happening, and a gallery of grotesques presses its walls perilously upon the reader as he passes; but at any moment he is likely to be thinking less of the actions and the characters than of the man who could have contrived them. That unhappy figure is always hugely in the way, pushing people around, straining them into appropriate attitudes, forcing their relationships, producing sound effects of wind and thunder to eke out their rather toneless voices, and gesticulating to the reader lest he miss some cosmic irony which is about to express itself. Nor is Mr. Powys anything but truly interesting. It is simply that his best book is still his "Autobiography," which is completely and frankly about himself.

He is perhaps no novelist at all. To me he tragically lacks the gift of being credible—tragically, because he has so many other gifts in the richest abundance. He has eloquence, imagination, and a unique vision of the universe. He has the kind of humor which comes from looking at things and people through prisms, so that the gray light for him breaks constantly into color. He has a feel for the world. And yet he cannot tell a story which I will believe. He is always getting ready to do so, he is forever maneuvering the battalions of his words toward some strategic point. He is a master of preparation, a potent suggester of mysteries to come. But the mysteries are fizzles, the events are overprepared. This seems to be because Mr. Powys lacks any sort of gumption about what is plausible. He spoils his suspense by having too much of it and by talking too much about it. He slows down his

action almost to the stopping place by keeping too many actions simultaneously before our eyes. Where all is supposed to be wonderful, nothing can be genuinely so; where all is grotesque, nothing can be strange.

And this is not at all because Mr. Powys lacks vision. The world he is groaning to give us does exist. But it exists in his own mind, and he has never been able to get it out. It is art that he lacks—the art of projecting his soul into people unlike himself, people who know how to act as if they had never heard of John Cowper Powys. This may or may not be the penalty of his having waited too long to become a novelist. Doubtless there is something in the theory that a man's art should grow up along with him, taking body as he does, and hardening through the years into a universe as visible to us as to him—a universe, furthermore, the meaning of which is possibly less important than the delightful fact of its existence. In such a case the artist himself knows none too well what his stories mean; he merely knows that these people did these things because he saw them doing them, as we may also. It may or may not be true that Mr. Powys has brooded too long in British and American solitudes, building a philosophy inside himself which a belated art will never catch up with. At any rate, in "Maiden Castle" no less than in "Wolf Solent" and "The Glastonbury Romance" he has written a novel which ought to be more important than it is.

The scene as usual is the southwest of England, and as usual the people have preposterous names—Wizzie Ravels-ton, Teucer Wye, Thuella Wye, Enoch Quirm, Mr. Urgan, and so on. The hero, a lonely novelist of picturesque habits and inexpressible visions, is nameless; or rather he calls himself No-man, partly because he does not know who his father is and partly in the attempt to affirm his unique position as spectator of the vast universe's goings-on. And the theme is "sterile love," which No-man and Quirm set forth in numberless lengthy speeches as the driving force of existence. "Rampant desire unfulfilled—why," says Quirm, "there's nothing it can't do! Stir up sex till it would put out the sun and then keep it sterile! That's the trick." It is only through "hopeless desire" and "frustrated love" that we can "break through," they keep on howling while the wind whines in the chimneys and Maiden Castle outside the town hugs the ghosts of old Welsh gods to its moldy bosom. This ought to be interesting, but unfortunately it sounds like nonsense, and for the simple reason that No-man and Quirm never come into being. A similar notion in the "Autobiography" was interesting because we got it straight from Mr. Powys himself. Here in the mouths of dummies it is ghastly. It is Mr. Powys fumbling at the keyhole of nature, hopelessly desiring entrance.

MARK VAN DOREN

Two Thinkers for One

THE MIND AND ART OF JONATHAN SWIFT. By Ricardo Quintana. Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

THE MAGIC PLANT. By Carl Grabo. University of North Carolina Press. \$4.

SHELLEY and Swift do not occur readily to the mind as making one of those striking parallels that the history of literature occasionally affords. Shelley, the ineffectual angel, and Swift, the gloomy Dean, are in fact antitheses. Yet at the outset of the studies of these men that have just appeared we find a warning and a hint that our current

judgments of these two are largely false. Mr. Quintana and Mr. Grabo, writing independently of each other, use almost identical words to gain our open-minded hearing: "No English writer of corresponding stature," says Mr. Quintana of Swift, "has been repudiated so persistently and so fiercely"; and he goes on to assert that the fierce repudiation has been due to misrepresentation. "Shelley," according to Mr. Grabo, "has never been wholly understood; has indeed, for the most part, been thoroughly misunderstood."

To be sure, many readers, unprejudiced by Samuel Johnson and Thackeray, have always been able to discover in Swift something else than a sour hatred of humanity backed up by a morbid fondness for scatology. The life and letters of the man furnished a clue to his rational idealism, his warm-hearted understanding of the goodness and weakness of men. But as late as D. H. Lawrence's preface to "Lady Chatterley's Lover," Swift's philosophy was misinterpreted as evasive puritanism, and the common estimate of his genius tended to class him as one of those minute but powerful critics, very much of their age, who speak to us by virtue of their clear enunciation rather than of any profound meaning. That "Gulliver's Travels" should have become a classic for children is a fair measure of the misinterpretation. Misguided foreigners, like Goethe, seemed to overvalue the satirist, and we preferred the "gentle" irony of Chaucer to the savage indignation of "A Modest Proposal" in the mistaken belief that Chaucer knew and loved mankind more truly than did Swift.

Mr. Quintana's scholarly study gives us grounds to change all that, but it may be questioned how soon the historians of literature and the general public will veer round. The ostensible subjects of Swift's truest expressions repel most moderns; his verse is appreciated by very few, for it looks like doggerel and most editions of it contain more expurgatory dashes than solid rhymes. Lastly, Swift's views on science are not flattering to our prejudices or even clearly ascertained. Mr. Quintana is still of opinion that Swift despised science and had a "negative philosophy of history," that is, a non-evolutionary one. It seems to me possible to hold that Swift was making a criticism of the claims of science as necessary in our day as it was at the beginnings of the Royal Society. But soon or late there will come a time when Swift's stature will be more accurately gauged in accordance with the facts. Misjudgments are largely due to conscious or unconscious suppression, and moreover our age seems well circumstanced to grasp the principle of Swift's thought, a principle that Chamfort gives somewhere as an aphorism: "Whoever is not a misanthrope at forty has never loved mankind."

Shelley did not live to be forty and can therefore be excused from the requirement of misanthropy. Certain it is that he loved mankind, knew it well, and labored for its present and future welfare. Mr. Grabo in his "Magic Plant" is as impatient for the recognition of these facts as Shelley was for the recognition of his reforming ideas, and it can be added that whereas Shelley failed, through no fault of his own, Mr. Grabo fully succeeds, through merits very much his own. His scholarship is ripe, conceals itself, and produces a narrative both intricate and clear, rich in topical allusions and historically sound. One by one the legends of Shelley's folly, of his unrealistic visions, muddled thinking, and personal irresponsibility are shattered by the evidence. Unlike Swift's, Shelley's subject matter and preoccupations are very near ours. If we once give up the anthology habit and read

the poet entire, we shall be forced to admit that he was sensible and could think. Shaw had already found this out for himself, but few heeded him. It required special studies in Shelley's poetry and prose, of which Mr. Grabo is now giving us the fourth and all-inclusive one. Shelley, the specialist in west winds and glass domes, has definitely given place to the realist who could write the sonnet "England in 1819," and that substitution of biographical images is an important part of the general rehabilitation of romanticism visible in the rediscovery of Büchner and Beddoes and Pushkin.

JACQUES BARZUN

Shorter Notices

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY AND HER TIMES. By Elizabeth Atkins. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

It is Miss Atkins's purpose to blaze footpaths through the works and days of Edna St. Vincent Millay—the "unrivaled embodiment of sex appeal, the It-girl of the hour, the Miss America of 1920"—even though they open on blind alleys and bins of old lumber. The plan of her volume is accordingly a simple one: she has compiled a list of all the Elizabethans (it would appear) from Peele to Fletcher and appropriated for Miss Millay the pattern of their sundry virtues—a useful prerequisite, certainly, for one who wrote only one "bad line of blank verse in her life." As it happens, Shakespeare is the name most frequently coupled with that of the poet's, but it cannot be said that Miss Atkins has stinted with his contemporaries. Millay's alliteration, for example, is like Shakespeare's and Greene's; Sonnet VI of "Fatal Interview" is "like something out of Webster or Shakespeare"; Sonnet XXXIX suggests the "fresh homeliness of Peele"; and so on. It being also true that Miss Millay is "Elizabethan, Chaucerian, Anglo-Saxon, Vergilian, and Sapphic without being eclectic," the author pauses to apprehend, "like horns out of fairyland" or the "Cambridge History of English Literature," the voices of no less than twenty-six poets in concert, from Aeschylus to Rimbaud, palpitating between the pentameters of "Fatal Interview." Elsewhere we are invited to note the likeness of certain lyrics to "the line of a Beardsley drawing," the colors of Gauguin and Matisse, the sonatas of Beethoven, and the pantry of the housewife stocked with "halibut, herrings, mutton, oaten bread, cheese, baked oysters even." When it seems there has been no hyperbolic stone left unturned to intimate the author's good opinion of her heroine we are asked to deplore with her the fact that "Millay's poetry really needs a whole new system of prosody." Our regrets, however, are better bestowed elsewhere.

BEN BELITT

CANDLE INDOORS. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann. \$2.50

In this her tenth novel Miss Hull tells of the domestic tribulations of a successful and charming manufacturer of automobile accessories who does not begin to realize the responsibilities of parenthood until his wife is in her grave and his relatives and in-laws are pestering him about the rearing of his three children. As his youngsters develop from early adolescence to maturity, Arnold Carlton supposedly matures with them and changes from a what-they-don't-know-won't-hurt-them kind of good fellow into a father who is positively maternal in his selfless concern for his children's welfare. It is a good idea and would have made a good novel except for one

important factor: although Miss Hull tells us a great deal about Arnold Carlton, she does not seem to know the kind of man she means him to be intimately enough to make him humanly convincing. His unreality is all the more striking because the lesser characters—the children, the professorial brother-in-law, the medical sister-in-law, the poetic son-in-law—are recognizable and real. If its main character were omitted, "Candle Indoors" would be another competent novel of middle-class family life. With him left in so prominently, however, its main effect is to emphasize once more how extremely difficult it is for even the most talented of women novelists to portray sympathetically any men except those who are so highly intellectual that, psychologically and essentially, they are no longer masculine.

GRACE ADAMS

DRAMA

Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant

LILLIAN HELLMAN, who wrote that powerful and disturbing play "The Children's Hour," has written another almost as powerful and almost as disturbing called "Days to Come" (Vanderbilt Theater). So far as their themes are concerned the plays have little in common, for the first was a study of a purely individual problem in abnormal psychology while the second centers around an industrial conflict and seems to point a definite Marxian moral—namely, that men are sundered from one another by a difference in class interests between which no personal good-will can adjudicate. But the interesting fact is that two plays, superficially so different, should be so obviously the product of the same temperament and the same talent. In each the mood, the atmosphere, the peculiar nature of the tension produced, all the intangibles in fact, are almost identical. There are the same unresolved discords, the same sultry hates, the same murderous impulses below the surface of decorous lives, the same hopeless struggle against an evil that no one dares name, the same quiet but burning intensity of utterance. And it is among such things as these that the common denominator of the two plays is to be sought. Miss Hellman is not a specialist in abnormal psychology and not a specialist in the Marxian interpretation of society. She is a specialist in hate and frustration, a student of helpless rage, an articulator of inarticulate loathings. Ibsen and also Chekhov have been mentioned in connection with her plays. Strindberg would be nearer, though perhaps still far enough from the mark.

"The Children's Hour" was successful and popular despite the almost universal agreement that it so nearly deserted its own subject in the last act as to leave one emotionally suspended and dubious. Curiously enough, the most serious defect of the present play is similar—one is not sure just where its center lies. Of the several stories the one which has the clearest outline is that of the weak but well-meaning owner of an unprofitable factory who allows himself to be persuaded into importing a group of strike-breakers—in actuality professional thugs—determined to settle his labor difficulties by methods he would never have dreamed of employing. Nor is there, in this particular story, anything obscure in regard either to what happens or to the "side" which Miss Hellman takes. The most doctrinaire exponent of the class conflict could hardly object to her picture of events or to the inter-

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pretation which she puts upon them. But there are several other stories concerned with the neurotic complications within the family of the factory owner, and one is never sure what the connection between the two is or where the emphasis is to be placed.

Faced with a somewhat similar problem in "Paradise Lost" Mr. Odets solved it formally if absurdly by assuming that the two things were directly related—that in a world economically disordered men naturally suffered from sexual impotence and women naturally got queer ideas. I do not think, however, that Miss Hellman is intending to expound quite so simple a doctrine, and if she is, then she certainly does not make the fact very clear. But I do not, on the other hand, know exactly what relation the two themes bear to each other, or exactly what are their relative positions in the play. Is it about a labor situation which developed under conditions one of the accidentals of which was the neurotic character of the capitalist family? Or is it, as seems to me almost equally probable, about a group of neurotic people who became involved in labor difficulties just as they became involved in various others? Nor is the question merely academic, for the result of our inability to feel an answer is that we are always more or less lost in the midst of the events that are being so powerfully presented. The two themes are given emphasis so nearly equal that we are never entirely clear which the play is really about. And I am not sure but that this is because Miss Hellman herself has not yet made clear contact with the sources of her own power. She is fascinated by her own hatred of something. The passion of that hatred gets itself partially expressed when she chooses a fiendish child as object or when she chooses a strike-breaking thug. But I am not sure that she yet knows what the motive power behind her creative ability really is. These are occasions for her rage. Are they really causes? I think that when I first reviewed "The Children's Hour" I made it clear that I had great respect for the play though I did not exactly enjoy it. Some such reservation I shall have to make again in connection with "Days to Come," despite the fact that it is very skilfully directed by Mr. Shumlin and very well acted indeed. Like the earlier play it produces and sustains an agonizing tension. It also leaves the nerves sore.

"You Can't Take It with You" (Booth Theater), by George Kaufman and Moss Hart, belongs as indisputably in the category of pleasant plays as Miss Hellman's does in the antithetical one. The idea is to exhibit the engaging follies of a family each member of which is wholly given over to his own hobbies but each of whom gets along in joyous confusion with the others because each is instinctively loyal to live-and-let-live principles. It is too bad that despite all the freshness of the details Mr. Kaufman and his collaborator should again be content with a plot outline as stale as one about two lovers who are almost separated because the conventional parents of the one cannot stomach the unconventional parents of the other (Mr. Kaufman ought not to be content to rewrite "Moon Over Mulberry Street," to go no farther back); but the farcical extravagances are so merry that one can and will forgive all that. Even more important perhaps is the fact that the whole thing is pervaded by a humanity, an amiability, and a gaiety wholly delightful. It will have a run and will, I hope, lead a lot of people to yield to their suppressed desire to keep snakes on the mantle-piece, play the xylophone, manufacture fireworks in the cellar, or do any of the other multifarious things the members of this happy family do with such whole-hearted enthusiasm.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

THE wax that Columbia puts into the grooves of its records, and that has to be removed by the needle before the records can begin to sound properly, is intended to produce a quieter surface, which eventually it does. But I must question whether record buyers will consider the slight difference—for Victor surfaces are not exactly noisy—worth what it costs in spoiled reproduction during the first playings (and I have heard records betray the presence of the wax even after repeated playings). A person who buys the ordinary four- or five-record set must spend a few hours merely in getting it to the point where it begins to sound as it should. Is Columbia justified in asking this; is it wise? Is it willing that people get the idea of the quality of its recording that I know some to have got who did not spend the few hours, who, for instance, tried the records in a store? I ask these questions about the ordinary four- or five-record set; what shall I say about a set like that of Verdi's "Falstaff," with its fourteen records? And what shall I say as a reviewer who has the responsibility of reporting on the quality of the set, and has the wax to worry about on top of all the other things there are to worry about?

For there are other things. One hears a metallic edge in the violin tone in the Columbia recording of Haydn's Symphony No. 99 by the London Philharmonic under Beecham; and one has to play other records of violin tone to establish the fact that the distortion is in the recording, not in the reproduction; after which one adds that the symphony is one of Haydn's finest, the performance excellent, and the set indispensable in spite of its fault (three records, \$5). Or one has to play other recent Columbia records by the Roth String Quartet in order to be sure that this set of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet is actually as inferior as it sounds (five records, \$7). And one has to determine that the marked inferiority of certain sides is not due to variation in the needles, but to variation either in recording conditions or in the pressing.

To return now to "Falstaff" (fourteen records, \$21), I have got enough of the wax out to be able to say that certain sides of my set give results that are flawed, but that on the whole the recording is very good, enabling one to hear clearly the subtlety, the delicious wit, the sheer loveliness of this miraculous score—for surely it is miraculous that the refinement of the art that produced "Rigoletto" and "Traviata" should have produced the Mozartian tracery of what is in fact the greatest operatic comedy after Mozart's "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." The cast and performance are such—in their excellences and imperfections—as one hears in an opera house; which is not good enough for records.

If you insist on believing that Kreisler deserves his reputation, do not make the mistake of comparing his new Victor recording of the Beethoven Concerto (six records, \$11) with Szigeti's on Columbia, as I did record for record, for you may have to admit that it is reduced to insignificance. The vitality that Kreisler lacks you will find in Wanda Landowska's superb performances of Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Partita in B flat, and six inconsequential little Preludes (four records, \$8). Two other important Victor releases—the complete "Marriage of Figaro" and the album of Debussy's songs—I must postpone.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

The Spanish Anarchists

Dear Sirs: In the first paragraph of his personal impressions, Under Fire in Madrid, in *The Nation* of December 12 Louis Fischer found it necessary to report that "on November 16 the Anarchist column fled in front of a small Moorish force and allowed the rebels to enter the university suburb." The implication is obvious: the fleeing Anarchists were responsible for the first great success of the rebels during the siege of Madrid.

It is of course possible that Mr. Fischer saw a small detachment of Anarchist militiamen retreating before a surprise attack coming from the opposing side. But it is just as possible that he took his information from the editor of the *Mundo Obrero*, official Communist organ, who on August 4 wrote that "the Spanish people were fighting under the direction of the government in defense of their republic and of democracy against counter-revolutionary anarchism and fascism." (Quoted from the pamphlet "Spain Defends Democracy," page 18, issued officially by the Communist Party of the United States.)

The facts about the Spanish Anarchists are as follows:

1. For the last sixty years the Spanish Anarchists have been the romantic dare-devils of their country's labor movement. Whatever unorthodox thinking they may have been guilty of, the accusation of cowardice has never been brought against them.

2. The "Anarchist column" referred to by Mr. Fischer was the pick of the Barcelona Anarchists, who first fought for months on the Saragossa and Huesca fronts against the well-nigh impregnable entrenched insurgent army and then came to the rescue of Madrid. The leader of that column, Buenaventura Durruti, most famous of all contemporary Spanish Anarchists, was killed at the Madrid front in the university suburb two or three days after the "event" reported by Mr. Fischer. He is the same Durruti whom the *New Masses* of June 9 accused of working with the fascists.

3. Your correspondent's implication is contradicted in the same issue of *The Nation* by Louis F. Gittler (Barcelona: An Anarchist State), who reports that the young Anarchists of the F. A. I.

(Iberian Anarchist Federation) "unarmed, crashed through the cannon at strategic points."

We protest against Mr. Fischer's biased reporting as harmful to the workers' unity in this crucial moment for the freedom of Spain and the world.

MAX NOMAD, STEPHEN NAFT,
CARLO TRESKA, ANITA BRENNER,
J. M. ESCUDER

New York, December 18

The Church and Murder

Dear Sirs: May the privilege be mine of submitting an open letter to Lawrence A. Fernsworth in response to his letter to me, published in your issue of November 28:

My dear Fernsworth: By an amicable agreement your letter addressed to the Editor of *America* was published by *The Nation*. During the past few years, in several articles, you interpreted for us the complexities of the progress of the Republican government in Spain. This summer I was most eager to get in communication with you, and to request contributions on the current Spanish situation. I received your two letters, and was prepared to publish that on Sotelo, for it touched on a most important fact. Your second letter was three times too long for our use, and was, I felt, the sort of statement that you might later regret. It was that consideration which held back publication: the fact that you had just returned from witnessing harrowing, nauseating scenes, and that you were aroused by certain statements contained in some articles contributed to *America* by Jaime Castiello and John P. Delaney.

Have no further doubts about my attitude, or about the attitude of your church and mine, on murder. There is no double standard; murder, executions, atrocities committed by Franco's men and by Franco himself are to be condemned, utterly and absolutely. They are to be condemned the more, as you will agree, because Franco and his men, having greater knowledge and stricter professions in such matters, have therefore greater guilt. Our sole difference is on the facts: you grant only probability to the reported atrocities committed by the Loyalists; I have certainty that the

Loyalists have been guilty of atrocities. While I grant only probability to the wholesale cruelties attributed to the insurgents, you assert with certainty that the insurgents have killed their "thousands upon thousands in cold blood." You have facts, I presume, to prove your charges; on that basis, I would cry out, and our church would cry out, in condemnation of murders and other crimes perpetrated by the insurgents. No, Mr. Fernsworth, we do not excuse nor do we condone the insurgent acts; neither do we excuse nor do we condone the acts of the Loyalists. There is only one standard: murder is murder no matter who commits it.

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.,
Editor of *America*

New York, December 15

Misused Used Cars

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to the recent article in your publication called The Misused Car Market [sic] in which you cast serious reflections on a very large and growing industry.

Not only this, but you make statements which are not in accordance with facts. When you state that the weld will eventually reopen and that the metal will not take a second weld, you indicate that you are not acquainted with engineering practice.

As a representative of one of the largest manufacturers of arc welding equipment in the world we resent such misstatements of facts and ask that you make a retraction and correction in your next issue.

A. F. DAVIS, Vice-President,
The Lincoln Electric Company
New York, December 14

[An article entitled The Used-Car Racket, by Elliott Arnold, appeared in *The Nation* for September 19.]

Dear Sirs: I have no doubt that given enough time and cash the master minds of the welding industry can perform all sorts of miracles. Almost anything can be done with time and money. But the only point of my whole piece—which the complainant seems to have chosen deliberately to ignore—was that the racketeering dealers of whom I wrote were racketeers solely because they failed to have automobiles properly repaired.

If used-car dealers invested enough time and money to set up cars properly, there wouldn't have been any need for my article. It was written to throw some light on a dishonest and unchecked practice. Crooked used-car dealers have one thought in mind: to get their mechanical wrecks to run in the cheapest way and the shortest time, with no regard for what happens afterward. Mr. Davis's plaint doesn't alter that thesis one bit.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD

New York, December 16

"The Stones Awake"— Last Round

Dear Sirs: I think that Carleton Beals's twelve-point indictment of my accuracy as a book reviewer, in *The Nation* for December 5, would have been more effective had Mr. Beals been accurate himself. To say, for example, that "Mexico had no presidents named 'Gil' or 'Rubio,'" gives an unfortunate impression of pettifoggery. The presidents referred to were Emilio Portes Gil and Pascual Ortiz Rubio; and though in Spanish they are properly indexed by their double last names as "Portes Gil" and "Ortiz Rubio," in the New York *Times* and other American papers they are indexed merely as "Gil" and "Rubio."

The other alleged mistakes are too trivial to warrant my answering in detail here. I plead unqualifiedly guilty only to one: calling "Black River" his first instead of his second novel. As for the rest, their nature would seem to justify my praise of Mr. Beals's journalistic abilities while minimizing his talents as a novelist. He seems to forget that I was reviewing "The Stones Awake," which

is a novel, and not attacking his political interpretation of Mexican history.

LEIGH WHITE

New York, December 7

The British Genius

Dear Sirs: In a letter to his sister, written in 1887, William James referred to a jubilee for Queen Victoria, and then commented as follows: "... the density of British unintellectuality is a spectacle for gods. One can't imagine it or describe it. One can only see it. . . ." (Italics those of James.) In the light of recent events in England, these words may interest readers of *The Nation*.

JAMES T. FARRELL

Washington, D. C., December 14

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS ADAMIC recently contributed to *The Nation* two articles on the technique of the sitdown strike. Last spring when a Pacific Coast maritime strike was threatened, he interviewed Bridges in San Francisco for *The Nation*.

MAXWELL S. STEWART during a six years' residence in China taught at Yenching University and for a brief period acted as manager of the Nationalist (Chinese-American) News Agency.

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of an American journalist who has been in Palestine since the beginning of the Arab disturbances last year. Articles by him reporting the fighting between the Arabs and Jews and analyzing the forces behind the struggle have appeared in *The Nation* from time to time and have excited wide comment.

WILLIAM PATTERSON is a reporter on the New York *American* who has specialized in municipal government and state and city politics.

L. O. PRENDERGAST, a journalist now living in Mexico City, has on various occasions in the past interpreted Mexican events for readers of *The Nation*.

KLAUS MANN, formerly editor of the literary journal, *Die Sammlung*, published in Amsterdam, is now living in this country and working on a novel based on the life of Tchaikovsky.

DELFINO CINELLI, an Italian novelist, was formerly literary editor of the *Corriere Della Sera* of Milan.

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English Department of Bennington College.

JACQUES BARZUN, author of "The French Race; A Study in Social and Cultural Ideology," is a member of the History Department of Columbia University.

B. H. HAGGIN, *The Nation's* music critic, has just finished "A Book of the Symphony," which he describes as "a work of popularization in which I use a technique of my own to present to the layman the form of the symphony." It will shortly be issued by the Oxford University Press.

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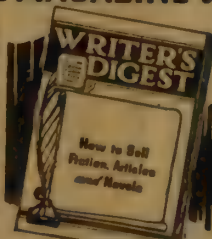
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